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THE PROVINCIAL.

HALIFAX, N. S., AUGUST, 1853.

THE MONTH.—AUGUST.

SUMMER'S own regal golden month! rich with beauty, glory, and luxury. The glossy leaves shake out their full green tapestry and murmur a song of triumph as the faint wind pillows itself to rest amid their drooping curtains. The flowers, and there is a legion of them now, so fair, so fresh and beautiful, so redolent with bright hues and lovely fragrance—the same glad birthright the Creator bestowed upon them in blessed Eden—spring up in every path and in every scene; nursing the sparkling dew-drops far down in their cells of sweetness; wooing the wind lovingly to fan their graceful petals, while he whispers of the kisses he has stolen by the perfume he bears to the homes of men. Beguiling the truant butterfly to rest awhile amid their sunny clusters, and folding the rifting bee as he bears away the choicest honey for his winter storehouse. Lovely they are those gentle children of dew and sunshine, shining amid the soft curls of the young and joyous, or speaking of hope and resurrection by the pale faces of the quiet dead, making a rich embroidery among the emerald grass, sending up sweetness and light from the very depths of the cold brown earth; what marvel that we love them, speaking as they do of the blessedness that we have lost, living emblems as they are of the glory that may yet be ours. Now is the harvest season of flowers and gaily do they smile beneath the warm sunbeams of golden August. The brightest crown of the fair summer, they have brought their richest jewels to glow in her proud diadem, we cannot love them too well. The more we commune with their spiritual beauty, the more will we regenerate the temple of the heart, until like the flowers, it may become a dwelling place for purity and an earnest of hope and perfection.

August is indeed the queen of the year, for she adds to beauty, power and plenty. The power of the fervid sunbeams, so intense in their sultry heat. She brings those dense warm days, which enervate the frame, but which bring ripeness to the fruit and plenty to the granary. The cherry laughs out in scarlet clusters from the drooping trees, and the simpler gooseberry in its many varieties catches the reflection from the bright crimson currants that

gleam and sparkle on their graceful stems. The raspberry still bestows its welcome fruit, and the ripening blackberry, and tiny but abundant blueberry grow in shining contrast beside each other. The whole vegetable world is ripening to perfection. The garden gives a lavish tribute from its stores. 'The blossomed bean fields' have resulted in the green graceful harvest that droops from every tendril, delighting the horticulturist and the epicure. Our land would indeed seem the land of plenty beneath the reign of August, for the fields and woods and orchards all vie with each other as to who shall yield the richest spoil to the lord of them all—man the heir and recipient of all the treasures yielded by earth's fair domain. But even while he walks, and admires, and enjoys, he looks at the dark glossy leaf and sighs to think that its freshness has gone, that childhood and youth have passed, and that middle age has touched all those fair things of nature. There is ever a yearning in us—a love for the fresh and the unworn. We are so travel-stained and darkened ourselves, that it seems as if to commune with the young and fresh in nature brought back to us our own days of sinless childhood, and thus it is that we love the child-like bursting beauty of June better than the full and ripened glory of August. But 'twere folly, or worse, to cloud the fair picture by dark forebodings or weak repining, well knowing that time must perform its circuit, that seasons must come and go, and that the very brevity and change make their coming more welcome to us.

August we believe has not any days of festivity or celebration, if we except the birthday of His Royal Highness Prince Albert, which falls in this month. But important a personage as the Prince is in his wife's royal dominion of England, we in the Colonies do little to remember it, save the observance of a royal salute. No other holiday marks the passage of the month among us, but it has enough of beauty and pleasure to make its reign to the full as joyous without any such festal chronicle. Now is the time for the merry pic-nic in some of the sylvan retreats of our fair country. Many of the 'Societies' hold an annual celebration about this season, and then gay young voices are heard amid the listening woods, or blithe feet move to the sound of merry music on the carefully prepared platform. And tents lift up their white brows in the fairest and coolest places, with refreshments for the gay and light-hearted, who are glad to escape for a while to their shelter and repose. Now is the time for boating parties and aquatic excursions of every kind; and many a white sail glistens freshly from the blue expanse of our harbour, a harbinger of the laughing faces and light hearts that are floated by its aid. And now in the long still moonlight evenings, for this is the month when the harvest moon commences her reign of lustrous glory—may the gleaming oar be seen amid the fairy ripples of the blue calm lake, embowered among trees, and sheltering the fair resplendent lilies on its bosom, who fold up their beauty when the sun passes its meridian, and nestle lovingly among their glossy green pads, till their lord shall rise again in his glory and with a kiss of light open their fair and

fragrant petals. Then in that calm, still hour, when the stars walk in radiance amid the blue floating ether, and the moon sheds a flood of such rich silver light that earth clothes herself with the reflection and bathes every object in the full mellow radiance, the tiny boat may be seen gliding amid those blue wavelets and beneath that full canopy of stars. For those whose hearts are touched by any of those pure feelings, which at times like wandering angels come athwart the gloom of our hearts and make all light within, choose this calm hour to commune with the still and holy beauty of nature, or it may be that then 'soft eyes look love to eyes that speak again' and that in the first romance of gentle affection the night and the lake seem the fitting witnesses to its early brightness. These rich moonlight nights afford the only season when one feels he has a legitimate right to be romantic, and we say and do what beneath the frosty atmosphere of January we would feel and aver to be arrant nonsense. And so we must eschew all remembrance of moon and starlight by the calm surface of some lillied lake, lest we too grow enthusiastic, who are so very commonplace.

But what is there that does not savour of romance in this pleasant month of August. Earth and nature are so beautiful that our hearts are attuned to the same melody; and luxury thinks life is altogether ease and comfort. But we will tell you who does not enjoy this hot drowsy month, in its full perfection, and that is the farmer. Aye even though the earth is laden with fruit to swell his garner, and every burning sunbeam aids but in developing the harvest he has taken such pains to ensure. But though all works in his favour, this is the husbandman's busiest season, and while idle insects hum drowsily among the green branches, and the almost as idle butterflies of fashion and wealth recline in luxurious comfort in their well shaded rooms, the farmer has to plod and toil, to be at his work early and late, for the waving grass is ere now ready for the scythe and he must secure it for his barns. And though hay-making has been the theme of song and story, for its fragrance, its fun, and its pleasures, those who have toiled at it from morning till night beneath the scorching beams of a fiery sun, taking no rest, but working on incessantly lest their heavy swathes may be injured and their winter fodder spoiled, will tell that haymaking has more pain than pleasure. The gay and idle pass by in their carriages, and as they inhale the fragrance of the new mown hay, think not of the labour it has taken to render those perfumed heaps fit for the lumbering cart that stands ready to receive it—weary and burned and blistered the farmer and his family sink to rest at night, though it may be that that rest is all the sweeter for the labour. For as all things in this chequered world have their bane and their antidote, so has labor its punishment and its reward, and perhaps in the aggregate our fates are equal. As much 'rain may fall' into the life of one as another, while the light that each experiences must make forever a rainbow around the cloud.

What more have we to say of August, we have spoken of its beauty, its pleasure, its harvest, and its toil, as we find them in this fair climate of Acadia, where health is an heirloom and honest industry always brings cheerful reward. We would that this fair month had some old legend to add interest to our few remarks in its honor, or some festal occasion to make our tribute less tedious, but it has none, and we must now bid the glad month of song and flowers farewell, which we are strangely loth to do, for it is our last month of summer, our sole possession of the light and beauty we have enjoyed since that bright season visited us. It has its anniversaries and memories too, dark days in the calendar of life, spirit eclipses amid all this radiance. But each keeps these clouds safest in the sanctuary of his own heart, and those who own the light shall not have it darkened by the pall that is spread over our own. So we bid thee farewell, proud beautiful month—regal in thy treasury of wealth and majesty. Bright things must die, and we should not mourn if we have enjoyed the mirth and beauty while they lasted. Thine is a glorious reign fair summer harvest month, and long may we be spared to welcome thy return to the blue skies and green vallies of our beloved Nova Scotia.

THE OLD FOREST RANGER.—REVIEW.*

AMID the medley of the campaign, travels and romances, with which the literary world is now inundated, it is pleasant once in a while to step aside from the old beaten track, and visit and participate with, in imagination, scenes and transactions which wear a freshness and novelty peculiarly delightful to those for whom the ordinary course of general literature affords nothing new. We have, therefore, great pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to a work recently issued from the English press, and republished in the United States, with the additional charm of a frank, cordial preface by the American author, 'Frank Forester,' whose own works have been read with avidity and gratification by all who have taste to appreciate them.

'The Old Forest Ranger,' to begin with the outside, is most prepossessing in appearance, handsomely and appropriately bound, a 'fac-simile of the English edition,' as the editor assures us; while the interior, in addition to its excellent typography, is ornamented with six beautifully executed engravings, illustrative of the scenes described in the volume, thereby enhancing the spirit and interest of the work. The name of Major Walter Campbell is well known

* The Old Forest Ranger: or Wild Sports of India—on the Neilgherry Hills, in the Jungles, and on the Plains. By Major Walter Campbell. Edited by Frank Forester. New York: Stringer & Townsend. Halifax: E. G. Fuller.

as one of those distinguished veterans who have maintained England's glory and right in the East, and any book owning such authorship would be commenced with eagerness; but were the work before us a nameless production, instead of entering the world under such favourable auspices, its own merit would earn for itself a fame that no outward circumstances could confer upon it. It is a bold, dashing account of perilous adventures in forest and jungle, with the wild and dangerous animals that infest those regions, and the reader is carried on by the life-like description, until he waits in imagination for the spring of the tiger, or the charge of the stately bison.

To the sportsman this work must furnish a world of delight, if the timid and uninitiated linger with such interest over its pages, as there he must revel in the scenes and sports that charm him most, described by one who has been an actual partaker in them, and who writes with the zest and vigour that enthusiastic memory can so well supply.

In whatever form India is presented to the reader, it must always be an interesting one, there is so much of wild romance in her scenes and people—so much that is poetical and grand, connected with her customs and scenery—so much historical and social interest, blended with that far away and luxurious land, that we never tire of descriptions of her grandeur, her beauty, and her extent, because some of our best and earliest feelings have been associated with her name. Tales of her wild and ferocious animals have both terrified and charmed us in our childhood; the zeal, too often the sacrifice of her devoted missionaries, has called forth the glow of admiration or the tear of sympathy, while the brave army who have battled and died within her for the sake of their country and their queen, have had our admiration, our gratitude, our prayers, and our lamentations. From the East have come all our pictures of fairy land and magic; speaking trees and charmed stones owe their existence to that land of fable and poetry; and though the desperate chase of fierce and savage animals may be little calculated to charm or delight, yet we dare aver that there is no occupation connected with 'India's coral strand' that has not power to awaken interest, and send a thrill of fascination through the brain; and the 'Old Forest Ranger' will not detract from the truth of our assertion. It hurries us through the most wild and beautiful scenery, which is sketched with an artist's hand, passing through graceful and lofty trees, set like stars in a luxurious forest, opens up to us a view of enchanting waterfalls, and ere we have completely beheld their grandeur, we are face to face with a giant bear or rapacious tiger, and await with eagerness the result of the conflict which may end in the destruction of one of the combatants. We are taken through some of those sweet and quiet villages so fraught with beauty and peace, that but for the sound of the coming idol in his lumbering car, one might fancy fair English hamlets, with the addition of a luxurious atmosphere and glowing and diversified scenery. We are given a glance at nearly every object of interest in India,

and though written more for amusement than information, we yet find we are gathering instruction where we looked but for pastime.

We will pass over the author's introduction, which we think less of than any other portion of the work, as there is an affectation of style and sentiment which contrasts strangely with the bold, manly tone of the subsequent chapters. After the Major's introducing himself to his readers, which he does by describing his appearance as that of a worn out, attenuated veteran, but living over again in memory the battles of his youth, he takes us to the neighbourhood of *Ootacamund*, where we make acquaintance with the family of Mr. Lorimer, consisting of himself and one daughter, 'the fairy Kate,' whose bright eyes have a potent spell for one of the heroes of the story, a Mr. Charles Somebody, who, strange to say, has not been favoured with any other name save his baptismal appellation through the whole volume. The three sportsmen, old Lorimer, Captain Mansfield, and 'Charles,' are preparing at early dawn for an excursion to the Neilgherry Hills, in pursuit of the wild boar. The story opens well and spiritedly. After an exciting and successful chase, they encounter more than they bargain for, in the person of a tiger, of whose near approach their first intimation is by the death-shriek of one of their *beaters*, or native attendants. In the fierce contest which ensues with the enraged brute, Old Lorimer very nearly falls a victim to his fury, and is only rescued by the unerring aim and brave daring of his friend Captain Mansfield, who, through the many perils and dangers encountered in their exciting sports is ever the cool forewarned hunter, who is always prepared for every emergency, and gains nothing by rashness which he can overcome with caution.

We would willingly extract, for the pleasure of our readers, some of the intensely exciting scenes of this work, did we know where to begin, or did our space allow us to complete them. Though so few characters are introduced into the volume, we yet meet with a vast amount of originality in the person of Dr. McPhee, a true son of the 'land o' cakes,' whose oddity and humour enliven not a little the time of his companions during their tedious journeys over mountains and through jungles, though his ill-dissembled fear, and his want of skill with the rifle make him but a poor help in the hour of peril. At an emergency, however, the courage of his native land could be awakened, and desperation, or rather Providence, gave his arm the skill it lacked in cooler moments. We extract a passage in which the worthy Doctor for once brought his prowess to bear most advantageously for the life of his companions. We must premise that the huntsmen had adopted the most hazardous and fearful of all methods of capturing a tiger, that of netting him, a process which is accomplished by spreading a net, made of strong cordage, among the underbrush, in which the animal gets entangled in the act of springing upon his pursuers.

' No sooner did the tiger perceive his intended victim than his whole appearance was altered—his green eyes glared savagely, his head was thrown back, his ears were laid upon his neck, the hair upon his back stood erect, and crouching close to the ground he crept swiftly towards the nets; having got sufficiently near he uttered a tremendous roar, and springing forward with a lashing bound, threw himself against the net with a force that threatened to carry everything before it; but the tough cordage yielded to the shock without sustaining any injury, the upper rope became disengaged, the net fell together in a heap, and the enraged monster was instantly enveloped in a complicated mass of net-work, from which in spite of his frantic efforts he found it impossible to disengage himself. So furious was the onset of the tiger, and so apparently frail the defence opposed to it, that Charles had not sufficient command of nerve to stand his ground, he made an involuntary spring backwards, stumbled and fell.

The Doctor seeing the desperate rush of the tiger, accompanied by a roar that made his heart sink within him, and perceiving through a cloud of dust that the net was apparently demolished and his young friend down, immediately jumped to the conclusion that he must be in the tiger's jaws. His first impulse was to shout to Mansfield for help, which he did right lustily, his next to slide from his perch with a reckless haste that considerably injured the appearance of his nether garments, and snatching up his fusée, he hurried to the rescue, invoking maledictions on the man who first invented the amusement of spearing tigers on foot; but ere he could reach the scene of action, Charles had recovered his footing, picked up his spear and driven it deep into the chest of the tiger. The previous struggles of the powerful animal were those of a cat compared with the frantic efforts which he now made to reach his pigmy antagonist. His eyes glowed like live coals, foam mingled with blood flew in spray from his distended jaws, he roared, he gnashed his teeth, he tore up the earth, he twisted and turned with the agility of a wild cat. By dint of gnawing he had so far succeeded in destroying the net, that his head protruded, but still the complicated folds entangled his limbs and paralysed his efforts. Charles, although tremendously knocked about, clung manfully to his weapon, and excited his utmost strength to force it through the monster's body and pin him to the ground. At length the tiger succeeded in grasping the shaft with his powerful jaws, and by one vigorous shake snapped the tough ash pole as if it had been a reed. Charles, although partially disarmed, still retained sufficient courage and presence of mind to make the best use of what remained of his weapon, and so gained time till assistance arrived. He had never quitted his hold of the spear shaft, and with this he showered such a volley of blows upon the tiger's head as partially to stupefy him, and thereby impede his efforts to disengage himself.

The Doctor, whose courage had failed him the moment he perceived Charles on foot again, had all this time remained at a respectful distance dancing about like a maniac, brandishing 'Mons Meg,' and shouting at Charles to 'haud out o' the gate, till he got a rattle at the brute wi' the grit-shot.' But Charles who expected no aid from any one but Mansfield, was too busily engaged in preventing the tiger from getting clear of the nets, to pay any attention to his exclamations, and continued to thrash away with his heavy ash pole like a young Hercules. The tiger's efforts, however, instead of diminishing only seemed to increase. He gnawed, and tore, and plunged, with the fury of desperation. Mesh after mesh of the strong net-work gradually gave way. He

had already succeeded in liberating one fore-paw as well as his head, and it was but too evident that a few more vigorous struggles must set him free.

At this critical moment, Mansfield came bounding over the rocks, and uttering a hearty cheer of encouragement, drove his spear into the body of the tiger. Instead of attempting to hold the animal down, as Charles had done, he instantly withdrew the weapon and repeated his thrusts, with such strength and rapidity that in spite of a desperate resistance on the part of the tiger, he was speedily covered with wounds and bleeding at every pore. The rapid loss of blood had perceptibly diminished his strength, and his shrill roar was changed to a hoarse bubbling growl; the victory was all but gained, when with one tremendous blow of his gigantic fore-paw, he snapped the shaft of the spear in two, leaving the iron head sticking in his own body, and bringing down the butt end of the shaft with such violence on Mansfield's head that he fell backwards stunned and insensible. The case was now indeed a desperate one. Poor Charles, although his courage failed not, was so much exhausted by his previous exertions, that his blows fell harmless as those of a child, and it was evident that he could not much longer maintain the unequal contest. Most heartily did he now wish for his trusty rifle, and loudly did he call upon the Doctor for assistance.

The tiger, weakened though he was by loss of blood, had by this time so far succeeded in destroying the net that his head and shoulders were at liberty. One struggle more and he was free to wreak fearful vengeance on his foes, to quench his burning thirst in their blood. A hellish fire shot from his eyes, and his whiskered lips curled into a grin of ineffable malignity, as he gathered himself together for a decisive spring. It was madness to oppose him longer. Charles, upbraiding the Doctor for a cold-blooded poltroon, turned to fly, but in doing so he stumbled over his prostrate companion and fell heavily.

Doctor, Doctor, where is your manhood? will you allow your gallant young companion to be miserably mangled before your eyes?

No! the latent spark of fire which lurked in the blood of his Celtic ancestor is at length roused—he utters a war cry—he rushes boldly between the infuriated tiger and his prostrate victims, 'Mons Meg' pours forth her deadly contents, and the monster in the very act of springing rolls dead at his feet, with two ounces of grit-shot in his brain.—Hurrah!!

'What think ye of the grit-shot now Captain,' exclaimed the Doctor, pointing with an air of triumph to the dead tiger, as soon as Mansfield had sufficiently recovered from the stunning effects of the blow to understand how narrowly he had escaped destruction. 'There are waur things than a fusce and grit-shot at a pinch I'm thinkin'. That plan o' yours of spearin' tigers, is a vera well for once in a way; but by my troth, lads, ye had better no' *make a practise o' 't.*'

This was a sentiment in which the two young sportsmen perfectly concurred. They had got a lesson which made them heartily repent of their folly. And after returning thanks for their providential escape, and bestowing abundant praise on the Doctor for his timely aid, they both vowed, solemnly, never again to engage in so fool-hardy an adventure.

Our readers may gain from this passage an idea of the style and spirit of the book. While we shudder that human lives should be so perilled in such hazardous sport, in some cases, as in the one just related, it was a work of humanity and self-devotion, as in some haunts the tiger forsakes all other

prey, and seeks only for his victims unprotected and defenceless human beings. In these instances, it is indeed a work of right and necessity to deliver one's fellow creatures from the power of those fearful monsters, and the heroes of the 'Old Forest Ranger' had earned the gratitude of the inhabitants of many a mourning village in India, by ridding them of the presence of those horrible scourges ever lying in wait to secure their prey.

The volume, in addition to all its other merits, is enlivened by a love story, without which no work in the present day is complete. The fair Kate and her brave cousin Charles, mature their hearts as speedily as everything else in that glowing climate, and great as Charles's prowess may be in the field or the jungle, he would esteem it a greater triumph to win the hand of his beautiful cousin than bear home a thousand trophies as a proof of his hunting skill. This, however, all comes about in good time, and the 'Forest Ranger' winds up with a successful termination.

We recommend all who admire the fresh and nervous in literature to obtain this fascinating volume, when we feel sure that our opinion of its merits will be most cordially endorsed.

TALES OF OUR VILLAGE.—No. 8.

CHAPTER III.

THE term of station at Gibraltar of the regiment to which Captain T. belonged, having expired, it was ordered to Malta, and there he repaired with his family, to whom the change brought much satisfaction, as they were unknown and could remain so in their new residence; but at Gibraltar, where they had once moved among the leaders of fashion and splendour, the reverse in their position had been painfully oppressive, and they were glad to escape from a place that so constantly reminded them of their bright past and sad present. They associated but little with the ladies of the regiment to which the Captain belonged, some of whom were personally unknown to them, having only joined their husbands at Gibraltar after Mr. Schiller's death, and consequently the widow and her daughters had no opportunities for acquaintance. The few they knew were exceedingly kind, as women generally are, when their sisters are in sorrow, and their sympathy and companionship were most welcome to the unhappy ladies. Katrine's time and heart were much occupied with her child, but Louise was often very lonely, and dreaded inactivity as the greatest of evils. Her brother-in-law was constant in shunning her society and that of her mother; his wife's presence he seemed to feel as a

necessary evil, and bore it accordingly; but those whom circumstances and not his own choice had made the inmates of his home, were treated with a coldness and contempt very galling to persons who in their days of prosperity had been looked up to and venerated, and very unjust to those from whom he had received so much kindness. Louise, with the natural feelings of youth and independence, was indignant at such cruel and ungrateful conduct, and but to spare Katrine, whom she loved so fondly, from all the sorrow and uneasiness on her account, would have resented it as unmanly and disgraceful. A lady who had shown them much kindness since their affliction—the wife of the Colonel of the regiment, Mrs. Murray—strongly advised Louise not on any consideration to submit to such humiliating dependence. Such counsel she had refrained from offering while they were still in Gibraltar, where every effort was likely to become the business of the fashionable and censorious public; but here where disguise was unnecessary she recommended that Louise, with her mother, who were experienced in needle-work and embroidery, should attempt to provide for themselves in this way, promising them every assistance in her power. This advice was given without a full knowledge of Captain T.'s unworthiness, for although from the dejection of Louise Mrs. Murray guessed that all was not harmonious, still her counsel merely proceeded from the feelings of an independent and energetic woman, who always argued that when Providence had deprived us of help, we should help ourselves. Had the whole truth been known, the Captain probably would not have stood so high in the estimation of his Colonel and brother officers, but he wore his mask well, and those connected with him by marriage were careful not to remove it.

Louise took the advice of her friend, and by unwearied exertions soon procured a supply of needle-work, which not only afforded a temporary income, but by fully occupying her time made her more cheerful and better able to bear with the annoyances of her position. Mrs. Schiller entered warmly into her plan, and thus by occupation and a strong determination to overcome the trials incidental to humanity, these two reaped their reward—independence of spirit and satisfaction of heart. It grieved Katrine exceedingly at first, to see her mother and sister determined to labour for their own support; but when she saw how much happier they were under such endeavours, she thought of opposition no longer. Her child had roused her from her own indolent listlessness for a time, and with an object for her affection and care, the face of the young mother brightened, and the smiles of youth partially returned to her cheek. But soon another was added to her charge; little Arthur's place was filled by a tiny sister, bringing with her, on the part of the Captain, new dissatisfaction and complaint. The boy was something that he might be proud of, of whom something might be made, and who could eventually distinguish himself in the world, but girls were ever a burden and tax upon a parent's comfort and convenience. His home was more neglected than ever, and his

poor wife, who fondly hoped that each succeeding child would perhaps restore his love to his home and herself, drooped beneath the new disappointment, and even the endearments of her children were useless to atone for the unkindness of her husband. Her bloom and sprightliness were gone, gaiety had lost its charms for her, and now when her beauty and liveliness were no longer visible, to reflect credit on his good taste and establishment, Captain T. grew more indifferent and cold; he was rarely at home but at night, and then the children made a source of perpetual discomfort, for his selfishness could bear no infringement of ease, and he fancied himself an injured and unhappy being.

Katrine was not one to rise superior to these trials or rely upon herself—had she done so, the subsequent darkness of her life might possibly have been averted, but she sunk beneath every fresh difficulty. With beauty and much else that makes woman's character lovely, she lacked energy and strong endurance—the blossom of the sunshine, not the tree of the storm. Though the conduct of her husband had been sufficient to wound her very deeply, and crush the buoyancy of hope and delight in life, she still had duties to perform, and should not have relaxed her efforts through months and years to soften his heart and awaken him to a better sense of his own responsibilities and engagements; but she sank so passively at first under her trials, the natural buoyancy and hope of youth was crushed so prematurely by the harsh breath of unkindness, that instead of girding on an armour to shield the already tried heart from further arrows, she but exposed it the more to a repetition of assaults; and soon another trouble came to the already nearly hopeless woman; her boy, her Arthur, the first pride of her mother's heart, was taken away; and she sank in uncontrollable agony as she looked upon his dead face. He had come to her when sorely tried, bowed by the death of her father, and the still sorer bereavement—the death of her husband's love. He had called forth the first beautiful feelings of maternal affection; he had endeared himself to her heart by his resemblance to his father, and by awakening that father's affection he had reproduced by his infant smiles and winning beauty the old fondness of his father's tones, which had been echoed back on her own yearning spirit; he was so closely associated with the darkness and beauty of her life; and now he was lying there in his little coffin, never again to answer her fond smiles or pour balm on her breaking heart by his gentle endearments. The star was overshadowed, the flower was broken and in the dust, the sweet string from her life's harp was taken away, and poor Katrine's heart welled out in music no more. The boy's death was very sorrowful to his father also—he had loved the little fellow more dearly than ever he loved anything, and his childish innocence and artless affection had often touched his heart, encased as it was in selfishness and coldness. He was almost beginning to be proud of him; his beauty and intelligence made him a welcome plaything, and his death was the severest blow he had ever experienced; but his wife's hopeless and

unavailing sorrow steeled rather than softened his heart; he could not bear to be constantly reminded of his loss, his pride and grief rebelled at the perpetual recurrence to it. The memory of his boy was fraught with much pain, and his wife's sad countenance and almost unceasing tears caused him a great measure of annoyance. And so the mutual grief that should naturally have drawn these two hearts more fondly together but placed them still farther asunder, and Katrine not only lost her child and his warm living love, but when standing most in need of consolation and sympathy had the bitter consciousness that her husband's heart was more and more alienated from her. All the watchful and tender affection of her mother and sister were unavailing, even her little girl played round and fondled her without response; the wrung heart of the feeble parent was in the grave of her bright haired boy, or sadly mourning over the total estrangement of her husband's love. Her health failed rapidly, and daily her mind grew more enfeebled. The quick bright vivacity that had distinguished the young and beautiful girl was extinguished for ever, and a listless vacant glance was at length the only answer to words of sympathy and endearment. The birth of another son roused her slumbering faculties once more; he too had his father's eyes and smile. Once again the old pleasant look sparkled on Captain T.'s face, as he held his new born boy, and the mother's heart again revived at the feelings of care and kindness for her. The child was the symbol of the former little Arthur in everything, even in name, and the love so passionately given to the dead child was lavished with more intenseness on him who had come to supply his place.

The birth of the little boy brightened the whole household, a new fount of love seemed awakened in Katrine's heart, and she roused herself to take an interest not only in her baby but also in her little girl, so long neglected. She was a bright, fascinating creature, calculated to awaken pride and fondness in the heart of any parent; but whenever Captain T. learned to look upon anything as the cause of inconvenience to himself, the next step was to acquire an aversion to it not to be easily shaken off. The little Julia was consequently placed under the superintendence of Louise and Madame Schiller, and beneath their fostering care, the germs were laid of an excellent mental and moral training. Now, however, when Katrine's sensibilities and affection were once excited, her daughter again shared her care and devotion. Captain T. frequently weeks without seeing her, again met with her every day in his visit to the cot of his beautiful boy, and he became at last to regard her with something of a father's affection.

In Malta, as in Gibraltar, Captain T. was a general favourite. At every gathering he was a guest of distinction, but his extravagant and luxurious tastes were necessarily curtailed from the smallness of his income. The fortune he had received with his wife was long since dissipated in amusements of which he was passionately fond, and now his military pay was very inadequate

to his requirements. His domestic establishment was therefore conducted on a most economical scale, and many a comfort was supplied to his wife and children from the exertions of Louise and her mother, whose labors were untiring to render themselves independent of the Captain's tardily given pittance. Louise had always made tolerable proficiency as an artist, and now when she resumed her pencil under the able superintendance of Colonel and Mrs. Murray, she improved rapidly both in taste and execution. Their English friends were persons of wealth and distinction, and Mrs. Murray enlisted their sympathy in favour of her industrious friend, consequently many a little painting found its way from Malta to the elegant homes of Colonel and Mrs. Murray's relatives, and brought in return a handsome remuneration. Capt. T. would no longer then look upon his mother and sister-in-law as intruders upon his benevolence, and though not more cordial in manner, he was ever after studiously polite, and the world knew but little of the difficulties and unhappiness of his home. Little Arthur grew in grace and beauty daily, and was not only the plaything and pet of his home but of the garrison; many an officer visited Mrs. T. merely for the sake of offering bon-bons to little Arthur, whose joyous laugh and winning prattle afforded interesting amusement at Malta, where any novelty, however small, was hailed with welcome.

Harry Kirkpatrick was a Lieutenant in Captain T.'s regiment, and a finer, nobler fellow never wore British uniform. The confinement of Malta was very irksome to him, he had been accustomed to a large family circle at home, and this was his first essay at foreign life, having only joined the regiment on the eve of its embarkation from Gibraltar; he disregarded the gaiety and the stirring pleasures in which young men generally indulge, but cared more for the quiet happiness of home and the bright faces and glad voices that assemble round and animate its hearth. He was among the first to become aware of the existence of little Arthur, and perchance it was not so much to play with the merry boy as to have a quiet talk with his interesting mother that he paid such frequent visits to their quarters. Katrine was much attracted by the pleasant manner and prepossessing countenance of the young soldier, who talked much of his Scottish home and the dear mother and sisters that constituted its chief charm and attraction in his eyes. The ladies of Captain T.'s family were particularly agreeable to him. Madame Schiller he said reminded him of his own mother, indeed he almost felt at home again when seated beside her. Louise also recalled recollections to him of a favourite sister, and thus from daily association there sprang up a mutual regard between the parties. The days seemed dreary at the Captain's when Harry Kirkpatrick's visit was long delayed, and if on the young soldier's arrival he missed either of the ladies, his disappointment was evident. For a long time his attentions seemed equally divided between little Arthur and the ladies, but at last Louise became more peculiarly his companion. He very much admired her constant

amiability and gentleness, combined with her genuine good sense and many accomplishments, but it was still more owing to Mrs. Murray's enthusiastic account of the young lady's independence, firmness and heroic energy. The similarity of feeling so peculiar to strong minds had attached her warmly to Louise, and she found an attentive listener to the story of her many virtues in Mr. Kirkpatrick. He learned then for the first time of all the trials and sorrows she had encountered during the last few years, and the young soldier's heart warmed to the girl whose virtues had enabled her to rise superior to the difficulties of adversity. From that day he took a deeper interest in Louise than he had ever done in any other woman, and she became to him the idealization of all that is perfect and lovely in the female character. Probably had he been where there was a number of fair and agreeable women to converse with and select from, Louise Schiller might not have awakened so strong an interest in his heart, but in Malta where good female society was somewhat of a luxury, constant association added to the excellence of her character so vividly portrayed by Mrs. Murray, it was no marvel that he gave her his deepest affection and looked upon her as the best among women. Louise in the meantime could not be insensible to the merits of the young Scotchman; she had so long refrained from partaking of the pleasures of society, that his frequent visits were very agreeable to her, and his evident admiration of herself accomplished what it does in nearly every woman's heart—a response of a similar nature. She had felt her changed position so painfully, that any attention or kindness made her very grateful. She had long been only reliant on her mother and one or two other friends for sympathy and appreciation, and the tones of manly kindness and affection were the more dear to her. An honest and sincere love is a blessing to be earnestly desired by all, and to be prized when attained, but when it comes to the heart so long unused to the music of its language, and which has been hardly tried by the tempests of a cruel world, the gift is unspeakably welcome.

It was not long before Mr. Kirkpatrick's preference for Louise was avowed to herself, and it was with feelings of gratitude and joy that she listened to it and confessed her own preference for him. Mrs. Schiller gave a welcome consent, and even Katrine seemed herself once more, when she joyfully congratulated her sister as Mrs. Kirkpatrick.

Captain T. regretted in private the course he had pursued with regard to his portionless sister, as he feared her disclosing its details to her husband, and thereby incurring his contempt and the probable publication of his avaricious selfishness. But Louise in her own happiness was not unmindful of her sister's honour, and no word ever escaped her lips prejudicial to the character of Captain T. When importuned by her husband to tell him why she labored so hard with her needle and her pencil, she only told him that Captain T.'s income was limited, his family expensive—that when unoccupied sad memories

of happier days crowded upon her, unfitting her almost for the duties of life—that she had found such occupation the surest safeguard against melancholy—and her husband was silenced though not quite satisfied. He respected too strongly his wife's delicacy of feeling to interrogate her further, but his opinion of Captain T. was changed, and he looked upon Katrine's sad face with feelings of sincere pity. He soon fitted up a pretty cottage for his gentle wife, to which they removed with Mrs. Schiller. His private fortune was ample, and he would not consent to the separation of Louise from her mother. to whose comfort she had so long administered. Poor Katrine was left very lonely; her husband was rarely at home, and but for her children, life would have been nearly insupportable to the nervous and suffering woman. Her little girl was, however, beginning to be a companion to her, she performed a thousand simple offices so tenderly and affectionately, that she seemed already as a household angel, miniature of that better being to which woman often attains. Arthur was still the darling of the house, and Captain T. often passed the hour at home caressing and playing with the bright eyed child, that was wont to be idled away with his brother officers and other companions at the mess room or hotel. But Katrine was no longer a companion for him; she had brooded so long over the sorrows of her life, that she had nearly lost all interest in the world and its occupations. The pursuits in which she had once took so much delight were to her as though she had never joined in them, and when her husband would attempt conversation, and relate some current gossip of the day, or repeat a merry jest or anecdote, the only response to his endeavours was a languid smile, as though the recital was wearisome to her. Though yet quite young, life seemed to have lost all its charms for her, and when she might have won her husband to appreciate the benefits and comforts of a home, the hopelessness depicted on her countenance and visible in her conversation only induced him to turn away again. Then he murmured at her altered manner, forgetting that the change was his own work, and that he had transformed the light-hearted and beautiful girl into the prematurely old and grief-stricken woman. While he was still in the full vigour of his manhood, taking delight in the eager bustle of life, she was faded, moody and dejected, with barely strength of mind to perform the duties of existence. He felt himself hardly and unjustly fettered; he only thought of her as she was now, broken down and changed, not as she was when he took her from her father's home, the gayest and brightest maiden that ever knelt a bride before the altar. Error ever brings its own reward, and the Captain experienced the truth of the axiom; his own conduct had changed the fascinating bride into an uninteresting, seemingly indifferent wife, and the consequences were equal to the cause. His little daughter was not now as disagreeable to him as when she was an infant; he was pleased with her beauty and often bestowed a caress and a kind word, but still home to him was but a place of banishment rather than pleasure, and he escaped from its confinement at every opportunity.

Time passed on in this way, with but little change, except that another boy was added to their family, but he was a frail and delicate infant, and his mother's health suffered much from her attentions to him. Mr. Kirkpatrick and his wife and mother-in-law were frequent in their visits to Katrine, and their companionship seemed to cheer her as she witnessed their happiness and affection. But the change continually awaiting the soldier's life was once more in operation, another regiment was ordered to relieve their own at Malta, and after a short time for preparation the regiment to which Captain T. and Lieut. Kirkpatrick belonged was removed to the West Indies, a change by no means agreeable to the officers and their families.

After mature consideration on the probable discomfort and dangers attendant on a residence in that climate, Mr. Kirkpatrick determined, rather than subject his wife to their influence, to leave the army, and either return to England or accept some situation for a few years at a foreign post. His resignation was accordingly tendered and accepted. The appointment of British Consul at Malaga being offered him, as the office was a good one, he made arrangements for its acceptance. His decision was a source of new anxiety to his desponding sister-in-law; she had so long depended on the assistance and encouragement of her mother and Louise, that the idea of a prolonged absence from them was fraught with unhappiness. She had little to expect from her husband. In bygone days, when conspicuous for beauty and gaiety, she had failed to attach his heart and secure his sympathy, and now when broken down by neglect and disappointment, the faded wife, whatever might be her claims, had no reason to hope that she would be cared for or cherished. Under the most pleasant circumstances, a separation from those with whom all our life has been spent in mutual kindness and affection, is painful to contemplate, and how much more so when we feel we have nothing to atone for what we must lose. But regrets were unavailing. The embarkation of the regiment was ordered to take place immediately, and though the separation was keenly felt on either side, Katrine was obliged to follow the fortunes of her husband, though he would gladly have dispensed with her attendance had he possessed the requisite means of providing for her children and herself in their present abode. But as he dared not leave them pensioners on the bounty of her brother-in-law, fearing the censure of that world which was all in all to him, he yielded to necessity, and took with him to his land of exile the lonely mother and her beautiful children.

Their voyage to the western world was unattended by any remarkable incident or inconvenience. Captain T. was necessarily thrown more in his wife's society than usual, but she now made no effort to win back his kindness once so valued. Every fresh sorrow only made her more listless and melancholy—the absence of her mother and sister, those unfailing friends in all her trials, reduced her to a state akin to imbecility. The voices and endearments of her

children alone served to rouse her, and then while listening to their winning tones, and joining their merry gambols, one could almost fancy her the Katrine of old, so bright was the smile that played upon the mother's countenance.

Had these moods lasted, it may have been that Captain T. would have exerted himself to soothe and comfort, but she was now timid and startled in his presence, and prone to shrink from his conversation. In a woman of stronger mind and passions, the wrongs she had experienced would have incited to resistance or revenge, in one of higher principles and christian feelings they would have met with forgiveness and stimulated to increased efforts for amendment, but in one so shrinkingly sensitive and constitutionally feeble in purpose, those very wrongs only brought prostration and despair. However natural such a consequence, the indulgence of those feelings was the surest mode of incurring a fresh repetition of their cause. Human nature is essentially prone to trample on the crushed. The flower which our own touch has broken, we throw away as useless and despised, and so it is with the human wrecks of our own making. The man who encourages another to taste the destructive wine, is the first to cast off the disgraced inebriate, and he whose unkindness has served to despoil the fairest of God's creation, is the first to despise the wreck as worthless. And though we would not extenuate the unworthy conduct of Captain T. still we should not judge too hardly of his after neglect of the woman he had made a burden to him, knowing well how few of us are entitled to 'cast a stone' at him.

The long voyage was at last over, and even Katrine hailed with delight the appearance of the sunny island of the west. The children had grown impatient of their long confinement, and the different passengers had wearied of each others society. None were more glad than Captain T. to escape from the irksome restraint of a sea-voyage. Never did green earth wear so welcome an aspect. The privations and discomfort which had clouded their prospects of a residence in that climate were all forgotten in the joy of once more treading on solid ground. Their destination was Barbadoes, one of the most healthy of the Carribee Islands, and in this respect they were fortunate. The rushing breezes of the perfumed trade wind soon brought the rosy light to the wan cheeks of the Captain's children. His youngest boy George, revived beneath their influence, and Arthur, now a fine manly boy, seemed to inhale new life as he galloped over the flowery plains on the spirited poney it was his delight to ride. Even Katrine revived beneath the sunny skies, and amid the luxurious perfumes of the surrounding atmosphere, but her life was very lonely. She saw but few visitors, the ladies connected with the Regiment were either inclined to gaiety or too much occupied with their families and other pursuits to give much thought or interest to one who claimed so little. They never met her in her daily excursions or evening assemblies, and as she rarely left her nursery, it was not to be expected that her claims or even existence should

long be remembered by a volatile community whose kindness and attention frequently depend on the amount received in return. Some few there were indeed to whom the neglected woman was an object of interest and sympathy—true hearted women—who forget the claims of self in the sorrows of another, and daily perform deeds which the recording angel rejoices to register. From one or two like those Mrs. T. received help and consolation, and many arrangements necessary for herself and children, were attended to for her by them. Thus supplying in a measure the place of her mother and sister whose absence she continually regretted.

Captain T. soon established himself in the best society the Island could afford, and was soon as usual a favoured guest. Years had brought no change to the courteous address and winning manner. Ever gentlemanly and polished to the world, with jests for the merry and sympathy with the sad, he was a delightful companion and eagerly welcomed by the gay world in which he mingled. So gay was his deportment and unfettered his proceedings, that many were long in ignorance of the fact that he possessed a wife and children, while those who knew received in answer to these queries that Mrs. T. was an invalid averse to society, and caring only for the companionship of her children. Indeed the Captain was by no means anxious to have it known that he was the possessor of such incumbrances, and was very glad when the subject could be winked out of sight. It was then his ambition to pass as the gay man of fashion, without any binding ties, courting the popularity of the ball room, sunning himself in fair ladies eyes, and forgetting the responsibility of others and his own.

Among other differences which served still farther to estrange the already alienated pair, was that of religion. If Captain T. had a strong feeling it was enlisted in the cause of his National Church. His family had been the staunch adherents of the Church of England, through a long period, and though their son was little imbued with the purity of her doctrines or the holiness of her faith, still his prejudices were all in favour of her formularies and government. His wife on the other hand was a firm and devoted member of the Roman Catholic Church, wedded to its forms, and reposing on its doctrines for relief and salvation. The subject had been little thought of in her earlier days, when the gay young Englishman first captivated her fancy, nor did the dogmas of her Church rise up between him and the object of his admiration. It was only afterwards when tired and desolate by the sorrows of earth that the lonely woman clung closely to her faith for consolation, and sought in the bosom of her Church the comfort and support she was denied from other sources. This was a new aggravation to her husband, with the recklessness of a man of the world and the independance of an Englishman, he scoffed at the symbols of her faith, and turned away in disgust from their observation. To Karine's sensitive mind this was a new trouble—her worldly

care on her husbands account had been almost more than she could bear, and when she imagined that his spiritual welfare was involved, her anxiety was materially increased. Thus every cause served still further to widen the breach between them, and though there were no bickerings on the part of Mrs. T. her dreary uncomplainingness, and dumb look of agony were a perpetual reproach and annoyance to the Captain, consequently his home was only a place of discomfort; and he gladly escaped from its silence and gloom, to the festive scenes always welcoming his presence.

Such was life with the family whose fortunes we are tracing at this period. Outward reckless gaiety to the Captain—blank and dreary existence to Katrine. Her mind so weakened and injured by sorrow, was destined to receive a shock which should cloud it forever.

The negro slaves in Barbadoes were very numerous at the time of Captain T.'s sojourn in that Island, and often from their strength and numbers excited fear in the minds of those aware of the restless spirits among them, and the cruelty sustained by many from their masters. For some time they had been dissatisfied, muttering threats of vengeance on their oppressors, which, though disregarded at the first, were found afterwards to be more than idle threats. For a long time a revolt had been anticipated by some of the far-seeing and prudent among the planters, but no means had been taken to avert or provide against such a calamity.

One night, at midnight, the alarming tidings spread through town and country that the slaves were in a state of insurrection, and that riot and pillage had commenced. Fast flew the dreadful news from house to house, but faster sped the work of destruction and bloodshed with the negroes. The plot had been deeper laid than was at first imagined, organized bodies under desperate leaders, were spreading in all directions, breaking into houses and outraging the inhabitants. The horrors of an insurrection are familiar from history, we need not stay the thread of this story to dwell upon its darkness, or to linger on scenes so fraught with cruelty and death. The mob of every country is lawless and furious, striking indiscriminately in its madness, and bringing ruin and distress to all within reach of its influence, and one instigated and composed of ignorant and revengeful negroes, fired with a sense of wrongs endured through many hopeless years, and now looking forward to the success of the issue of this insurrection as an escape from the most galling of human injustice, that of slavery, would of necessity be one of the most desperate and blood-thirsty character. Those acquainted with the annals of West Indian history, will be familiar with the many horrible acts committed by the negroes at those riots, and that which occurred at Barbadoes at the period we write of was one of the most lawless and destructive of them all. Houses were pillaged and fired, young children and gentle women were the victims of outrage and death, the wild fury of those who were so long oppressed broke forth with

violent unrestraint, when they in turn became the oppressors; and sorrow and desolation were brought to many a house during the horrors of one long to be remembered night. By the combined efforts of the military and the inhabitants the insurrection was at last quelled, and the principal leaders secured for the ends of justice; but the sun rose upon a scene of wide spread desolation. Some there were to stand before the yet smoking ruins of their cherished homes, where all that was precious and dear from time or association lay buried beneath the gray ashes. Among these many also beheld the wreck of their whole worldly possessions, and turned away hopeless and houseless from the scene; others were wounded or dying from the conflict of the night before with the savage negroes; others were searching, nearly frantic, for some beloved friend, who in the endeavour to escape from their furious assailants were now among the missing, it might be among the dead; while others had the sure certainty of their sorrow and their loss. Mothers were seen weeping over the silent forms of their little ones, who had been snatched from their side by the most ruthless of the marauders, and hurried from life by a single blow. The father and the husband, or the brother in some instances, lay lifeless among those he had battled to protect. Young and fair ones had been struck, by some shot intended for other victims, and sorrow and suffering seemed the portion of all.

But with the gentle hearted and unhappy lady whose vicissitudes and sorrows we are endeavouring to shadow forth in the pages of this tale, to her the events of that long to be remembered night brought still deeper woe. The crushing out of the last glimpses of hope and reason, the still deeper night of sorrow and insanity. When the first news of the insurrection had reached her, she flew to her children's room, gathering them around her and folding them in her arms, seemed for a time to imbibe the strength of the lioness and forget all her own fears in the determination to protect her children. Captain T. was summoned to his post, and his house had to be left altogether unguarded, as the coloured servants had joined with the insurgents, and those remaining were few and inefficient. Katrine and the female domestics gathered in the children's sleeping room, the brave hearted mother determined to defend her helpless little ones from assault or injury. Long and dreary passed the hours through that night of turmoil and bloodshed. They heard through the distance the frantic yells of the infuriated multitude, as they rushed on in their work of revenge, but for a long time distance separated them from the actual horrors which fear already painted so vividly. Ever and anon as a louder peal from the blood-thirsty savages broke upon her ear, Katrine would cluster her children in her arms and look wildly round, as if meditating escape did she but know how to effect it. Her trembling and weeping servants were useless to fortify the courage of the lonely mother, as she watched through the horrors of the darkness and riot; but soon her worst fears were aroused, as

with each succeeding moment the loud shouts of the rabble broke more distinctly on her ear, until soon her house was surrounded, and they were endeavouring to enter it by force. The doors soon yielded to the pressure from without, and the savages commenced their work of plunder and outrage. Every avenue of escape was closed against Mrs. T. and her servants, the house was filled with the negroes, all eager to inflict any cruelty their animal natures dictated. The cries of the children soon drew them to the room where Mrs. T. was frantically endeavouring to quiet them into silence, but they were alarmed by the furious shouts which rent the air continually, and joined their own feeble voices to the general uproar. The savages entered the room and advanced towards the children, as if meditating their immediate death, but their attention was distracted by the cries of the servants, whom they then selected as victims of insult and torment. Mrs. T., in the panic, pushed her two elder children in a closet beneath a staircase, and prepared to follow them with her youngest in her arms, when a negro intercepted her steps and tore her child from her. To dash from the room and hurl the little fellow from the adjoining balcony was the work of an instant, and Katrine, as her eager eye saw the body of her darling child, as it reached the ground, give one convulsive quiver, sunk stupefied by despair, while with the fluttering motion its life went out forever. A horrible sight for a mother to witness, and that mother so fond and self-devoted. The little boy had been the last object of her care and love, his weakness had endeared him still more to her sensitive heart. She had roused her energies to attend to his wants and nurse him to health and strength, when no other object in life had power to interest or affect her; with the consciousness that her care and affection were necessary to the comfort of one human being her failing heart took strength, and she was weaned from the selfishness of her own sorrows and disappointments by the requirements of her child. Bound then to him even more strongly than with a mother's usual love, words cannot convey a conception of the wild agony that thrilled every nerve in the feeble woman's frame, to see him torn from her grasp and cruelly murdered before her eyes. It was the last drop in the bitter draught of her life's cup—the dying out of light and hope together. The previous anxieties of the night had agitated and weakened her beyond measure, and now this closing act of horror, as it drove the expiring torrent of bitter agony through her veins, wrought yet a sadder work; for her brain reeled beneath the blow and the light of reason went out forever.

The negroes in their wild madness, did not remain long in any one place to complete their work of destruction, but hurried on from house to house, satisfied if only all were injured, and none allowed willingly to escape from their vengeance. With the one act of inhuman cruelty, they departed from Captain T.'s house, and proceeded in another direction. Now, however, the military had succeeded in a great measure in quelling the riot, several of the

ringleaders were captured, and with the dispersion of the rest, the island was comparatively quiet, and the inhabitants partially recovered from their terror, so far that they could examine as to what outrages had been committed in their own dwellings, and attend to the wants of the injured among them. With the return of daylight, Captain T. sought his own home anxious for the safety of his family, but not prepared for the sad tidings that met him on his return. All was silent as he opened the unlocked door and crossed the threshold of his home, but as he passed through the rooms he heard the sounds of lamentation proceeding from his wife's bed-chamber. On entering that apartment a sight was presented to him, sufficient to shock the strongest nerve. On his own little bed, bruised and mutilated, lay the lifeless form of the little boy whom the Captain had left but a few hours before. But for the unchanged beauty of the tiny mouth, and the familiar apparel which clothed his form, it would have been difficult for the father to recognize his child, so disfigured and swollen was the face. His bright waving curls were matted with blood, the pure brow of childhood was lacerated with bruises, and the whole form bore no resemblance to the laughing boy to whose pale cheek the breezes of Barbadoes had restored the hue of health. Captain T. started back in alarm and sorrow, for he had a father's heart to love his children, and the sight was a mournful one for him to witness. But ere he could ask or learn the particulars of the sad event, his attention was attracted to his wife. She lay extended on the bed with her servants around, who were using endeavours to restore their mistress to herself—but in vain—she lay there gazing at them with vacant expression and dull lustreless eyes. Her words were few and these were wild and incoherent. Her little girls and Arthur stood beside her—but they were powerless to attract their mother's attention, their smile met with no answering one from her. Captain T. pressed forward and spoke in tones of entreaty and eagerness, but the voice she had once loved well to hear, though modulated to the unfamiliar tones of affection, no longer thrilled the being of her to whom they were addressed. She looked at him, but with that vacant hollow gaze, which tells more speedily than word or act, that the soul has vanished from its temple—that the illumination of reason has gone forever.

It was a sight that few could bear unmoved and Captain T. with all his faults and selfishness was yet human, and he covered his face with his hands and wept bitterly over the wreck of all that was lovely in woman which lay before him. The voluble servants soon informed him of the details of the sad calamity, and it was with deeper sorrow than perhaps ever before stirred his feelings that the reckless soldier listened to the recital. The coldness that had sprung up between them was then forgotten. For the remorse which conscience inflicted in that hour, he thought of nothing but her devoted love for himself. He then saw her as the bright young being, he courted and idolized in her early home; thought of the pride he had felt in her beauty and

accomplishments, of the love which he fancied he felt before the rough usage of adversity, attacked her father's wealth. Better, far better he thought, that she should be even as their little boy, dreamless and at rest in the better country far away, than to live on thus unconscious, smitten in the prime of life with the darkest chastisement in the catalogue of human misery—to live dead to pain and pleasure—sympathy and consolation. Better, far better for him, even more than for her, had the ground opened then to receive the wreck of the once beautiful German maiden. Better far, that life had died out with reason, than by her lonely existence to entail upon the husband she had loved so well, that evil which ever follows from fellowship with temptation. But a wiser decision had given judgement in the matter, and it is not for frail humanity to question its justice or its consequences.

Captain T. for some time was stunned by the double calamity which one eventful night had brought to his family, but his natural buoyancy soon returned, and though sad and for the time repentant, he gave attention to the interment of his child, and the course to be pursued with regard to his wife. The best medical attendance was procured, but her case was thought nearly hopeless. Time and kindness, said the physician, might do a great deal, but her mind never vigorous and self-reliant, had evidently been weakened by much previous sorrow, and it was unlikely that anything ever would restore it as formerly. But kindness and unceasing care were strenuously recommended. Here was a case which required them to an eminent degree. Harshness and restraint would not only be unnecessary but injurious, as her malady was only the loss of reason, not the wild delirium of insanity.

Captain T. gave a ready assent to every injunction of the physician, and probably was earnest in his acquiescence in their necessity, but an ill-regulated heart is a poor anchor for any to rest upon, and he who would wound and desert one whose whole wealth of unselfish affection was concentrated upon him, in the early days of youth and beauty, could not be expected to watch over and cherish the same individual when every capacity for love or usefulness was darkened and destroyed—when only the forsaken and trembling temple was left, to tell of the spirit that once guarded its sanctuary, but is now silent and departed.

With the care which his wife's situation demanded from him, Captain T. also felt all the annoyances of house-keeping and family cares, which hitherto his uncomplaining wife had kept from his notice. His children were yet too young to afford him any assistance in these matters, and they were felt as an additional charge. He never knew the usefulness or affection of his wife until he was deprived of both, and as soon as the first feelings of sorrow wore off, his natural selfishness returned and he considered himself a hardly dealt with and injured man. Bound to a wife who could neither afford him aid or companionship, compelled to look after his children and servants, when he wished to be

employed in more congenial pursuits; enraged with himself, for sacrificing his prospects and his pleasures by so early a marriage: all these causes contributed to make a most unhappy man of the hitherto untroubled Captain, and hardly the attainment of a Major's commission at this time compensated for the domestic troubles which he fancied he endured.

THE MATCH-MAKERS MATCHED.

A COMEDY.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Drawing Room at Mr. Topton's.

Mrs. Topton, and Mrs. Silkie.

Mrs. SILKIE.—And so you think he would make a really eligible match?

Mrs. TOPTON.—I am sure of it. Young, wealthy, and so romantic—so romantic, my dear Julia, just the man after your own heart. You surely do not doubt my knowledge of human character?

Mrs. S.—Oh, not for a moment. How can you accuse me of such a thing!

Mrs. T.—Ah, well, I flattered myself, you had not come to that yet.

Mrs. S.—But how can I enter into such projects so soon after Silkie's death? One must have some respect for public opinion in these matters, you know.

Mr. T.—Certainly, my dear child; but then it is just as well to have our train laid. This is such an eligible match! I trust to your address to secure the prize, while the opportunity presents itself, without the world being any the wiser. Ah, Julia, there is a great deal of foresight required in these little affairs. I reveal this plan to you, at once, because I know your own sense will supercede the necessity, on my part, of using any address to obtain your consent.

Mrs. S.—I am extremely obliged; but you can easily account for my being a little cautious.

Mrs. T.—Oh, certainly; but I put every faith in your discrimination. But how did you hear of your husband's death? What an odious creature he must have been!

Mrs. S.—Ah! If you had but known him, you would indeed think so. It is now two years since he left me—a beggar—at least for anything he knew to the contrary. It was just before I had the good fortune to become acquainted with you—oh! that was the most conspicuous moment of my life. Well, I never heard of him afterwards till about a month since, when a letter

was put into my hands, from a friend of his in Havana, informing me of his death. It was written in accordance with his dying request. He was very penitent, at the last. Heigho! I can forgive all his brutal treatment, now that he is in his grave.

Mrs. T.—Ah, yes! We should forgive and forget in this world.

Mrs. S.—And this friend of yours, you say, is a very romantic young man?

Mrs. T.—Extremely so; and I have no doubt that, with your naturally romantic disposition, and your usual tact, you will easily secure him. But I trust you will not altogether forget the part I wish you to take in Laura's little affair. Poor child! I wish I could put equal dependance upon her discretion.

Mrs. S.—Ah, can you doubt it? That will be the first consideration with me.

Enter Nero.

NERO.—Mr. Speedwell is below, ma'm.

Mrs. S.—Oh, this is the person—

Enter Speedwell.

SPEEDWELL.—Bah! She is not here after all. (*aside.*)

(Exit Nero.)

Mrs. T.—Good morning.—Mrs. Silkie, Mr. Speedwell. Mr. Speedwell, my particular friend, Mrs. Silkie—just arrived from town, to favour us with her company for a few weeks.

Sp.—I scarcely know which of you to congratulate most warmly, on occasion of this visit.

Mr. T.—Ah, then you are pleased with our village home?

Sp.—It is certainly a charming spot.

Mrs. S.—Oh! Is it not a perfect Paradise? I have never before felt such sensations of exquisite pleasure, in beholding any scene of loveliness, as have thrilled through my heart this morning.

Mrs. T.—Ah, my dear Julia, you are so romantic in your views! But I fear I cannot hear you and Mr. Speedwell discuss this subject, at present. (*Aside to Mrs. Silkie in passing.*) You know I must see Mary immediately. *Ad'revoir, Mr. Speedwell. (Exit.)*

Sp.—You are quite enthusiastic in your admiration of nature's charms, Mrs. Silkie.

Mrs. S.—Ah! Yes, it is my weakness—at least this cold matter-of-fact world would call it so. Ah, I fear there is little of sympathy for one of my temperament among the grovelling spirits of this age. But how can it be expected, that we shall find the poetry of life among men whose whole souls are absorbed in the pursuit of filthy lucre?

Sp.—How, indeed. (*Looks towards the door and sighs.*)

Mrs. S.—Yes, the greatest delight of my life is to wander forth, in com-

pany with some congenial spirit, at the twilight hour, by the banks of some sweet rivulet, to listen to the sighing of the breeze, the plaintive rippling of the waters, or the sweet music of the feathered songsters—oh, I am transported at such moments—literally transported into ecstasies of happiness! Ah, what fond dreams my childhood used to indulge in, of revelling in the society of one who could appreciate my feelings! I met with such a one—but you do not know my history, Mr. Speedwell. Ah! happiness is transitory in this world—poor, dear Mr. Silkie! He was a congenial spirit! Pardon my weakness. (*Puts her handkerchief to her eyes.*)

SP.—The devil! This is a trial for one's philosophy. (*aside.*) My dear madam, do not, I beg, indulge in such feelings. Happiness, as you say, is transitory. We—should not—build many hopes.

MRS. S.—(*raising herself.*) Ah, true! We should not; nor should we stake all our happiness on one throw. Dear as my poor Silkie was to me, I am still willing to believe that the world holds others equally worthy of my affection. Could I but hope ever to meet with such another! (*sobs again.*)

MR. TOPTON.—(*without.*) Nero! Hollo, there! Nero!

MRS. S.—Heavens, there is some one coming! We cannot be seen here together, and I in this state. Let us leave the room instantly, I beg.

SP.—With all my heart.

MRS. S.—Now do not expose my weakness. (*claspng his hand.*) Do not, my dear friend—I throw myself wholly upon your confidence. And now, good morning.

(*Exeunt and enter Mr. Topton at separate doors. Mrs. Silkie drops her handkerchief in going out.*)

MR. TOPTON.—Ha! What a clearing out here is! Think to escape me, ch? They might as well think to escape the hundred eyes of Argus. Court-ing, ch? Yes, great times courting. Ha, ha! I just walk round and make my own observations on these proceedings.

Enter Nero.

NERO.—Callin' me, sir? Thought I heard you callin', sir. What were you pleased to want, sir?

MR. T.—Thought you heard! (*Takes Nero by the shoulder, and places him in the middle of the room; then retires to a distance and sits down.*) Consider yourself as arraigned, sir, at the bar of judgment. What plea, what excuse, can you now call into existence in justification, or in extenuation of such villanous improprieties? Speak, Caitiff!

N.—(*whimpering.*) I'm sure I didn't know—I was'nt sure you called. Mr. Greenish detained me a moment—Lord! Sir—Mr. Greenish takes a most violent interest in the analyses of the bi-carbonic peroxide and protoxide of iron.

Mr. T.—Reprobate, do you dare to interrupt me? What did Mr. Greenish want?

N.—Mr. Greenish? Yes, sir. My! What a dreadful thing, to have such a prepostuous temper! (*aside.*) Mr. Greenish wanted to know—was very anxious to know, what was Miss Medwin's favourite walk, sir; and I told him—

Mrs. T.—Cease your babbling, miscreant. And so, when you are hastening to obey my summons, and meet Mr. Greenish on the stairs, you think proper to stop in order to reply to his idle interrogatories? Do not suppose that such improprieties can escape my notice.

N.—Lord, sir! It was't Mr. Greenish I met on the stairs—he was down in the hall.

Mr. T.—Do you dare to contradict me, reprobate? Who did you meet on the stairs then?

N.—Mr. Speedwell—yes, it was.

Mr. T.—Did I say it was not? Do't think to inform me upon these matters. But, Nero, leave my presence this moment. I summoned you here to inquire why you persisted in these improprieties; but it it needless; you are incorrigible. Out of my sight this moment. (*Exit Nero.*) So, I see through it all. (*walking up and down.*) Greenish is in love with the girl, and Speedwell is after her too. (*picks up the handkerchief and reads.*) 'Julia Silkie'—after the widow, I mean. I knew it was she by the colour of her dress. Oh, I can divine their schemes, even before they are hatched. Bah! What do the youth of these times know about courtship. This is not the way I did things; but I always took my own course, and I always will do so, while there is a heart beats in my bosom. Yes, when I have once resolved, heaven and earth shall not shake me. Where is that odious abortion of nature who dared to go out without closing the door? I will be obeyed! (*Exit.*)

SCENE II.—A Dressing Room at Mr. Youngusband's.

Mrs. Topton and Mrs. Youngusband.

Mrs. T.—Now remember, Mary, I shall expect you to exert all the influence which you may possess over Laura—poor, silly, deluded creature! You must use a little address; and I trust a child of mine cannot be altogether devoid of knowledge of human nature, or incapable of displaying a little in these delicate matters—no, I rather flatter myself this cannot be the case.

Mrs. YOUNGHUSBAND.—Oh no, my dear mother, I hope I shall do you credit; but—

Mrs. T.—Yes, Laura is not only a rash, obstinate girl, but a thorough ingrate. Were I half so unyielding as she is, or had I half her selfishness, I would certainly assign her to the fate she so justly deserves. Yes, I would

renounce her—banish her and her prospects from my heart forever. But we should overlook the offences of those whom nature has made dear to us.

Mrs. Y.—But might it not be as well not to hurry matters on to a crisis? This Captain Dashley may possibly not be such an eligible match, after all. Laura, you know, has a great deal of discrimination herself. Would—would it—not—

Mrs. T.—Go on, my dear, go on. Let me taste, to the fullest extent, the sweet fruits of those lessons of obedience which it has cost me so much solicitude to inculcate. Obedience—gratitude. Heigho! They are rare qualities at the present day.

Mrs. Y.—Oh, pardon me, dear mother, I will not be ungrateful. I did not mean to disobey you—did I refuse to obey? I was only going to suggest—but I will do as you wish.

Mrs. T.—Well, you know already what my wishes are. But I hear some one coming up and must bid you good morning. (*Exit.*)

Mrs. Y.—Ah, this is cruel! And when I have so much already to annoy me too.

Enter Laura.

Oh, my dear Laura, I am so glad to see you! (*They embrace.*)

LAURA.—Has your mother's visit made you more desirous of seeing me? I met her on the stairs.

Mrs. Y.—No, I was not thinking of her when I spoke—that is, I was not—

L.—Come now, confess. Are you not indebted to me for her call? Was not I the subject of your conversation?

Mrs. Y.—Yes, you were.

L.—And she wishes you to exert your influence on behalf of Captain Dashley. Ha, ha! I know my aunt's schemes so well!

Mrs. Y.—You are right in your conjectures. And now tell me, do you not think her opinion, in such a matter, may be superior to yours or mine?

L.—Possibly, it may; but I am so selfish a being, that I cannot consent to sacrifice my feelings in doing homage even to the superior opinion of my aunt; and too punctilious, too obstinate, if you will, to break a pledge which I have once made.

Mrs. Y.—Ah, well, I scarce know what to say. I have promised to do my utmost to overcome your scruples. I wish I could see this Mr. Speedwell whom you speak of.

L.—You may see him before long. But you have promised to aid your mother in this pious undertaking. Can you conscientiously do so? Let me ask you another question, one which I have always refrained from asking: Are you yourself happy in—not your own, but—your mother's choice of a husband for you?

Mrs. Y.—Oh, no, no, no! How can you, my dear cousin, ask me such a question! (*Bursts into tears.*)

L.—Pardon me, I beg. I did not think I was touching quite so tender a chord.

Mrs. Y.—I know you did not. Mine is such a situation, that I dare not complain. I can procure, at a word, every comfort, every luxury, which wealth can call into existence; but oh, the curse of being bound to a husband whom I cannot respect. I have struggled hard to love my husband, as a duty; but I cannot. We seem to have not one feeling in common. Still he is kind, in his own peculiar manner, and I cannot speak harshly to him. His low eccentricities often amuse me, when no one else is present; but love? Oh, I cannot love him. No, my mother may say what she pleases, I will not be instrumental in having you wedded to one whom you do not love.

L.—No, I do not think you will. But I hope, my dear cousin, you will become reconciled to your own case. Probably these eccentricities of your husband's will, in time, be looked upon by you, as by all the rest of the world, as mere matters of course. You, in fact, will not see them at all.

Mrs. Y.—He does amuse me sometimes with his drolleries too. Ha, ha, ha! Well, thank heaven, I have a light heart. Although I am very unhappy sometimes, it does not hold my spirits very long in check.

L.—It is, indeed, fortunate that you are so. But now, since you already declare that you have altered your determination with regard to my fate, would it be testing your filial duties too far to request your assistance on my behalf? At least, I may count upon your friendly wishes?

Mrs. Y.—Oh, yes—you are to me a sister. I will do anything, everything to promote your happiness. When I made that promise to my mother, I was, for the moment, under that chilling influence which she has always exerted over me, when it suited her purposes. But I will submit to it no longer. It has already been carried too far. If parents wish to be obeyed, they should not tyrannize.

MR. YOUNGHUSBAND.—(without.) Hillo! Polly, where are you? Wifey!

Mrs. Y.—Here he comes now. Was ever anything so ridiculous! Pardon me, but—I will see you again to-morrow. When he is with me—

L.—Oh, you need not make any apology. I know what your feelings must be. Well then, to-morrow. (Exit.)

Mrs. Y.—Ah, my sweet cousin, you shall not be sacrificed—at least, I will not be made a tool in the perpetration of such a crime.

MR. Y.—(without.) Polly! (whistles.) Whew! Pet! Little Poll, where the deuce are you?

Enter Younghusband, slovenly attired, and without any coat, and Speedwell.

Mrs. Y.—Oh, heavens! A stranger too! (aside.)

MR. Y.—Oh, here you are, duck. (Kissing her.) By Gemini, I have been looking for you this half hour. Here's an old friend of mine come to see us. Let me introduce him—Harry Speedwell. By Jingo, but he's a capital fellow, Poll, and my particular friend.

Mrs. Y.—Oh, Mr. Speedwell! I am delighted to see you, sir. I cannot but consider you as an old acquaintance.

Mr. Y.—That's right. I knew it. Oh give her a smack, man. Hang me, body and sleeves, but it'll be the sweetest kiss you ever had.

Sp.—I fear Mrs. Younghusband will scarcely consent to having this primeval custom revived.

Mr. Y.—Tut! No evil at all.

Mrs. Y.—My—my—dear—do not, I beg—

Mr. Y.—Why, my lovely pet, I wo'nt be jealous in the least. No, 'pon my sincerity I wont. What! Jealous of Harry Speedwell? Whew!

Mrs. Y.—Ha, ha, ha! My dear sir, you are an old acquaintance of my husband's. I trust you will pardon his eccentricities.

Sp.—Oh, do not mention them. I feel so highly flattered at his having introduced me to your favour before this meeting, that I am willing to forgive almost anything.

Mrs. Y.—Oh, neither of us is much indebted to him on that account. In fact, I never, until this minute, heard him mention your name.

Mr. Y.—'Od, she's right. She's always right though, for that matter. I beg a thousand pardons, Harry; but, to tell the truth, I have been so nearly charmed to death since I picked her up, that I never thought of any of my old acquaintance. Well, isn't she—tell me—'pon your honour now—what do you think of my choice, eh?

Mrs. Y.—(To Speedwell.) I am acquainted with another friend of your's who is not quite so forgetful of the past as Mr. Younghusband.

Mr. Y.—Very well, very well. Talk to him. I wo'nt be jealous.

Mrs. Y.—You are acquainted with my cousin, Laura Medwin, I believe.

Mr. Y.—Oh, ho!—Yes. There's a chance for you, Harry. By the bye, we met her on the landing. Confound my stupidity! I was so busy bawling after my little pet cherub here, that I forgot to introduce you.

Sp.—Quite unnecessary. I have the honour of a slight acquaintance.

Mr. Y.—True, true! Ha, ha! Slight acquaintance, eh? By the hokey, I'll warrant it wont be a slight acquaintance long. Stick up to her, my boy. That's right. She's a most noble girl.

Sp.—I fear my 'sticking up' would be of no avail. Are there not other suitors for Miss Medwin's hand with brighter prospects?

Mrs. Y.—Ha! Pardon me, my dear sir, but you must not attempt that ruse here. (Enter servant.) I know all.

SERVANT.—Captain Dashley is below.

Mrs. Y.—Shew him into the drawing room. (Exit servant.) Mr. Younghusband, will you see Captain Dashley?

Mr. Y.—'Od, yes; and you stay here and talk to Harry. I wo'nt be the least jealous. Captain Dashley, yes, a fine, jovial fellow he is. (Exit.)

Sp.—I feel that I can speak to you openly and plainly. You seem to be aware of my engagement with Miss Medwin. It is true, we are engaged; but can you, will you, explain her conduct towards me? On every occasion on which I have met her since I came here, she has assumed the most reserved and chilling manner towards me. I have sought, in vain, an opportunity for an explanation. I have been unable to get a letter conveyed to her hands. I have never had an opportunity of addressing her unheard by some third person. She did indeed, unobserved, I believe, by your husband, whisper to me, a few moments since, a request to meet her, at a particular spot, this evening. This gives me hope that I shall, at least soon be released from suspense; but you cannot well imagine my present anxiety.

Mrs. Y.—I understand it all; and most sincerely do I sympathise with both you and my cousin. There are obstacles to your union—obstacles which, I fear, will not be easily overcome. Family considerations must prevent my anticipating Laura's explanations. I will only say, that the circumstances under which she is placed, have compelled her to use what, of all things, she most cordially detests, dissimulation. I assure you that none but you can ever reign in Laura's heart.

Sp.—I never, for a moment doubted her constancy. A suspicion of that nature formed no part of my anxiety.

Mrs. Y.—What confidence! Ah, Laura is a child of fortune, notwithstanding all the difficulties which beset her. Well I can only say that, whatever fate may attend you, you may both count upon my friendship, and assistance too, so far as lies in my power.

Sp.—And whatever our fate, I already consider myself eternally indebted to your kindness. But it is growing late—would that it was later. I am all impatience for the proposed meeting. I confess to you.

Mrs. Y.—May it be a happy one. (*Exit Speedwell.*) Ah, why was it my fate never to have loved? I think—yes, I am sure, that I am capable of an ardent attachment. But no; it is fortunate that I never did. Had I ever loved, I would now be the very personification of wretchedness; as it is—

Enter Mr. Young's husband.

Mr. Y.—What, pretty bird, all alone. Harry gone, eh? Isn't he a capital fellow? Heavens, you do look so pretty now! But I mustn't forget—do you know, lovey, I'm afraid that wasn't just the thing in me to put Harry on that girl's track, when I know she's to be buckled to Dashley. I never thought of it, till I went down and saw the Captain; and now, when I come back to fix up the business, Hal's gone. A devil of a job, faith!

Mrs. Y.—I beg you will say nothing about it, either to Mr. Speedwell or Captain Dashley. The fact is, Laura will never be married to Dashley. She loves Speedwell, and the feeling is mutual. Indeed, they are engaged, although without my mother's having the slightest suspicion of it. You know

she is determined that Laura shall be the wife of Dashley; but we must not allow her hopes of happiness to be crushed in this way.

Mr. Y.—No, faith; I should think not. By Gemini, I'll go right over, this minute, and give the old woman a piece of my mind about it. Marry the girl against her will, eh? Not—so—bad.

Mrs.—Softly, softly! To be plain you will do no such thing. If you did, all would be ruined, at once. You must never hint at the true state of affairs between Laura and Speedwell. I will see Laura to-morrow, and we will talk over our plans.

Mr. Y.—Capital, capital! 'Od bless me, how you do see right into things! Well, well, if you are not the sweetest little dove—by—oh, there's no use talking, I'm the most fortunate dog that ever ran. Such a wife! But, zounds, here am I keeping Dashley waiting all this time. Come, duck, we'll go together. (*Exeunt.*)

ALONE.

BY PROFESSOR SYNTAX.

THERE are dark moments, when the heart grows weary
Of its own musings; when amid the throng
Of those that heed us not, we long to meet
Familiar faces and kind beaming eyes;
Till, from the crowded thoroughfares we flee,
To seek mute nature as a silent friend,
And in the dark deep forest shades retire.
To hear glad notes from rivulets and birds,
Give joyous welcome to the wanderer—
Amid the turmoil of a busy life,
Long have I toiled, and yet have heeded not,
That none were there, to speed me on my way,
Or soothe me in the moments when the mind
Would seek from life's dull cares for the repose
Of friendly communings. But years have rolled
Upon their fleeting course, and boyhood's hopes,
That lit with golden rays my future lot,
Have ceased to charm me now; and from the strife
That roused my youthful ardor, I would find
Some moments of forgetfulness. Oh then
My spirit wearies, like the dove of old,
That hovering flew above the wat'ry waste,
And found no resting place. And when at eve
The daylight, lingering in the crimson west,
Gilds, with its dying rays, the dark'ning sky;
And, as they fade, the bright eyed star of eve,
Like some sad mourner, seems to gaze upon

The fitting gleams of consciousness, absorbed
 Mute nature muses on the solemn scene ;
 Stilled are the day's rude voices, and the wind,
 That, ere the close of noontide, had aroused
 The sleeping waves to joyousness, and waked
 The silent leaves to melody, seems hushed,
 As when fond list'ning friends would strive to catch
 Life's last low whispered words, until it pours
 Its pent up breathings, in a deep-drawn sigh,
 Along the quiet vale. Oh ! then the heart
 Feels nature's voiceless eloquence, and throbs
 With thoughts unspoken ; then strange memories
 Steal o'er the silent soul ; then, one by one,
 Fade from the gaze, and in the yearning breast
 Leave a chill void, until the aching mind
 Seeks to escape from thought, and in the crowd,
 Would find forgetfulness. Thus 'mid the throng,
 I ling'ring gazed upon the brilliant waves,
 The freight of toiling commerce from afar,
 Displayed with art, to catch the thoughtless eye
 Of fashion's giddy votaries, but found
 No charm to soothe my restlessness ; and on
 I strolled along the streets, and listlessly
 Had homeward turned my steps, when on my view,
 Through lowly lattice glowed the friendly blaze.
 Around the hearth I marked the joyous group,
 And watched the laughing child, that seem'd to cheer
 E'en querulous old age though bowed beneath
 The chain of many years, and heard the song
 Of the good dame, who ever at her task,
 Hummed old familiar tones, while silently
 Reposed the son of toil. The joyousness
 Of life's unclouded morning, and the calm
 Of its declining day, seem'd mingling there
 To blend and form one soothing happiness.
 For one brief moment then my soul forgot
 Its solitude, and breathed the quiet joy
 It mused upon ; but from the happy scene
 I tore my ling'ring glance. Unwillingly
 My mind returned to consciousness. Once more
 I stood among my fellow men alone.

 SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.—No. 2.

THE SHOEMAKER.

THERE he sits, the village Crispin, on his hard hollow-seated bench, shining with the varnish of time, while beside him in his cobbler's tray lies a pile of awls and ends, worn out and useful in a heap together ; his lap-stone is on his knee, and while he pounds the strip of damp dusky looking leather, with prac-

tised hand, his eyes wander furtively to the worn and grimed newspaper which lies before him, for the shoemaker is ever a news-monger, eager for the last battle, and still more anxious for the latest intelligence from the political world, often going beyond the limits of his own country and taking interest in nothing less than European cabinets or Indian affairs. When a customer arrives, while he cuts the strips of paper which are to mark the dimensions of his foot, and unfolds his rule, he retails to him scraps gleaned from the columns of his never failing treasury—the weekly print, and enlightens him with tidings from the Punjaub, or the seat of war in Burmah.

The provincial shoemaker bears the stamp of his craft in physiognomy and person—spare and pale, with faded eyes and bending frame, his sedentary occupation leaves its impress upon him. As he draws his waxed threads through his shining palms, his thoughts run with the like monotony in one channel, and mind and matter reflect each other. He has leisure to ponder upon things which others in a similar rank and station of life, but with less sedentary occupations overlook, and hence it is that so often in the rebellious attacks of a people, cobblers and tailors are found among the ringleaders. In their solitude and silence, stimulated by the ideas gathered from the inflamed leaders of some party journal, they brood over fancied wrongs and real evils, till with the enthusiasm of ignorance, they rush into the mêlée, and only discover their phrenzy when too late to avert its consequences.

But the follower of the 'gentle craft' in the provinces, is of a peaceable although a political turn. He loves a gossip dearly with some village crony. The average increase of crops, market prices, weddings, deaths, funerals, are subjects he can be eloquent upon. He sits smoking his pipe in the warm twilight of summer by his cottage-door, looking up and down the yellow road for the approach of some neighbour with news of the town, or tales of the village. The air is sweet with the fragrance of a thousand flowers, and the birds are singing tunefully in the green branches near him, but he cares for none of these. He is either calculating mentally the profits of the week, or revolving in his mind the chances of the British troops among the Kaffirs. He has a wife, and children of course, but their prattle disturbs his meditations at this time, and he only turns to regard them, when the glimmer of some valued awl, shining from a flaxen haired, pitch-besmeared urchin's hand, attracts his eye, and he takes his spoil from the culprit, and sends him reproved within doors. In winter he lights his lamp early, a tin utensil hanging on a peg before him, and his hammer beats a chime to the snapping on his ruddy hearth. He has always work on hand at every season, for shoes *will* wear out, and there are many feet to encase in his hamlet. He does not always work alone, but has some *rising* 'help' who does the rough jobs, and gets on step by step till the entire manufacture of a shoe is entrusted to his care. And thus the apprentice gradually imbibes his master's manner, tastes,

and dispositions, becomes slow, thoughtful, and political, till at last when the old man is worn out, the younger takes his place, and perhaps change of name or dissimilarity of features is all to mark the difference between the teacher and his successor.

Protection and free trade are the subjects upon which the shoemaker is peculiarly at home. Duties on leather, raw and manufactured, stir his soul to its inmost depths, and he often meditates a petition to the powers that be, on the grand grievance of his life. But it happens that he either has too few to sympathize with him of his own calling, or business is too pressing, so the memorial remains unwritten, and the statesman-like abilities of the shoemaker are yet in embryo.

Time wears on, and age adds a dignity even to the cobbler and his craft. The old man is more bent than of yore, and his customers have to listen frequently to his often told stories, which grow prosy, and lengthen at every fresh recital. His eyes are growing dim, and the shoe seems not finished so neatly or with so snug a shape as in the days when the men and matrons of his village were boys and girls. He still kindles at the success of the British in some distant land; and quotes Brougham, as an oracle, occasionally. Younger hands attend to the work under his superintendance, and he now sits over the stove through the dim winter days, or basks by the door of his cottage in the summer's sunshine. Reverently he leans upon his staff as he plods his way to the village church in the still Sabbath hours, and perchance he gives saddened glances to the peopled churchyard, where he knows he must soon lie. Quiet and inoffensive has been the old man's course through life; he has done good in his own calling, and all give him friendly nods and cheerful remarks as he passes on his way.

The character drawn from one before us, is a correct type of the class, as the features in a greater or less degree everywhere mark the life and habits of the Provincial Shoemaker.

DYING WORDS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS.

NO. VIII.—“IT IS THE LAST OF EARTH.”—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

DEATH came—another heart to bear
 To where his treasures lie;
 He saw a man with hoary hair
 And full resplendent eye.
 For time, that darkens all things here,
 With tyrant-like control,

Had left untouched his vision clear
As index of the soul.

What though the reaper stood before him,
Ripe was the golden corn,
The sickle long had trembled o'er him,
Beside the traveller's bourne;
He knew the number of his days,
But heralded the time,
When life should set in death's dull maze,
Bound for a better clime.

It came at last—the sickle fell,
The tomb unclosed its door;
But earth! how mighty is the spell
To link us to thy shore.
What though our race was swift and long,
And past the harvest day—
Still thou hast fetters—vainly strong
To bind us to thy clay.

Thus with the hero, human love
Was mighty in that hour,
And dearer than the land above
Seemed earth's strong, living power.
Friendship and love around him stood,
The dearest and the best,
And darker grew death's tideless flood,
That led to quiet rest.

Old memories—manhood's love and hope,
Rushed back in haunting guise;
Seen through affections telescope
How beamed his dying eyes;
Yet knew 'twas but temptation sent
By one of demon birth,
And sighed ere life's faint strength was spent
“It is the last of earth.”

The worst was done th' final hour
The hero heart to try,
Love's chains have adamant power
To make it hard to die;
But toil and agony were past,
The warfare of the soul,
The Senate's servant won at last,
The long expected goal.

M. J. K.

SCENES FROM “UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.”

EVANGELINE.

THERE came a spirit to this world of ours,
A joyous spirit when we saw it first,

As if it came from some bright land of flowers ;
 Itself a fairy bud about to burst,
 And shine a glorious blossom, but alas !
 It could not live all bright in our dark sphere,
 And melancholy shades began to pass
 Over the mind that was till now so clear.
 Yet this was well, it came for a good work,
 Though one that oft brings solemn shadows o'er
 The heart, and in an atmosphere so murky
 As that of *slavery* there must be more
 Of gloomy shadow than of brilliancy.
 Thus the bright spirit oft times sad would be.
 Short was its stay, yet well the work was done,
 The outcast wretch to pure religion won ;
 And the poor Christian slave, whose weary lot
 Might else have almost made his faith forgot,
 Cheered and assured—such were the triumphs given,
 Ere it returned to its own purer heaven
 To reap its just reward—and they that grieved,
 As if it had been given for their own,
 Could find a comfort still when they believed
 Such was its end and such reward was won.

ROANOKE.

 OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

It is some time since we have acknowledged the various communications forwarded to us at different times by those whose interest in their own productions, or a desire to aid the "Provincial," induce them to favour us. We have put aside from time to time copies of verses, which we would not willingly discard without a passing notice ; and yet they were too defective in some particulars to have insertion in the form of accepted contributions.

We will now call attention to these papers, which have been accumulating from the commencement of the year, and endeavour to satisfy both the writers of them and the readers of our magazine, as to the judgement we have exercised in consigning them to the process of dissection we practice, in regard to the articles headed 'Our Correspondents.'

On this occasion we have nothing but rhyme—our prose contributors so far excelling their poetical competitors, that we have rarely to reject anything they feel inclined to place at our disposal. This result is another argument in favour of what we have so often urged to those whose tastes take a literary direction. To write poetry requires much genius and refinement, but prose articles can be instructive and interesting with very little of either. It is, therefore, greatly to be desired, that young and inexperienced literary aspirants will not labour at the verse machine they imagine they possess ; but, if they

will write, jot down their remarks in plain, unassuming prose. If the latter course be pursued, their efforts will generally meet with success; if the former, failure is almost sure to be the result.

We will first call attention to three several communications above the signature of J. I. J. The first is entitled 'Lines written by a native of Nova Scotia upon visiting it after an absence of many years.' Perhaps there is nothing more poetical in the whole range of subjects, than the return to the home of one's childhood, round which all pleasant memories and affections cling, yet we do not think our correspondent has shewn his skill in his treatment of the subject. We give the commencement of his address to his native land (which is decidedly the best portion) and pass on to the consideration of his remaining efforts.

"Here in my native land again
I breathe the pure, untainted air;
Of all Victoria's wide domain,
No spot to me appears so fair,
The sweetly scented balmy breeze,
That played around my childish brow;
Still rushes through the forest trees,
And kindly fans me even now.
Here, where the briny Basin laves,
Fair Cumberland, I've often stood;
With boyish look across the waves,
And view'd the blue, the distant wood.
'Twas here for knowledge, fountain too,
I first conceived an early taste,
Till on its streams myself I threw,
And floated through a dreary waste.
The stream enlarged—a distant sound,
Of science fell upon mine ear,
One look I gave my native ground,
And left it with a falling tear."

Next in order are 'Lines written upon the anniversary of a second brother's death.' Death is a subject that requires to be dealt with in its general aspect. Then it is full of grand and solemn thought, to which the tenderness of sorrow gives touching and beautiful effect. But when the particulars and data of any bereavement are enlarged upon, however acceptable the lines may be to those who are in social communion with the writer and the departed, they are unsuited to the pages of any publication devoted to the interest of the general reader. We will give the first and last verses of J. I. J.'s commemorative strain, and presume the writer will, on reflection, agree with us in our disposal of it:

"Ah! yes, indeed I'm very sad,
Emotion heaves my breast,
With sad'ning thoughts my aching head
And spirits are depressed.
Why thus cast down? perhaps you ask,
Why tears upon the cheek?
Weak language fails—I cannot tell—
Let panting nature speak?

Then ask not why the muse is sad,
Or why his mournful lay—
To-day a brother's spirit fled
And left its house of clay.
I pray to him who rules above,
Though I may wander wide,
That I at last may die at home,
Sleep calmly by their side!"

We have only space to afford a passing notice to his 'Dream,' which, however satisfactory it may have been to himself in setting his mind at rest, as to the necessity of baptism, to us throws little light on the subject. We must dismiss this writer with our regrets that his composition is not better suited to our pages, and advising him for the future to relinquish any attempts at versification.

Some verses entitled 'The Student of Musquodoboit,' come next under review. The subject of them was a young and promising native of our own province, and we believe fully deserved any encomium from those who knew him. We therefore give insertion to a portion of the 'memoriam' lines, which friendship dictated, hoping that the feelings which influence them will disarm all ill-natured criticism.

" Urged by the bent of an industrious mind,
He sought the paths where science he might find,
Pored 'neath the Scholars lamp—and hailed the morn,
For skill, his life and practice to adorn ;
His chosen study was the healing art,
A boon he could not to himself impart;
He graduates—his not for length of days,
He sees the will of God : and own His ways !
The unextinguished Lamp still feebly burns,
The Student, to his home and friends returns !
But this was not that better land afar,
Tho' oft discerning one refulgent star !
Still there, the student droops and inly fails,
Straining his eyes to brighter happier vales.
Or rather to the heights of light and love,
Where once ascended—change cannot remove !
To that fair land of pure delight and bliss,
Where joy is not illusive—as in this !
Here, the best maxim of the healing art—
Can find no Medicine—for the failing heart,
The heart may fail—and flesh, and strength decay,
All may be found again—in endless day !

We will conclude our present notice by reference to a paraphrase on 'Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die,' and some lines addressed to the Mayflower, both from the same pen. We have only space for the opening verse to the Mayflower, which we give below :

" Our pretty little forest flower
That blossoms 'mid the snow,
Is whispering through the woodlands,
In accents soft and low.
It tells us in the sweetest tone,
That winter now is past ;
And though summer's long in coming,
It is sure to come at last."

We must take leave of our correspondents with many regrets that their ability is not equal to their will ; at the same time we would not discourage them from persevering in the path of literary endeavour. 'Try again' is their only motto for success, but let them try with a distrust of their own powers, remembering that there is no pursuit requiring so much care, patience, and perseverance, as that of literature ; we would counsel them never to write, unless they really have something to say, not for the mere wish to accumulate manuscript. Above all things let them rather try the simplest form of composition—prose. The poet, as we have before said, requires an inborn legitimate spirit for his vocation, the power must be born with him, it cannot

be acquired. But even ordinary ability, by practice and care, may succeed in prose composition. There are a thousand subjects connected with our native land, fit and suitable themes for the consideration of her children. Any and all of our correspondents might aid in forming a literature of this kind for our province, a literature devoted to the development of the natural, historical, and legendary wealth of Nova Scotia. Every town and village has some scene, or tale, or requirement, which might be pourtrayed or told in the compass of a brief article, thereby benefitting the country and reflecting credit on the writers. We commend this view of the subject to our correspondents, and trusting they will adopt our suggestions, bid them farewell for a season.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

WE take occasion to notice here a new publication we have received from the Agent, entitled, 'The United States, Illustrated in views of City and Country, with Descriptive and Historical Articles; by Charles F. Dana.' Amid the many pursuits which our versatile neighbours of the Republic, enter into with spirit and eagerness, none are more followed and appreciated than those which embrace the several varieties of artistic skill. In their newspapers, books, and magazines, the hand of the artist and graver is ever present to illustrate and beautify a subject whose merits in their opinion the simple force of language cannot sufficiently indicate. These trophies of their artistic power are lauded by the conductors of the publications in which they appear, and the majority of national readers follow the example, until the uninitiated are fain to believe that the Republic of America, in her monthly magazines, publishes more real gems of art than ever woke to light beneath the toil of the greatest masters. But among all these vagaries of vanity and opinion, from the mass of rubbish glittering in lavish coats of gaudy colour, we do frequently meet engravings that even justify the eponiums passed on them by their partial publishers, and of this class is the publication to which we have just referred. The engravings are executed, with a softness and finish which speak of a master's hand. The literary part is written in a clear, manly spirit, and the work, when completed, will be a valuable acquisition to the literature and art of the United States.

There is nothing to record in the way of provincial news. Mr. Crampton, the British Minister at Washington, paid Halifax an unofficial visit during the past month.

The Exhibition of Industry at New York, was opened on the 15th, by a brief Inaugural Address from President Pierce. Crowds of persons have visited the building daily, and appear gratified by an inspection of its contents, although neither building or arrangements are yet in a finished state.

Advices from Europe furnish us with nothing of importance.

Prince Albert and the Prince of Wales have had an attack of measles.

Affairs continue unsettled between Russia and Turkey. It is supposed the issue will be peaceable.

From China and the East we have nothing satisfactory.