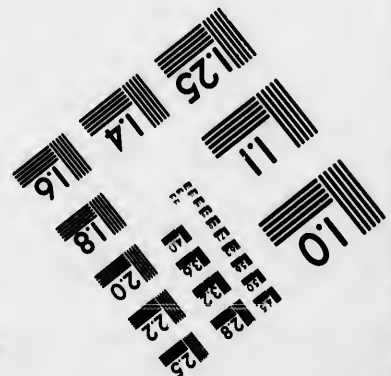
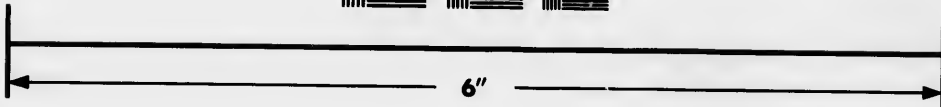
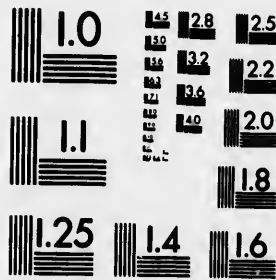


**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

**CIHM
Microfiche
Series
(Monographs)**

**ICMH
Collection de
microfiches
(monographies)**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1993

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear
within the text. Whenever possible, these have
been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
						✓					

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

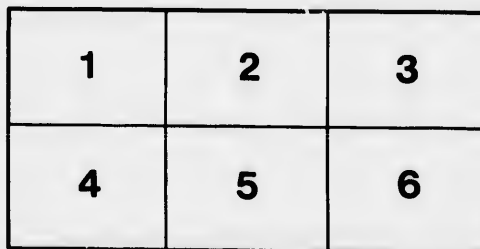
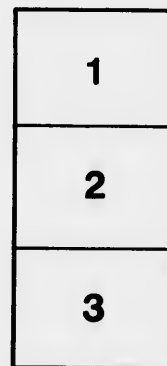
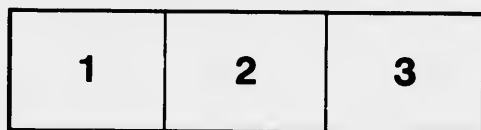
Harold Campbell Vaughan Memorial Library
Acadia University

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

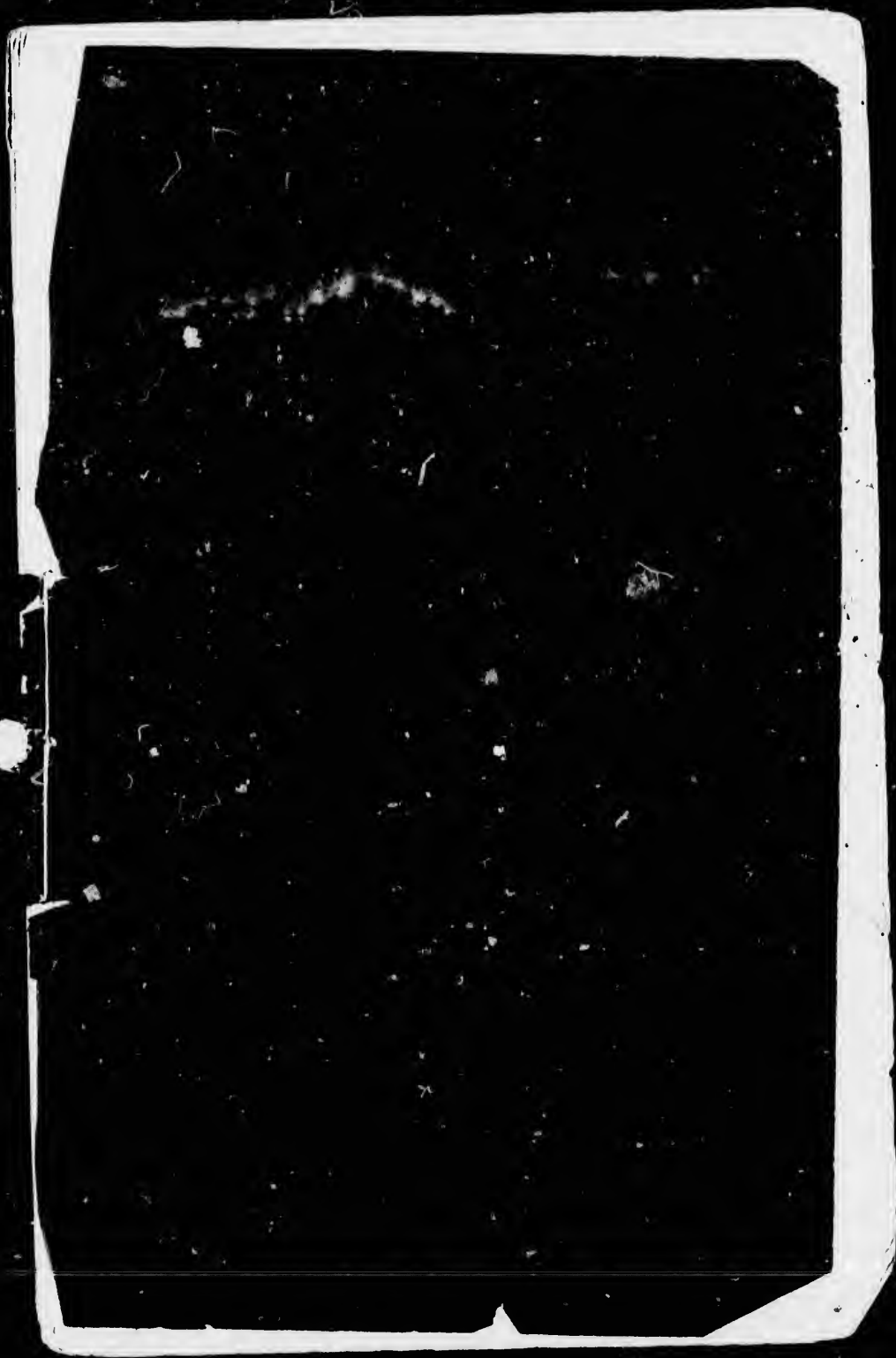
Harold Campbell Vaughan Memorial Library
Acadia University

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.



J. W. Cross
1844

THE PRINCE AND HIS PROTÉGÉ.

A TALE OF NOVA SCOTIA.

PASSAGE FIRST.

HALIFAX AND ITS TRADITIONS.

I HAVE leaped back for a period of fifty years.—The Province of Nova Scotia *then* was in a very different condition from that to which she has *now* advanced. New Scenery created, new resources opened, new developments have been made; until all her aspects have been changed, like the woman, when her virgin beauty has ripened and mellowed, till she has ascended to her prime. Her wild originality has been smoothed down by the hand of time. She has more beauty.—She is more adorned—the achievements of industry are over the breadth and length of the land; but she has lost romance and excitement. I fling myself back, therefore, from the present to the past; for all the yearnings of my fancy are retrospective. At the period referred to, her soil—the unbroken riches of her waving forests,—had fewer traditions of past battles and events than her history now is rife with; but even then the eye had before it types and visible records of what had happened, carrying back to the curious fabric of Tradition which was interwoven in the distant and dim ages of her local history. We have no temples, nor statues, none of the gorgeous and antique adornments of an Eastern or Classic land—still we have a *past*—and, in its records, there is enough of interest and brilliance to cherish a love for our homes, and to inspire and sustain patriotism.

My Father, while I was a boy, has often conducted me to the Martello Towers which are scattered over the Peninsula, and on the summit of which he had himself stood Centinel, to proclaim to the Inhabitants of the infant Town, the approach of some stealthy band of the unsparing and blood-thirsty Mohawks. I have stood with him at Fort Needham, on the very spot where the *Rebellion* was sounded, which kindled the watch fires on the Citadel Hill, and awoke the Town from deep slumber, to marshal its volunteers at the sound of the Drum. He was a masterly and touching painter. He gave the scene an imposing solemnity by telling, how their lurid fires cast their reflection on dark and ominous clouds, which covered the Earth with a bright and yet melancholy Pall.

He has carried me to a green spot behind the Dutch Village, where there once existed a settlement inhabited by the simple hearted Acadians—the purest christians in kindness and charity to be found in the world. He had of-

ten himself travelled over its grave-yard—every stone in it having its own little cluster of wild roses shedding bloom and fragrance as if in honour even of the dead. Oh! it is a goodly sign to see verdure and beauty around the homes of the departed! He has pointed out to me the ruins of their chapel and its altar—the log houses of these peaceful and happy exiles; and the palisades by which their village was fenced round, to guard them, it is supposed, from the Indians and the English. Where is it now? I wandered and meditated over its site last summer. It is a void and cheerless waste: a few hillocks rise upon its surface, and it is known only from the luxuriance of its rose, and the fruitfulness of its raspberry bushes—These ever spring up on the ruins of some spot where the settler had begun, but, where the heart failed, ere his enterprise was finished. They have crowded up and obliterated what once was a scene of grateful and luxuriant cultivation. True, we have no reliques of a rich antiquity—but what of this? There is a spring and “*tumulus*” on the front of Geiser’s hill, which was famed in my early boyhood, as a spot where the Indians and Governor Lawrence held a truce, and where they signed a Treaty with their “*Good Father!*” across the great Lake, which I doubt not, if diligent search were made, could yet be produced from the archives of office. These dingy records promise a glorious harvest for a Provincial antiquary.

These were the visible types of bye-gone events, which were known to me in my young and sunny hours. Some may look on them as wild and visionary dreams. I care not. We have no Iona, nor Stonehenge, nor Blenheim. I make myself happy and kindle my imagination with what we have. I am now an old man, being past my prime, with grey hairs,—blending past events with the *hopes of the future*. The things of yesterday pass away and leave no impression—but these past traditions seem to me immortal like the mind itself.

I wish to convey some of those vivid recollections to those who are to come after me—to let them know what Halifax was—to leave them some impress of society in former times, and to record one of those stirring incidents of real life which happened when I was but young and glowing with romance—with the issues of love, and hope, and revenge—so true it is that human nature is the same in every country; and that the novelist, even in a

land like this, if he has the power to delineate the workings of the human heart might sketch events, which would require all the eloquence and inspiration of Genius to paint with appropriate skill.

For such a task I feel and acknowledge my deficiencies—but the reader will look to the tale, and pardon an old man if the hand “sheweth no cunning.” Age may mellow wisdom—but there is wanting the luxuriant freshness of a young imagination—and a pen teaming with the poetry of hope and enthusiasm. The crutch never can supply the young limb; and the old Roadster, spent and exhausted with years of toil, can never imitate nor match the spring and fiery speed of the fresh-broken and bounding filly.

PASSAGE SECOND.

A BALL AT THE PRINCE'S LODGE.

THE scene referred to was opened at the Prince's Lodge, which was then in all the glory of its days of splendour and hospitality. In one of those bland and bright autumnal nights, which give to our Indian Summers such beauty and mellow richness, a large party of the fashion of the Town was gathered together at a Ball, given by the young Prince. It was the first of his Winter series. The preparations for it had been more than usually extensive and ornate. The entrance to the Lodge was hung over with an arch of variegated lamps—a blaze of light shone out on the crowd of Footmen and Orderlies (the former dressed in the rich scarlet of the Royal livery)—who stood around the porch to receive and usher in the company, as they arrived; and in the Ball Room itself, there was a display of pictures, chandeliers, drapery, and decorations which gave to it all the richness of an Eastern Palace or an Emir's Camp.

Outside, the senses were addressed with an equal luxuriance and attention to effect. A full regimental band was stationed in the Rotunda, which stood then, as now, on the eastern side of the great public road; and from it a strain of martial and variegated music was poured forth, reverberating from the groves of surrounding trees, and ruffling the breeze as it kissed the broad waters of the Basin, till it died away in the distance. The circular avenues, which ran from the House to the Alcove, then standing to the right of the road, and at the entrance of the grove of oaks and beaches leading to the Lodge, were also over-arched by coloured lamps—couples were seen strolling through them, enjoying at once the brightness and the solitude which surrounded them. Go to that scene now!—the ruined alcove, moss-grown,—the Rotunda, crumbling under the corroding hand of time—the avenues overgrown and tangled with brier—trees defaced and cut down—and the fine old Lodge itself a scene of decay and devastation:—And draw the contrast of *what it is and what it was*:—the feelings of a Nova-Scotian will be as exquisitely stirred as those of the Antiquary in some older land, who stands meditating over the shaft of a broken column, or decypher-

ing the obscure hieroglyphics of a shattered temple, whose outline and proportions can yet be seen.

On the night in question my Father has often told me, that the sky, with all its softness, had a threatening and ominous aspect in the Eastern horizon. Above, it was unbroken and azure blue—the milky way effulgent with radiance. The moon shone out and cast her beams from the zenith—but they did not shine down without a contrast. A roll of dark and portentous clouds were gathering up in huge and sullen masses, upon the eastern horizon, and were reflected on the waters of the Basin by a deep and darkly defined line—the waters on the eastern shore were inky black—to the west they were azure, and brilliant as the canopy above. No eye could rest upon the Landscape without being sensible of the vicissitudes of the Physical Laws—of the proximity of light and shade, of pain and pleasure; and that, in the very midst of a scene of such bright enjoyment, there might be the issues of a catastrophe which would bring to the heart anguish and suffering. *Such is life!*

About 9 o'clock, had any one entered the grand saloon of the Lodge—his eye would have rested on a scene of surpassing brilliance. The Duke, although universally beloved for the kindness of his heart, and for the perfect abandonment of awe and state with which he moved in society, never forgot the respect and dignity due to his own high station, and to the necessary preservation of his rank. Kind, affable and courteous he was to every one—but still he was a Prince.

At the Ball there was a large assemblage, all of course in their best array. Some of the old ladies wore rich brocade; the young Ladies had the stomachers and jewellery of the time. The old and young men had deep waisted coats—embroidered waistcoats, shoes with silver buckles, lace ruffles at their wrists, and most of them cocked hats under the arm. The military were there in splendid regimental attire; and had any stranger looked down from the Orchestra and seen the Duke with his *suite* enter from a side-door, and take his stand at the head of the room, with his four fine *aids-de-camp* around him, that his guests might come forward and offer their personal respects, he would have acknowledged that it was a scene which would have done honour to the castle of an English Nobleman, in place of a young Province like Nova Scotia, whose settlement then by us, was but as a tale of yesterday.

His Royal Highness had been in the hall about half an hour, and the company were promenading round the room, when his *Aids* left his side, and the Band immediately struck up one of those lively *Contre-dances* which our forefathers were in the habit of treading in the olden time. The *elite* of these—Captain Darnley, as he threaded his way thro' the crowd, who had become stationary when the music filled the Hall, was favoured by a kind and courteous smile from all the young and the fair—the matured and matronly to whom he made his obeisance. Among the young ladies there was an evident anxiety to have

the honor of being selected by the gay and graceful Captain "to lead the first measure." Nor can this be matter of surprise. Independently of the Prince's favor which he was known to enjoy, he was allied to one of the ancient families of England. He had a large fortune and powerful influence. His manners were refined and prepossessing. His morals and habits, far superior to the age. His figure was a fine specimen of robust English strength and beauty. He had an eye which flashed a thousand eloquent emotions, and, as repor' said, had already captivated more than one of the reigning belles of the time. He threaded his way, however, amid their smiles and kindly greetings, until he had reached the middle of the room, and advanced to Edith Conway—the beauty of the day,—who stood leaning upon the arm of her father,—the *beau ideal* of a fine old Patrician. He was upwards of six feet in height, elegantly formed, and, with grey hair which sat upon his brow in easy and graceful curls. The nobility of nature was stamped upon him; and, altho' advanced in years, he had the impress and *prestige* of an extraordinary man, of fine intellect, and high decision of character. The greeting between the Captain and General Conway was cordial and affectionate. They stood on intimate and easy terms. As the Captain turned to Edith and whispered to her—a blush mantled on her cheek—her eye fell as if to hide its own expression; and, after a few brief words, the Captain led the fair Edith to that position which so many of her companions had sighed to occupy; and yet perhaps, she excited less envy than if the choice had fallen on any other. Even by her own sex, she was admitted to be exquisitely beautiful, and to this she added a modesty and mildness which surrounded her with golden opinions. She was the only child and companion of her widowed and admirable father; and, as they moved in the first circle, and had sufficient fortune to sustain their position in the fashionable round, Edith had become a general favourite—for the aged loved, and her companions admired her. My father has often told me, that, as she stood at the head of the room, her eye and countenance radiant with the innocence and gladness of youth—her elegant figure arrayed in a splendid dress of snow white satin—gently inclined to her partner, one hand resting on his arm—inspired with the eloquent excitement of the music, and waiting to tread the coming measure; he never saw any picture of ethereal loveliness on earth comparable to hers. It left an image on his mind which never faded. He conveyed it to me with all the freshness of an indelible impression.

The appearance and the happiness of the favoured Darnley were not surveyed, however, with the same complacency by every eye—there was one present who looked upon it with deep malignity and an embittered anguish. When Darnley first approached Edith, Major Archer stood by her side. Report had long before "rung with busy changes," that he had been struck with Edith's charms. On many previous occasions he had been seen

lingering by her side, and it was presumed that he had advanced to her then, before Darnley, with the intention of securing her hand for the first dance. Whether he had been tardy in making the proposal, or had been so checked and restrained by the coldness of Edith's manner as not to stir at all—for what so easy as for a beautiful woman to inspire or repress attentions?—he had the mortification to see the prize carried off, as if from his very hands. He was heard to sigh as Edith and the Captain moved off; and had any spectator, skilled in the mysteries of the human heart, read the quick glance of his eye, and the cloud which darkened his brow, he would have seen in them an expression of malice mingled with the purpose of revenge. He sought no other partner for the dance, and crossing his arms, trod across the top of the room as if absorbed in mute and silent abstraction. His disappointment became visible to several; and it was afterwards recorded in a popular *jeu d'esprit* which some of the votaries of the muse had sung to celebrate this eventful Ball.

As the music rang off in joyful strains, and the dancers were tripping through their mystic way, with all imaginable sprightliness and grace, an orderly was seen to enter the room and advance directly to the Prince—who was then standing, surrounded by a number of the Seniors and Politicians of the time—and present to him a note. The Duke opened it; and, with that decision for which he was so much distinguished, gave a wave of his hand to the leader of the Orchestra. The music ceased in an instant. The high discipline of the Army, while the Duke was here, is matter of tradition as well as of history. The Band felt and obeyed the impulse of a master-spirit Edith and Darnley, and others, were suddenly arrested while engaged in the exciting whirl of the dance. There was a pause, and then enquiry. The mass divided into groups and whispered; for the anxiety was general to ascertain the cause of this unexpected interruption.

Darnley left the side of Edith, and he and the Duke met and held a brief conversation. The other *Aids* were summoned. The Prince read the note to them—promptly issued his orders, and retired. Before the lapse of a few minutes the hoof of his charger was heard sounding in the avenue and on the road which led to Town, and, before the sound had died upon the ear, most of the military had left the room. They obeyed an order.

Darnley, on leaving the Duke, approached Edith, addressed a few brief words and retreated. As he reached the door, he paused for an instant and turned—was it to see if one fond glance were beaming towards him? Her father was again by Edith's side; but the bright eye had become languid, and the blushing cheek was pale. The supper room was open; but the delicacies and luxuries of the season, altho' there in abundance, were left untouched. Few entered it. It was reported in the Ball room that there had been a deadly fray in town—that the Indians had drawn their knives

—that lives had been lost, and that the populace were exasperated to madness and desperation. The origin of the Fray was unknown—the names of the dead had not been brought to the Lodge. Some mothers and sisters were in tears; and in less than half an hour after the Orderly had entered the room, the steward was pacing it, with some of the household servants, extinguishing the lights and chandeliers, which had lately shone so brilliantly over so large and happy an assemblage.

The omens of the Black Clouds in the East had been fulfilled! There is a beautiful analogy between the moral and Physical Laws; for the human heart, like the lake, is fitted to reflect the sunshine and the storm. In one brief hour its pulses, like the waves, may move in the light of a brilliant gladness; and in the next it may be convulsed with sadness or fury.

PASSAGE THIRD.
THE FRAY.

On the morning of the Ball the sun rose over a scene as lovely and imposing as had ever graced the waters of our magnificent harbor. The Admiral's Flag was hoisted at the mizen of an hundred and twenty gun ship, and around her floated thirteen Pennants—nine of which were those of frigates. The metal of the Fleet was equal to 500 guns—the crew about 2,700 men; and as the whole floated in “the pomp and circumstance of warlike preparation,” it was said by the oldest inhabitants that the day was worthy of note for this spectacle alone, independent of the curious fray which occurred in it.

With such a fleet of gallant tars, it need scarce be told, that the hearts of our maidens fair fluttered with more than usual excitement. There is a dashing chivalry about a sailor's manner, which produces an irresistible impression upon a woman's heart—takes it, in fact, by a *coup de main*. Whether it be his courage, his recklessness, the known generosity of his disposition, or that the flash of his eye gathers from the winds and elements, o'er which it sweeps, some of their own wild play and variety, it is not for me to solve: but in those early times it was remarked, that the entrance of a fleet into harbour was invariably attended with a thousand little passages of love, and innumerable desertions, equally in high and low life, from the sweets of single blessedness. Both mothers and daughters;—the lovely girl, entering her teens, and the matured maiden whose charms had passed the freshness of their summer and were beginning to pass into “the sere and yellow leaf,”—were alike ready to hail rejoicingly the British Tars, and to bless the good King who sent them to protect our shores.

About noon three Barges were seen to leave the fleet, sweeping “with feathered oar and strong pull” to the public landing place, which then was erected near the spot where the sister pumps now stand. Whether by accident or by design, and be it recollected that our manners then were more primitive,—it so happen-

ed, that, as they approached the shore, a cluster of ladies were seen to gather on the promenade which was then fashionable in Hollis Street; and as the Boats touched the strand, a bevy of young officers, one or two Captains and a host of Lieutenants and Middies, sprung buoyantly, and with laughing glee, on the quay; and were seen immediately to advance and join the gay throng of Ladies who were there enjoying the bland and refreshing zenith of an autumnal sun. There were seen an hundred kindly greetings and a thousand radiant smiles—the whole party formed into groups; and as they sallied southward, and ascended the gentle rise which then led from the landing place to the present site of the Province Building—an old Boatswain was heard to say to his mate:

“Tis the old game, Jack—the blues are amid the feathers, and laying siege to them. God bless the covey, how they are fluttering and cooing, like mated doves! hark! the fire.”

A gentle peal of laughter was borne by the soft southern breeze which blew towards the Boats. “Success to them,” he added, “like master like man, let us have a bit of fun, boys. The old Admiral himself loves to sport with a pretty Girl, like the best of us.”

In a trice the Boats were unmanned, and a finer set of Kings-men, better framed or more muscular—cleaner, neater, with their tight Trowsers, open braided shirts, white collars and black silk Handkerchiefs neatly knotted, with black hats, brightly lettered—never sallied from the quay. There were some wild blades amongst them, ready, as Basil Hall would say, “to beat the devil's march,” and to take with equal recklessness a pretty Girl or Citadel, by storm. “As their masters were at the high birds,” the tars swore, they would try “their luck amid the lesser game,” and off they set to have a day's enjoyment in their old wild ploys.

It happened, by a singular coincidence, that, on the morning of the same day, the old Catholic Chapel had been enlivened by a novel and unique spectacle. The youngest daughter of our Indian Chief had been joined in holy wedlock to a handsome young Miemac from the River St. John, and the marriage had been graced, not only by an assemblage of the leaders of the Tribe, from different parts of our province, but the gallant bridegroom had brought from Fredericton a band of some twenty of his companions—the finest specimens of that fine race—who have so long floated their canoes on the waters of the St. John, and have preserved up to this hour, the activity, the boldness, the sobriety and other virtues of their Fathers. As the three Boats pointed to the landing place, they had to thread their course through a little fleet of Canoes, which, about an hour before they landed, had borne from Dartmouth the Indian procession that had marched to the Chapel, and had enlivened the Town with its splendour and variety. The old chiefs had their blue frocks and doublets of crimson: the sashes of scarlet and plumes of feathers dancing in their hats. The squaws

were gorgeous in flaming petticoats, and dresses inland with Indian embroidery, and as for their Head-dresses and moosehairs, nothing could surpass the richness and delicacy of their decorations. The bridal scene derived additional interest, because young Majoré had been long famed for her Indian beauty—her brunette complexion was set off by a pair of the brightest flashing black eyes and as sweet a mouth—especially when curled into a smile—as ever adorned a daughter of her tribe; and her charms had been so long known and so generally admired, that, for two or three years previous, it had been a common amusement for the officers and young men of the Town to pay a visit to the Indian encampment at the Basin, *professedly* to buy Indian work, but *in reality* to see the pretty young Squaw—the royalty of her blood and descent no doubt enhancing the effect of her exquisite beauty. Majoré was wont to sit in the front of the wigwam—her attire and the graceful dignity with which she received her visitors, especially if they were officers—ladies do seem naturally to love the red-coats!—were the subject then of a popular and fashionable melody—our press was not then so personal; but our pen poets gave point and satire to the various scandals of the day.

The marriage service had been concluded, and the procession was returning to embark again in the canoes, as this troop of Kingsmen were strolling along the streets. A crowd of town's people were following the young bride and favoured chief, and many a kind wish and simple prayer were uttered for the happiness of the beautiful and happy pair. The sailors were attracted and excited by the novelty of the scene, and two of the youngest of them swore "that a prettier uncle or a brighter pair of eyes than Majoré's were not to be found in the King's wide dominions."

The more daring of the two turned to the other and said, "Jack it and luck in Kent, to meet a bride and not salute her, I have a taste for an Indian smack: what say ye?" The idea, once suggested, ran like wild fire through the whole band. It seemed precisely the kind of joke which suited the humour of the time. One and all, they inspired the bold Tom Brace, who had originated the idea, to follow it out, and promised him jokingly, that, if he succeeded, the King would doubtless advance him to the quarter deck, and record his name in a commission. In their common and desperate search for amusement, Tom was persuaded to carry the joke into practice; and as Majoré reached the quay and was about to descend into the canoe of the young Chief, he having stepped down, with all the gallantry of a lover, to receive her—Tom advanced with a spring, threw his arm around her neck, and imprinted a hearty kiss upon her lips. A general buzz and then a shout of applause greeted this feat of insolent gallantry, but the effect on the Indians was electric. *A bride's first kiss was held sacred by them.* Majoré burst into tears, her husband sprang with a mad bound upon the shore, drew his knife; and would no doubt have sought immediate re-

venge, had he not been surrounded and disarmed by the seniors of the Tribe. They held a brief parley—an ominous silence spread amongst them, and the whole party embarked in their canoes, and left the town for the opposite shore, without uttering a word, and scarcely exchanging a glance with the surrounding crowd. Any one versed in their character, would have seen that they were deeply stung and incensed by the insult, and by this deep silence were nursing some dark and settled revenge.

Brace and his companions dreamt of no danger. They left the landing place and adjourned to a pot-house to drink deep into the glories of his achievement. The Indians also adjourned to their encampment—a council was summoned and sat for hours. As the day melted into night a line of canoes crossed the harbour and brought to the town a party of fifty of the chosen and most athletic men of the Tribe. Every man had his tomahawk and knife in his girdle. Not a syllable was heard to vary the gentle splash of their paddles. They landed as the dusk deepened into darkness, and mustering into parties marched into different quarters of the Town. No man knew their purpose nor their errand; and the city authorities were even ignorant of their arrival, until an affray had occurred and blood had been shed.

In these days some of the Pot-houses of the Town (we speak not of the Hotels; for those we now have are beyond all praise) were far superior to those which now exist. They were conducted on the English system; and in the neighbourhood of the North Barrack gate, there was an extensive inn, with a range of "Shades" to which all classes, officers, civilians, and in the lower range, sailors and soldiers, freely resorted. Its large hall, as in the Hotels on the continent, was in the evening a species of commercial Exchange. The master of it was an Englishman; and being a man of respectable character, conducted it so as to sustain for years a fair and unblemished reputation both for himself and his family. He set his face against all immorality and excess; and has left a fortune and some descendants who have since reached a station in the Province which does no small honour to their ancestry.

About 9 o'clock at night Tom Brace and his companions were celebrating a social, but not obstreperous revel, in the "shades" of the inn, in honour of the events of their last voyage and the humours of the day. They were waiting the call of their officers, who had gone to the Prince's Ball at the Lodge. The lively song and flowing flaggon passed merrily round, and more than once, the health and happiness of the young Indian Bride had been drunk with a sincere and hearty enthusiasm—for altho' they gloried in Tom's feat, for the spirit of Devilry that it had evinced, they still looked back upon it as a bold and playful stratagem, and had no idea of the irreparable wound they had inflicted on the Indian Pride, or the serious consequences by which it was to be followed. Tom had also

more than once been called upon to return thanks for a toast, and if the sentiments he uttered, in his own rough and seaman-like style of eloquence, could have been heard and interpreted by the Indian Fathers at their *Sachem*, they would not have failed to change their thirst for revenge into a spirit of charity and forgiveness.

In one of their wildest bursts of glee, a tramp and shout were heard at the door. It was mingled with a cry of agony and then a groan. The party started from their cups at the cry of "danger ahoy," sprang to the door, and the first who reached the open air were seen by their companions to fall. A party of Indians assailed them, and their knives were flashing around, and reflecting back the light of the brilliant lamps which shone out from their scene of social enjoyment. The hour called for decision and action. A Boatswain ordered the door to be shut; and holding it inside they rushed "*en masse*" up stairs, found their way into the street in front—sounded the alarm, and in less than half an hour, the town's people had gathered in phalanx; and brought to the sailors firearms and clubs to enable them to surround and attack the enemy.

The old feeling of hostility against the Indians, which had slumbered since the French War, for thirty years, arose in its former virulence—tradition summoned back its hundred tales of Indian cruelty; and, as the old town-bell sounded its alarm, shouts and mutterings of wrath were heard from the excited crowd; and the report of the murder of the defenceless kings-men kindled the town into fury.

The sailors, thus aided, determined to be the assailants, to rescue their companions, and to execute summary vengeance on the treacherous band who had thus sought their revenge in cold blood. They had been supplied with arms, guns, swords and cutlasses, and were making ready for a desperate and dently sally, when the attention of the crowd was arrested by the quick beat of horses' hoofs advancing along Dutch Town, and coming on like a crusader's host. Torches were seen waving above the crowd; and, as the troop advanced, a passage was cleared to let the horsemen pass. The fine white charger and manly form of the Prince was instantly recognized, and as the words passed "it is the Duke—the Duke—the Duke!" the air rang with shouts of welcome.

The Prince drew up his horse with one check of his bridle, for a better horseman never crossed the *Balken*! His promptness and energy were known. His word was law. He ruled the people by affection, and the quiet, but deep influence of that remarkable decision, for which he was distinguished. His voice was heard, and the commands he uttered were brief:—

"Let no blow be struck, no gun be fired,—the first man who disobeys will suffer death."

"He struck his spur into his horse's side, and he and his suite disappeared; but scarcely had time seemed to advance, before the roll call was heard ruffling within the Barrack square, and, as if by miracle, a company of

soldiers were seen advancing to the scene of action. Darnley was at their head, and Archer as the senior and superior in command.

It would occupy more space than our purpose would allow, to detail the incidents of that eventful night. It is enough to say that the Indians were surrounded and led off captive—the bridegroom being in the number.—They did not succumb till there had been a fearful struggle—but it was fortunate that, though several wounds were inflicted, not a life was lost. This happy triumph was attributable to the skill and masterly arrangement of Darnley. He was at the head of the troops. He directed every movement. Twice the knife had been struck at him, and twice fenced off; and had it not been for Archer's interference, the poor soldier who had fallen and was taken off as dead, might have been spared from the sacrifice. In an hour the tumult had been allayed, the sailors were marched off to their boats, the wounded conveyed to the Hospital, and the soldiers ordered to Barracks. The Indians were conducted to the Guard House; but the feelings of the Town rose into intense anxiety by a report that the kind and gallant Darnley had been dangerously wounded, and at the same time put under arrest by Major Aroler for disobedience of orders. There was but one feeling of sympathy in his favour, but when the news reached the ears of Edith Conway—poor Edith,—*I will speak of her in the next passage.* The study of a woman's heart requires a skillful and searching Philosophy.—She is above the sceptic; for her life is love, and faith, and tenderness; and these he cannot comprehend. How detestable the philosophy which ever doubts and never feels!

PASSAGE FOURTH. EDITH'S CHAMBER.

THE cheerful vivacity which had reigned in the Ball room, had yielded, as has been already said, to anxiety and gloom. No one felt the change more intensely than Edith. Her eye lost its radiance, her cheek its rosy flush, a painful and relaxing languor seemed to creep over her frame; and as Darnley left the room and their eyes met, a feeling of ominous and depressing apprehension weighed upon her. It was the first hour in which her heart subdued the maiden delicacy of the woman, and broke the secret, even to itself, of the deep and impassioned love which burned in it—and was to influence her fate. Her father felt her hand quivering upon his arm; and, with the tact and presence for which he was distinguished, recalled her to herself, by a whisper. The dignity of her sex was awakened, and she bore her part with grace and firmness, until their carriage was summoned, and her heart could yield to its own impulses, without an eye to scan them.

They drove to Town rapidly. The Father spoke to Edith once or twice on the road, briefly and kindly; but he saw her heart was depressed and gushing with tenderness—he had seen the mutual and parting glance which

she and Daruley had exchanged; and he had himself before felt too deeply, and knew too well those eloquent mysteries of the soul, which come with the visions of a first love, to interfere with their painful but exquisite reality. He had measured the strength of his daughter's character, and knew that her own refined and quick sense of propriety would soon rally and come to her aid. Besides, the subject was one as yet too undefined and delicate to be touched upon; and to speak to her of consolation, while the wound was unconfessed, would have violated the confidence he had ever observed, and was determined to maintain. He could not, therefore, administer the balm which would alone give relief.

Edith was an only child, and had grown up under his own eye, nursed amid the affections of a widowed and desolate heart. Edith had lost her mother before she knew her value; but the husband never forgot his Alice. Her picture hung at his breast, and was so placed in his bed-room that her eye seemed to rest upon and bless him with the first dawn of the morning's light. She had been all that a woman could be to him—graceful, beautiful, and possessed of that strength of principle, that depth of piety, that confiding and boundless affection, which elevates the devotion of the Lover into the fervid yet rational adoration of the Husband. They had passed together six years of unclouded happiness—the height of their studies and amusements was the height of their enjoyment. Domestic life was a Paradise of earthly bliss. His Alice fell sick and faded—she was too tender and delicate a plant to linger here. The hope of recovery for a time consoled and sustained both, but the signs of decay became at length too visible—the hand of Death was legibly written upon her. Oh! the years of intense agony he endured in the last long month of her sickness. How he struggled and yearned to save her from the grave! As the eye grew dimmer, and the cheek grew ghastly, his affections seemed to cling to her the more. But no human power could save—she died! He sat mute and motionless by her couch for hours after life had departed, kissing her cold hand, and entreating with a frenzied anguish the lifeless corpse to utter one kind word, or give one glance of recognition, to the husband who hung over and still adored her:

I pass from this scene—it is too harrowing too dwell upon. To him it was torture. The gay and black-haired young man walked at her funeral with grey locks and the sternness of a Stoic, for what had life then for him? His eye gazed unblenched in public, for his sense of dignity sustained him; he returned home, embraced and kissed his child; but for months, it was known, he trode his chamber, during the solitary watches of the night, and often gave vent to his sorrows in the wildest and most ungovernable bursts of agony.

The Father of General Conway was descended from one of those fine old families, who had settled in the beginning of the last century in Virginia, and who then sustained in the Union, untainted and with jealous pride,

the purity of their aristocratic blood. He was the oldest son; and succeeded, on the death of his Father, to a valuable and princely estate. When the revolution broke out in America, he clung devotedly to the standard of his fathers. He had been born a Briton and determined to die one. In his native state he took an active hand in sustaining the British cause; and both he and his tenantry had been actors in several of the fierce and sanguinary battles which darken this chapter in the history of civil Freedom. He had won all the honours which the ministry of the day could confer on a Colonist, who had rendered the Crown such effective and substantial service.

His bravery had more than once been recorded in the dispatches of that time, and his eulogies may yet be found in the records of history. His love for Old England was one of the deepest feelings of his heart; but perhaps the iron of his natural temperament had been wrought into harder metal by his reckless disregard for life. He was summoned into the field shortly after his own hearth had become desolate, and the binding tie of his affections had been snapped. In the course of one brief month he had thrice volunteered, and had been thrice accepted as the leader of a forlorn hope. He never quitted the post of danger until the struggle had become hopeless; but, before the coming triumph of the Colonies had been proclaimed, and Rebellion gained the name of Revolution, he sold his Estate, gathered together the elegant ornaments of his household, and with his daughter Edith, and his train of attached slaves, migrated to Halifax—one of that devoted band of "Loyalists" who then came to the Provinces, and gave to our society half a century ago the elegance and refinement, the energy and talent, of an old and settled country. To them are owing, perhaps, the chivalrous and lofty feelings of loyalty for which these provinces are now distinguished.

In Halifax the early history of General Conway was known; it can be no subject of wonder, then, that he should have enjoyed universal respect, or that he and Edith were leading objects of attraction in every circle in which they moved. The Duke, at the time of our tale, extended to the Father all the confidence of a friend; and to Edith he had exhibited a fondness not less than paternal. The kindness of his heart seemed to find in both, objects, around which his best affections could be entwined. The elegant figure of the Prince, and the expression of his eye, are familiar to me. When a boy he has often put his hand upon my head and separated the curls and tangled locks which then shaded my brow. Had he remained here, it is probable, I would have been a soldier, and not a civilian. My star had a milder destiny. I never can enter the Council Chamber, and gaze upon the picture of our late Sovereign which now adorns its walls, without seeing, in the mild and expressive lustre of his eye, a strong resemblance to his royal brother.

General Conway's house was situated in the north suburbs of the city, for it is singular

to watch the changes of opinion—THE SOUTH was not then the region of fashion. It was a large and elegant mansion, and stood in the midst of an extensive and beautiful shrubbery. It has since been burnt down, and yesterday I wandered over its site, for many, many, were the happy hours I spent in it, in boyhood; and I never touch the ground but the memory yields them freely back to recollection. It was, indeed, the home of chaste and intellectual elegance. The Hall was decorated with some of the finest statues and ornaments of alabaster which the artists of Italy could produce. The Rooms were hung with Raphaels, Titians, Claudes and Corregios.—The furniture was antique, and in the highest state of careful preservation. Magnificent copies of the standard works of European Literature were placed in every room. In the drawing room Edith had her Guitar, Harp, and Piano Forte. She played divinely on them all—spoke with ease and fluency three modern languages, and had her table spread with the finished and eloquent productions of her Pencil. The stranger who entered was received in the Hall by two negroes who had grown grey in the service of their master. They had a smile of welcome, and graceful reception, which was a fit introduction to the society of their kind and beneficent owner. The whole establishment had the air, the elegance and substantial simplicity which distinguished "a gentleman of the olden time;" and, by inspiring respect, gave to the Host that command over the feelings of his guests, which, when kindly and intelligently exercised, imparts the highest zest and the most refined pleasures to private society.

With such a head, need it be said that the household of General Conway was a perfect picture of the "peace that reigneth on earth." He had trained Edith to be his companion and his friend. She was far superior to her age in female accomplishments, in knowledge of general Literature, and in the purity and strength of her principles. Their whole life was controlled and regulated by piety and deeply settled convictions of revealed Religion. *They traced every event to a benevolent and overruling Providence, and were sustained by hopes, which were far above the shifting and transitory affections of the hour.* No burst of passion nor unkind reflection had ever disturbed their mutual intercourse. Edith had never heard the chidings of a father's voice, nor covered beneath the shadow of his displeasure. The same principles of action were extended to the servants. Each had his or her own range of duties; these were performed silently but faithfully; if one was ever omitted, a single and brief reproof was given, far more effective than the stormiest language of the scold.—Every inmate was daily summoned to their morning and evening prayers; they looked upon their master as their guardian and friend. As for Edith, she was respected, loved and adored—young and old seemed to bless the very ground she trode upon. Of the ten slaves the General had brought with him from Virginia, not one would have consented to ac-

cept his freedom. They were in his household, fixtures as permanent as the Marble Statues which graced the Hall.

Such is a picture of the "home" into which Edith and her father entered on their return from the Lodge. The servants had been informed of the tumult in the Town. As the Carriage drove up to the door, they crowded up to give their master their smile and welcome. As Edith moved through the Hall, the paleness of her cheek was observed; and the old Nurse, who had been her attendant from birth, and who claimed the dignity of being her second mother, dropped a sudden tear, as she offered her arm and supported her into the drawing room. As she entered, a deep sigh broke from her;—which breathed around a spirit of sadness, and soon transferred, even to the atmosphere of the kitchen, a sombreness and gravity far different from the quiet and rational cheerfulness which there usually prevailed. There was a general anxiety to learn what misfortune could have happened to Miss Edith, and *why* she looked so sad.

When Edith had laid aside her hood and shawl, her deadly paleness became visible.—Her Father said nothing. He sat down on his favorite couch by the fire, and began reading the Book he had been studying in the early part of the day, but he occasionally stole a glance upon his child, as he watched her earnest struggle to master and suppress the feelings of anxiety which evidently convulsed her. The noise of the tumult had reached their ears as they entered the Town, and Edith's fancy was busy in raising a host of imaginary dangers. The beating of the drums, and the cries and shouts of an excited populace, were distinctly heard. Had she been alone she would have fainted; as it was, she rallied only to endure a more intense and withering agony. The General thought that she would be more composed, if left to the solitude of her own chamber. The servants were summoned to prayers, and never perhaps did a father in his family exercise, offer to Heaven a more eloquent or appropriate sadness. It was intended to soothe the excited feelings of his child. She was sensible of the kindness of his intentions, and responded to them as she said good night, followed by one of those embraces of filial affection, and a mutual glance which acknowledged to both, that the secret of the heart had been revealed. He kissed her brow, clasped her to his bosom and with a voice of gushing tenderness, told her "*to put her confidence in him who was above!*" She retired and soon knelt by her bed-side; she sought her couch and its slumbers; but sleep would not be wooed. She rose, opened her lattice and looked abroad upon the brightened waters of the harbour and the stars above. The tumult had been stilled, not a sound save the ship bells and the cry of the watch ruffled the stillness of the night. She was not at ease. The heart bounded with the anxieties of a first and fond affection; she could not fathom the mysteries of her lover's fate: and fancy was rife with its own dark and melancholy bodings.

Such is love, it ever covers the absent with shadows. It seems to create danger, in order to inspire its own deepest fervour. What a beautiful dispensation of Providence, it is, that sympathy should thus be awakened, to relieve the distress of those, who, loving us, are loved in return.

The social ties impart to life its sweetest charms. Every man rejoices and softens under Woman's Influence; and the heart of the maiden grows cold—her pulse chills into indifference, or hardens into marble, if nature does not bless her with a partner to expand and enoble her affections.

PASSAGE FIFTH.

THE COURT-MARTIAL.

LADIES and Lovers read omens in the clouds! They cannot separate themselves from a supernatural connection and destiny. When the heart is touched with glowing and excited emotions, it is glad to soar; and to imagine sympathy, whether for good or for evil, in some mysterious and invisible agency above.

The fourteenth morning after the fray Edith rose, at the first rosy flush of morn, and opening her lattice, allowed the gentle breeze from the South East to fan her. I long to sketch her picture there, as it is undoubtedly true "that beauty when unadorned, is adorned the most;"—it would be an engaging and reviving exercise, to paint Edith in her virgin freshness and in the graceful simplicity of her attire. I forbear; and leave the reader to imagine "how exquisitely beautiful an angel may be on earth!"

Why stood she there to watch the gray dawn brighten into crimson, and then to change into a thousand gorgeous hues? Why watched she the brightness of the morning stars as each twinkle waned and grew paler? Why scanned she, with anxious and piercing eye, the broad Canopy above, as if she could read upon it, a legend or scroll of the future? She was pale—touchingly pale; and a deep anxiety flushed her cheek, and gave her lips a compressed and settled expression. Niobe, Venus, a Grace!—No practised Sculptor who had the skill "to make the Parian marble breathe," could ever have seen or fancied a subject more divine.

Could any spirit have watched her, it would have been evident that her mind was tortured with a more than ordinary sorrow.—She gazed and gazed, and yet moved not.—Time had slowly advanced for an hour. The omens of the morn were threatening and inauspicious; and extending their sympathy to her she sighed, and then resting her brow upon her hand, yielded to a convulsed and irresistible burst of tears. Oh! what is equal to the intense agony of a loving woman's sorrow—the blight—the withering of a first and only love.

Why wept she? The morning had indeed changed ominously sad. There had been at dawn a rosy flush, light fleecy clouds, like Gossamer's wings, beautifully tipped with crimson, had begun to rise from the Eastern horizon, and to ascend swiftly to the Zenith.

They had at first a gorgeous back-ground of crimson and gold, and as they swept over it, they seemed a floating and exquisite drapery moving on the face of Heaven. The breeze had begun to whistle more fiercely. The best work of art is but an imperfect and feeble copy of the perfection of nature. The waters of the Harbor into which the billowing curls of foam. It flew louder and more. The clouds careered from the bosom of the ocean, in dense and threatening masses, and as they crowded up, the sunbeams rested upon some of their crests, and gave them a bright and lurid tinge. These were the pre-ages of one of our fierce Eastern storms. The rain came down in heavy drops—the Clouds gathered into an over-shadowing pall, and Edith's heart sank; she saw in these, the coming fate of her Lover; for warm affections are ever linked with despair.

This was the morning of the day on which the Court Martial for the trial of Darnley had been summoned. In the twelve past days how many evenings had been written on the page of time. Darnley had made his confession of love to Edith, and had been accepted. He had obtained his *parole* for a day, and it was spent with General Conway and his Daughter. I will not attempt to describe that hour of ecstasy in which he breathed his passion at her feet, and heard, from her own lips, that *his* destiny from that day was *hers*. For what language can convey the years of unutterable joy—the rich, divine, incomparable spell of existence—the paradise on earth, which that single and *only* hour in life can give? It is rife with those eloquent and yet unutterable mysteries, which may be felt, but cannot be recorded. There is often a sublimity and pathos in real feeling which language cannot reach. It is enough to say here they were betrothed! The three sailors who had been knocked down at the door of the Inn, had been carried to the Hospital, and on the eighth day had returned to duty. The Soldier, reported as killed, had been stunned by the severity of the blow; he also, had recovered, and was pronounced out of danger; but Archer remained relentless, and still persisted in the charge against Darnley, "of disobedience to orders." He insisted on his Trial. Day by day Archer called on General Conway—but could not gain admittance. His enquiries for Edith daily grew kinder; he had been there even an hour before Darnley was admitted, but there was no audience for him. Can fortune have any secret mode of communication, by which the ear is instructed, and the mind informed of distant events which govern our destiny? It was remarked that night, that Archer, at the Mess Table, was irritable, and uttered expressions which evinced that he was at war with himself and the world. Could he have scanned the events of the day he had indeed abundant cause, for Edith was wooed and won, snatched from him, and the paradise of her love closed to him forever. There is no torture, it has often been said, so withering, as the consciousness that a consuming and engrossing love has been re-

pelled. If Archer had not the certainty, "the coming event, at least, had cast its shadow before." The bitterness of his anguish curdled into hatred, and the settled purpose of sealing Danley's ruin, if he had the power.—Malice always finds instruments, and Archer sought them. It is, however, a wise provision in the moral government of the world, that the evil purpose ever defeats itself, and that he who meditates wrong, and draws the sword to strike, receives a deeper wound than the one at whom the blow is aimed. The recoil is ever greater than the original impulse.

On the morning after the Fray, the Indians were marched down in column, under the protection of a company of the King's Troops, and were allowed to embark in their canoes, and proceed to the opposite shore. Why they were thus suffered to escape without trial, I am unable to explain. It has ever been a mystery to me how it was that men—Indians though they were—could attack and wound others in cold blood, and yet that no power was exerted to punish them. If the cause was ever told me I have since forgotten it; and at this distance of time, we may safely attribute it to the mercy of the Prince; for the brave are ever generous and forgiving; and, although assassians, they had had a wrong and an insult to redress.

There was a general sympathy felt in the fate of Darnley. The approaching trial had been the subject of deep interest; and as it had been circulated among the fair sex that he and Edith had become *more than lovers*, every incident preparatory to the Court Martial was discussed and discussed again.—It was the engrossing topic of conversation, and five thousand hearts had their hopes and fears in the issue:

The Court was a scene of deep solemnity and impressiveness. The Town-House of the Prince was the building that now stands to the west of the North Barracks, and before the war of 1812, was converted into an hospital. In these early times it was fitted up in a taste of military and royal splendor. The Hall was rich in pictures and statues—the latter of military heroes—Miltiades, Richard the 1st, Francis, the Chevalier Bayard, Gustavus, Frederick the Great, and others; and upon one side, from the coarse mailed vest of the Saxon, to the light and polished corslets of Milan and Genoa, which the Knights of Chivalry had borne so gallantly.

On another, there was a beautiful display of Cross Bows, Pikes, and Halberds, tastefully arranged in groups, like the armoury in the Tower of London; and on entering it the spectator could not but feel that he was in the domicile of a Prince, who had the glories of his profession at heart, and sighed to win a Niche in the Temple of "the illustrious dead." There is no question but that the Duke was, at that time, in every respect a soldier. On passing thro' the Hall there was a pair of folding doors, at the entrance of which two orderlies were stationed. They opened upon the front. The room was of spacious dimensions and had in the centre a lofty circular dome. The walls

were hung with an ornament now unknown to us, a splendid tapestry, on which there was enwrought "an host of the Crusaders tented at the gates of Jerusalem." The figures were so beautifully raised, that, when the Tapestry waved, both horses and men seemed to move with the perfect action of life. Massive curtains of common crinson damask, fringed with gold shaded the windows, and cast around a tint of ruby light. The Members of the Court were ranged on both sides of a table standing in the centre of the room; every one in full Military dress and sitting with that sober dignity, suited to the painful duty they were called upon to perform. Over them the Prince himself presided; for he, by a general request from the Garrison, had consented to act as President. I was but a boy when the trial was conducted, and yet every recollection of it is fresh and vivid. My Father led me to it in his hand, and gave me a seat by his side. The image of the Duke is before me. His breast was hung with orders. The band of his sword was inlaid with Diamonds; and as he sat with his Military dress, hat and flowing plumes upon a kind of *fauteuil*, on which was placed a chair of Purple Velvet fringed with gold, my young mind was filled with the realities of an Arabian Tale. But it was the sombre gravity of his countenance, and the restless glance of his eye, which yet live in my memory. His face, usually fresh with the ruddy hue of health, seemed pale and haggard with internal emotion. The placid smile, and the bright flashing eye, stern and yet tearful, were gone: he had bent himself to a painful and unwilling task—for soldier as he was, decisive in his commands, and vigorous in exacting a strict performance of duty—when the offence had been committed, and the hour of punishment came: the kindness of his heart ever yearned to mercy, and he earnestly sought for some palliating circumstance to give, if the rules of military discipline permitted it, a reprieve. If these could not be found, however, the sentence was sternly pronounced, and on the instant executed.

On this occasion, he sat as Judge over one to whom he had been long and warmly attached. Darnley had been his *fid-de-camp* and friend for years. He had ever been selected to do the honours of his Table. He had for him a kind of fraternal regard; and it was warmly responded to, for never did subordinate return to superior, a more useful and confiding friendship.

I recollect well, too, the carriage and position of Darnley, on the opening of that momentous issue. He had not then recovered from the effects of his wound. His arm was hung in a scarf, his cheek was composed, but care-worn and wrinkled. Not a muscle however was seen to move. He entered the room, leaning upon the arm of a leading counsel of the day, whose name I need not record. There was a general movement; for as they entered and took the seats assigned, every eye rested on them. It is not my purpose, if I had the requisite knowledge, to describe the forms and ceremonials of this great trial. My memory

is clear upon it; and I have heard it repeated, at my Father's Table, an hundred and an hundred times, for, as he grew old, he loved to expatiate and be "the old man eloquent." I will give the result—in *this*, only, will the reader be now concerned.

The charge was read by the Advocate General, an officer far inferior in talent and courtesy and fitness to the gallant Colonel who now holds that high and honourable office. The gravamen of the charge, was,—that when the troops, headed by Darnley, had advanced to surround the Indians and quell the tumult by making them captive, he had disobeyed a positive command communicated to him from his superior officer, Major Archer. The Major asserted, that, from the position he had occupied, he saw a party of the Indians before the Soldiers had been struck down—drawing their knives and preparing for a desperate attack—that he desired Corporal Oxley to go to Darnley, and direct him "to call a halt" and order his men to fire,—that the Corporal had obeyed his order to the letter; but Darnley, in disobedience of this positive, express, and unconditional command, had allowed his troops to advance—had not ordered them to fire; and that, in consequence of it, the soldier had been wounded and struck down with an Indian knife. The result of Darnley's conduct it was contended, was not a question before the court—the single point was, had the order been given—had it been conveyed to him—had he obeyed it; right or wrong, the order of Archer, it seemed, under the strict rules of martial law, was sovereign, and could not be questioned, no departure from implicit obedience could be justified or overlooked.

On the charge being read, Archer was examined as a Witness. He gave his testimony briefly but clearly. He gave ready praise to the character of Darnley as a soldier, and to his personal bravery and daring. He admitted that he had conducted the movement of the corps with skill and prudence; but he clouded all these admissions with the direct assertion that he had given the command referred to,—that he sent it by the Corporal, that he saw Corporal Oakley proceed instantly to Darnley and address him—that the soldier had been wounded, that that wound might have ended in death, had the order been obeyed the wound would not have been received.

Corporal Oakley was produced, and confirmed all the material parts of Archer's testimony; and a soldier was examined who swore, that he saw the Corporal leave Major Archer, heard the order delivered, that he then stood at Darnley's side. The skill of Darnley's Counsel was displayed in the severe cross-examination he suggested. Every question he put was pertinent and pointed; but neither Archer, nor the Corporal, nor the Soldier, could be entrapped into a single discrepancy; their first statements stood unshaken at the close of their examination. When the case, on the part of the crown, had been concluded, the feelings of the audience and the fears of the Court had risen to intense expectations,—for Darnley's fate was evidently in peril. Ar-

cher's motives and testimony were suspected; but he had conducted himself with a matchless art. It is seldom that villiany can cover itself successfully with the cloak of hypocrisy, however skillfully woven; but it is sometimes done. The Major did, *then*, succeed.

Darnley and his Counsel held a brief consultation, it was expected that he would apply for an adjournment, in order to prepare his defence. To the surprise of all he said he was then ready to proceed, and sought no delay. The charge and the evidence expected had been before communicated to him. He drew a paper from his portfolio; and, making a suitable obeisance to the Court, read it in a clear and firm tone. His voice was sustained by the consciousness of innocence. It gave a masterly view of the fray, and of the movements he had directed. He stated, that the credit had been given to him, perhaps, beyond his deserts, of having quelled the tumult without a shot being fired or the sacrifice of a single life. He protested, on the honour of a Soldier and Gentleman, that no such an order had been delivered to him—had it been communicated he would have reluctantly obeyed. His defence rested on a simple, unqualified denial. He made no appeal to the feelings of the Court,—he sought no shield but the truth and his own character.

On the conclusion of his address he said he did not intend to produce a single witness.—The gloom of approaching night shed its dimness over the scene. A deep silence then pervaded the room. General Conway rose to depart. A slender figure, closely wrapped in a military Cloak, who had nestled during the trial, and behind the heavy folds of the damask curtain, rose at the same time, and followed the General to the door. It passed Darnley, and was seen to touch his hand. He started, involuntary words broke from his lips—"Edith—my own Edith!" The maiden (for it was Edith) trembled, fainted, and was borne by her father lifeless from the room.—The interest deepened as this Tragedy came to its final act.

The Prince rose, and the audience were ordered to clear the court. When they had retired, it appears that the Prince spoke first and decisively—his notions of discipline controlled his feelings as a man.

"Gentlemen, it appears to me we have no alternative. The evidence is clear, there are three witnesses to weigh down a bold denial—the prisoner must be found guilty, and placed under close arrest:" the words were no sooner uttered than he threw his form back upon his chair, and a quiver was seen to play upon his lips. This opinion, after long debate was concurred in, and the sentence recorded. It was directed to be sent to the Horse Guards. Darnley's fame as a soldier had received a foul stain. He had disobeyed orders;—his word had been doubted; he seemed to be a ruined man. The Court broke up. The Prince retired to his chamber, and spoke to no one. He was on parade next morning at his

usual early hour, but he had evidently passed a sleepless night.

What became of Edith! Why was one so innocent thus severely stricken?

PASSAGE SIXTH.

THE SEPARATION.

A FATHER can feel, and a maiden may fancy, the sensations of General Conway and his Daughter, when the verdict of the Court Martial was conveyed to them. It produced in both a sensation of intense and withering sorrow.

As for poor Darnley, he trode his chamber, in the madness of despair—he was a victim, and now without hope. To be innocent, and to lose station and the honours of a profession, to which he was ardently attached, was a consummation worse than death itself. And in the same hour he decided he had a sacrifice yet to make—a deeper pang to endure. To make his Edith partner in a disgrace, for which she was blameless, was irreconcilable to his high sense of honour. He sat down at his desk—penned and destroyed a dozen sheets, but at last signed one. This is the note he sealed and sent:—

Halifax, October 30th, 1790.

Wednesday Evening.

MY DEAREST EDITH,—Permit me for the last time, to address you, in language which it is presumption for me perhaps *now* to employ. I know, I feel, I am not what I was. My name and honour have been stained. My hand can be no longer worthy of a being so pure and spotless, as one, whom I have loved so passionately; for, under this verdict, the world will say I am no longer entitled to your esteem; and this conviction would work its influence, and cause me soon to lose your love. To be yours, and yet not have your heart, because not deserving it, that indeed I could not survive. Edith, Edith! I fear to look upon the recollections of the past, and yet tremble at the prospects of the future. What I was, and might have been,—and what I am—*are* a fearful reverse; and yet it must be endured. I have plead my innocence at the only tribunal on Earth, where it could have availed me: it has been rejected. Pardon me, Edith, if I ask you still to believe I am guiltless. I release you from every past obligation, be free—may God be merciful to, and sustain you. The hour may come when the heart will yield its affections to some better and fitter object, around whom they may be safely entwined;—but Edith, trust not Archer! Farewell—I am *not* to be your husband. I have forfeited the title I fear even of a friend—I entreat you here to forget me—whether it will be in my power to forget *you*, can be revealed only in the course of time.

Adieu, Edith,

Ever respectfully

ALFRED DARNLEY.

When the note had been despatched, a load seemed to be removed. He was sustained by the consciousness of having performed an act of self-sacrifice and duty. When it came to Edith—such is woman, ever loving and con-

siding to the last!—it only deepened her sorrow and strengthened her attachment. The sacrifice, thus tendered, at the hour when affliction needed most the stay and support of those, who cling to him; and of her who was his—gave, in her estimation, a purer elevation to the character of her lover. Her reply was in the following words:—

Wednesday Evening,

MY DEAREST ALFRED,

Your note of this evening has reached me; and, before I seek my couch, my heart prompts me to reply to it. I have heard the verdict, and feel the weight of that blow, which Heaven, in its mercy, has been pleased, to send us—not to you Alfred alone,—for I am still *your* Edith. I aspire to no better fate, and seek no other hope of happiness, in this life than be the chosen of your heart and affections. The mind which summoned to itself the resolution to tender the sacrifice you have offered, has only added another to the thousand proofs, I before had, that you deserve a purer and better love than I have to bestow. I need no words to tell me, you are innocent. Not a doubt, not a suspicion, has ever dismayed me; I have confided in your principles and high sense of duty; God, in his wisdom has thought it fit to chastise both of us, but it is only for a season. I see light beaming in the future. Be composed, firm, cheerful.—Providence never deserts the virtuous, and those who have faith in him who died to secure to all an immortal inheritance, will have help in their day of tribulation. Accept the enclosed, and read it for my sake. (She enclosed her own Bible,) and be assured that you will yet be happy in a home, sweetened by your Edith's devotion. Alfred, I am not free. My fate is sealed; my freedom is not in your or my own gift. In weal or woe, in happiness or sorrow, innocent altho' condemned, to me you are, and ever will be, the same. The ties which bind us are now indissoluble. We cannot meet, it would be indelicate, and therefore wrong, to do so; and yet I sigh to break thro' the cold restraints of form; but if it will bring a ray of gladness to your chamber, to *know* that, which I do not hesitate to record, believe that my love, my prayers, and my hopes, are with you, and for you, and if I cannot be Edith Darnley, I will ever remain and die,

Your Attached and faithful

EDITH CONWAY.

In the human heart there sometimes breathes the purity and siagleness of Heaven. It is the order of Providence that the virtuous should often pass thro' the ordeal of trial and affliction, but there is a hope in them which teacheth endurance, and sets a light at the end of the darkest vista.

PASSAGE SEVENTH.

THE DISCOVERY.

I pass over the following ten days. An English Packet was at anchor in the Harbour of Halifax, the *Blue Petre* floated at her mast head, and the foretop-sail was sheeted home.—Just as the anchor was about to be tripped, a

Telegraph was made from the Citadel Hill—the flag was run down, the sails clewed up; and the Captain left the Brig in a full-oared gig. He landed, and made his way directly to the Prince's House. As he entered the Hall, the folding doors were thrown open, and Prince Edward came out leading a young lady by the hand. He led her to the door, and kissed her hand at parting. A look of gladness and cordial smiles were exchanged, as they bade each other adieu. It was Edith. What errand had she with the Prince at that early and unfashionable hour? As the darkness of night gathers most intensely, just before the break of dawn, so it is a beautiful dispensation in human affairs, that, when misfortune has reached its crisis, the light of a coming and happy change is made visible. Edith had come to reveal an unexpected discovery, and to unravel a dark plot of human guilt. It is curious how heaven ever brings out, in the progress of life the impression of its moral and unceasing government.

The Corporal, who gave such conclusive testimony against Darnley at the trial, had been the accepted lover of one of Edith's hand-maids. She sympathised in her mistress's desolation and bereavement—took part in that strong and universal feeling of indignation, which was felt against Archer and the Corporal. There existed a suspicion in many minds that they had a mystery which time would yet unmask; that there had been collusion and guilt between them. The Corporal was discarded. He earnestly sought to gain the lost affections of his mistress; in an hour when they met alone, on being severely rebuked for the conspicuous part he had taken in the trial of Darnley, he promised, if she would forgive him, he would yet repair the injury he had done. She felt it difficult at first to comprehend his language. His manner became more earnest, and his promise of reparation more vehement. I will not attempt to describe how the stings of conscience, and the fear of his mistress's continued displeasure, led him to make to her a free and open confession of guilt.

The confession can be told in a few brief sentences. Archer and he were natives of Kent. They had been boys together at the same village school. The Major, on his account, from the time the Corporal had entered the regiment had extended to him a kind and friendly protection. He had done him a thousand favours, and had acquired over him a commanding influence. The morning after the fray, he made him the confidant of his passion for Edith—his hatred of his rival. He opened cautiously and insidiously the plot he had laid for Darnley's destruction and ruin. He began by asking him if he recollected the order he gave him to convey to Darnley, at the time the Troops were leading the attack. He tampered with, and at length seduced him; and the corporal confessed to his mistress, that, influenced by the promise made of his discharge being bought, and of his securing to him a cottage and farm on Archer's estate in Kent, he had given the evi-

dence against Darnley, which he acknowledged to be false. He admitted he had received no order from Archer, and that his whole testimony, and that of the soldier, whom they had bought over by a heavy bribe, was a gross and groundless fabrication. Eliza Roche was both a shrewd and high principled girl, she heard in silence, and determined—an act which cannot be defended—to play with him, till she could save the innocent. She made his restoration to favour conditional on his repeating the confession to her parents, and then obtaining their consent to his addresses. The Corporal, with the promptness of a lover, worthless as he was, promised this should be done.

Before the roll call had sounded from the Barracks his promise had been performed. The facts were conveyed to Eliza's parents, before the night lamps were extinguished. The secret was broke to Edith before she had retired to rest; and for the first time, for some weary days, the "rosy visions of hope" again danced around her pillow.

Edith rose on the following morning, with her plan and purpose formed. She paid a visit to the Prince, and the information she conveyed sent the signal from the Telegraph to the Packet. An order was at the same time issued for the arrest of Archer and the Corporal. An enquiry was instituted; and before noon, on the following day, the pair stood before the tribunal of their Judges, entrapped and encircled in the meshes of their own villainy.

The proud, the triumphant Archer—what a reverse. In one hour a Gentleman and a Soldier: in the next a villain—aye less than man! In the morning, aspiring to be the companion of his Prince; at noon, the day after, a criminal, charged with the darkest crime in the catalogue of human offences. Hoping, no doubt, as the light dawned, to be at some distant day the accepted lover of Edith Conway—before the shadows of night had descended, he occupied a position in which he would have shrunk from the mildest glance of her eye. Vice, vice! how terrible are thy punishments, and how efficiently do human events disclose that the same eternal principles of moral good, which rule our destinies hereafter, have a sovereign influence upon us here. Life is thus made a preparation for something better—and the chain of justice on earth is linked with the eternal justice of heaven.

The Prince's despatches were unsealed. Darnley, on the second day was sent for, and Archer was handed over to the civil authorities—he escaped before trial. He and the Corporal were tracked to the Coast—and embarked in a fishing vessel bound for Boston.—They were seen there—and disappeared—the fate of their accomplice is unknown to me.

Before the sun had gone down Darnley had seen his Edith—he resumed his seat that evening at the head of the Prince's table, need it be said his heart bounded with deep and inexpressible delight; and, that, before he lay down on his couch, he poured forth in prayer to God "the incense of a grateful heart" for

the deliverance sent to him. His sincere and enlightened faith was one of the brightest ornaments of his character. Had he not been a Christian, Edith Conway never would have been his. Religion was to him, as it ever is here, the source of all our exquisite blessings.

About two months afterwards, I recollect the day well, the town was enlivened by a loud and merry peal from St. Paul's Church Bells. The scene in the church seems to me now fresh as of yesterday. The auspicious marriage of the fair Alice J. to the gallant Captain E. celebrated some years ago, brought it back, with the freshness and life of reality.—The Prince was there and gave away the Bride. The Pews and Aisles were crowded with the fashion of the day: the common people filled the galleries. The beauty of Edith in her robes of virgin white—the manly form and free carriage of Darnley—the rich dresses of the company, the wreaths of flowers which hung before the altar, are still vividly before me. I recollect, too, of riding, for some three miles, after the carriage and four, which conveyed the happy pair to the Lodge,—for the kind Prince Edward, loving both, with all the deep affection of his nature, poured upon them his tide of generous kindness, and honored their union with an elegant entertainment "*en-campestre*." His Royal Highness opened himself the dance, by leading the blushing Edith through the first measure. No fray disturbed the harmony of that day; and as the evening closed the Bride and Bridegroom returned to General Coaway's.

Our tale wends now to a close. Their lives, passing from the age of romance, settled down into the grave realities of married life; altho' less agitating, its pleasures are not less exquisite,—if the affections are blended with a sound discretion and an unwavering confidence. Marriage may produce the torture of broken hearts; but Nature *intended* it to be an earthly paradise; and such it often is, and such therefore it ever may be made. The reader may enquire what were its issues here; and *she* (it is for the diviner and fairer half of creature the tale has been written) will not be left in uncertainty. These will be the subject of the next and last passage.

PASSAGE EIGHTH.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

TIME is the great chronicler of events, and casts pictures in life as strangely diversified as those of the Kaleidoscope.

Some years ago, I was crossing the Alps, and was wandering round the Hospital at the pass of Mount St. Bernard, when as I turned an angle of the building I met unexpectedly a Gentleman and Lady,—the first had an easy and elegant air, and his breast was adorned with the insignia of a distinguished order.—His Lady hung on his arm, her appearance was graceful and matronly; but altho' she had passed her zenith, from the reliques which yet remained, it was clear that in her youth she must have been surpassingly fair and beautiful.

They were attended by a family of two sons and two daughters—they had an hereditary grace and intelligence. I was delighted, and thought I never had seen a family group more interesting and attractive. As I gazed upon the Parents the memory recalled faces and figures, which had been familiar to me. I was positive I had seen them before. The Lady addressed her husband—I heard the name of "*Darnley*,"—my younger days burst on me like a revelation. How the heart thrills in a foreign land, to meet those, when we have seen and known *at home*! I advanced to them instantly. I spoke to them of my father, of myself, of the events and scenes of former years.—With our family they had lived in the closest and most affectionate terms. They received me with open arms, and the warmest professions of regard. I became at once a Member of their family circle. What a halo shone upon their life, in the depth of their united affections, in the purity of their lives, in the intellectual range of their occupations and intercourse!

I descended the Alps in company with them—the Alps—those mighty and eternal hills, whose invisible depths, embosomed lakes, ice and jagged crests, peering upwards thro' the moving clouds, as if they reached the sanctuary of Heaven, and were the very footstool of the Most High, give to man a conception of the magnificence—the grandeur—the incomparable sublimity, of Nature's broad and nobler works, which he never can feel till he has seen, and thus *felt* their influence. What a deep and lasting impression they left upon me!—the Vale of Chamouni—the threatening avalanche—the seas of rugged ice—the *trail* and desolation of the glacier, rest from its abiding place for untold centuries!—Mount Blanc, with its thousand hoary and iced pinacles, flushed and glowing with the reflected splendour of a morning's sun, taught me, for the first time what Nature was—how immeasurable the grandeur,—how sublime the mysteries,—how boundless the intelligence of creation! Who *dares* to scan these mighty monuments of an animated world, where all which men can fashion shrinks to nothingness, and *ask* who, and what that Being is—existing before time and after time, before creation and presiding over eternity—who called them from *chaos*—but what is *chaos*? Oh, philosophy, where are thy aids—where now thy pride to answer this! That is the question which mocks human presumption, gives the narrow boundary to human knowledge; leaves the dark, impassable, and humiliating gulf, between the power and intelligence of the Deity and man, a feeble fragment of that illimitable spirit,—wider than space itself, and whose laws pervade and regulate the machinery and life of the glorious Universe. It was amidst them—with the glories of their outline traced in the background, and the fertile expanse of Italy before me—that I became religious—that my spirit grew humble—my prayers fervent—and life began to be the ordeal for another and a better world. These feelings were com-

mon to the circle into which I had been admitted; they bound us together with closer ties; for it is only the alliances of virtue, which form here a lasting and indissoluble friendship. They conducted me to Naples. They occupied there one of the splendid palaces of that classic city. They had around them the works and arts of the *past*—the great productions of the *present*. We sailed over its magnificent Bay; they carried me to Herculaneum and Pompeii, those disinterred cities of Roman life; and we often contemplated Vesuvius belching out her volumes of lurid flame, while the moon shone placidly above. It is not wonderful that Italy should be famed for the imaginative power of her people—that she should be rich in poets and painters—that the arts should flourish among them; for there is no other country where the imagination has such a field to work upon—the fertility of her soil—the magnificence of the Alps—her classic ruins and reliques—her gorgeous architecture—statuary:—I felt my own imagination kindle amid the excitements by which it was surrounded.

General Darnley was there the British Resident at the Court. He enjoyed the friendship of his sovereign. His eldest son occupied a high station in the Court of George the 4th. His eldest daughter Edith had been married unto one of the most ancient families of the English nobility. He was educating his family there, amid the classic associations by which they were surrounded.—I spent three months under his roof. It was one of the happiest periods of my long sojourn in Europe, happy because I saw a perfect picture of family intelligence and peace—a rare union of station, of cultivated knowledge, of peace, and of rational piety. General D. and his family mingled in the gay circles of that magnificent Capital, and yet kept himself and children free of its follies and vices. To me it had additional charms—for we often recalled our recollections of Nova Scotia, and of all the incidents of the preceding tale. I heard Edith say then, (I still write her maiden name,) that although Italy was beautiful, and Naples the home of the arts—and she had many reasons to be attached to both,—there were no spots on earth to which her heart yearned so fondly as to the Prince's Lodge on Bedford Basin, or her father's garden in the north suburbs of Halifax. She often spoke of one gnarled old oak, which stood in the garden, and which her father had held in special reverence. In these places the foundation of her happiness had been laid. In them she had passed the first severe ordeal of her earthly trials; and had enjoyed the blissful dispensation of that great and overruling Providence, in which she had ever felt undeviating faith. She showed me the original of Darnley's letter, and of her reply, both kept as precious reliques of an early love. She allowed me to take copies.

Thus far I have painted this picture in its rosy hues, but these bright tints had for me a melancholy and lasting shade. While I was in Italy, I had much to make me happy; my

pulses of life beat quickly; and though before a young man, free from any desire to relinquish the freedom of a single life, and consign my happiness to the keeping of another, my views and aspirations changed, and I began to sigh for the love and sympathy of a kindred heart. I am yet single, and have travelled through life a bachelor,—having lived for years sighing over the *ideal* of a beautiful and unattainable good. Why conceal it! Grace Darley, the second daughter of the matchless Edith—the fit daughter of such a mother, and such a Wife—inspired me with the tender passion. O, how it tortured and consumed me. I fear to peril my reputation in painting what Grace then was. She was not fair. She approached the brunette, but the Grecian forehead, the flashing eye, radiant with the heart and intelligence, the curved mouth; the outline and proportions—they were a treasure to the most refined taste—and to the noblest bosom nature ever gave. To have swept an arm round such an object, and to have been able to have called it *mine*, would have been an ecstasy—divine, and expressively exquisite. I gazed and sighed, but at a distance. I won her friendship, but not her heart. I was disappointed. She had been *before* engaged, but I knew it not.—She did not deceive me, for she was above deception. The hour it was announced to me, my heart turned to stone!

I love yet a bright home, the laughing glee of other men's children,—but my own house is lonely. Poor Grace, how she wept for me, when she knew the desolation of my heart, which she innocently scathed. She became a bride, but her happiness was short lived, and she was soon transferred to a better sphere—her fate was happier and holier than mine; but a truce to the confessions of an old, wrecked and disappointed man—for why shadow so bright a picture with such sad and drooping colours? Such is life!—the bluest and brightest sky of Italy herself is never free from the menacing cloud; the richest vallies have ever their peaked and frozen crags above; the rose has ever its thorn; and our happiest hours are overlung with the coming and instructive affliction, because here we have no lasting heritage, and the earth is but a trial-place to fit us for the glories and happiness of heaven: there is ever something bright and better to yearn and work for, inspiring reflection and imposing responsibility, until we have gone to the grave, cast away the frailties and weeds of mortality, and stand as expectants at the gates of eternal bliss.

Edith and the General have since gone down to the grave—it receives the good as well as the evil—the saint and the sage have a common end. Some of their children still live, and will read this history—and recognise the friendly hand which has sketched it.

The fate of Archer may form the subject of another series of passages; for it is a dark page in the volume of human life. Our task for the present is at an end.

