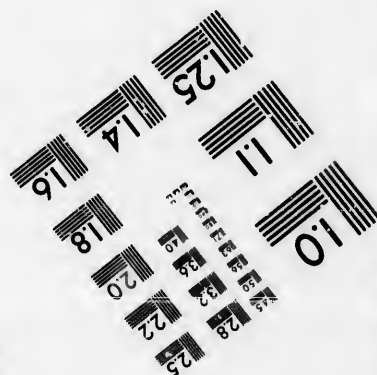
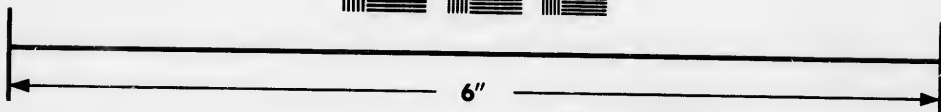
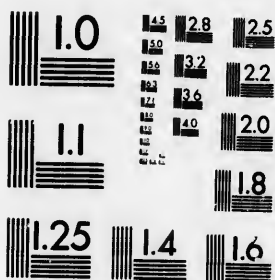


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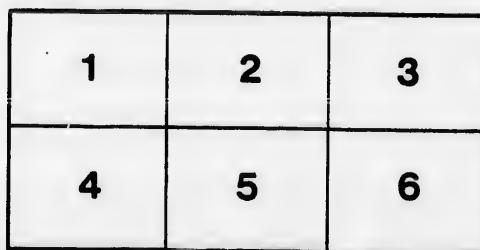
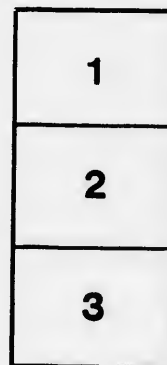
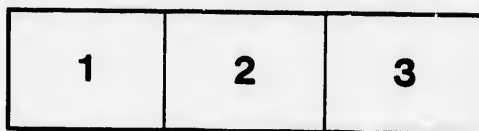
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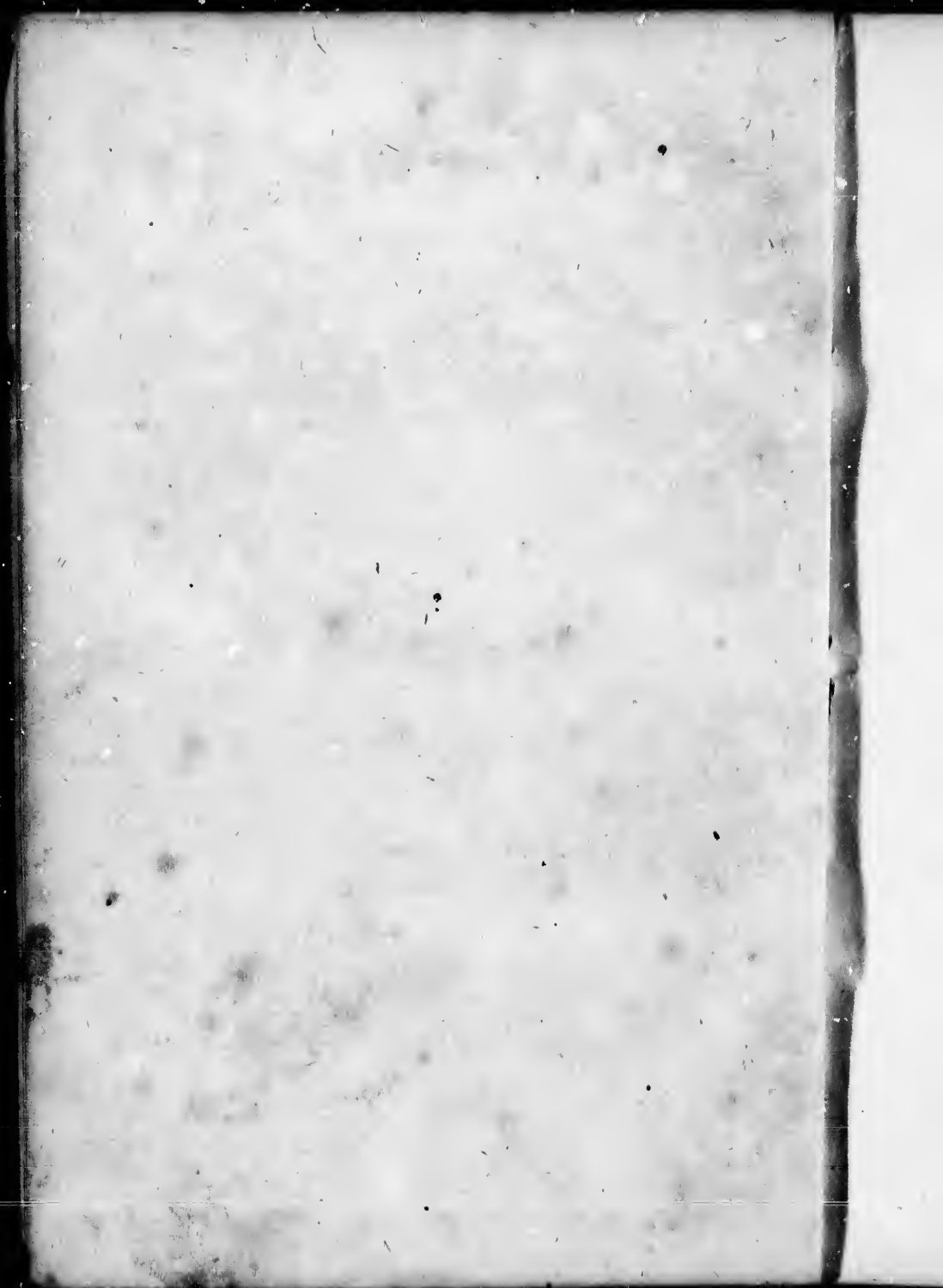
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SECRET INQUISITIONS,

OR

NOVA SCOTIA AS IT WAS, IS, AND MAY BE.

BY

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

BOSTON:

J. FRENCH, 84 WASHINGTON STREET.

SOLD BY F. GODFREY, HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, 23 BARRINGTON STREET.

TURBNOR & CO. 12 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, ENG.,
1856.

111P

18291

Entered according to act of Congress, in the Clerk's Office,
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CONTENTS.

Jesuitism and Religious Intolerance—Their influence in Responsible Government—Punch in Nova Scotia. The Fishery excitement of 1851—Reciprocity—Annexation—Proof by analogy, that the influence which in 51 sought national division, has created the restriction of the Minerals of the Colonies—Secret spies—Constant vigilance—The Colonies an Empire, or a Republic.

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INTRODUCTION.

A GLANCE AT A NEW PAGE IN THE HISTORY
OF THE BRITISH AMERICAN PROVINCES,

AND COMBINING

SKETCHES OF PROVINCIAL CHARACTER,

AS CONNECTED WITH THEIR SOCIAL ASPECT AMONG THE FIRST
AND EARLY SETTLERS, TO THE PRESENT TIME;

With Descriptions of Scenery and Local Incident,

BY A PROVINCIAL.

These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy must make a breach;

"mighty many-headed monster" will undoubtedly be graciously and
cently extended.

Newspaper critics and oppugners of a certain locality may undertake to confute this last assertion, thereby provoking the retort that had the really important portions of the work ever gained publicity in Nova Scotia, the press of the United States might assuredly have claimed a debt of gratitude, and those territories benefitted equally with the northern districts of the vast American Continent, if a concise and lucid explanation of peculiar incident be advantageous to three great nations, or provide for the protection, the comfort, or the well being of individuality.

Fame, in the shape of "somebody,
By this time all the parish know it,
Had told that thereabouts there lurked
A wicked inp they call a Poet,

Who prowled the country far and near,
Bewitched the children of the peasants,
Dried up the cows, and lam'd the deer,
And suck'd the eggs and killed the pheasants.

His highness heard the joint petition,
Swore by his coronet and ermine.
He'd issue out his high commission,
To rid the manor of such vermin.

GRAY.

In peaked hoods and mantles tarnished,
Sour visages enough to scare ye,
High dames of honor once that garnished
The drawing room of good Queen Mary.

GRAY.

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INTRODUCTION.

The numerous disadvantages besetting the pathway of the Colonial author, some of which the following compilation undertakes to elucidate and depict, renders authorship an onerous and a wearisome task, rather than the light and pleasant effort.

None of the many incitements which allure the youthful Citizen of the American Republic, sustain the writer of the Colonial world in that competition for the palm which is the reward of those who elevate a country by revealing the value and the beauty thereof, or benefit society by exposing the lurking evils which it is calculated too frequently to gloss over, or to shelter, and leading on to a higher appreciation of moral as well as physical value.

Having been by untoward circumstances rebelliously drawn inward, it becomes requisite in trespassing upon the "indulgent public," to state this fact in exculpation of the crime of inflecting upon the satiated reading community another book.

Irresistible contingencies may lead imperceptibly onward and accumulate an irrestrainable tide, and not having rushed madly "into print," being no rapid enthusiast, bent upon the promulgation of novel or abstruse dogmas, but a simple and straight forward Provincial, collecting, and amalgamating sketches of the day, and writing for the present time, the patience of the "mighty many headed monster" will undoubtedly be graciously and beneficently extended.

Newspaper critics and opponents of a certain locality may undertake to confute this last assertion, thereby provoking the retort that had the really important portions of the work ever gained publicity in Nova Scotia, the press of the United States might assuredly have claimed a debt of gratitude, and those territories benefitted equally with the northern districts of the vast American Continent, if a concise and lucid explanation of peculiar incidents be advantageous to three great nations, or provide for the protection, the comfort, or the well being of individuality.

It is a delicate subject to contrast the rapid advance of civilization with the lingering tinge of despotism, still hovering over the whole, and, by the irresistible chains of self-interest, fading the reinstatement of that opacity, from which it has so lately emerged.

To behold this relic of past barbarism wrestling with the universality of the mighty engine advancing earth's progress in all holy and good things, which, like the sensitive cellular tissue of vegetable life, shrinks from partial injury, suffering none the less in the entirety—has awakened the energy of one of the weakest of her sex, and aroused that spirit of resistance to oppression which, self-experienced, has placed a woman in the anomalous position of pleading for the freedom of the press.

By little else can evil be suppressed, or good accomplished; by nothing else can be preserved intact, that rich heritage of British liberty, delegated by British sovereignty to the Colonies, and slight will be the security of the inhabitants of those Colonies, from religious intolerance, and a crushing anathema, if they contend not boldly for the pristine and permanent elevation of that instrument which may in so many ways be exercised for righteous, or iniquitous purposes, and which, like a sonorous and deep toned bell, reverberates at the touch of a pebble, and personal participation authorizes this decisive asseveration as previously observed.

The Colonial authorities who have trespassed upon public notice, are few and far between; therefore, must the present one plead guilty, that so weighty a matter be thrust upon them, rather than that which combines racy entertainment, or pithy and light amusement, but giving an utterance as it were to the voice of the people, assuming to be the medium of expressing the predominating tendency of mind, in one of its phases. Being in heart and life a Colonial subject of the British Empire, familiar with none other, and experiencing in common, the peculiar wants and expectations of such a position, the necessity of such a work as this now presented, and for the free expression of a gradually formed and accurate opinion, can best be approved by a quotation, not more ancient than classic learning may bestow; but from a volume far richer in aptitude, and glowing with heavenly sentiment. The poetical scintillations of which outvie, and the inculcated jurisprudence of which has been the precursor of human institutions, and is elevated far above that which aids, or assumes to do so, the public man for present day eminence too frequently severally misplaced

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

INDIRECT DOMESTIC INFLUENCE.

A NEW PAGE IN THE HISTORY OF NOVA SCOTIA.

CHAPTER I.

Though silver salmon gaily play,
And glad our gilded seas,
Though health on every breeze is ours,
Heaven's blessings what are these.
If Canada's rough hand be raised, in remembrance of her slain,
If Nova Scotia break her heart against a grinding chain.
We are rising! we are rising,
In intellect's bold power;
Simple means great things are working,
The germ, the bud, the flower.
We hear you calling Uncle Sam, your voice is on the hills,
And we know religious tyranny has created bitter ills.

Relations of facts and circumstances connected with, and relative of, the position assumed and advocated by the various circles and classes of social life, are unquestionably interesting. These are welcome to the careless and superficial, as well as to the philosophical reader. And to many they are the only history of their own times which is looked into or explored. Little of this style of reading has as yet emanated from Nova Scotia. It lies partially within the province of the daily newspaper, which lives by recording national or inter-provincial events, the boundaries of national polity, and general additions to local and scientific theories. And occasionally does the often issued pamphlet in furtherance of some pet provincial scheme of personal or territorial aggrandizement, so constantly scattered through a country, new or old, tend to show how such scheme enters the domain of private life, and works, perchance, incalculable evil, though unintentionally.

The romancer and the moral essayist must equally fail in such topic as this. It is a thing of life, of feeling, and of principle; and truth can be the only expositor. The expo-

sition of truth must of necessity create enmity, from which it is the natural tendency of the timid to shrink, and unless some strong, overpowering grievance arouse an entire country into resistance! Casual and domestic occurrences fail to impress very strongly, connected with real evils though they be, the man who boasts of high-toned moral principle, and whose position secures him from vicious acrimony, and surrounds him with powerful friends. This is more especially the case in the colonies, which seek for no great standard of public excellence, but are content to take the rough and the smooth of circumstances in humble imitation of their lofty and antique progenitor. Without possessing internally that rallying point of paramount importance around which may culminate the nobler tendencies of nature, high, progressive, and religious sociality; a star which of necessity *must* increase in lustre. The observation is trite and commonplace — that trifling circumstances create important events. There are few who would willingly acknowledge, however, their own accepted instrumentality, for human nature is ever willing to cast off the responsibility incumbent upon action. So gladly do we fling from us that spirituality, that elevation, of feeling, rendering life a link of eternity; something above a sensual and physical creation; a transient period of idle indulgence; a busy mart for the enterprising merchantman; a canvassing around wherein an eager placemen may search for constituents. *Leben ist leben*, says the solid, and stolid, and social-hearted German. *Leben ist leben* we repeat, whether with the wild man seated beneath the dew-gemmed spruce trees of Nova Scotia, making his old violin strike up a competition with the blue-bird's note, and stoically philosophizing upon city life, where "Work is work, and killing yourself all for nothing;" he remarks; "and when you die, you have got no more than me, dat never work wit anything." Life is still life, and nothing more; though the rich Southern planter lounges in the shade, and watches the curling odors of his delicate cigarette curving in the atmosphere, and schemes, and hurries, and drives, at times, that he may secure his thousands. Domestic life and home, with its varied associations, are they but the boiling of the tea-kettle in the pine forest upon the hemlock bough; the evening gossip and merry satire upon the white folks; or is it the united wealth of foreign

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lands; the luxuries; the perquisites; the pageantry for which peace of mind and a hope of future and spiritual happiness may have been blindly and madly sacrificed. A simple flower, unattractive and unheeded, by the roadside, may become the medium of extensive influence; it needs not a mighty muscular energy to work out a pathway, for God's providence. It is around, about, and forever near.

Needles and thread, pens, ink, and paper, these are simple nouns, and in daily requisition, and with that sage reasoner, Thomas Carlyle, we echo, what would the world do without them? a reflection and a trueism which every human being might as thoughtfully, and with as deep an amount of sagacity, repeat, and while regarding these little articles as one of the connecting links in the commercial intercourse of nations in more ways than one, we hear with amazement of the millions of human beings whose support is derived from their manufacture; for Nova Scotia stands alone as far as regards mechanical or textile articles, as also in the generous combination of purpose which must lead to such a consummation. Hitherto she has been a mere recipient of the intellectual efforts of more favored lands. A consumer, but not a producer.

Statistical accounts of the variety of branches of trade requisite to the formation of each individual article, whether it be a household appendage or an intricate piece of mechanism, attracts immediate attention; but those who are in the habit of doubting the value of trifles, will slowly acknowledge to how great an amount, and in how very many peculiar degrees, and variety of incidents, a very trifle may subservise the advancement of truth, the exposure of error.

We watch the old huckster woman beside her stall, surrounded by her nuts and candy, heedless of dust-besprinkled work, plying her ready steel upon the coarse attire, which will reward her industry with a few extra pence; and its glittering emblem traces for itself a course amid Brussels lace, and showers of glossy silk and glowing worsted, leaving bright chaplets of unfading flowers, budding, blooming, and expanding, without a seedling or a germ, dropped in their pristine bloom from hands that have, perchance, never ministered to the happiness of other than their owner.

An embroidered pin-cushion may work wondrous things,

however, and although modern perpetrators in this department of handiwork have wonderfully circumscribed the ancient system of proceedings, and fashion has ceased to suspend the arras of rich and vivid coloring upon the walls of parlor or saloon, enumerated upon which arose the martial deeds or hair-breadth escape of a father, a lover, or a brother, emblazoning each apartment with refreshing memorials, to be gazed upon for a life-time, and handed down to an admiring succession of imitators. The addiction to the elegantly idle task, however much decried by creative monarchs, is not, we are disposed to believe, altogether overlooked by them; nor is it probable that they altogether discard an interest in the art which has made so many sacrifices in doing homage to the vanity of their sex; and to which the romancers of past and present days owe so much of their historical record, so much traditional and social incident.

In these money-seeking and practical times of ours, we idle not each minute in empty homage, or vapid boastfulness, or warlike enterprise. The wheels run swiftly, and much is unfinished, or but, as it were, scarcely commenced. — There seems to be an arising impression that the shadows are declining upon the dial-plate; — that the closing hour approaches. Wonderingly we inquire concerning the occupation of our progenitors in past times, and the philanthropist eagerly and anxiously seeks to amalgamate the dispersed particulars of useful enterprise, that the motto may be exemplified, whatsoever thine hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.

We write our history as we go, and the remembrances thereof spring up around us in no visionary shapes. Our imagery must be moral progress, for the signs of the horoscope are marked and strange; and overpowering excitements are working and seething beneath the surface for present and future participation. For now and then. Acquisitiveness is abroad, also, in the more enlarged and extended form, and much of future moral benefit must obtain endurance through the mighty workings of expediency, for each production of nature or of art is now valued, not by an intrinsic estimate, but according to what they "will bring."

The world, in one wild race commingling, scarcely now stops pantingly to study the proportions of statuary, or the glories of a painting, because, perchance, the very ideal of

the beautiful thereon still lingers. Neither will it pause before a tinted and blended specimen of ancient skill and honored genius, because thereby an abstract idea is conveyed to the mind. Even the embroidering a wreath of fruits or flowers must have a purpose, and what is the good of it? That good will it do, too frequently resounded upon all sides, reveals a mighty principle in the workings of society, which the hurry of the moment permits not the explication of.

Even now I may be tracing a destiny for those who little dream it, for the age of contention of physical strength has passed away, and calm, soul-searching, unprejudiced intellect has taken her place in the lists. Nations of the world, and the powers of hell, rush to the onset. But all heaven, and the hosts thereof, are the witnesses, and God above is the arbitrator. And will the result be uncertain? Does evil always have the pre-eminence? Whatever the earlier history of earth may reveal, the existing record of the last three centuries as strongly refute it. Three centuries! It is but an atom in the gloomy arena. And intellect perverted is fearful in the dominion, and remorseless in exercise. And pure and sacred principle must have its deadly foes. Weak is our faith. But God—the guider of this instrument, is Almighty.

Where is the youthful heart which does not bound at the mention of that magic and eastern-sounding cognomen, a bazaar? A bazaar! How delightful. See the multitude of nimble fingers had in requisition. See the heaps of silk, and nett, tinsel and beads, and velvet, and other feminine delights and vanities. But what miracles of dolls emerge from the combination. What gay pictures glitter also on the mental vision of gas-lit halls. Fresh flowers, gay music, ices in abundance, lots of pleasant sociability, and affability, and not a small degree of vanity, among the weaker portion of the assistants, when the "appearance behind the tables" is discussed. And in this complicated excitement how frequently is the working purport almost overlooked, or seen but indirectly, while the intricate influences may go on extending, and extensively urging, to do whatsoever thine hand findeth to do! for there is a time and a season, wherein by high and low tendencies, by human nature's holiest, or most peurile passions, must the Kingdom of Heaven be crected and advanced upon earth.

What young girl, with head bent over a bead bag, with attention absorbed, the gas jet showering its rays around her, suffers her imagination to wander to the busy quay, beside which the tarry-breasted merchant-ship bounds up and down, making deep gulphs in the cold, blue waters, impatient for its flight, and nerved to meet the tempest? While carelessly tossed amid the bales of goods, the packages, the trunks, and the barrels, lie the strong, smooth deal boxes, directed to an agent in one of the colonial cities, revealing not to the idle gazer that the "Light which has lightened the Gentiles" is contained therein. That industrious hands and kindly hearts have been at work, and that the entire gathering and the dispersion has been, and is to be, effected by that combination of feminine skill, a bazaar. The childlike vanity, the glorying self-love, the delight in display, has been controlled by a governing hand. But the result is not yet.

Thunders roar and lightnings flash around the dark hull of the merchant-ship; and the too often as dark mind of the jaded and brine-soaked sailor. The light in the binna- cle grows red and redder, and then seems quite extinguished; and then flickers so palely that it seems more a shadow in the distance than part and parcel of the ship. Just as the light contained in those white boxes shall glimmer and flicker over the wild plains of the country to which they are being conveyed, well nigh extinguished at times, but still clinging kindly to the creature it is sent to conduct, through the storms and billows of life, to the quiet port of heaven.

Many men have embarked their speculations of various value. The ship's cargo is rich, and rich will doubtless be the returns, when the Canadian pine board, and the New Brunswick hemlock and ash, are converted into gold. Truly, trade must change the face of nature. But what would be the position of traffic and civilization, were it not for the influences contained in those white boxes? By these are the little white church, the meeting house, the school house, the asylum for the aged, erected; and there, so snugly packed, they lie in the hold of the tarry merchant-ship. We know what the trade of ancient times has wrought. That its records are few and faint, and that one little volume has survived the wrecks of ages, strangely preserved by its greatest enemies.

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Go, herald, go, no pageant thee awaits,
 No flattery thy self-love elevates;
 Weak hearts rejoice, oh teach the fallen to scar,
 Thou art thy master's servant. Be no more.
 Far through the forest hoar thy horse hoofs ring,
 Breaks the calm grandeur of the stern frost-king.
 Wide spreads the cabin door, 'neath green fir-trees,
 Where anxious watchers thy glad coming sees.

The strife is over. Time with thee has fled.
 And glory has another numbered.
 High above thunders roar, the lightning's gleam,
 Heaven is revealed, thy hope is not a dream,
 Go thou encircled by the diadem,
 Of saving mercy, and love's glorious gem.

The wide, white, snow waste of a new country lies around the pathway of the missionary. But his course is onward! or should be. Is he not civilization's honored herald? Night sets in. Still, still, only that bleak, white waste, stretching out before, behind, beside, the incident of a poorly settled country, so cheerless, so appalling to the denizen of the crowded city. But the message from God has to be delivered to the scattered flock, and some are even here.

Yonder point of land stretches far out into the tossing billows. The roaring sea proclaims an approaching storm. How welcome to the tired traveller is the fire-gleam from yonder dark, decaying hut. The small, square window is approached. The jaded horse partakes his master's gladness, and energetically plunges into the deep and pathless piles. Strong contrast to his former feeble efforts. Who would expect to hear the sound of the violin, the heavy tramp of fishermen's boots, in a real right down earnest jig upon such a floor as that? Who would be prepared for the piles of cards well thumbbed, half-worn? Who would expect to see the blue delf saucer of half pence? Or the heaps of barrels, and the kegs stowed among the old rafters? There is work here for a missionary! And plenty of room for *one* treasure of that tarry ship. And *one* volume may become an angel messenger. For the long, low bows outlined in the bay, force a conviction upon the mind of the missionary, that he is in the vicinity of the lawless trafficker. He has found a smuggler's den.

And here may the work of civilization commence. There is ready welcome for man and horse. And good-natured listeners, ready for anything, wherewith to "Help pass the time," and not unwilling recipients of good impressions. The present is one means of varying the struggle for subsistence. And among the changes of colonial life they may become farmers, householders, and respectable members of country villages. They are by no means bound down to crime, as are the poor of older countries. Yet is their crime not lessened by the fact, as some of them will frankly acknowledge. And when at day dawn the missionary and his audience separate, it is with mutual kindly wishes, with thanks for his warning, even his reproof. But they dread not the consequence of his discovery, for many a weary mile lies before him with a jaded horse, and the smugglers have the trackless ocean in which to choose a path.

But confidence has been reposed. The pearl of price has been deposited. And though the fruit be unrevealed until eternity shall gather in its harvest, the missionary knows that it will never altogether fail. For that by high and low, by the gold of kings, and by the farthing of the poor, by the wildest human passions, and the glorious outpourings of the spirit, the Creator shall be glorified. The Bibles gathered by the bazaar table shall do their work, whether they lie upon the rich scarlet cushion of the church chancel, or find a home in the camp of the Indian, battling there with the wild, demoniacal superstition so frequently uniting with Popish error. It is not in the crowded city, amid the whirl of wheels, and the rush of business that we expect the appalling fallacies of the heated mind, and warped brain, where traffic writes strong lines upon hard faces, where science lights her votaries to wealth, and all unite in pursuits calculated to elevate a country.

Human nature has a tendency to inertness, or to over-exertion, and we fondly think that superstition has been driven to lurk despised and disregarded among earth's dark and dismal places. Willingly would we forget that it is still a living principle, capable of being brought by able hands into the broad daylight and set to do its work. That the strong German mind has been so wrought upon by this poison, as to warp administration at the bar of justice in open courts. After enduring all that man could endure

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and live of Papal persecution, and a domineeringly vicious, though religious faction, with resignation of long loved homes, of clustering associations, of venerated and almost adored usages, that it swept like a pestilence through liberty-loving England, while vain-glorious and pedantic, James the First celebrated his "wonderful and mighty deliverance" from Popish treason, to which he had been appointed, as a "sheep to the slaughter." We read a provincial writer's account of the strange blending of ignorance in our North American Micmac tribe of Indians, with ancient superstition and modern Romanism. How the one, grafted upon the other, they flourished together, a strong, and vigorous, and remarkable opponent of revelation. And we doubt not for a moment that it forms one of the many fangs of the greedy dragon opposing upon earth the kingdom of the Messiah with indomitable, undisturbed perseverance, and an assurance which forbearance only increases.

It is this capacity of seizing upon one passion or faculty of the mind, and without casting the others into oblivion. Working with that—leading it on unsuspectingly to give an aid, for or against, sometimes with an apparent desire to gratify, when gratification is the object sought, and again, to repress, control or deter, when systematic action, governed by Scriptural principle, is to be subverted, that this power so admirable in its united viciousness, works! The perfection of perverted intellect. In the female mind the sentiment of fear may be easily excited and predominate. Its effect is the destruction of will and resolution. Men may be blinded, and prejudiced, and misled. It is the same tendency differently acted upon. But just as often avarice, dominancy and selfishness, are exercised for their purposes by those masters of human nature—Papal Priests.

How tenaciously the mind of the writer has been drawn to this subject, is exemplified in the following pages, the eager suppression of what was foolishly considered a love of authorship; a seeking notoriety by literary divertisement. A vain-glorious emulation. From whence was inferred, of necessity, a desire for pre-eminence which must obtain in a small community. And this with a connection of local subjects with Protestant principles, and the prompt extinction as the basis of the remedy sought for. These erroneous and incompatible proceedings are elucidated in a narration which

may appear egotistical. It is but a supposition of the motives of continuous aggression.

The decision to submit these facts to the public is strengthened by a sense of duty to society, to the cause of revelation and humanity, as well as a conviction that greater security lies in publicity than in silence. That which relates to the well-being of life, must be known, that it may be appreciated, and though strongly advised by the timid to desist from such a purpose, the very singularity and triviality of the circumstances gave redoubled strength to suspicion.

Weak advisers may deter; influential individuals may control and subvert; but the question still remains and becomes one of moment, that vice should ever be permitted the pre-eminence, while correct opinion, or that which is based upon Protestantism, must be forced back abashed and confounded.

Be it then distinctly and definitely understood, that though individuality may be substantiated, not a single individual is decisively convicted of an agency in a system of espionage calculated to set at defiance all human ties, all sacred bonds, by a controlling, subverting and established system. A system which has been the glory of dark and barbarous ages, which may be at any time revived, and which might, in a very transient period, totally change the tone of civilization.

A succession of peculiar or distressing vexations arising without any apparent reason, does not, though traced to the originators, necessarily convict of a lack of principle. Prejudiced and erroneous partizanship will ever disown collusion. The only remedy therefore must lie in an appeal to elevated and advanced principle, to display in the abstract the binding and extensive unity prevailing, the quiet endurance of which may be the precursor of mighty and unmitigated evils.

It may be about thirteen years ago that having visited a friend residing in the city of H. I remained the greater part of the summer of that year an inmate of her establishment, and an associate of many of her acquaintances. Being a distant connection of some branches of my mother's family, an intimate acquaintance had of course previously subsisted for many years. A gentleman who has by Roman Catholic liberal suffrage attained the highest civil position it is in the

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gift of the Nova Scotian people to bestow, and who was also a relative of the person above alluded to, was together with his wife and her friends, a frequent visitor at the same house.

Having been long an inhabitant of a country village upon one of the sea-ports, distant from the city of H. some sixty miles, the change to varied bustle and a succession of amusements, was, of course, exceedingly delightful to one who had known much of monotonous seclusion and quiet attention to domestic duties, while the quickness of observation usually fostered by such a position, found endless occupation among the varied shades and diversities of character, with which it necessarily came in contact.

Whether or not a harsh, dogmatical tenor may not also be engrafted, is left for the reader to judge. It is very possible that a being so situated may possess the purest tone of patriotism, altogether free from selfishness, which humanity can ever possess or partake of, or association engender.

This phase of feeling has been the precursor of advancement in our neighbors across the tempestuous Bay of Fundy; it has neither been comprehended or sustained in the generalities of Colonial life, because their system has widely differed.

At that time I was as careless as are most other young women, of anything but passing affairs, and the amusements of the moment. And here I cannot but remark with regret, the pernicious nature of the system of female colonial education, having deeply and personally experienced it. The means of subsistence being attainable without much difficulty among the better and middling classes, a limited income almost procuring the luxuries of life, women have, for the most part, little cause for mental or physical exertion. Little mental cultivation is bestowed upon them, and nothing obtains favor beyond showy accomplishments, and the very merest smattering of intellectual pursuits; and a woman who evinces any desire, or a taste for literature, has been regarded as an anomaly, almost an absurdity in creation.

A vast amount of time then is thrown upon the hands to be frittered idly away; to be spent in empty chit-chat and frivolity; to be cut up into visits among elderly ladies, whose lives having been passed in a similar manner, they eagerly discourage any change or innovation in the junior members of society.

We know not how much cause political men in older countries have to dread female interference in their especial domain. There must be danger where a thing is so constantly decried. This one thing is certain, it must be a strong, singular, and extraordinary event which will draw a woman of Nova Scotia sufficiently forward to even give an opinion unreservedly, still less to undertake the responsibility of influencing others. Perhaps if it were not so, this country might, ere this, have attained a higher position; for there are many parts of a topic upon which a silent observer is capable of forming a correct opinion, just from the fact of being wholly and pecuniarily uninterested. But the powers of the mind being totally uncultivated, or left in rich but uncalled-for profusion. The habit of fascinating idleness, becomes positively habitual. The aversion to dwell for many minutes at a time upon serious subjects, is indulged irremediably. The entire errors of a life-time inculcation, are hard to overcome; and if ever the hour of action arrive, it is more than dreaded, it has been totally unprepared for. Of what use, then, is religious principle to such a person? Speaking of the young, they cannot bring it practically to bear upon practical life. It must fall back and expire. It must become inanition, and not the vital gem of hallowed hopes. It must shrink from collision with those very subjects which it is the most beautiful part of religion to elevate, to influence, even to control. The race must be left to the swift, and the battle to the strong, and those must and will stand aloof whose dearest interests are at stake. For the affairs of a country's advancement are not for a day alone. They spring from eternity, and go onward to meet one. It is not the struggle only of position, wealth, and authority, it is the contention of light with darkness; vice with holiness. We do not presume to say that religion should be taken from its own domestic sanctuary to be tossed into the ballot-box, but would not society be more generally improved if this bright star were permitted to govern it more, and to culminate?

My early training having been, then, upon the customary code above elucidated, I think the only powerful tendency of my mind was a warm, devoted, and admiring adherence to the Episcopal Protestant Church form of worship, and an intense admiration of the beauties of Nova Scotia scenery,

its traditionary legends, and its old settler stories; knowing nothing and caring less for the political position of that Church, such as she is in the British Colonies, and such as she has been. I was willing to take it for granted that as her tenets are pre-eminently Scriptural, so her ministers were devoted to truth, unconnected with predominance. That in her system so antique and courtly, there was entire security from every error, and reason for perfect reliance.

I had not been long resident in the city of H. at the house at which I was a visitor, without perceiving that this prediction excited marked notice among the connected circle already alluded to. But being perfectly heedless of, and utterly indifferent to, the various struggles for power going on in the Province, I heeded it very little, and no deep impression was at that time experienced.

CHAPTER II.

There's nae luck about the huse !
There is nae luck at a',

When the auld hat blinks in the window's light,
And the chimney's stuffed wi' stra'.
Then its hey up the chimney pot, hey after you
In search of an ingle bra.

There is nae luck abou' the hus,
When the aul mon's eyes are blinkin' !
When the clerk an the parson die on the grate,
It shows that the times are o'er late ;
An that folks must tak to thinkin'
When the spark has died in the ingle nook,
Then it's hey and away, for another to look.

Religious intolerance will
"Put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes."—SHAK.

Nova Scotia being, as one of her most eminent and distinguished statemen has felicitiously observed, "just like the fingers of a hand," and occupying a peculiar and important place upon the verge of the blue Atlantic, it has been a matter of serious inquiry why, with so many varied facilities for traffic, commerce and intercourse, with the great human family ; so imperfect a knowledge of the internally working organism of its social life has supervened.

How frequently has the weary traveller, and the gaundised denizen of the burning possessions of the Eastern Continent paused upon her hill-sides, that his fevered brow may be cooled by her encircling breezies, and his overstrained and too lavishly tasked energies be calmed and soothed by contemplating the exquisite scenery for which she has been so celebrated, said to be Italian, in its soft insinuating loveliness, its luscious reaction of clare obscure.

Is it then all in vain, that her wild promontaries stretch out far into the turbulent sea, that her rivers teeming with shining and joyous vitality, throw their silver tracery about, around, beyond, and through everything, that her capes and jutting peninsulas, and shady coves dotted with the birchen camp of the Indian, and fringed with drooping alder, in

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the friendly covert of which the privateersman of some fifty years ago landed his ill-gotten wealth, and bestowed it in some mossy nook, or buried it deep beneath the sod. And while these all speak loudly to the stranger and the sojourner of a day, are those whose home associations are part and parcel of the same, to continue the only spectators uninterested; and as each hill, and bay, and inlet, and grassy mound, and green island, "utters forth a glorious voice" of adoration to the beneficent Creator, "are the living to be alone," silent, and the wild romance which the literature of other lands eagerly seizes upon, and appropriates as a valued heir-loom, marking progression, and forming bright beacons upon the cliffs of time, to lie moulding in inertion, as do the many pleasing historical incidents of past provincial interest among the time-warped volumes of her absolute statutes.

Italy's classic recollections have given bright constellations to an admiring world; and the wild legends and rugged mountains of Germany, have been the household words of milder climes. A Goethe, a Mozart, a Handel, have aided the advance of civilization. The Ranz Des Vaches, of the Swiss Cowherd, has resounded through her fertile valleys, and among the snow-capped Alps, reverberating and repeated in the haematac shade of North America, and upon her rocky and storm-scathed coast. The songs of the mountain and the heather have received an indying tone from the stirring memories of a thousand years. And the meadows and rural way-side cottages of England have taught her children their well learned song of Home, Sweet Home.— But the bright skies, the blue lakes, the shady groves, the fragrant water-lillies, of Nova Scotia, are yet untold of, and unsung. Even the dashing, pushing, driving, go-ahead down-easter or south-wester in our contiguity pauses one moment in the rush onward, and while tuning his violin to yankee doodle relates, unweariedly, to untired audiences, the exploits of Bunker Hill, and the Battle of Orleans, while Nova Scotia claims for herself but small participation in nature's outpourings, meanwhile seeking, too humbly seeking, a share in her gifts to others.

If it be true that the scenery of a land calls the voice of poetry into being, that it creates and cultivates a literature, that this, blending with the daily event, the legislative decision, the municipal enactment becomes a nation's glory,

and her pride, the strong bulwark of philanthropic institutions; the safe conduct of a people, though the shoals and straits, invented by wily diplomatists, for the advance of aggression, then has home, sweet home, been indeed inculcated in multitudinous and multiplied, and yet beloved accentuation; and the mistress of the isle of the ocean has received the grateful incense of wayward generations.

Of a surety, such a task has been heaven-instilled; and the people who appreciate the mental acumen which may become great, even in their depreciation, who shrink not from the pure satire, treading upon the footprints of false judgment, upon the stringent sarcasm which, in a single paragraph, may affect, and bear down upon a desperate grievance, and administer at the same time, a remedy; in the terse and pithy epigram, or motto, by which the complete "multum in Parvo" may be impressed or obtained, are of a sterling value in the same ratio with the author.

The incidents, the reference to which has been commenced in the preceding chapter, having transpired through the period of Provincial history, in which the question of responsible government began to be agitated, and the appointment of native, rather than British officials to public elevations, and civil control, it becomes necessary to enter into some explanatory relations as to the supposition influence which might have been brought into contact, had a free scope been permitted, the unfettered perceptions of a competent and judicious, but unenergetic community.

The system referred to may be the basis of a christian advancement. It may also be productive, in an unhallowed grasp, of the most vicious and infamous transactions, inasmuch as a thorough acquaintance with the generally existing order of things, and the circles, classes, divisions and degrees of men inhabiting a country, may be turned to vast account, particularly if the intimacy have subsisted for a lifetime. If business considerations or habitual sociality has erected a continuous intercourse, and "individuality" may thus become fatally a masonic symbol.

The detriment must obtain by that evidence which must already have been suggested to the mind of my reader — namely, denominational precedence. This fearful and encroaching evil which theological and dogmatical old England has many a time and oft rushed to the onset against, while

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cherishing internally on, and violently entering the lists for the preservation of the liberties of the world. This overbalancing scourge which has impressed bloodshed and destitution in its pathway, and bestowed upon the glorious western world of America, — an intellectual and swaying multitude, vast as the sand of the sea in number, has taken a firm foothold upon the colonial soil unquestioned in priority, unheeded in position, because a "small community could not but flinch" from the expose of an indolent pliability.

Irish Catholic suffrages having increased so greatly, within the last few years, have rendered it a rather questionable thing, as to whether Nova Scotia is to be nothing more than a "delightful little tea garden," or a continental watering-place, to the entire hemisphere, as some of our many very sanguine well-wishers, among the retired half-pay officer list have so egregiously fancied in which a delightful little circle of "just ourselves and two or three others" might be safely instituted, exactly as we do at home. "A sort of presiding coterie of domestic deities self-elected."

The entire amount of marching and counter-marching of scheming and manœuvring needful to the obtaining the desired independence above referred to, was, it is to be believed, but inadequately comprehended by the masses, and but slowly acquiesced in, save by the immediate dispensers of the delegated boon, or the more expectant recipients of the benefit. 'Tis true, the columns of the weekly newspaper teemed with voluminous despatches to the mother country, combining the language of humility, with that of bravado, which, as a matter of necessity, ladies were in self-compassion, desirous of dispensing with lamenting, meanwhile the dereliction from the well beaten path of love and murder; stories upon the part of the publisher. But, "what all the fuss about nothing was to end in, or what it was all to come to after all," we only cared to ask without troubling ourselves to wait for an answer. "Only hoping fervently, by way of consolation, that we should not be given up to those horrid creatures, 'the Yankees,' without being aware of the fact, until the deed was irretrievably accomplished."

These ideas emanating from the wives and daughters of those who had swayed our "tea garden" for near half a century, of course, won a rapid currency, without any depreciation of the standard estimate, and as each year sped

onward, the grand desideratum became ultimately attained; and Responsible Government has been amalgamated with our now changing interests, and blended with our institutions. In some measure it was acknowledged as altogether embracing the requirements of a new country, but gradually, and at length definitely, the once ambiguous question became affirmatively responded to "may it not be rendered a great curse."

A handful of interested individuals upheld and controlled, by a denominational clique, may, by employing and enforcing pre-eminence, possessing no scriptural basis, or one which is liable to daily and hourly misconstruction, become the ineradicable originators and sustainers of a complete system of espionage, and at once, and together, be the death knell of Protestantism and freedom of conscience.

Bitter experience suggests these comments upon passing things; where defined division exists, not in the individual mind and conscience, there must be preponderating influence. Slight diversities are a very nonentity, a constant succession may be instituted as an understood thing, as a religious usage in fact, and if those who are interested in sustaining so corrupt a vehicle of injurious polity, take umbrage at such an unrestrained invasion of their securely guarded domain, let them not overlook the fact that endurance has its bounds, let them remember that the world, the wide spreading universe may be deeply concerned in such a subject, equally with the little territory which so firmly grasps the ocean at a given signal, for it involves that which is by all, but the barbarian, acknowledged as the only true standard of truth and peace, and is, by its unwearying assaults, technically termed the liberties of the people.

The vast and scarce developed countries, the wealth and resources of which have formed the subject of endless discussion and furnished material, for many works bearing upon statisticts, upon physical characteristics, and great political controversies, are still in their denominational characterizations, which have, for a period of time extending far into the past, exercised an unsuspected impulsion upon other lands, proudly and boastingly sustaining it as the premised basis of loyalty. But in reference to an explicit comprehension of such a topic, the colonies are an intricate, a complicated, and a sealed volume.

There must be a cause for such an effect, for untiring watchfulness, for rigid surveillance, for continuous internal animosity, and a certain succession of events, which may, or may not rapidly progress, which may sooner or later attain a climax, may receive the doubtful cognomen of a denominational crisis. This crisis, if it transpire, will eventually change the tenor of local and general things, should of necessity, be gifted with a voice, but when every effort to facilitate an explication is at once crushed upon the native soil, it is but natural to seek new channels of intercourse with the outer world, and for necessity we turn to a land possessed of a more advanced and cultivated tone. A facility of utterance which the fates have denied these older countries of dealing with a university of hope and elevation of mind which the voice of the people, and an unrestrained press can alone elucidate.

When great occurrences transpire, and their origination is silenced, when a line, a sentence, a paragraph, is checked in the publication thereof, when a word is controled in the utterance, conclusion must be unfavorable as to the justice of the opposition, the national integrity existing but nominally, and the reliance of a people upon a system they have early learned, to reverence from attachment to usages which have become an heirloom, and cherished devotion to the fatherland, must be at times sorely shaken.

A dearth of local literature weakens the attachment of a people to their country, home vexations cannot be fairly dealt with, therefore arises discontent. The lower classes of society being thrown aside from competition, perfectly aware of their exigencies, but utterly unable to cope with, or overcome them, hastily renounce the herculean task, and wander away to seek life's sustenance, without a grievous contention for it elsewhere. And by such a stringent and vicious policy as this, has the United States of America become inundated by people from the lower colonies, where great resources lie dormant and bound down by a chain of iron, twice blended.

It was at a time when the social elements of England, of the United States and the British Provinces were jarred by a shade of hostility upon a once genial horizon, that the writer of the present work was restrained from inserting in the Periodical of a certain locality, the following sentence, intended

as the commencement of a series of articles, tending to throw light upon the then absorbing topic of the day.

"It is not generally known that the late Fishery Disturbances were based upon a principle which more than two centuries ago, then a little band of heart-broken wanderers threw upon a foreign and inhospitable shore, there to endure privation, suffering, and death, rather than the grinding slavery of Religious intolerance and absolutism."

The whirlwind of excitement which followed the event above alluded to, is now numbered with the past, as also the faint counterpart accruing in the city of H—, where the originators of the scheme rejoiced with impunity. Stringent measures had undoubtedly been called for, yet, few knew why it so unexpectedly and violently arose, it becomes not a woman, nor is it consonant with her tendencies to trespass upon the subject of national traffic, her best interests, and those most congenial to her nature, are incident with local, domestic and religious sentiments. These are dear to the vast human family, and when grossly tampered with, it becomes a needful duty to step from privacy, and lay bare the connecting link which so extraordinarily reacts upon that individual comfort, and upon national greatness and intercourse, and by which the balance of power may be in a moment overthrown, and a way paved for aggression. and thus regarding the passing and local interests of that period in the light which should have been dispensed; but the falling rays of which scarcely glanced along the darkness, and only made it visible, the fact became but too glaring, that in the armed force which Nova Scotia sought, and obtained from the mother country, for the protection of her Fisheries, there was no proof of the providing care which should have guarded her interests, since her first settlement, but one of the most complete Papal aggressions which England has ever been the instrument of perpetrating against a free people and a holy principle.

The resentment of a conservative nation has been frequently aroused against the baleful influence which may yet work her own destruction, and has undoubtedly involved her in many vast and expensive wars, in this instance, an influence little suspected was brought to bear upon her very constitution, and desperate struggles might have supervened involving the happiness and well-being of the one-third of

the known world, and while every press in either interested portion of the hemisphere, teemed with allusions to the topic and expressions of irritation or wounded pride, that of Nova Scotia was alone and utterly silent.

But it is needful to return to the narration of the previous chapter. During the visit to my friends house, I found it a most unpleasant circumstance, that a tendency of mind, with regard to religious form of worship, should constantly provoke stricture and discussion, and that the Prayer Book of the Episcopal Church, so highly revered and deeply venerated, should be daily analysed and criticised, with the evident purpose of drawing forth argument and expressions of opinion, which were duly repeated to the gentleman to whom I have alluded, at each subsequent visit, to be received by comments from him, by concise and curt, and pointed rejoinder, it was also exceedingly unpleasant that a ready and quick observation of things, and people, and character, was daily and constantly registered. This *might* have been the kind attention of friendship, had it not been indubitably stamped by the most complete and rapid surveillance.

But I stood not alone in this subjected scrutiny, and many other persons, who little dreamed in which way their words were scanned, and misinterpreted, while absent, and which though carelessly and unheedingly uttered were treasured up, to be eagerly brought to bear against them at some future time. And those who have obtained a high position through the last few years, by liberal party patronage, have worked for it by the sacrifice of the most kindly feelings of humanity, by the outrage of holy principle, and the suppression of accurate statement. They have strangely worked for it by warped judgement and blighting injury to those nearest them, and drawn to them by the ties of consanguinity.

The Church Episcopal, was not the only one which appeared to be reprehensible to this rising clique, whose byword was, and is still Toryism, and, to an individual who habitually regards with reverence, every sectarian institution which is founded upon a pure revelation, it seemed an extraordinary circumstance, that individuius attacks should be so insparingly hurled at the Methodist body of the inhabitants, and the Baptist denomination brought forward, as a fitting and right object of stigma, After years explained all. There was a gradual division being effected

throughout the country, a gathering of the dry bones, in the valley of indecision, and the absolute need of reliable, capable and leading minds, was daily and hourly exciting a confidence wherever it might evidently be most securely reposed.

The City of Halifax, was at that time inundated, as it were by an arrival of the Roman Catholic Priests, and French gentlemen of noble birth, or of good family, whose stay was but cursory, and who seldom or never returned again. The seminary dedicated to, or known by the appellation of St. Mary, was getting fast into efficient operation, and aid was bestowed, and existed in connection with some of the most wealthy families in the country, and the projectors and sustainers of that institution. Frequent opportunity was afforded of forming conjectures as to the ultimate object sought by these people, as many of them resorted constantly to the house at which I was visiting, and several of the Priests concerned in carrying forward the project, and giving future efficiency to the establishment, resorted constantly to the house at which I was visiting, accompanied by students who were preparing to take orders in the Papal Church. They dropped in socially in the evening, and made informal and accidental calls in the morning, previous to the usual fashionable visiting hour, nor was this opportunity of gaining some insight into character, as it exists individually, in a class of persons who constantly attract the attention of the laity heedlessly disregarded.

Daily topics, and local interests, trifling chit chat, and gossip, mingled with playful gester or repartee, were but too evidently not the decidedly native forte of these men, and but little discrimination was requisite, leading to the inference that education had been lavishly bestowed upon a productive and fertile soil. They were men far above the customary standard to which we assimilate the Papal heirarchy, men of acute and vigorous intellect, possessed of subtle minds, familiar with every subject that was brought to their attention, and at home, as regarded each topic which chance or fancy might draw upon the tapis.

Thoroughly versed in the art of pleasing, courteous and courtly in manner, which wore no mere semblance of gloss or an adventitious polish, and was apparently the reflection of a sterling luster, the condescending familiarity so assumed which so frequently in other persons, immediately disen-

chants, was, in this instance, doubly enhanced, neither deteriorating the respect which we anxiously proffered them, or detracting an iota from their evidently great merit.

They likewise possessed an agreeable and momentary tact of drawing forth playful discussion, quite consonant with youthful propensities, and participating in the wishes or attainments of those who are frequently passed by in gay society, as being of a more sombre mood, and but slightly given to levity. Light conversation, however, invariably took a firmer tone, and assumed a graver import, and a species of argument, and fanciful controversy, which, while exciting reflection, seldom attained to definite or concise conclusions, leaving a vague and dissatisfied restlessness, a rambling of the faculties as it were, a desire for some tangible and determined end; a nervous doubtfulness, which was always ungratified, inasmuch as having elicited this state of mind, the conversation was always broken through suddenly by either of the gentlemen, suddenly recalling a pressing engagement at the other end of the city.

At other times we were indulged with delightful comments upon our country, leading gradually to allusion, respecting individual and native character, and particular persons, their names, their pursuits, their probable intentions, which was a marked proof of disinterested friendship, and also a remarkable one, supposing these gentlemen to have visited the city of H—— upon their own private and particular business. Domestic life in all and every of its colonial phases, its intense destitution, its positive demands, was not forgotten, neither were circumstances of local domesticity, or general and political interest. Dissertations on character were to a great extent mingled with these, but an adroit checking of unguarded warmth, a ready capacity of changing the conversation, a facility for soothing and stifling irritation, if by any means it became excited, were additional reasons for a rejoicing in such acquisitions to our circle, equally with the fact that we were the envy of less favored mortals, in whose power an expensive entertainment, or a possibility of proffering an elegant reception, lay not.

These men were a new study for one of the uninitiated so guarded, yet so perfectly at ease, so profuse a cultivation of each power of the mind, will memory and judgment, So lavish a storing from valuable authors, and recondite speculators,

and while a marked resemblance most extraordinarily subsisted, there was yet an intense diversity, and still while exacting favor as it were, by main force, and eliciting unbounded gratification and gratulation, by the bestowal of their society upon us, a sensation of distrust and uneasiness was inculcated, by the zeal and officiousness in tracing out, and evidently very deeply sympathising in each predeliction of every chance visitor, or each inmate of the household, nor was my vanity at all gratified by the observation that this attention, while it was gratuitously bestowed upon the heads of the establishment, was as freely and unrestrainedly lavished upon myself.

The children of the family won by their insinuating address and benevolent smile, soon learned to repose confidence, respecting their simple troubles, while each of the domestics appeared to share in the same ratio with ourselves, this highly flattering condescension, nor was self-esteem to any extent soothed by the fact that general reading matter, and selections of books excited their observation. At that time the novel reading community was inordinately delighted by a perfect inundation of the very worst descriptions of light literature, which was poured in with unsparing hand, upon the general library to which the family had access. This is as a matter of course, stored with standard works; but few young ladies will devote much attention to such, while they are at liberty to weep or laugh over the imaginary joys or sorrows of visionary beings, or can amuse their waiting maids with a recital which will serve to keep them in a good humor, and dispose them to become more efficient and ready operatives.

This literary romance-mania, was frequently adverted to by our Papal annotators in an easy jocular vein of pleasant humor, which had the effect of eliciting additional information as regarded character, mental tendencies, and so forth, and a vast amount of incautiousness and sociality of feeling became quite imperceptibly inculcated, though several of the works of fiction brought from the circulating library through their hinted instigations, and upon which youthful heads in turn reposed upon at night for a week at the very least, were, most leniently speaking, unfit for waste paper.

Again, conversing with evident freedom upon the literature

of the day as it existed throughout the British Empire and the United States, from whence a quantity of tracts upon infidelity and in favor of open discussion of the subject had emanated and the subverting effect of latitudinarian views, was loudly inveighed against, while the matter was brought home to ourselves quite gratulatorily that we possessed not so useless or pernicious a flood of originality as the source whence these emanated, and which must end in a total anarchy of moral and religious sentiment, as a matter "par necessite," and with the ever inquisitive newspaper, our love for our father land would remain undiminished, and our principles remain unimpaired.

However, when at times our wounded patriotism traeced enviously the elevation which a native literature bestowed upon other lands, we were soothed by remarks to the effect that though Nova Scotia possessed as yet, no controlling mind, no swaying and reliable intellect capable of revealing to a sympathizing universe our wants and wishes, our anticipations and projects, our feelings or imperfections, we must hope for the best. The beam of the bright particular star, the envied advent of which was thus precursoryly announced by the denizens of a far-away-land, whose disinterested interest in the future fate of our country filled our hearts with gratitude inexpressible, was to be more than usually effulgent, and the rays thereof to be refracted and reflected in the meanest as well as the most exalted intellect, and that as such desperately rapid strides had been made into those regions of late years, we might yet take courage and lift up our heads, for it was settled beyond a doubt that either a Byron, a Scott, or a Burns, might drop from the clouds, or possibly a huge epitome of the distinguished trio might dash into the hearts of the people with a steam engine velocity, or a forty horse power, and not only our beloved native land, but each household, and every member of the same, down to the demure cat and the domestic but military old Newfoundlander would be handed down "will be well he" to a highly interested and truly grateful posterity.

That such conversations as these, left an indelible impression upon the mind of the writer, must be very perceptible. The vacuum of literature, and the innumerable deficiencies thereof existing in Nova Scotia, had been frequently remarked upon, and as frequently lamented, not only by chance

visitants, but by those who were highly capable, had the requisite unity, energy, and enterprise, been forthcoming of ameliorating our condition, and prospects. Considering the numerous and untouched resources, profusely scattered by beneficent nature, the rich fund of local incident and historical fact, that might be gathered from various sources throughout the country, the sylvan scenery, the then untouched natural history and botany, and recently explored geology, its extensive species of algæ, its lauded but sealed up coal fields, and yet more the physical position which leaves this province, while a participator of the natural history, the botany and the geology of the whole continent in what may be termed a distinct and original position, so that a literature for such a country, without discarding science altogether, needs but to be practical, and to the purpose, to be generally serviceable, and the vehicle of continuous benefit.

This not having been the case, is an incontrovertible proof that public interest wherever such had been positively independent and influential, had been diverted into shallow or pebbly channels, and a lurking exultation was at times glaringly evident, through the screen which policy drew around it, as though the default indefeasibly worked by reaction, while the laxity of principle at that time, combined with the abundant originality of the United States, while openly condemned, evidently met with an equal approval, as though it were considered the precursor, and contained the active agent of self-destruction.

I cannot say but that the new ideas thus presented had some effect at that time, as related to decisive action regarding personal things; but some specimens of rhyme, written and carelessly handed about, underwent the ordeal of a rigid and radical scrutiny, not in any degree pleasing to the authoress, or calculated to add to internal satisfaction.

It was at this epoch of our social life, that the slumbers of the Province were disturbed by a terrible vision of an interminable railroad prospectus, and the cabbage tree, around which our associations from early life had clustered, waxed pale and wan at the zephyr-breathed murmur which moaned through its crisby-curl'd leaves, that the very ground from whence its sustenance was elicited, might, in unmistakable and positive and unimaginative reality be turned upside

down by the ruthless ploughshare. But there is not a sorrow that hath not a balm, saith the poet, so in the midst of the general distress of mind, what should suddenly appear in our capacious harbor to gladden the drooping hearts of "our regime" than the fleur de lis of la belle France. Yes, positively and undeniably, the vital elements resumed their wonted course and a general smile of gratulation shed a resplendent glow upon the landscape, for in very deed and truth the French Prince answering to the title of De Joinville, was now honoring our poor country with his presence. His presence, did I say? Why one third of his shadow would have been a resuscitating anodyne; but his royal shoes left our rugged coast, without ever once being brought into contact with the coarse, vulgar element from whence we derive our existence. The human mind always flying off at a tangent, we highly lauded such a decision, doing extra homage to the shadow that could not probably endure to gaze upon such a miserable country as was ours, and preserved its sensibilities for some more worthy object.

It was an indubitable fact, which was at length grasped in the entirety thereof, that the banner of the Emperor floating from the masts of le Bellepoule or le Bellerophon, memory refuses to be taxed as to the exactitude of the cognomen, or whether the royal presence arrived not in both of these ships at once, each participating in the joyous burthen, and my chronology is often at fault on regal matters; but it was true, notwithstanding. The very insignia which had so often undertaken the humiliation of our sometime insubordinate old mother, was peacefully getting up to Chebucto basin somehow or other, without once going like a common vessel upon the rocks at Farquason's cove, or being decoyed by false lights into Prospect Bay.

It was to this joyous advent that we in a great measure owed the influx of curious looking gentlemen heretofore observed, and officers with blue and yellow badges stitched upon their coats, and who perambulated our streets at their pleasure, exhibiting countenances in which a mingled expression of melancholy and agony bore precedence, together with frowning and scowling brows, harsh eyes which impudently scanned every window of every domicile, and a perfect wilderness of unkempt tresses, with a heavy moustache, imperial, and all the other etceteras of French gentlemen, including

a clattering poignard, a perfumed mouchoir, a cigar and high heeled boots, and an atrociously enormous bouquet with snuff-box to match. Though the possibility of our country's ever attaining the tea-garden position prophesied by the retired navy list was yet in embryo, the certainty became instilled into our minds that an extensive celebrity as a "Bear garden," ranged by the most vicious of the species, was bestowed gratis, by foraging parties of these animals, disguised as above described, who wandered here, there, and everywhere, getting each other and all the "peaceful inhabitants" with whom accident or circumstances brought them in contact, into strange scrapes and unheard-of adventures, into unnecessary intrigues, and ruinous debts, and begetting a style of fashionable life which our weak minds anxious for universal equality grasped at as the ultimatum of quintessence. But whether the conjecture be a wild, unfounded fancy, that the conjoined presence of these various parties adverted to were the effect of accident, or a design efficiently acted upon, or the freemasonry which draws birds of a feather together, must be for subsequent events to determine.

Balls, fetes, dejeunes and luncheons followed each other in quick succession, and the railroad prospectus which had terrified, while delighting us, waxed thin and thinner, figuratively speaking, for while it now fell upon the lower classes, who eagerly grasped it as the embodiment of their saving hopes, it received a desperate handling from the exalted clique, who scanned it at their leisure, and laughed over it with the foreigners. But public courage revived upon the news transpiring throughout the country that "the gracious presence," while doing the honors in propria personæ at one of his most brilliant entertainments, had actually chosen as his partner in the "virling valtz" the honored daughter of a native of the soil, the first and only one said the gossiping coterie during his extended hospitalities. The public heart reverberated at the condescension, which however aroused a mystified uncertainty as to its now probably evolving destiny! For was not this the symbol of unity, and when after discussing the routine of "toasts" at the conclusion of the entertainment we fell upon those which over and yet again lauded the land of the Mayflower and Acadia's fair daughters, the most desperate introducers of "Yankee Notions," and American common-places amongst us, succumbed with-

out further argument and without one dissentient voice decided that our plain and distinct course was marked by the hand of Nature, and the best thing to be done by the way of progress, was to annex ourselves to France as speedily as possible, or throw ourselves at the foot of the throne and beg to be lifted up!

That such a state of general dissatisfaction prevailed throughout the Province has been, and is still well known. That it was behind the times, that it lacked progress, and lazily lagged in the rear when the advance called for its presence, the cause was unthought of, and the kernel reposed in the tough rhind, sufficient hardihood existed not, individually to chance upon the spines of the integument.

Some time after this thrilling incident of the royal presence was partially obliterated, being upon the eve of removing to a village situated upon the banks of the Chebucto and immediately opposite the city of H., I became aware that the gentlemen whose patriotic views have been already dealt with, and whose gigantic efforts in the cause of Responsible Government marked him as a king among his peers, had somehow or other won round to the heirarchy, and was himself among the prophets, peering into astrology, and anxious to give a first and friendly welcome to the star upon the horizon, which did not take the trouble it seemed, to rise as fast as possible, or as might be expected. Literature, then was to be our saving clause from downright perdition among the nations. The strong reed by the deep waters. The papyrus general at issue ready to drag from hidden recesses the absconding traitor to the trust, or the wavering or hesitating recruit. Literature was the theme upon all sides, it was to be our mainstay, our beacon, our kindly philanthropist, to pick us up out of the gutter of despondency, and place us upon the dry bank by the busy mart side, that the sun of prosperity might bestow a thorough warming upon us.

Our Captain General worked day and night, at reasonable and unreasonable times, to convince, by speeches, exhortations, and alluring argument, the already satisfied community, that "somehow, something there always had been wanting," a fact which we could have readily, one and all, forestalled the acknowledgement of, had not a timid shirking of the question unfailingly deterred. He scoured

the country in search of coadjutors, while he, as master of the ceremonies, introduced each fortunate wight who possessed the art of stringing a rhyme together into every tea party, or temperance demonstration, or political gathering of every description, into which they might be conveniently dragged as a future Byron, Burns, and Scott, done up in one.

By the instrumentality of this person, publications partaking the nature and style of periodicals, were soon started, with the desiderative full in view of fostering the timid genius and gracefully and beneficently framing the bold and cursory, and his paternal care soon lured into the field a collection of poetical competitors and productions, mediocre or otherwise, and means, many of them wielded by female hands, which might then, had adequate interest been extended, have created a decided era in our social world, and not a fictitious or an absurd one.

The mania spread rapidly, literature was all we wanted to make us great, wise, wealthy and happy, but some how or other it seemed to take a downhill slide, and seldom came up to the point, that is to say, with a celebrated writer upon the other side of the Atlantic, it met not "things as they are," but modestly held back from giving notoriety to people or localities, and dealt in epitaphs, epigrams, and marriage epithaliums, or fraudulently appropriated confectionary mottoes, and threw them into the market as genuine. To be sure, we have all along been astounded and well nigh annihilated at times by the oratory of our statesmen; the rapid declamations of the leaders of multitudinous gatherings, and various societies, not to forget the long and oft-time threatening epistles to my Lord this, that, or the other, the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, or a petition to be carried at once to the foot of the throne, and compiled by the joint efforts of the entire Legislature, both sides taking their turn, and acting in unison, when any thing was to be got from the other.

But we diverge from the subject. These last lie not in the domain of that expression of thought, that combination of the mental powers, the judgment, memory and will, the originality which speaks in a new sense, opening up occult sources, of information, and displaying tangible purpose, so that while yet eagerly seizing upon news from "Home" by every arrival, and our own land teemed with interesting

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material altogether untouched, for the very important need of skilful and cunning workmen.

And still the sun rose and set upon scenery as vividly beautiful as any in the known world, and the great railroad agitators kept their thousands in suspense and anxiety, while no evident obstacle existed in regard to the accomplishment thereof, this last allusion will be comprehended by those who have heard of the struggles and irritations by which the great project of the British Canadian steam route was ushered in.

But talent once waxed into the ascendant, and as a matter of course it soon took the priority, arrogating an unusual share of laudation, and every person now who possessed a brow of bold and lofty character, elevated it to the last extremity of breaking their necks, that it might be "clearly developed" to an admiring public, "who did not know what the world was coming to, it was going to be so clever." And poor ignorance, scanned by green spectacles, suddenly became fashionable, as bestowing a "Literary aspect," was fain to hide its blushes behind the wash tub, or the chopping knife, at "pig killing time." From whence it sent forth in its exuberance of health and animal spirits, jovial, but bitter and effective sarcasms, while exhibiting in the form of a substantial sausage, or clustering bunches of white flax thread, shining and lustrous, fresh from the "hacklen," indubitable evidence of physical capability, if the mental were altogether overlooked.

This was also *our age* of Phrenology, and nothing but heads were to do the work of the country. Indeed all the "Heady sciences" had a fine run among us at that time, owing to certain gracious pioneers from across the Bay of Fundy, undertaking to enlighten us, at one and three pence a piece. And everybody went about, staring everybody out of countenance, by way of establishing a claim to a knowledge of Physiognomy. All who ventured upon a clear and determined mind, and decision independent, adopted a military deportment. A dreamy elevated demeanor, quite lifted up, it was supposed above sublunary things, which exhibited the power of mind upon matters, in a striking degree.

This last was the perceptible and distinguishing trait of those whose names had been actually enrolled among the scintillating cluster of literature. Whom it was premised

with such a general in the van. Picking up the dejected, waiting for the meek, and even nourishing pencilled lines of favorites of the muse. Thus bestowing black leads upon an ungrateful country gratis, would not only enable it to rise even with the rest of the world, but make that world ashamed of itself, for leaving us so much to our own resources. — Neglected bantling that we were. But no fear of us, when we chose. Emulation thus fairly appealed to, arose to distinguish its own attributes, and assume its position with aristocratical superiority, and poetasters abounded for a time, blushing like the dawn at their own cleverness, upon which the eyes of the universe were fixed, and criticised each others productions with all the combined asperity of a years' Blackwood. We had evidently not yet arrived at the peculiar constellation by which future souls were to be moulded, but we were not far from it, and we revelled in the blissful anticipation and each hoping himself might be the favored of the muses; meanwhile tidings of this progressive nature of things reaching my retired abode in the country, in connection with the circle of friends whom I had been so nearly associated with some time previously, had a natural effect. I could not hear of literary parties without a sigh of discontent, at being among the absent, the outlawed ignorant, I could not see with patience, giant strided progress drawing up elevated taste, like the eastern gourd, which was to perfect its form by some innate vitality, as if at the bidding of necromancy it defied the laws of nature. And these combined impressions acting in consonance with the beautiful scenery around, and a deep interest just acquired in the History of Nova Scotia, by Halliburton, enabled me to overcome timidity, occasioned by the little encouragement ever given to the exercise of the talent, and the not pleasing notice elicited, as before related. And writing out the first chapter of what was intended as a poetical romance, illustrative of the local and traditional tales of the country, and nothing more. I despatched it to the captain of the band as I must designate the gentleman alluded to, but without affixing a signature. A condescending and kind notice from his pen however, was convincing evidence that he had traced it to the author, while a word of advice, respecting peculiarities of style showed that it had not been unnoticed.

Though native talent had never revealed any great poetical

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acumen, all that was written was valued, and loudly lauded at this time, and a scholastic study of the art, in its various branches, had been instituted at the various seminaries. — But recurring to the past, the only attempt at any thing like poetry for the people, brought to the public cognisance, or with which I became acquainted in the days of childhood, when the topic was altogether slighted by the higher powers was promulgated by an aged itinerant, vending his own productions under the title of Cowdel's Poems, and the half mischievous merriment with which this deputy of Parnassus was universally hailed, together with: "the charitable feelings" that gave "the miserable old man a six-pence for pity sake," and benevolently condescended to purchase his volumes for the purpose of getting rid of him, "and pitied the foolish fellow for not trying to get his living in some more business-like method." All this seemed so like the mocking gleam of sunlight upon half buried fir trees, when the fire has been extinguished from their green columns, by heavy rains, that my own ambition had incontestibly shrank from becoming that unfavored present a poetess, and the more so as with the headings for the wooden tomb stones in the church-yard, a more than usually brilliant effusion was considered synonymous with madness, and would have immediately consigned the writer to a Bedlam, had capability been consonant with will.

So the old bard wandered up and down the land like Noah's dove, finding no rest for the sole of his foot, and not overburthened with six-pences. So much for local literature in the planting and nurturing thereof, yet, strange to say, we eagerly seized upon that of other lands, and hung with delight upon descriptions of scenery, which not one among a thousand might ever have an opportunity of seeing and local literature was not the guest of the day. For said we humilatively, "who would care to read stuff that we had made ourselves, out of our own heads, and carry it about like old Cowdel does." Not at all, we would never have the face to do it, and what was more, there would be no recipients forthcoming. No! we knew better than that, we had not the abominable and unheard of vanity to think so.

So that at this epoch, our poor poets, had there been any, might have died in pig sties, as well as garrets, if they had been sufficiently fortunate to gain the favor of one, as to

owning such a thing, the mines of Golconda were not further from their reach. It was not to be thought of, they did not deserve one.

The reception these poems received in the kitchen, also was not to be despised. As the strictures of the servants in a country establishment, form a very powerful criterion for children, whereby to arrive at practical conclusions, and in which, if simplicity be the test of truth, the mark is seldom overstepped. And, although one of the fugitive pieces entitled the "Hymn of the Indian in the wood" of which an extract, is subjoined, was rapturously received. The entire volume was too often discovered lurking in corners upon the kitchen dresser, or lying torn, defaced, and soiled in the course towel drawer, from whence it was roughly dragged forth, that more than its fly-leaves might be the support of some broken tallow candle, or serve to fill up the elaborate socket of a candlestick, under the not very flattering cognomen of a bit of old Cowdel's book. And from the length of time these piracies continued, I am led to think the volume must have been inexhaustible in size and contents, yet, the following lines were of a certainty duly appreciated :

In de dark wood, no Ingin nigh,
Den me look Heaven, and send up cry,
Upon my knee so low,
Dat God in Heaven wid shining face,
See me on earth, dis little place.
My priest he tell me so.

To say the truth, when we look back upon the past of our country, to the time when we became the undoubted part and parcel of a monarchy, here was much need for all the practical characteristics of humanity. Though not so great a scope for them as had our neighbors. People must work or starve. They had no time for poetry. And when at the close of the revolution, so many additions were made to our population, by refugees from the Republic, it may be doubted whether it was the dread of this last or the hope of less difficult maintenance in a country, the chief ports of which became the entre-pot of the British Army and Navy, scattering wealth around them, (or a circulation serving to retard self dependant advances.) And creating an easy reliance upon the mother country, injurious in every

respect. There being nothing like an established capital whereby to co-operate, or creating preponderation.

Those were the days when the wild, dreamy mania of hidden treasures lured many a penniless wretch to these shores who had no notion of digging, and was not at all ashamed to be idle. If he could only be favored by a vision of his great grand-father, guiding him to a strong box, under the spruce trees, where, by the friendly assistance of a pine torch, waved three times over the cherished spot, an independence was immediately to be realized.

But not withstanding these hallucinations, coast traffic, the West India trade, and rough living, seem to have been the order of the day, among the mass of the people, reserving those who held official positions. And there was little leisure for literary aspiration, beyond the elements of writing, (signing a cross perchance,) and arithmetic. Those were the days, when official gentry, revelling in the abundance of town life, and attending two or three lavish entertainments in one evening, became the wonder and glory of country folks, whom they did not condescend to regard very considerably, by all accounts, until they had failed in their efforts at a system of aristocracy, to have been instituted for their own peculiar benefit. So these last, in the meanwhile, devoted themselves of necessity, to be useful, practical, money making, and hard working. And even the females became familiar with every stage of buying, selling and bargain making. To be good house-keepers,—to shine in patch-work quilts, and frying fresknaeh, or "Fast Naecht" cakes, according to the proper pronunciation, to which singing school festivities, and the unmeasured indulgence of quilting parties, bestowed the criterion of a favorable opinion. 'Tis true, times were changing, as previously portrayed, but old impressions are in a new country, well nigh ineradicable, particularly, when these are the offshoots of the harsh old Conservative Toryism planted in the Colonies a century ago, and left to germinate at pleasure.

It's well enough for rich folks to have lots of learnin', said his wondering admirer, the dweller in the country district, them that gets their money home in England, straight from the King, and can sit down and do nothing, no more, not like us poor ones, who has to toil from *daylight till dark out in all weathers, and none the better for it.* "I got trew

te world vel enough mineself, mitout any grammer, an my gurls ken do de same," was the frequently quoted remark of an old German lady, whose peregrinations, in that expansive arena, the world, were limited, and the boundary delineated thus, no further than our back door, to tend the cattle, up on the pasture a bit, and back to the house.

So that in these dark and barbarous days of Tory Despotism, the hapless being who "set up to be learned" was as likely to pine away, and die, the deserved victim of public contempt, as was the wandering and desolate bard, whose audacity was equalled by his daring hardihood, and who, far from becoming the oracle of the evening circle, was wisely mortified into a corner, "out of the way."

To shut up all the "larnin'" with the Parson, the Lawyer and the Doctor, of the country village, and extract it in costly atoms, at an exorbitant charge, had been the fashion of the time, when; to attend church in leather shoes, laying aside the weekly wooden ones, and the thick tresses adorned with a gay handkerchief head-dress, was the coveted luxury. The unsettled position of the commercial world, rendering textile fabrics from the towns of England, as difficult of attainment, to the provinces, as varied circumstances made them to our neighbors. The grey German linsey woolsey cloth, became the general costume, and unobtrusive industry twirled the time discolored wheel, beside the close stove, by daylight, or midnight hours, and the great hanks of yarn redolent of fish oil, depended from every country kitchen ceiling in the province.

Upon the whole, then our monarchists gradually found themselves no better off than they had been previous to the exudation from the struggles of the infant republic, but rather in the descent, as having forfeited all claim to independent purpose. But invincible energy, dormant or warped, as it might be, has certainly made the best of the bargain.

It was in those sylvan days, that sturdy young country lasses made light of trudging some twenty, thirty, or forty miles, to the nearest Church or Meeting House, when Meeting Houses began to be countenanced, and English goods being difficult of attainment, the two yards width dress of white muslin, was vainly paraded, for envious eyes to gaze upon. The crimson sash fluttered in the breeze, and

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treasur. of treasures, the shoes of leather, not too dainty in style, o. too delicate in appearance, were carefully carried the entire distance, as rather impeding than aiding the progress of the wearer, and with the dress and sash bound into a bundle, for coarser clothing was needed in breaking a path among brushwood, thus parties of young lasses, their stalwart escort preceding to the most convenient tavern, speedily exchanged the russet cloth for the white muslin. The lounge-room, the most sheltered nook, formed by the hemlock, or the birch. The mirror, the nearest pellucid stream, in which duck-weed floated, or transparent tadpole disported, in the vicinity of the village Church, when the first bell frantically proclaimed the advent of Easter Sunday. And after the feet which bore the shoes, had dipped deeply as the tadpole, these indubitable evidences of wealth and gentility were sure to win a husband, if all other allurements were a failure.

There is a latent, though desperate energy, in the Nova Scotian, when not totally schooled down, disciplined and subdued, by ancient maxims, which the moment he has fallen upon an unprofitable disposition of affairs, sets him upon the most direct plan of rectifying them, with a kind of double-handed determination. But the idea once instilled into his mind by those he venerates, that a spirit of quiet unquestioning submission to the powers that be, is his greatest glory. The secret of slow growth is at once arrived at, to say of the trival arrangements of a small country, "they are too deep for me, I have enough to do without troubling myself about politics," and this from men whose known capability marks them for publicity, argues not well for the position which every country must assume in relation to others, through intellectuality alone, while in the superabundant class of an opposite description, too ready to seize upon advantages. Space is left for aggression, and the means of giving it may be bestowed to an illimitable extent. This bias is the effect of that early laxity of improvement of the mental powers of which we have attempted an explanation, and these sketches of the "antique system" are requisite that the reader may have some clue in the elucidation of present things. It is very certain that the Provinces were not made really grown up, but being supplied with the materials for a brilliant adolescence, the artificer is alone wanting the strong right hand that can wrest the unrestrained application. It is equally so that restraint has been perniciously exercised, for reasons previously explained, but the

expression was also wanting. A scrutinizing test was spreading abroad a literary ordeal which was far from genial in the tenor, or agreeable to become subservient to, so that the timid became less assured, the bold less brave.

After settling in the village of D. though so near the seat of learning, the Athens of the Province, where authors were not flung to the wild beasts—I did not very warmly renew my former friendships. Other influences than those of literature were at work and seething to the surface, and division, disunion and irritation, throughout the country, were deeply reflected in domestic circles. My mind was undergoing a change, and I sought more congenial companions than those previously associated with. The choice branch of the now culminating clique, whose pass-word was "literature," continued their visits to ourselves, but there were but two or three of the family relatives with whom I cared to exchange courtesies, so that life at D. gradually became a very concentrated and secluded sort of thing.

The literary mania taking a more subdued form, still went on, and one of the individual circle of ladies connected with the Captain-General, showed me parts of the composed poem which I had transcribed for his approval, and he had caused it to be inserted in a newspaper of which he was the editor. But the hesitation from various causes, and previously hinted at deterred from a candid arising acknowledgment of authenticity.

The idea of turning talent to account in the usual commonplace of novel writing, had been for some time entertained, while conscience urged some tangible object and matter of fact, or of moment, with the hope of doing good, and I hesitated between the position of the native Micmac and the great movement of temperance; which, at that time, made an exciting noise among us, and which, commencing with Roman Catholic manifestations and demonstrations and devotional developments, gradually swung round into an understood though secret index of annexation to the United States, and those who innocently regarded it as a simple opponent of dram-drinking were tacitly smiled down, or left to amuse themselves with the notion in their own way. Proof enough that while weak agents acted upon the outer surface, skillful hands controlled the wires, and the puppets did the bidding of a master hand. A restless love of out-door amusements, however, deterred from the heartless effort, and the constant occupation of gardening and taking long

walks into the country, and strolling upon the beautiful and breezy shores of Chebucto Basin. But the conviction was then painfully and indelibly impressed, that little aid would be bestowed, or even permitted, for necessary researches, unless the result were calculated to sustain party bias. And still the impression recurred that undeveloped resources demanded exertion. and yet more, that establishment of sound scriptural principle which it is the glory of literature to instill, with a decided conviction of the sad perversion thereof by a warping partizanship. I have sometimes thought that all the mental agony I afterwards endured was a just retribution for the indecision of that period.

Providence, meanwhile, was preparing a subject undreamed of, and hitherto unknown to the author. One which has shaken kingdoms and undermined principalities, one which has also ensured them a firm and christian foundation, one which is important in the deepest sense of the term to the peasant, and the sovereign, to the world enlightened diplomatist, and to the beggar-boy upon the way-side, who can only pray as his father has taught him, and knows no distinction of form, or sect, or creed. That subject is most truly vital which is dear to the veiled nun while counting her rosary, and the strolling mendicant who sees God in the clouds and hears him in the wind—who gazes upon the soil which gives not unto him a single foot, hold for a possession, and into the glowing blue expanse where the illimitable immensity of eternity is unveilingly displayed; and meekly says All, all is thine, and I am nothing.

This theme which must forever and forever remain the same, however protean it became, has been, though mingled with much human error, the foundation of the greatest living republic, marked upon the annals of earth's history, and its firm establishment will doubtless be the precursor of millennial glory. 'Tis but three hundred cycles since this subject has shaken the social system of the wide universe, and scattered abroad many an hidden seed of iniquity, and while revelation is the denizen of the human family, shall freedom of religious faith reach forward to eternal things.

Those alone who have personally experienced an infringement of this privilege of the christian or the pagan era, can form an adequate estimate of its value, nor can a conception of the bitter grief which accompanies it be otherwise understood. It becomes a crushing weight, an overpowering incubus, through which the mind is gradually wrought to a state of frenzy or des-

peration, or sinks down slowly, gradually, despairingly, into an utter extinction of power, a death like torpor. A cessation of every mental energy follows, the physical nature gradually succumbs, and the only refuge for the harassed being is the silent grave; where the wicked cease from troubling, the only hope for the jaded mind, the outraged spirituality is rest, rest, rest, rest, in the presence of its Maker.

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CHAPTER III.

Morn is breaking, morn is breaking,
 The East is red and glorious,
 Days of earth's millennial bliss,
 Be thy harbinger victorious.
 We hear you calling, Unole Sam, your voice is on the hills,
 And we know religious factions have created bitter ills.

We are bringing, we are bringing
 Crushed hopes, but hopeful hearts;
 Despotie power again is felt,
 But each must act their part.
 The curse is hanging over us, 'tis written not in sand;
 We won't endure the tyranny of a dark and secret band.

I trust some insight has been given to the reader in this cursory contour of the exact state of things in our Province, and some idea of the sort of people we are, has been engrafted upon the public mind, discussing these trifles. It is for writers with other objects in view to gather the oft-told anecdote of smuggling notoriety, to dwell upon the mental destitution, which is now openly acknowledged, and daily becoming self-evident, and point the way to a better system.

Yet did the ancient tory regime laud loudly its philanthropic efforts for the conversion of the heathen, and, sooth to say, they evidently did as well as they knew how. Those were not the most brilliant intellects which the hand of our mother threw amongst us, but it is to be supposed they were the best that could be spared, and they ruled the roast to an extent unparalleled in western history. But a glorious sunrise was preparing for our benighted vision, and the liberals now in the ascendant, did, in their profusion of promises, remind one of the old acme once so popular among children, which awards illimitable supplies of plum-pudding and roast goose to the pet daughter of some secluded old dame, as the means of enticing her from the paternal roof, and ends by an expose of cruelty which

makes one's heart bleed for her sorrows, fictitious though they were, for the unfortunate victim reveals to her petrified mamma that she has not only been fed upon mud and water out of the gutter, but an inhuman savage has actually compelled her to sleep upon pins and needles stuck upwards.

The pins and needles were the vision of that terrible railroad, which still pines for completion, though many, too many, of its early advocates are now mingled with the dust

Provincial life was, in its elements at that time, well-nigh shattered by such an expose of party excitement as an election surely brings. It seemed as if the weak, wavering, or conscientious principles implanted in the Colony, were now to be put to the issue, that they might bring forth fruit. The fruit of office. Between the two divided apparently, but in reality the one party beneath two semblances, that have nearly wrecked Protestantism, the Liberal and Conservative. Little else seems to have been gained. The old German quiescence has all along, either from apathy, a too ready shirking of responsibility, or an inertness to public things growing out of the struggles for the mere sustenance of life, in the old settler, (we dare not say a disregard of principle,) and inherited by his sons, and an almost abject reverence for book learning as it is connected with a lawyer's office, growing out of early privations and discomforts, and the practicable efficiency of that functionary in the business of title deeds, land boundaries, divisions and mortgages, giving him an impression that the most important affairs of the country were bound up in parchment, and tied with red tape, rather than the training and exercise of his own mental functions. At what can a country ever attain in which such a spirit is fostered? It is not the applicability of monarchical administration to Colonial life, which we question as much as the crushing, delegated influence accompanying it, and which here had an action altogether unrestrained by the cherished thought, and established governing literature of an older country. For the gentlemen of the long robe have been the presiding deity of Nova Scotia, and an union for interested purposes must create exclusiveness. Let it not be understood that learning in the abstract had not been well attended to. It had only not become a vitally diffusive element. Neither was the phase

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of science unheeded, undeveloped, until these, our own times. Classical schools had been organized long since, and the name of Halliburton had been far dispersed in either hemisphere. But the desideratum was still unfilled. There was a guiding influence unexistent, therefore undissemminated. It remained to be proved that, if existing, there would be no restraining action. An indistinct recollection occurs upon this suggestion, contemporary with "Old Cowdel's book." Some very beautiful stanzas, emanating from King's College, Windsor, bearing upon local and ecclesiastical topics, suddenly left a space in the newspaper columns to be filled by more extraneous matter. Regretted for a time by those who were attracted by their novelty, or applicability, the more so as they were unfinished. And however brilliant our past periods may have been, I have been unable to trace any other occidental clusterings than the most primitive style of rhyme inscribed upon the lichen clustered and half-sunken tablets of old slate or granite, in the little burial ground of L., where, among the numerous mementos of Frau, Mann, and Kindlien, of the German ancestry, a loiterer may suddenly find himself face to face with a more modern and striking monument of poplar wood, whereupon the brush of the house-painter has inscribed in yellow letters upon a cerulean ground-work, "The address of a child to its parents;" which, from its peculiarity of composition, I am inclined to place among the originalities of the period. It runs thus, and speaks largely of simple and deep piety:

"Hark from the tomb a doleful sound,
 Mine ears attend the cry;
 Ye busy men come view the spot
 Where ye must shortly lie.

Weep not for me, my parents' dear,
 I am not dead, but sleeping here;
 Till Christ shall rise, and bid me come,
 And take us all together home."

There, in this little grave-yard, situated upon a hill overlooking a large extent of bay, coast, inlet, green slope, and points of land, with distant islets dotting the intervening space, and in which rests a broken-hearted and injured man — my own father; — borne down by the intolerant parti-

zanship which is slowly, but undoubtedly, undermining all the sacred and social institutions of our land. Here I have often stood, and with an October sky, gilded and glowing in all the gorgeousness of carmine and deep orange, and the sea air, clear and reflective, gave back from far away in the distance the mingled voices of human beings with the bleating of sheep and the lowing of cows, wending their homeward way, while amid the windings of the black harbor or peninsula, (there are an interminable multiplicity of such,) and all do not possess very euphonious, if any, distinctive appellation, to the extent of four miles, including shelved point, jutting curve, and grassy eminence. Throughout this extent of the peninsula, I say, so intensely and vividly transparent has been that sweet October atmosphere, that the carolling of a country girl, and each word of the following old song, has been thrown back upon the echoes.

This song, I am positive, must be a native production, and of provincial origin, though it may have received accessories from country school-masters, or captains of gull's eggs schooners, sentimentally inclined. But seriously instituted researches among the farmers' daughters, guarantee the assertion that it was made by some of our folks. The undoubted authenticity thus warranted, I proceed to initiate the reader into some of its peculiar beauties and deep pathos. I would, also, if I could, help to dig a niche in the heart of posterity, for the express purpose of inserting the name of the author, that it might spring up and blossom to his endless praise. But alas! in the eager appropriation of the spoils, floral and sentimental, it has been totally overlooked.

"From the main-top high, to the cabin low,
Your sailor-boy away must go!
Now all young maids who dress in white,
And all young men who walk so light,
Forget your pride, forget your joy,
Weep, weep, for the sailor-boy.

He ran the deck, he climbed the mast,
His time is gone, his day is past,
Down, down, where the sea-weeds grow,
Your sailor-boy shall go, shall go."

The subject is a sailor-boy, who takes his first voyage ini-

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tiatory to the West India ports, preparatory to engaging in the voyage of life with a "fair maid," who, by his untimely "fall overboard," is compelled to cease "dressing in white," and assume the habiliments of a more sombre hue. Upon the news of which sad catastrophe arriving, she calls in the language of affection upon all the youth's "compeers" to join in her lamentations, and for many a day has the simple conclusion of the ditty, ringing through the air, rising and swelling in the distance, and the fresh voice of that country maiden, come back to my memory in sad but pleasing unison.

This was, in my opinion, very expressive of the feelings of the early settlers, who, finding little employment for growing sons, in a country that presents few resources for young men, were compelled to sacrifice them, one after the other, to see them take to the water with the perversity of young crabs, and become the victims of fever in a tropical country. The song had a medley of interests, also, as it was in part connected with an island in the neighborhood, upon which dwelt, (so said tradition by the lips of a nurse girl,) a faithless and hard-hearted maiden, who had refused the addresses of a lover, and after he had "taken to the sea" in a fit of vengeance, she ruthlessly "combed her long tresses" before a glass each returning evening, (a sure way to get up a sea storm) said Granny Wisdom. And if a terrific gale aroused by this process, the lover "found his death." Upon which, for the purpose of making vengeance doubly sure, he takes the liberty of visiting his mistress in the form of a coal black dog, with fiery eyes, until terror and remorse place his victim in an early tomb.

By going into all this absurd detail, I may, perchance, give some inkling of the tenor of local minds, unswayed by elevation. To say truth, we are scarce yet beyond the era when six feet high young ladies rejoiced in the ability of carrying home a dead bear upon their shoulders, and did n't "want no larnin' to aid the difficulty." When such treasures as old Mrs. Rushticross stalked through our houses from basement to attic, if unimpeded in progress. Her old straw poke elevated high in the air, and her canvass bag rich in woodland wealth, displayed to our admiration in mixed hues, partridges and rolls of fresh butter, eggs and rabbits, and pride of our medley rivers, an early and first.

captured salmon; whose advent was proclaimed, and whose praises were extolled, with the sharp, exulting cries of "a solimaint, a nice vat, vresh solimaint. Here! ver are ye all? Toant yer vant a vresh solimaint, only tree shillins? Tut! dats noatten. Tittn't I ketch him mineshef?"

Ladies going to sociable entertainments in these times took a favorable opportunity of decrying the unheard-of absurdity of any woman but the "parson's wife troubling her head about books." She, to be sure, ought to, if she had time. Times were so different when we were girls, said the matrons; the moment one took up a book she was called idle, careless, good-for-nothing. And no great prophetic prognostications were needed to convince society that such an one was in the road to destruction. Then there were mysterious gratulations that we had not arrived at the height of absurdity, with our neighbors across the bay, where the ladies actually studied all "the things with long names" and hard meanings, and took degrees at college just as gentlemen did. And I do not know but what, by the colloquies of the male oracles of these anti-literary societies. Becomingly dipping deeper in the argument, we were taught how much we were indebted to our stringent conservatism for relief from such impositions, the certain herald of infidelity, and the dear knows what all. Thus, by a summary process, indicting a multiplicity of evils, not quite specified.

However, good advice always acting in the contrary mood in young minds, set us all upon emulating the stigmatized proceedings, and gay young men while chanting at intervals, "dol, dol, dol, me, re, fa, sol," at the singing schools, simultaneously echoed the sentiment, "They're a wonderful people; they're an astonishing people; they're far before us!" Yes; they could not but be convinced that progress, in a new country, is conservative; possesses a restraining, as well as a life-giving energy. Not the conservatism which elevated an Episcopal Bishop to the pedestal of a demi-god, but that of innate, self-governing, and well-directed energy. And this *we* are subsisting, and think we can continue to flourish without. We, in the Colonies, upon whom has been engrafted all the fashionable idleness and easy laxity of morality, inseparable from a garrison station.

It is not surprising, then, that we have acquired habits of

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slurring over important events of local interest. That we have a natural aversion to investigate; to think deeply; to elevate principle, by permitting it to pervade, and counteract, to its fullest extent.

As the election progressed in the following year, and the climax was well nigh attained, as has been remarked, previous to this digression, the minds of the general populace seemed more than usually excited by all the causes and effects at work. Nothing else was, of course, the ruling topic of discussion, and, as usual, every newspaper teemed with accounts concerning it, but there was evidently an all-pervading influence, which, while it seemed to overlook the merits of this, or that party man, swayed and controlled, and started forward unblushingly, in the least suspected positions. Passing over all the vicious recriminations of the daily papers, and tracing the virulence to its origin, was a thing, however, not to be looked for, in the unanalyzing public. A notice, however, was no more than might be expected from persons who were mere spectators, whose opinion was unbiassed by personal interest relatively. Those who had neither father, husband or brother, to press for the palm of victory. And while speaking as freely as did others in the presence of visitors, friends of our literary leader, there might have been nothing in the circumstance of so doing, which in any other country would have been excitable of a recriminatory manifestation.

Thus the mind dwelling upon these things, it was not surprising that I should also write. It was the merest trifle, and it fell from a careless pen. Chancing to call upon a female connection of our literary Captain, the gentleman previously referred to, who was then deeply immersed in politics, bent upon rallying his forces, and gaining the day for his party. We fell into a long discussion upon the ability of the lower classes to think for themselves. The lady maintained that as they had to get their bread by hard labor, which occupied all their time, they should more submissively yield to the guidance of those who sacrificed their whole time and domestic peace, for the benefit of those under special consideration. That the presumption evident in the opposition of such persons was too palpable, in the present emergencies, and difficulties insurmountable, except by the indomitable energy of a statesman, were the result of it.

Attempting to modify these dangerous plausibilities, I urged that as all are gifted with an equality of intellect, or power--

which may be cultivated to an unbounded extent, and frequently exhibited in the lower classes, education should be equally dispensed, that each consequent trait might be permitted to display itself. People capable of forming accurate conclusions of events or principles at issue, should not be impeded in the power of doing so; but that the too prevalent spirit of the times was in each peculiarity a convincing evidence that other literature than that which has been the Englishman's preservation, and is his proudest heritage in a new country, had been taking a firm hold of unestablished places. It was clear that the progression of the century was urging us on, and casting loose our coveted conservatism. We were willing to clutch at anything to aid the rescue. Old landmarks were removed, to clear the march of ultraism. Circumstances might in future times show the tendency of this last, and our advancing attainments.

I am never deeply interested in public things unless they elucidate some accepted theory, and seldom display a warm interest. Upon this occasion I spoke as I felt, and upon a subsequent visit I placed the following verses upon Freedom of Opinion, in the hands of this person, with an intimation that something more would be connected with it, provided I could secure the countenance of gentlemen interested in developing the literature of the country, and the one particularly and publicly concerned in it, as I very naturally supposed. The lines were these:—

Bright Nova Scotia, adored is thy name,
 Thou art dearer to us than the land whence we came.
 Though honored by all is the home of the Free,
 Nova Scotia, our own, we're devoted to thee.
 Ever my country, though bitter the strife,
 Cherish thy liberty, e'en as thy life,
 Ay, long as the Moose-deer shall bound from the brake,
 Or the Lutea look from the translucent lake.
 Lovely Acadia shall, error-arrayed,
 In gorgeous apparel thine Idol be made?
 Shall it always the land of the Mayflower disgrace,
 Shall it ever be found amid power and place?
 Beautiful Acadie, ne'er be thy name
 Dyed with a deep an indelible stain.
 Alas for thy sons, though they ebb as the wave,
 Opinion, though false, they would perish to save.
 Beautiful country—the bonny spruce tree
 Is the undying emblem of what thou wilt be,
 When the tissue of folly, that error has cast
 Around thy bright name, shall be thrown to the blast.

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Beloved is the fir-tree, but dearer to thee
 And to all of thy sons, is the bliss of the Free.
 But oh be thy liberty worthy the name
 Freedom from Error, from Crime and from Shame.

Had I but known the least iota of what I have experienced of the policy pursued by our leaders, my safest course would have been the destruction of these lines, the moment they were penned. But utter ignorance led me to imagine the liberalism so vaunted at that time to be a safe remove out of Roman Catholic predominance by a bond which would draw various denominations into a closer unity. An error I believe very common among the inexperienced among us. I anticipated nothing but a kindly notice and encouragement to proceed. Simple and inexperienced, with no guide but a too accurate observation. Truly saith the law "truth is a libel."

The lady had handed them to her friend, it appeared, but nothing more was said than that a man in his position could not be expected to notice every production thrown thus before him, as he was surrounded by cares and electoral responsibilities.

As I peruse them now, I can well comprehend how each word must have had the semblance of an indirect reproach. Not a line that does not seem directed at the very course that person had been pursuing, accompanied by able coadjutors and skilful veteran supporters. At that time half their applicability only was comprehended, and in requesting the opinion of the gentleman I was pleased with the ability of adding. They form part of a Romance which I mean to compose. People who write, have now so much encouragement, that I almost think I could venture on publishing.

Now let me ask, can a political editor be the supporter of literature, or what is the position literature should assume in a country? If it bound off into the regions of fiction, its mission is unaccomplished, if that mission be the elevation of society. If it deal with tangible evils, the subtle hand of the statesman, or the ambitious man, can be no longer its fostering protector!! Is it so? Is he then to check its advances, when the attempt to inculcate sentiments militating against his projects of personal aggrandisement is made? When he can no longer aid, must he then crush? If it attack an evil policy, must his especial faction be heeded, and all the claims of literature forgotten? Or must literature breathe the sentiment of language alone?

Be it again clearly understood, that I here criminate no indi-

vidual. I am but relating a succession of singular coincidences. Electoral sentiments had subsided; the feeling that had led to the inditing of these lines had passed away. The liberals had gained the day, and all the land rejoiced thereat. But it happened, that upon leaving the steamer, at the side of the harbor at which I resided, I found several ill-looking fellows apparently belonging to the lower class of Irish, who crossing at the same time, followed half the distance, calling in coarse, low language. Then seating themselves upon the rocks on the roadside, continued to do so, until I had advanced far upon the homeward path. The way was lonely, though much travelled, and frequently there were no other persons walking that way but myself. The language was accompanied by loud and impudent merriment, too evidently jests, vulgar and insolent, and indicating personality.

The summer passed on, with frequent returns of the same description of annoyance. Endeavoring to persuade myself that it really was not an actual impertinence seriously intended, I resolved to assume a pretence of not noticing it, hoping that as it had commenced at the close of an election which had been fiercely contested, and excited a spirit of acrimony among all classes, it would perchance pass away when the effect of such a great struggle had subsided. But I had had no connection with political affairs, living retired and monotonously, without interest in either party, and being but one among the calm spectators of their struggles. However, matters continued in the same position, and became such a regularly recurring vexation, that I dreaded coming to the village of D. or crossing in the boat at all, as I had then no male relative at hand to interpose, and, though it might be noticed by a friend, I was at a loss as to the proper measures for restraining it, and for reasons to be mentioned hereafter, dreaded speaking of it to any person.

A year passed on, and the annoyance was continued, and resumed at intervals, long after the charitable allowance with reference to electoral agitation which I partly attributed it to, should have subsided. At all events, I thought no longer of it, and concluded that others were equally disinterested. Gross and obscene language, infamous oaths, and scurrilous expressions, became the almost constant attendants upon my daily walk.

Now not being at all inclined to sacrifice this chief entertainment of life at D., the amusement of watching the various de-

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criptions of persons bringing their saleable wares to the city; the petty traffic, and the constant variety presented thereby. The Preston trafficker in birch brooms, was to me then a novelty. The little unshod fisherman, with his basket of trout, or cucumber perfumed, and crisp little smelt, fresh from the scouppet, and enwreathed with moss. The market-woman, with her eggs and butter; the fresh air, and the change of scene, was all this to be foregone and constant seclusion, to lay the foundation of ill health, because three or four idle fellows were always loitering at hand with the evident purpose of exciting terror, and awakening alarm? The lower classes of Nova Scotia, are, without exception, remarkable for the kindly friendship they bear to those of an elevated class, and the social tone and kind interest manifested between persons occupying various positions, is, and always has been to myself truly delightful, though English residents generally, note the omission of the obsequiousness which is said to characterize individuals of inferior situation in their own aristocratical and title-bestowing country. And, we are quite happy in wanting the servility of the Irish peasant, though doubly amused with its piebald originality, from having no semblance of it amongst themselves, therefore was my astonishment increased at such an unwonted manifestation, and in the midst of intense and uncontrollable irritation, various suspicions, connected with rather trivial circumstances, dawned gradually, at first, unadmissible, but which time matured, and future transactions verified, and I resolved not to deviate from my usual habit, and to cross in the steamboat without any companion, that there might be no check upon my observations, and if any design of evil intentions had been suggested, and was to be carried out by this class of persons, I would, if possible, fathom, and brave it.

Of the grade of life to which the multiplicity of Irish immigrants belong in their own land, we, of course, can be guided only by conjecture. For a succession of years they have stepped upon our shores, and, unimpeded in their progress, have built for themselves homes. Their sick have been nurtured, their starving fed. But the peculiar benefit to the country bestowed by their presence, is yet undiscernible. By steady progress, they, in time, possess the property, and fill up the vacancies, which untoward circumstances, or too deep doings in politics, "the British, or anti-British scape-goat" leaves among our own inhabitants.

These people, in fact, become great and populous, but they are uneducated and controlled in their tendencies, and the Irish cartman might take a very prominent position, if required. It may not be always, altogether, a creditable one, social comfort and respectability considered, in the annals of Halifax.

Having beside me the detached portions of a Poem entitled "Protestant Union," and never venturing to exhibit it, the idea now occurred that if it were published, and the opinions expressed in it were known and disseminated as my composition, it would, being acknowledged as such, guarantee a future protection. It would have the semblance of an appeal to established principle, and, connected with local literature, would not pass unnoticed by the various gentlemen who were so deeply interested in its development, according to their own expressed assertions.

I passed the Poem partially prepared into the hands of a friend, without any intimation of reasons for publishing it. This was at the commencement of another winter. It appeared in a Baptist newspaper, was noticed, and though without signature, there was not a doubt that it was known and traced to the author, and upon the next Session of the Assembly, I was struck with amazement at observing in a newspaper, lengthy oratorical remarks adverse in character, but containing very succinct allusions to those lines from the great promoter, supporter, and chieftain of Provincial literature.

The uncomfortable sensation which accompanied this discovery, I even now remember. It was also with a presentiment of future evil, for the entire intention and meaning of the lines had been parodied, and various concise points and references convinced me that the author was surreptitiously maligned and ridiculed. I flung the paper from me disgusted, mortified, and as much perplexed and confounded as though detected and identified in the commission of a criminal transaction. There was no longer a doubt that a peculiar tendency in composition was reprehensible. The impression had not arisen in a fastidious sensitiveness, as I sometimes endeavored to satisfy myself by personal condemnation.

This poem upon Protestant Union, remains still in an unfinished state, I never having gained sufficient confidence, after such a rebuff to attempt the further completion of it. It will serve as a continuation of that phase of colonial society, which attributed all the backwardness of our local affairs to the old

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conservative supineness. And the people were taught to look to the ultra liberalism rising in the horizon as the harbinger of plenty and progress. Under this administration were telegraphic wires and railroads to abound; school monopolies of land were to be done away with, and thus would be dissolved in oblivion one grand source of disputation.

There was no longer to be a coerciveness respecting religious opinions being inculcated in seminaries or schools. Those who wanted the Bible for an ancient study, connected with history, might have it, and those who did not, might do without it, and this latter system was recommended and acted upon, as exemplifying the theory that it is better to have no religion at all than to be always fighting about it, so that the least intimation at that time of a leaning to denominational preference, was generally regarded as placing a stumbling-block in the way of our advancement, though it is doubtful whether any one stopped to enquire what we expected to get to.

The somnolent reign of Toryism, very comfortably dispensed with the spirit of inquisitiveness, and we reposed so confidently in our loyalty, that I doubt whether persons in respectable circumstances ever gave a thought to the possibility, or need, of the country's making a progress of any description; and as to a spirit of rivalry, or competition with other countries, we never dreamed of such a thing. The blue horizon shutting in Nova Scotia, might have marked the boundaries of the world shutting out all other. I doubt whether we would have believed in its existence, had not the ocular and gustatorial evidence of sugar and molasses from Jamaica, and salt to cure our cod-fish awakened our credibility. I can answer for one who nourished such a fantasy, and am certain others might have been counted by thousands, who did so; not actual infidels, perhaps, in regard to such a fact, but our blue skies seemed to nourish a boundless spirit of contentment, which the positive want of a life's necessities could alone disseminate.

There was also another little occurrence connected with the luminous era of mental development, under consideration, to which personal experience, and participation, lent additional importance.

A public soiree had been appointed. The intention is not to the present purpose. The entire liberal coterie, and newly elected advocates for such principles, honored it in full conclave. As one of the chief speakers, at all events the most unexpected

and appreciated, appeared a Catholic Priest. This gentleman whom I shall hereafter allude to, was regarded as a person of much address and ability, and had been known to take a prominent part in the late election, and his oration, whatever might have been its tendency, was reverently listened to.

Among the other speakers, was a gentleman who held for some years a position as speaker of the assembly, and an important constituency had highly valued his kindly services. He discoursed voluminously upon the beauties of science and art, in general, their incalculable benefit to civilization, but gave the preference to literature. To the original mind which can control a country by a word, or a song, Burns was, of necessity, instanced, together with the local language of the age, guiding, progressive, and purifying in its influences. The needed aid of woman in this department, and her beneficence was also instanced, in her promotion of the cause of general education, and encouraging motives held forth why such a feeling should be exemplified in the women of Nova Scotia. In the exordium which of course concluded such observations, however, the passive serenity with which I heard all this was rather discomposed, by the ideas expressed in the very lines upon the Freedom of Conscience, which had been given in manuscript, being dexterously interwoven, for the purpose of working analogy. Well nigh the entire passage expressing our love for the land from whence we came, (by which, of course, I mean England, said the speaker,) being superceded by the lovely country in which our destiny had been cast. The value of a patriotic spirit, our admiration of our country's emblem, referring to the fir-tree, all worked so well into his own direct subject, that though the charge of speculation *may* be unfounded, I was far from being gratified that such expressed opinions were thus noted at a time when the state of the public mind was not at all conciliatory or complimentary. The ideas may have been native, but the language in which they were expressed, was but too familiar.

Now the Poem, on Protestant Union, was as far from tending to elevate any sect as the greatest Liberal could desire. It was not the Church of a Denomination I had desired to extol, but the Church Militant. Not the time-serving and venal Church of the Colonies, but the Apostolical; the holy in simplicity; the revived in youthful lustre, rising from the Reformation; the blood-drops of agony, yet resting upon her pallid and torture-wrung brow. When the newly established monarchy put forth

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its strong right arm to aid her faltering steps, and the union became strength; one elevating, one restraining, and each aiding the other, in the beautiful dissemination of holiness to the land of the pagan, and to the scattered sons of England. When by the establishment of Christian associations in every part of the world, she sought to alleviate the stringency of measures she had been compelled to adopt for her own internal preservation. The time is arriving, whether very subsistence as a Church, will depend upon a renewal of that renovation. Her lustre has become dim; her wine mixed with water; and by the very elements which wrought her conservation, is her humiliation becoming too apparent.

It is but the nature of humanity to retrograde in holiness. All the supports, all the aids to high attainments, may become perverted, and exhibit the fallaciousness of human institutions. Hence the value of a literature, which, while exhibiting error, also inculcates sacred and revealed truth. Hence also the depravity connected with all things, decries the spirit of such a dangerous capability, and would reward the daring author of such writings, not only with the destitution which is too often the lot of the well-intentioned, but with a comfortable abode in regions where the means of expressing opinion upon earthly topics are unattainable.

By consequence, then, the literature of the province has been for the most part vague and diffuse, dealing with subjects of phantasy. If error has been touched upon, it has been by the most complete partizanship. Our newspaper reading, has been just one continued strain of recrimination, with all the accompanying resources of attack and defence, and strategy, and traducement.

Thus grew up that latitudinarian ignorance, now being dispersed by a larger extension of periodical importations. A growth of reading tendencies which will gradually dissipate that disposition of exclusiveness and narrow-minded egotism, so blinding to those incapable of investigation, so subversive of all that is righteous. As a country can advance in nothing, while leaders, and their partizans, are alternately defending themselves. The adverse of this spirit has, by the bye, assumed a very ludicrous force of expression, in the old German language of the early settler, which thus self-acclaims, while arraiging the unhappy scholar placed in his vicinity, as a guider of his children's intellects, (pass over the much maligned nomenclature of country

schoolmaster,) and whom with triumphant viciousness, he thus momentarily attacks, upon the least glimpse of what appears to his criticising mind unjustifiable arrogance becoming discernible. "Yer needn't tink so much ev yerself kos yer got a little larnin, yer didn't get it yerself did yer? No; yer had ter get it tort. So I tinks jist every bit as much ev myself as you do, kos I aint got any; for ef I'd a bin tort, I'd a had it too; so you needn't ter be so proud, an stuck up.

Just so the Church of England assuming as Spiritual leader, upon her advocated dignity, her ancient honors, her monarchic heritage, and established supremacy, the precedence of all others in the Colonies, little heeded the growing force which silently sapped her foundation. Or where her laxity of active encouragement in the inculcation and advance of faith in distant localities became unavoidable, wondered when the vacuum was capably filled by dissenters, and bitterly lamented her wounded dignity.

That these allusions may be correctly corroborated, it is requisite to give some general explanation respecting the social position, and the religious liabilities of the country.

A large body of Episcopalians appointed officially by the British government had become established and influential. They had, since the settlement of Halifax, obtained all the most lucrative situations, and they received exorbitant salaries. Whether England sought to secure our loyalty, or to protect us from the insidiousness of papacy by the presence of a number of persons connected with the establishment, can only be surmised. Either way, the project was fallacious. The Episcopal Church, with its grants of land, and its Provincial endowment, soon became an obnoxious stumbling-stone to all parties. Provincial and civil offices were retained in families, and Nova Scotia was governed by a clique, who, under the name of High Church and Tory men, usurped all power, position and influence. That the benefit bestowed upon society by them, was not commensurate with the wealth they received, and squandered, the present backward position of the country evinces, and the firm hold of Papal Liberalism confirms. It was under their mild and somnolent occupation, that the sapling flourished, bloomed, and produced the fruit of which this country is even now partaking.

An English writer has said that Dissenters are the protectors of the liberties of a people. It may be that the spirit of truth remains with simplicity. It is certain that truth is often over-

looked, while quietly gaining ground. It would be almost amusing, were it not blended with painful experiences at the present time, and sad presages for the future, to trace the innocent acquiescence of those old worthies, the Tories, of conscience matters for peace and office sake. There was a time when the native Indian taken under their shield, depended on their favor, and looked to them for cultivation. These first occupied their soil as promulgators of Protestantism, but in time the reserved seats at the Parish Churches were vacated, the schools deserted, and indifference unaccountable, succeeded previous warmth. Speaking of this to one of the descendants of those fortunate beings who had inherited position, he exclaimed with mingled terror and respect, and veneration, "Oh, we must let them alone; we must not think of getting up schools for them; we must do nothing with them." They belong to the Catholics. But the dissenting part of society arising to a sense of injustice, have long ere this began to enquire in a firmer tone, and with a decisive determination to partake in and sustain the claim to equal privileges, whose are the Catholics, and in what is their much lauded power vested?

A great accession of Irish immigrants, gradually, and at length, flooded the territory. Loud complaints of suffering in the cause of unjust mother England, carried conviction to our hearts, and awakened the sympathies of every Nova Scotian. There was room enough and place for all who chose to take it, and of course it was taken, but the effect was yet to be seen, and a change of policy soon became perceptible.

A great and bitter cry against ecclesiastical monopoly arose. It was taken up, and reverberated on all sides. It was lifted aloft; it knew not where to fall; it hesitated, but at length it touched the right quarter, and, at the same time, the wrong one. Too much was attempted; it was hindered, and nothing was accomplished.

There were two ways of destroying ecclesiastical monopoly. An unity of Dissenters or a powerful majority, headed by an able agent and spokesman. By one step Papal power could come forward openly and level its shrinking opponent. No wonder, then, that Protestant union was scouted, aspersed and reviled, and that every supporter of such a scheme was marked for opprobrium. Dissenters, to whom this Episcopacy presented an aspect of intolerance, willingly acceded to the scheme for its submission, without reflecting on the consequences, or by whom

it was brought about, and all who expressed an attachment to the Church of England, were regarded as opponents of progress. My own father was one among the many who at that time became obnoxious to anxious claimants for change of system, and sank into an untimely grave, broken in heart, in health, and hope.

His open and boasted attachment to this Church, in connection with his position as Collector of Customs and Excise, in a little sea-port village, gave him great influence. It also gave him watchful enemies, with a double purpose of casting a slur upon the denomination of his attachment, while assuming that office, while his Englishman's abhorrence of dissent left him without advocates, when this disguised Romanism stepped forward, and by its agents, who happened to be his most cherished friends, then rising into power, as this work amply testifies, brought to his charge sundry malversations, whereby he was rendered liable for some hundreds of pounds. Strange and unfounded charges thus laid against him, he was compelled to succumb to, by reason of papers of value being secretly abstracted from his office desk, which would have substantiated his innocence, had they been forthcoming. With apparent devotedness, he was advised to make up the sum, hand it in to the Treasury, and say nothing about it. This first, was to him the simplest part of the business. The money was as dross, in comparison with his integrity of purpose, his life-long resolution never to owe unto any man. But why silence the affair? Why arrange every thing by two or three interested individuals with evidently deep designs? It was in vain that he protested that he was the victim of a plot. That he was surrounded by false friends. He was constrained to submission by different harrassing measures, and when years had passed away, again the same charges were preferred, the same procedure carried into effect, and he was a ruined man. The appointed delegates, after due assumption of form; assembled, but after a strict examination of the various statements of monetary transactions and accounts, could fasten no reliable evidence of criminating inadvertence. Too late, for the peace of their victim was it acknowledged, that general testimony conceded, in vindication, the remissness of individuals in other Ports of the Province, reflecting upon each department a fractional disarrangement. The charge of five hundred pounds defalcation, dwindled down to two; and one hundred, to seventy, and lastly, to fifty; with which sum, as being unsubstantiated as a

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debt, he was kindly advised by one friend to present to the other, who had so disinterestedly taken the trouble of investigating the volume of shipping reports and official documents. Too ill and unnerved, to resist any proposition, however preposterous, he acceded; too happy to be spared by his tormentors, and escape further infliction of their pertinacious efforts to expose him to public censure. And fifty pounds was the reward of turning over volumes of statements, which the habitual accuracy of a correct arithmetician had left without an error.

Disgusted with his official position, and with his place of residence, he was not even permitted to resign and leave it. He was detained in the very spot of his trials, and his bitter humiliation, by this most remarkable and singular, at the same time, very suspicious assertion, "if you resign your office, and leave the place in which you reside, you will render yourself accountable for the entire original sum of money, the default of which has been laid to your charge."

This was from the most active agent in this strange transaction, giving the intention of his employers, but the two years which comprised the commencement and completion of it, had, by intense mental agony, of which only his own family were the partakers and witnesses, done their work. Again, removal from the scene of so much suffering, was implored. Restoration to health, even life, depended upon it, and while awaiting the tardy avowal which bound him for one year more, to public position, but only nominally so, or limited his choice of residence any where in the Province of Nova Scotia, exclusive of its metropolis. Paralysis supervened, and greedy aspirants eagerly watched for the last breath, which would, in its failing, bestow an occupancy.

Become utterly incapable, by the recurrence of the above-mentioned demoniacal manœuvres of official business, or of defending his name from malignant aspersion, it might have been supposed that his stern foes would relax, and withdraw their decision as to his choice of residence, but not until it became generally known that his injured circumstances prohibited this step, was the concession made.

The motives for such a course of proceeding, were never explicitly comprehended or explained. However, the tendency of it certainly finished the work, which the most admirable combination of duplicity and designing manœuvre had commenced, and a helpless family were deprived at the same time of a father,

and a large portion of their inheritance, thus unjustly and dishonorably disputed.

The singular coincidence of circumstances upon each occasion, was equally remarkable. The precise paper missing at the very period of requirement; the wearisome day of agony spent in searching it out; the piles of documents examined for that purpose, the opened drawers and desks; the slowly admitted confirmation of duplicity; the suspicious person who had idly loitered about the office the entire day previous to the discovered deficiency, with no apparent purpose but that of passing an unoccupied space of time in trivial conversation; the grasping at any evidence which might convict this person, and recover the missing document! and the knowledge that it could not have been useful to this man in any way, but as an instrument of impeachment, when inquiry was instituted by persons in authority. All the after years of broken health, and domestic derangement accruing, left too indelible an impression of tergiversation and chicanery, in controlling juries, that constant suspicion of the same system working in different ways, and by other means, could not ever be doubted, and outweighed the value of a thousand Colonial civil offices.

Was there not a more merciful method of dismissing a public servant than this? Was reputation to be assailed in its entire sensitiveness, and the victim to be thus compelled to a hated position and residence, until life was unendurable, to prevent all these facts becoming common topics, and casting a reflection of mal-administration? Or is this a system which is fast being established, that a necessary change cannot take place officially, without the aid of the blackest malignity, sweeping in its onward course, alike the friend or the rival, the relative and the stranger into untimely graves? Or by officious time-servers is denominational predominance thrown into the scale of advancement, and made the foundation of destruction!

Let Nova Scotia beware, and learn discernment by past experience. If the destruction of Christianity be not already wrought by overlooking such transactions, which have so multiplied, she is thus surely undermining all the bonds of society.

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CHAPTER IV.

Down treachery, craft, and deceit, swell the breeze,
 That spots with the white sail Atlantio's fair seas;
 Sound the gong; kindle watch-fires, on liberty's coast,
 Or else of dread shipwrecks there'll be a black host.
 We're all for the best of the newsmen I hope;
Waes Hael to St. Nicholas; out with the Pope.

A word more about the ancient Church Tory partisanship; and while grieving that the efforts of the nobler division, to stem the poisonous torrent of Papal Liberalism, were so little valued; we would consign the other branch to the oblivion they richly deserve, but this "genus" bears an affinity to the eels which Shakespere's "Cook" put alive into the pastry; and no sooner got safely down on one side, than he was compelled to rap their heads on the other. Useless old souls, it is to be hoped that you may give a better account of yourselves elsewhere. Better for the Colonies had it been, that all the old English animosities had remained upon the soil, to which they are adapted—where the unsullied Saxon spirit will perpetually arrest their force. Here, they must make a footing among woods and forests, leaving them in as they were found. Among our neighbours there is an individual principle pervading all ranks—an individual asked of an attendant, "Does the Honourable Abbot Lawrence, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, live yonder?" "Abbot Lawrence does," said the man. The Secretary, &c. was rejoined with the old British pertinacity which so loves long sounds. "He was *that once*," was answered; "but he ain't nothin now. *He's no more Secretary of State than you or I—he's a merchant.*" There is there, none of that tenacity of power which with us gave so much virulence to the new political bias. "Insolent fellow," an Englishman would have answered, "he doesn't know who he's talking about." We had so much trouble to get the Tories out of their places,

said the lady previously quoted, with the air of an old General, that we didn't care what we did; and many things wouldn't have been tolerated in any other country. Every thing here is soon hushed up and forgotten; but there's many a man been forced into his grave by false accusation—its been done over and over again, through Horton and Antigonish, but nobody had sense or energy to sift the matter to the root; indeed we *frightened them so, they didn't dare to*. I've known one or two who had to blow their brains out, we worried 'em so. But then it was all for the best; for those we condemned were soft fellows, who were always saying their prayers, and pretending to be better than their neighbours. The way society is constituted here, you have only to set their own friends against them and you soon have them down—its a way that's never known to fail.

Observe here the ready advantage taken of *timidity*, in the struggle for Papal predominance; which, working under the guise of Responsible Rule, tenderly pensioned off those who had enjoyed exorbitant salaries while they were helping hands—and altogether cleared the way of others, to make room for an hierarchy—for the very form and state of things which even now, in its full strength, the Continent of Europe trembles to behold developed in iron headed Russia. How little is a monarchy adapted to a great country, when the ocean rolls between the controul of the two—how small the benefit which "Church Dignity" confers upon the wilderness, when it still loves "The State" upon which it once leaned! How little does the genuine Tory deserve a pension!

There is upon the sea-board to the eastward of H. a settlement called Chezetcook, inhabited by descendants of French Neutrals. They live by fishing, and the sale of wild berries. They attract attention by the peculiar reserve which marks a distinct race. Amid all the change of fashion the women adhere to the cotton jacket, and coarse cloth attire of past times. All the social gossiping nature of the German is wanting, and though you catch a kind glance from merry black eyes, and a good-humoured smile, they seem averse to further acquaintance. They turn their jetty hair from off their brown forehead, and suspend the little bone crucifix around the neck, and walk through crowds of gaily attired country girls with stoical indif-

ference. About the time of the "Literary mania" I remarked to one of the individuals whom "our mother" bestowed upon us to "*teach us how to take care of ourselves,*" and who was actively engaged in fulfilling his mission, that in any other country these people would be the endless subject of literary speculation, and give rise to many an interesting romance. "*It would not be safe, (said he), to meddle with them here.*" Some time afterwards he endeavoured to convince me that he spoke but in jest; I was soon obliged to desist, however, from the prosecution of such intention, by this very person, who had evidently *urged it, for the purpose of seeing whether I had sufficient hardihood to make the attempt.* This circumstance will, to a *Colonial mind,* appear *very trivial*—to *another* it must display the searching watchfulness which has been instituted. This person was one of those jovial sons of John Bull to whom the immense Colonies present no other aspect than that of a glorious playground, and whose chief aim is amusement in any form, even at the expense of their host; who are bent on inculcating idle dissipation by way of carrying out a resemblance to the second hand nobility "at home;" whose "titles" they continually press into their service to substantiate an intimacy. Engaged in doing the small work of the new era, he eventually carried out measures with so high a hand, that even the passive Nova Scotians could no longer submit, and he was compelled to leave the country. Being then *so frequently condemned* for possessing sentiments not congenial with the order of the day, time passed without other mental effusion than a "*Monody on the death of a large Rooster.*" This not actually rapping the "Pope's" head, possibly escaped his censure; but upon every subsequent attempt to touch upon subjects of a dominant nature, effect soon succeeded the cause, even under the *supposed protection of those who have obtained position by a pretended support of Protestantism.* Deception, nothing but deception, is becoming the standard of the Colonial world, who are altogether unaware of the fact; or quite apathetic, with the evidence daily before them. Had the worthy official referred to, but given one thought to this apathy, or the impossibility of one colonist in a hundred taking the trouble to read anything about their own affairs, such espionage would have been too humiliating. It, as may be sur-

mised, he held position, with the understanding that a Protestant tendency was to be crushed wherever it was revealed, the enigma is explained. When at length investigation displayed the fearful extent to which the "old enemy" has proceeded in his bold career, one impression became prominent, and absorbed all others. When a great danger threatens society, is he guiltless who shrinks from exposing it?

It must be crushed or all freedom is subnded. But how can Protestants avoid sharing in a deception, which a far seeing intellect has entrapped a country into? If, previous to an election, there is in certain districts a "Priest" in every kitchen, busily exhorting the ignorant servant girl to use her influence with her relatives, and only that man is chosen who will most unscrupulously please his master! it becomes their duty to look at the cause, and seek a remedy, they must learn to value intellect—daringly esteem worth. A rigid Catholic always withdraws his custom from a Protestant, consequently to express opinion is to loose custom; the "liberality" extended he never returns. We wonder oft times at the numerous half grown boys, and girls who incessantly tapping at our doors, all clad in rags, "asking alms," and then glide away. A year or two goes by, and every shallop and schooner departing to the United States, bears away its freight of youth, who should be the prond sustainers of Protestantism in the Colonies, to impede its progress there. All this has been well known and silently concurred in. The Colonies do not possess that fertile "back wilderness" to which the persecuted may flee, nor the quick sympathy which shelters him in a city; and how often is the remark heard—"the system of things is so 'peculiar in the Colonies,' that we are afraid to return." Let a man offend by free speaking and he is quickly punished. Is this the fruit of a pure liberality? It is the very scourge which has at times swept an older land. Let a person experience the subtlety which watches every expression, which warps every word he utters, into defiance of those who would rule; which dives into past years, and brings up long forgotten remarks, making them the motive of present condemnation, and he will not hesitate to declare "the Papacy" with which such a system originated, to be a moral curse; a pestilence, a red of iron. In the Union, where a defined division exists, though a

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State Church has never pretended to inculcate it; and Combination meetings are held, this would be immediately resisted. The Colonist yields, or runs away. He may have dared to speak openly, and slightly of the grasping clique who gulesny resistance. This were impossible without allusion to the ruling religious faction. He is at once condemned, for that inconsiderate organ—the popular voice is raised against him, and destruction finishes the work. The influential man who has gained his election by subservency to Papal will, frowns upon him; his friends but timidly support him, and the cowards who *weakly* opposed the great man's elevation, now shrink from his side. Is he a tradesman? his doom is sealed! a quiet tide is stirred, one after another his customers slip away, until the destitute wretch who has *borne* up, strong in his integrity, would eagerly sacrifice it that his children might have bread. The Farmer, finding his market shifting gradually, follows it. "Its no use staying in a place, (he says,) were one can't say what one likes," for he also catches the infection—and it extends to others.

In a country wealthy enough to support journalism, this system would long since *have been attacked*. *Bu: where every newspaper* is the organ of a government man; and that government is delusive! where is the remedy. Thus, from the time when the French Officers drew after dinner plans of a railroad, which disunion alone prevented being built thirty years ago, and slyly pronounced it "von ver goot ting si c'etait finit" all through the thirteen years drain of people from the Colonies; and the Responsible mania—to the day when one printer shirked three written agreements, and a friend advised submission, as the only protection from enmity,—and another said, "my opinions are the same you would express; but were I to print what you require, I would be a ruined man! I cannot in any risks for I have a wife and children! and to the moment when I discovered that religious toleration is, in the Colonies synonymous with Annexation—and that the subject of Protestantism, when connected with the restriction upon their mineral wealth, required supplanting by the printing of Fishery Bills, and Assembly debates—deep deception has appeared. Painful as was the ordeal, it cannot be regretted! if a new page in Colonial History be at once opened. The lowest Irishman understands the

end of the manœuvring, it is to erect an Hierarchy which will sweep the entire continent; it is to elevate his tribe. Even now the effect is visible in some parts of the United States. In Boston very prominent, and nothing but a *Protective Association without distinction of country*, will lessen its power. Said one of "the quality,"—a little old judge, with a dry laugh, "If you go to Boston to publish, some of the revenue may follow you."—The efflux of a Protestant people from the shores of their country bears the impress then of a desperate, and merciless design, not altogether upon the part of those who hold the administration, but on those who have pressed it; and the great purpose which thrusts the emigrant upon such is at once visible. His way is paved by his Priest. The christian and upright man, supplanted by the creature of will.

Is it not painful to find the same inert submission spreading and becoming a principle in secular things, which the poor ignorant Roman Catholic gives to his Priest, in higher and more sacred ones? It argues but badly for our new system of house-keeping, so to speak, in which we were to receive so "liberal" an education, and rather reminds one, to use a homely simile, of a careless inroad upon a very dirty domicile by a negligent servant girl, who slyly brushes the accumulated piles behind the sofas and chairs, and smilingly tells her mistress that she has made "a good finish," who, poor soul, is obliged to put up with the deception, with the best amount of patience she can muster, and be deprived of the extended annual general purifying association, for the suppression and extirmination of dirt in out of the way corners, *because she can get no other help*.

The Colonial mind then overruled by the administration after struggling with a surviving attachment for a venerated aristocracy, after witnessing its slow decline, and reviving fall, was gradually drawn away into the mazes of Liberalism, which wisely diverts attention. Therefore, finding little cause for gratulation in our own laud, we naturally set small store by it; but hung upon news from England as though life depended on it, and were more deeply concerned as to what the Emperor of China had for dinner, than for the improvement of our country; and men of principle—men who might have been an honour to it—rather than struggle for that which they knew to

be right, not only gave in to the new turn of affairs, but departed with their growing families to the shores of the United States; there to take a subordinate place in society, and see their children become menials.

Sir Isaac Newton, and Christopher Columbus, need not be instanced, for the purpose of proving the truth of great axioms by trifles; a word, a look, a sign, is enough at times to reveal the treasure and schemes of ages; the guiding thought is alone needed—the conviction will quickly cluster. The Orangeman thus discovers his brother, amid a multitude; he also discerns his greatest enemy, by the noncompliance. Again—we have been wearied time out of mind, with statistics of the worth of the Mines of the Colonies, and contradictory enough it is to read of such; when, as the frosts of winter advance, the price of fuel, said to be inexhaustible, increases, and the wretched suppliant for a “little bug full” weeps in misery before our windows, or steals away abashed, and shivering, to hang over a handful of cinders, in the biting atmosphere of January;—or, when the snow-drifts of February, pile up the streets, exhausted by contention with poverty, he lies down and takes his last sleep in it; while the being who is surrounded by comforts, shudders as he screens himself from the contact. The colonist then passively submits to a position, of which the most wealthy can only say they are but a few removes from poverty;—or they bear out feeble contrast to the wealthy of other lands. They are in a position in which a competence can be thoroughly enjoyed; but how many are there who possess it? and how large in proportion are the utterly and entirely destitute! And again, those weary statistics are told to our wondering ears, like the fables of fairy-land, bestowing a keener relish by the difficulty of attainment. If we have so much treasure, why have we so much poverty? It is not the intention of a pure monarchy to keep its people in misery; this circumstance alone implies an overstraining of the balance; but not of necessity, because a Monarch, rather than a President, is the centre of the circle. Verily, “Our Mother,” though a very benevolent old lady at building churches, don’t seem to be a very long headed one, if she thinks Churches, and People, are to live upon air. Tory colonists, and papist Liberals, are poor foes of the wilderness: their enmity is chiefly confined to their own

species, like that of bottled spiders. As the Colonist has such a fine head for calculating, suppose he learn how many ingredients compose the honour and credit of a nation; or whether, if the tide of emigration were changed, the smoked and steamed manufacturer of England, might not with slight aid, cause the Spruce barrens of the Colonies to resound with other music than the chirp of the grasshopper;—or whether there be not room enough in them for an host of miners, who may lessen Irish influence.

Preston is a district six miles beyond Dartmouth, and upon its arid and harsh soil you may perceive the black log hut of the Maroon, descendants of the rebels of Jamaica; of whom it can be only said, that, did they possess a more fertile tract of land, they might have been a more prosperous people. Goodness not invariably connecting itself with poverty, as romancers aver, nor with the unlimited trade in clams, and birch brooms, which nobody wants to buy. The stroller of a spring day may here rejoice in the pleasant bridle road, favourite with Prince Edward, the father of the Queen; and he will not for a moment doubt that royalty is remarkably clever at finding out good and agreeable things. Here, beneath the long sprays of wild cherry blossoms, haccatac buds, and moosewood leaves, the air redolent with the aroma of white birch, fancy may depict a gay group of horsemen, cantering merrily over the sod, without a thought of the "good of the country" he came so far to look after daring to invade the royal faculties of one at least of them. Well, they are all gone now, and so also the merrie hermitage, which idle extravagance erected in 1797, upon the banks of Chebucto; and utilitarianism cannot but suggest how much more serviceable a school house would have been, than the paltry edifice once known as the Prince's Lodge. The tamed wild man yet lingers at Preston, and upon a sunny summer eve, you may hear the merry laugh, and gay repartee of the social assemblage, in which he rejoices equally with his brethren; and well he may, for his wedding feast is his grand gala—his time of revelry. For several previous evenings, busy moccasined feet have been pattering through the forest to join the party, and there has been a continuation of dull monotonous dancing, which is kept to time by one performer striking two pieces of

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wood together. As the appointed time draws near, a musket is discharged. Eager groups arrive post haste, bounding like deer over the moss. Brown faces, locomotive blankets, smoky pipes, and squaws' pointed caps, dart upon you from the alder bushes, just where you don't expect them; and you run twenty chances of breaking your neck over stray papposes, who have got up a *fete* on their own account, and scamper about in the moonlight at discretion. Demonstrations increase in violence. Half-clad messengers fly about, hair on end, with flaming torches in their hands; swarthy figures hand in hand dance madly round the brushwood fire, which throws out great showers of glittering sparks into the white light; the dancers barking like dogs the while—until the moon sets, the night grows darker, and the rose tinge of another day appears. The effect is picturesque in the extreme, though it fail to impress an expectation of domestic bliss for the newly united; which is not increased by daylight glimpses of the wedding procession wending to the chapel, when one perceives that the cheapest of shopping excursions have arrayed the bride and her portly attendants in red and yellow curtain chintz; and that the *happy man* in his unfitting English dress, looks like a demented broomstick got out walking, and forgot to come back. Fortunate will you be, poor brown and simple creatures, if the affection which has drawn you together continue to shed its influence, when the melting snows of March pour a deluge through your camp, and most puts the fire out; you are far, very far superior to your white brethren, if affection outlives such distressing ordeal, and the flame is not extinguished forever, upon the domestic sod, or altar, figuratively speaking.

It is at Preston that the Indian girl, beside the gurgling streamlet, fills her early teakettle, tossing aside, as she leans to reach the clear waters, the clinging bunches of luxuriant fern leaves, and the graceful blossom of Solomon's Seal, crushing the blue violet, and starting the swallow from its brink. It was at Preston that, some six years ago during a period of intense drought, that a little Church embosomed in trees, was consumed by fire. Some sparks falling from the cigar of a careless sportsman catching in light brushwood, and heedlessly trampled on, without being extinguished, fanned by the breeze, soon spread

over the country, in a fierce and rapid blaze; leaving wheat, for the farmer to lament the destruction of, mother birds to chirrup vainly for their offspring, and those who knew the value of money in Nova Scotia, to regret that the erection of another Church must absorb funds more deeply and desperately needed, in sections of the Province less favoured by religious advantages than poverty-stricken, and sterile Preston. From a particuiar settlement in this district, multitudinous venders of gigantic Dandelions make an annual descent upon city folks; with the desperate intention of extracting spare pence from their purse, if not with the benevolent purpose of purifying their system. A heavy ring at an unwonted hour in the morning, at the hall door, causes a precipitate rush to discover the reason of the intrusion. It is not the milkman; it is too early for that functionary. It must be the postman; or a neighbour is in distress. Distress, indeed; but not such as is anticipated. There stands the dark Maroon girl, moistened with the dews of a cold spring morning,—and two, three, or four, little ragged brothers, beside her. Ah! many a time, and often, she might weep bitter tears, cold as the rain-drops upon her basket of dandelions, that such an occupation is hers—has not desperate hunger urged her from the hut which she calls her home? and how these beings are sustained, or how life is supported, He only knoweth who careth for the sparrow. And it is to be questioned, whether the Maroon of Nova Scotia be not in an infinitely worse predicament than his darker brethren of the teeming South.

In 1805, when the Responsible mania had reached its height, the "Exodus" which has been alluded to, became more than remarkable; it was grievous, and even appalling. For days, and weeks, and months, did the people from the country districts pour on, in one continued and unbroken stream, like birds of passage, pausing momentarily in their flight, as they reached the city, and prepared to leave their country for ever. For ever, did I say? No, the colonist; however much he may be in the position of the Irish in Ireland, forsakes not for ever the land of his being; he still clings to old recollections of his summer boyish days; to the early ramble in the forest; the pleasant blackberry gathering, when his only companions, perchance, were the robins upon the hedge roses! the speaking stillness,

and his happy merry-hearted dog. Oh! those blackberry frolics; do they not do one's very soul good—at the expense of one's hands and clothes?

“Provincials people will not become naturalized, (says the American), because they always hope to return again.”—“I have a naut en Nu Yarrk, (said a little Irish Help in Boston), an tu brothers, an a sистер, an another wun kummen over, en me, en father, en herself's all a goen there tu; bekaws we can du bether *there* thin en *this ere hole*; but the old mother *she wouldn't kum*, do'yer think *she'd* live en sich a counthry es this here? *No ended*; she'd sooner shmoke her pipe, *an set on the turrf ter home*. She *despises it tu much intirely*.”—Highly gratifying that, to the kind people of that interesting city! This pleasant odour of his simple early days, which like Attar of the Rose, is ineffaceable, is the talisman of the Colonist. But is he acting a manly part to leave the ignorant and helpless “upon the *turrf ter home*?” not certainly counting their beads there; but not doing much better—for when the defenders of truth are gone, the opposition must increase.

From the farms of Truro, and the east—from Annapolis, from Digby, and from Cumberland, did the youth and strength of the country cluster, only to pass onward,—Mechanics, the very stamina of a new settlement, with the Farmer, who is the founder of it—and together departed; many to sleep their last in a foreign land—after disappointments, and cankering vexations of which they could form no previous estimate, had sapped the confident expectation in which they exulted, and they were friendless. Being among the number of those who were interested in house-renting at this period, the bad policy which gave occasion for such an unnatural position of things, was frequently and most unpleasantly brought beneath my notice. Property of course depreciated in value, and one class of people suffered in the same ratio with another. Calling at intervals for the requisition of a small sum due from the inmates of a house in the city, which a few years previously would have brought *triple* that which it has since produced, I became gradually, but deeply interested in them, and their personal affairs. The family consisted of a father, mother, and two daughters; they had been considered respectable members of

society, and the father had gained an honest livelihood by the pursuit of his trade, which was that of a carpenter. But this had been in more prosperous days.—Times were changing, trade was dull, and the man had by degrees relaxed in his efforts to procure work, and sunk into a state of idle indifference, and stolidity, from which the advice of his superiors, or the wretchedness of his family, failed to arouse him. The daughters had been constant attendants upon the services of the Church and Sabbath School, and participants in the sacred communion, in connection with the Episcopal form of worship; but they had gradually lost their health, and evidently lacked energy to make an effort at rallying,—so inert, through suffering or some other imperceptible cause, had they become. In conversing with the mother of the girls upon their unhappy condition, she became either timid and hesitating in her remarks, or testy and occasionally morose; but always evinced the deepest affection and solicitude in their behalf. The frigid indifference of her husband, however, to the welfare of his family, though evidently deeply felt, was never inveighed against; and the poor woman struggled on submissive, patient and enduring. As the winter approached, she had indeed need for a full amount of these qualities; for she was left to sustain the entire burthen of her suffering daughters, as best she might,—while her husband strolled about in dejection, through the streets of the city; or loitered—so people said—upon the wharves. At times, when an occasional assistance had been proffered her by some pitying friend, or she had been cheered by the voice of commiseration, she loved to dwell upon the happiness of her earlier life,—when she had attended the services of the Church, accompanied by her daughters. “I had three then, (said she), but they have all fallen, one after the other, into the same peculiar illness; and my eldest girl was unable to rise from her bed, for a period of twenty years,—when at last, death released her from the protracted misery which was her lot: it was but the removal of a living skeleton, so wan and emaciated had she become; and yet she never was sick! And now my other girls are afflicted in the same way; day after day, for the last twenty years, has one of them lain upon her bed, almost as helpless as a corpse—scarcely alive to anything that passes around her; and the other, for

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seventeen years, has been nearly in the same condition. We do not know what ails them; we have had doctors to visit them, and they have prescribed over and over again, but nothing seems to cure them; and I am afraid they will never recover."—The woman had frequently and warmly mentioned her attachment to the Episcopal Church;—her husband, however, professed to be a Catholic, or, as people remarked, "a dreadful drunkard, with no religion at all; when he does go to worship any where, it is at the Chapel."

As the winter became more trying, she was at times depressed to a painful degree. There was much suffering among the poor generally, and the circumstance of the rush of people from the shore did not pass unnoticed. Like all in her station, who rely so largely upon government measures for sustenance, and daily living, she could attribute it to a ruinous policy, which elevates the foreign commodity at the expense of the toiling resident artizan; but she appeared to have convictions that another, and greater evil, was meditated—for she would frequently say sadly, "there is a cloud, a heavy cloud, hanging over this country."—The condition of these people could not but excite interest as well as uneasiness. The daughters had been given up as incurable, and they were almost daily visited by a clergyman of the Episcopal Church,—who at a stated hour prayed and read the scriptures with them; and though their case was considered hopeless, they still lingered on, one year after another, in almost deathlike inanition. Being desirous of assisting them to a position at once permanent and independent, by enabling the mother to undertake some business which would not call her attention much from them, the commencement of a small shop was suggested; and she, entering upon the plan with avidity, a few articles were soon gathered, by the disposal of some unused pieces of furniture, which remained from the wreck of her prosperous times, and the windows were filled with nuts and fruit, while drinking glasses and mugs occupied the recently vacated shelves of the little front room. But these sort of mercantile enterprises being of every day occurrence, time must necessarily elapse before a new one is much resorted to, unless it hold forth some unusual attraction, or can supply articles at a third less than the nominal value; and tobacco pipes leaned their white

heads against the window pane, with a listless despair of ever being smoked, expressed in the position, while rosy checked apples lost their colour, just as young ladies do who go to a ball with high expectations, which are never answered. Things assuming this unpromising aspect, set invention upon the rack for some means of bettering it; and the favourite idea of a Bazaar, which had been for some time entertained, for the purpose of raising a fund for the re-erection of the little Church at Preston, seemed the favourite, as well as the most feasible method. This being connected with the shop, both schemes might be mutually advanced. The destruction of this little Church at Preston had been generally regretted, inasmuch as it had been erected by the first settlers around Chebucto Bay, and bore the palm of seniority from a more antique one, called the Dutch Church, which in 1749 the worthy settlers built of unhewn logs, in a section of the city of Halifax known as Dutchtown.

The effect in its favour however, was unanswered, so far as the Bazaar was concerned; therefore, unwilling to let it fall through, I commenced preparing materials for its accomplishment; and when matters appeared to warrant the decision, communicated my intention to the woman, stating that some of the articles being placed in her shop windows, would undoubtedly attract customers, who might be induced to purchase other things, adding, "I am sure you will be delighted to assist a good object, and as you are an attached member of the Church of England, you will be glad to know that, the proceeds are to be devoted to the erection of a building in a poor, and thinly peopled district." She at once understood the allusion, but I was quite unprepared for the nervous start and slight shudder which pervaded her, as I spoke thus; however, her general quiet indifference returning, I attributed the change to the effect of the winter weather upon her much tried system, and though her assurances of assistance were but coldly repeated, left the house certain of co-operation. Proceeding to the city upon the following afternoon for the purchase of materials for the Bazaar work, I had gone some distance among the shops for the purpose of obtaining a proper selection, when twilight began to gather in, (for the dark days of December had come); and Water Street presenting the nearest approach towards home, hurried through it. I had not advan-

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ced many yards when I was again assailed by the course low insolence of remark before experienced, upon either side in advance and in the distance, as if dropped from a telegraphic wire, and the accent of the Irishman is never to be mistaken. The circumstance seemed more than usually remarkable, as a friend had informed me that the brother of the woman's husband was also one, a person of much influence, and a rigid Catholic; and that by his desire the two sick daughters were visited each evening by Papal Priests, who duly attended in the footsteps of the other Reverend gentlemen, I was the more struck by the coincidence. However, unpleasant though the infliction was, with the Bazaar full in view, I discarded further reflection for the time, although the approach of these people was accompanied by the most gross and insolent language, and determined to divert thoughts which at times became intensely painful; I set to work earnestly upon the fancy articles. To combine something novel and attractive, was the great aim; something that would add considerably to a fund for the erection of the Church, and draw customers to the poor woman's little saleable affairs; and being led to connect circumstances then occurring in the Province, with the miseries and peculiarities of Ireland, with the threatening aspect which France at that time assumed towards England, and the powerful dealing of the Punch papers, with those subjects, I took them up, with the purpose of discerning the applicability of their style of treating important matters to colonial things.

It was at the conclusion of 1850 that the supremacy of England's Queen over the Church was invaded; and Papal power presuming upon the covert, and long existing alliance, boldly asserted its pre-eminence; the disunion of Protestants paving the way, and sanctioning the violence of that decisively executed scheme. It was at the opening of the next year that Mr Hume, in addressing the House of Lords, said, "why should there be any alarm for the Protestant Religion of this country? They paid 30 Bishops to protect it: they paid 18,000 clergymen to watch over it." He did not add, that it was the policy of the leading Ministry to ally with the strongest, and wealthiest, to approve of all measures which a government adopted, whether Papally influenced or not, so that they gained a present advan-

tage, and their families could move in the higher circles of society. However local these affairs may be, they are interesting to all when the spring is touched which now regulates every public movement. One power, or the other, is to rule.—Selecting then the head of Palmerston, upon whom those papers were then very severe; and combining the Frontispiece with it, they were soon cut in white cardboard, brilliantly coloured, put on a stand, and having crimson cloth penwipers with diamond shaped spots upon them in black and white silk depending from their necks—there appeared a reasonable prospect that their showy appearance would prove attractive to schoolboys whose holiday money is a sad burden. For Christmas time was approaching. There was certainly no personality indicated; though there was allusion to public tendency in the *inscription* upon these heads which ran thus “Can we do *any thing* with these Nova Scotians, Brother?” The reply in reverse being the variously applicable adjective.—“*Anything, Anything, Brother.*”—The distressing state of the mechanical *population*, and the daily drain which threw numbers of individuals upon a shore where they are not wanted, as the Knownothing faction has since proved, seemed a thing to be noticed, and for the sake of novelty it was eagerly seized upon, a little paper cottage surrounded by Spruce trees, in green tissue, upon the point of desertion by the household gods, making an exit from the chimney pot, in the form of Fairies, with the attached cognomen of Faith, Hope, Piety, and Charity, gave an excellent illustration, and a pointed satire, to an evidently designed evil. A *group of Codfish on the margin denoting the staple of the country*. This copy of the house which the Pope has built, presented a far more attractive appearance than does the original, and the lines of the old Scotch Song served to localize the idea!

“There’s na’e luck in our house, sae the folks be flown awa.”

Upon either wing of the frail images, flying from the chimney pot, in pictorial resemblance of the Lares, and Penates, there was another motto, which must have served materially to rouse the ire of the unknown intruders, who, afterwards injured these toys; if effect may be judged by the occasion, it ran thus:—

Faith! The *plump round rolling codfish be my care.*
 Hope! And mine the grain the golden wheat fields bear;
 Piety! For me the treasures of the sealed mine,
 Charity! For me the gifts the altar doth enshrine.

These articles added to the others being placed in a basket, were immediately despatched to the city, with directions as to the proper disposal in the windows ; and I confidently awaited the result. It was upon a sharp and clear day, that I bent my steps towards the woman's residence. There was a brisk cheeryness in the atmosphere, which gave a bounding elasticity to every pulse and nerve, while the intensity which made a multitude of "wraps necessary," relieved the cumbersomeness of them.— The window panes were enamelled with a thousand specimens of unknown plants and shrubs, fresh from frost land ; and in consequence of a heavy fall of snow, sleigh bells jingled in every direction. It was Christmas eve, and the gas lit shops had put on their most winning smiles ; every where cheerful and merry voices were exchanging congratulations, indulgent parents were bestowing selected gifts. The world however is not altogether made of smiles ; and though I anticipated a different scene than I was to witness at that pleasant period, it was with not a very strong presentiment of evil that I entered the house. The woman was in the little shop, cold and shivering, though there was a fire in the chamber of her daughters, and she went occasionally to warm herself at it. She wore an air of painful doubt and perplexity, which was not a little puzzling. The "shop" had been an evident failure ; for the apples were frozen and wilted, and the pipes covered with dust ; but not a vestige of the fancy speculation was to be seen, and with much embarrassment, and great distress, she apologized for the neglect.— "They had all been put into a closet which was in the room, (she said), and unfortunately she had lost the key of it : but she would look every where for it, and then if she found it, would place the toys where I desired." But, they were not all in the closet, and she directed my attention to a cord drawn above the windows, close to the ceiling, on which were suspended all the pineushion covers, the socks, and caps, designed for Christmas gifts, apparently *shrinking* from the glances of a chance customer. Very much astonished at such impolitic proceedings, I argued, and expostulated, that the present, that very evening, was the one of all others when such things were in demand ; and as she could not afford a gas light, I urged upon her so earnestly the importance of making up for lost time, that she seemed to

repent of her carelessness, and after listening to many promises respecting future plans, and an intention of immediately purchasing a candle, searching for the lost key, and making a suitable display in the windows, and for the moment, I put faith in her sincerity, and left her.—It was to encounter again the watchful impertinence which seemed bent as to a set purpose, again to see the commission urged by the encouraging glances of a Catholic Priest, who was always near on these occasions. No wonder the terror thus inspired, compelled silence until the infliction was beyond endurance, and rendered life a burden. An eager desire however to see how it would all end, what would result from it, and what was the reason of it, had now become an impulsive source of action, not to be slackened by any risk; accordingly the next evening I anxiously awaited the appearance of the expected light in the windows, assured that more important events were connected with it, than the mere sale of a few articles of clothing, or of taste. Not a ray was visible, and the silence of death reigned throughout the dwelling. By the chamber door in which lay the suffering daughters bent the form of the heart crushed mother, nervously, feverishly, awaiting the reappearance of her husband's brother and a Priest, who were therein, and who never suffered her to be present, when the peculiar arguments, or it may be threatened punishments (as afterwards appeared), deemed needful for their conversion, or submission, were resorted to by this worthy pair, who were united advisers, and co-operators.

Next day at an early hour I was again with the woman; the key was still lost, and every thing in the same place. On demanding the reason of her constant disregard of my wishes, where her own benefit was concerned, she again became dejected, expressed regret, and made many promises in a very perplexed way. I was beginning to understand that this miserable family needed a protection not in my power to bestow, but the cause was then a mystery. Another week of intense cold passed. On entering the room, I was terrified to behold the change in her appearance and manner, shrinking back to the wall, she regarded me with a fixed and earnest gaze, as though longing to confide in a person whom she evidently believed was possessed of important knowledge concerning her affairs; and yet as if she

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dreaded the exercise of that power, and it required much tact to win a free expression of what she wished to speak of, but dared not. At length she explained herself, and with the same breathless amazement, we wondered and trembled together. "I found the key, and arranged the things" (said she,) after my husband's brother left us, and lit the candle. They looked very showy and pretty by it, and several persons came in and priced them, promising to call again. So the next evening I did it too; but had just finished, when two persons came in so disguised in dress and appearance, that I knew not whether they were men or women; one of them wore a woman's shawl over a sailor's jacket, and the other a ragged skirt, and a dark cloak; but both had sailors' tarpaulin hats upon their heads, and had blackened their faces. They came in rudely, and with much noise, took up the toys, asked what they were for, and earnestly read the inscriptions; then, with a stroke of the hand, one of them crushed them upon the counter, and with much swearing and noise, they left the house. They must have been watching me through the window, for the moment the candle was lit they came in. "The next evening the same scene had been enacted, and the same persons evidently, but rather differently disguised, their countenances still blackened, committed the annoyance once more; and also on the succeeding one; for the damage had been of a slight nature, and speedily repaired. Nothing could be said than that it was "very singular, very strange," that persons should thus intrude, and then the state of her daughters was enquired into. — She wept much. Altogether it was very trying to her,—“they are going fast now, they are very weak, (she said,) for days together they taste nothing but a little weak tea, often not that, nothing but water. Oh it is so hard to see them; to witness their dying struggles, at a period of life when the young are the support and comfort of the aged.” She paused. A convulsive shudder shook her frame, and she asked, “Do you not hear any thing; any strange unaccountable noise?” Her eyes were fixed upon me with an earnestness which was painful. A stagnant calm pervaded the house—“I hear nothing,” “No, (she said,) at length), I suppose you don't. I do not myself believe it though I think I hear it, but my girls hear it constantly they say, Oh! my poor daughters! It is birds they hear, twitting and chirp-

ing round them, up on the ceiling, and in each corner of the room, fretting, and pecking, and they get frightened, and shriek sometimes in terror." "Do you then keep birds; and what kind are they?" I asked. No, she had never kept a bird in her life; there was nothing to feed them with, "but I think I hear them now, listen again." Nothing interrupted the silence but the merry sound of the sleigh bells in the street.—Strange suspicions were dawning upon me, and I said "who is with them now?"—"Their uncle," she answered. "Is their Father not also?" "No; he is afraid of his brother, who is rough and harsh." "Does he never go into their chamber?" "He does sometimes, but it grieves him too much. Never when his brother is there."—"Never! Who else is with them?" She hesitated. "I must know." She was silent. "I will go to them." Her eyes flashed: her cheek coloured, she sprang forward. "You cannot go," she said rudely. I hesitated, never had she seemed so excited. "I must—I will go!" "You shall not." I approached the door; she sprang forward and with an energy I did not believe her to possess,—her figure dilated, her arm thrown across the doorway, impeded progress, and she *dared* me to pass. "Will you tell me who is with them?" said I. "I will not." "Is it a person who is often there?" "Yes, he is often." "Is it their Episcopal Minister?" "No." We gazed comprehendingly at each other; I drew back. So many conjectures to which I dared not give utterance passed my mind in that moment, that it had the weight of a year.

She gradually calmed again, and then talked freely about the toys, and the rude intruders, but seemed to gather courage from desperation. "These people cannot harm me," (said she), "and I will try again to see whether they will dare to touch the things." I left the house with one conviction; this family were evidently in the power of persons, who were determined upon their destruction from some unknown reason, they must be seen daily in some public institution, they must be watched over, and protected by a powerful arm, the mysterious cause of their sufferings must be discovered, exposed, and dashed to the ground; there should be a searching investigation into the cause and effect of the singular illness of the daughters, and the attributed indifference of the father, and who so capable of undertaking such a

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task, but those whose unbiassed position in society, casts at their feet the halt, lame, and stricken of this world, and who being elevated above the laity by reason of their office, can we suppose exercise a more disinterested friendship towards them. In the interview with their clerical visitor which followed, the effort to impress these facts was almost without effect. "The Poor House was full to overflowing," (said he), (no wonder if the spirit of mockery and delusion be abroad), the people had been well looked after, and I myself do for them more than I can afford, for almost every day I send them baskets of provisions, they are without doubt a singular family, but I know not what more I can do." The conversation which had just passed was related, but of course with no reference to the toys. He shook his head sagaciously, and only said "She is an extraordinary woman, I know not what to make of her." The investigation (however being thus declined in the proper quarter was about to be volunteered in another, for the woman was evidently as feverishly anxious as myself that the affairs of her family should be made public. As to the baskets of provisions I have doubts to the present time whether or not, some pious restriction did not prevent the use of them. *On a subsequent visit she met me with a look of calm despair, it was the afternoon of a dark and stormy day.—* She begged me to take away the coloured heads, and taking them from the closet where they now lay, all crushed, and quite disfigured, she related that having again lit her candle in the evening, and arranged them, the men, with much riot and disturbance had entered, while several others upon the outside seemed to urge them on, and enjoy the scene, she thought they were not the same who came before, as they also read the inscription, and then dashed them upon the counter, until they were reduced to the condition they presented, dragged from the line a white crapo handkerchief, and some of the other trifles, smashed some of the tumblers and cups, and then rushed out, leaving the doors wide open, and the floor covered with trodden snow. Evidently rejoicing in the loss of the handkerchief as a clue by which the offenders might be discovered by the police and properly exposed, I left her, inwardly marvelling to what the result might tend. These meditations were however soon disturbed in the usual way, but with more noise, and as the Irish fellows followed my

footsteps, the names of the principal actors in the scheme of *Responsible Government*, men who had just obtained their election by the support of those principles, passed from one to the other, not as if accidentally, or in mere remark, but as authorisers, and abettors, in the familiar tones with which a man refers to his employer. Reflection was not rendered more agreeable by the fact, nor was the evident co-operation of the Priest whose gliding footsteps were for ever near, whose watchful eye seemed to encourage the intruders, nor was it surprising that I should experience that terrible sensation, so perceptible in each word and action of the woman I had just left,—that of being *watched* and *traced in every* movement by persons who had all the disposition to work a lasting injury,—through the constant excitement of fear.—By what means had I offended any of those persons, or least of all a Papist Priest, that they should seek revenge by such a medium, or so singular a measure, was the constantly recurring idea; or what connection was there with the writings on Protestant union which marked the commencement; or, the innocent making toys upon the counter of the shop, by whom could these last have been seen? or why was there any thing pointed in allusions which were but the result of circumstance, unless the cap fitted well the head of those who chose to put it on? Was it at all possible for the leaders of a Government to stoop to such paltry surveillance, or to heed the meaning that was attached to these toys; or to know they were there, though every one of them had obtained position by Papal influence?

The strange story of the birds had been repeated in the same mysterious manner. The constant dread with which her daughters noticed the hour of their supposed approach, the evident desire to enter into full detail, and the rising emotions which again checked confidence; all this was matter of speculation, and feverish anticipation setting ease or rest at defiance?

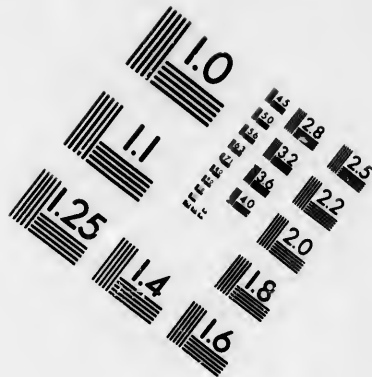
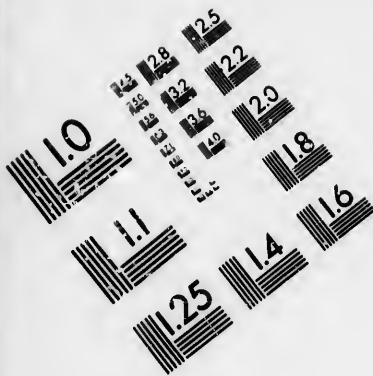
A meditated change became apparent upon the next day's late visit: a crisis was approaching. The woman's husband was in the shop—he was alone. Dreadfully agitated, and almost convulsed with emotion, he strode up and down the little room—so absorbed in his own reflections that he seemed unaware of my entrance. Not having previously seen him, I was surprised to find that he was by no means the very outrageously bad looking

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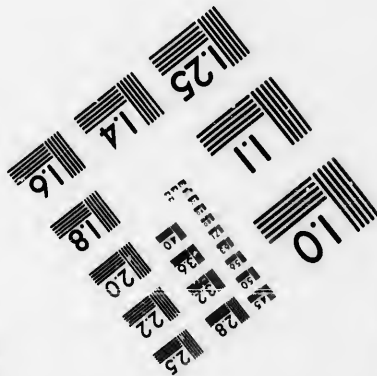
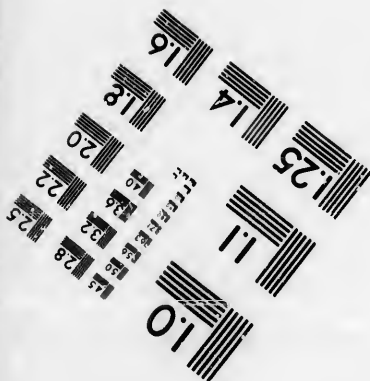
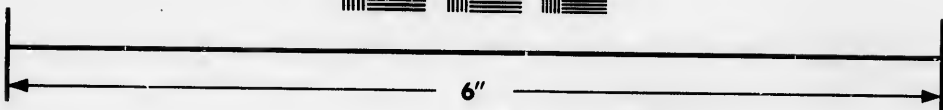
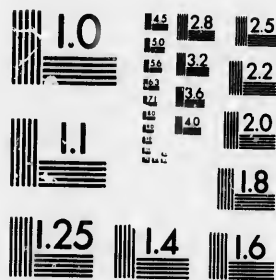
character, public report had represented him. He was emaciated from hard living, broken down, and crushed by untoward events, and disappointment.

Some time passed before I ventured to address him—he regarded me with an eager, curious, searching glance, while he said, that his wife was up stairs, and that the Church Dignitary, their visitor, was also there, with some other Clergymen. I spoke of the prospect of his daughters' recovery. He said, "there is none, they will never be well: no medicine can have any effect upon them; the doctors come and see them, and they have taken a great deal of medicine, but it has never done them any good, and it never will. It does no harm to have the doctors come, but they might as well stay away. They will never be better for it." I suggested better hopes and then asked about his prospects, and daily occupation. "It was evidently bad enough, (said he) though people are flocking away as hard as they can, there is not enough doing to keep a poor man from starving; no sooner is there work to be had, than those great strong Irish fellows get it, who are always ready for every thing! and the others may go adrift. But is it any wonder that affairs are in such a position; that we have impoverished people, and a ruined country, when it is governed not by the Queen of England—she and her Ministers have nothing to do with it, they know nothing about it; our members take care they shall not; but it is the Pope of Rome by whom all that is done in these colonies is directed, and managed, the Pope, his Ministers, and his Priests?" I could only answer by an incredulous smile, which rendered him more vehement. "Some years ago said he, (and to my amazement he mentioned the commencement of the "Responsible" agitation), a number of French Gentlemen and Catholic Priests came here, with a French Prince, they were received into the first families, found out every body's business, knew everything. They got among our wealthiest people, and got information about every body. What did they do it for do you think; what was it to them who was here, and who wasn't? Why every person who is at all disposed to hinder their plans was *marked, marked, marked, and known*, (said he, with grinding teeth and clenched hands,) *known as well by description in the Colleges of France and Italy, as he is here by his friends,*





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wherever he may live. Why do you suppose all this care was necessary? why for this reason,—they would not *dare* to let such letters as they must have written pass an *English Post Office*, all would have been *discovered*, and *exposed*; so they visited round freely at every house in the city, which was open to them, and quietly got the information they sought. They were coming and going here for months, two, or three, at a time, they went from here to Italy, from Dublin, staid long enough to make a suitable report, and then returned to renew their observations; and trace, and watch whatever was done. Yes, it is the Pope of Rome, and his Ministers, who controul every thing in the Provinces, and see what I have come to,—I cannot get a day's work, and my children are dying." He paused.—There was no time to question the man as to how he had obtained his information. It was too evident that he was paying the penalty of freely expressing his own opinions. "*The Queen of England is a cypher, a mere cypher among her people in the Colonies; and her Ministers are nothing.*" He looked at me fixedly, as though it occurred that he had been betrayed into a rash burst of feeling. He drew his hands nervously in and out of his pockets.—In one of them I perceived a clasp knife; and thinking it possible that he might take me for a Popish emissary, in the guise of a friend, I slowly drew towards the door, which I had held ajar, and was in the street in a moment, again convinced that there may be bitter trials of man's invention which we may only grieve for. I was in the street, and breathed again, but my brain whirled. Had I not also been made to experience the actions of an established system—sparing neither age, or sex; sweeping on, in one firm, unwavering course, all who dared to oppose it? I staggered on rather than walked, sick at heart, and regardless of the storm of snow and rain which pelted round me. The gas was lit and I hoped and trusted that the Steamboat would be at the Ferry. It had not arrived. The Ferry was deserted by the usual persons who are about it; for the night was miserably cold and dark; but a group of three or four low looking men stood under the lamp. Great was my amazement to hear them say as I passed. "*This is her, here she is;*" to see them approach, and to be obliged to hear their coarse and insolent mockery, and infamous oaths, until the boat

appeared. A person who was slowly walking to and fro, in the shade of the Stores, and occasionally stopped, and then resumed his walk, glancing at intervals at these men, with a complacent smile of meaning, and encouragement upon his countenance, advanced towards the gateway, it was the Catholic Priest—he looked flushed, and triumphant; and imagination unfortunately had no part in the conviction of collusion, it was too glaring, and at that moment, under such circumstances, to a woman—too appalling—if the glance of quick understanding—and sympathizing, but most condescending approval, met by those miserably clad and untutored individuals—by one of servile gratification, were at all misunderstood, then I presume never to interpret mental action, as the countenance expresses it. Vivid as a stream of larva, the conviction was impressed at that moment of the truthfulness of the statements just listened to—if there had existed a single doubt.—The strange freemasonry, so to speak, by which *cause* was immediately followed by *effect*, even as though “walis had ears,” and every stone a tongue; and every snow flake carried its message of traitorousness to the self appointed authorities,—the despair—the brave and noble, but ineffectual resistance, the final sinking down,—all was too convincing that there exists in the British Provinces a sort of combined, civil and religious coil, or mesh of manœuvring, which we poor simple headed Colonists might never presume to measure; certainly never understood, or resisted as we should do; and that by some curiosity, a little compassion, and rashness not to be wondered at, I also had fairly got entangled in it; and just then never expected to get out again. To mention these circumstances publicly, would not only awaken the vengeance of one man, it must be that of the entire cabal, who would of course laugh to scorn the fears and suppositions of a woman, as connected with themselves, and yet it appeared the only feasible method of obtaining *future protection*. There was no time *then* for analyzing thought. We all went on board together. The Priest and the three men keeping close.—Not a single acquaintance happened to be near, and the sleet froze upon every thing it touched, rendering a careless step near a wharf very dangerous. Too miserable to seek the warmer shelter of the engine room, I sprang into a corner of the cabin, and was there exposed to a full-

repetition of these rude fellows' impertinence, who walked up and down before the door, while the Priest looked in at the window, evidently enjoying the distress he occasioned, and the torture inflicted. The boat swayed heavily in the storm. It was with a trepidation I dared not permit to be visible, that I kept full in the gas light on landing; for it was a fitting night for an *accidental death*; then, human nature could no longer pretend that it was not afraid; the four strong men came on, but I bounded forward into the storm and darkness, stopping not until the click of the garden gate reassured, every door of the house had been locked; every window looked to; and I sank down in my own room, weary to death, from severe mental excitement.

With many plans for seeking the protection of the Clergy; the busy mind excited to restless feverishness, the over tasked physical powers, and the countenance of the Priest, as it was shadowed with a livid pallour, while he watched me step safely upon the wharf, constantly recurred to mind. But all through that weary night, in each lull of the storm, voices in eager consultation were audible around the house, and the impossibility of a house catching fire amid snow and rain, did not by any means prohibit the probability that an attempt might be made to cause it.

What connection was there between the figures from "Punch" and Priestly surveillance?—Between the openly expressed opinion of a man, and a scheme to deprive him of bread.—A little harmless ridicule, and people lurking in disguise—coarse and ignorant Irishmen in the street; two young women on their death bed, and the Pope of Rome? There must be many things in the British Provinces, Horatio, which "your philosophy," shrinks from putting on paper; or surely the sad exposé which followed, would have been investigated, and not have eventually led to an unexpected change in the commercial dealings of the Colonies, and, the United States, or through religious intolerance, invaded the independance of the one, while revealing a mad ferocity to subdue the other. An indisputable evidence that a peculiar machinery regulates the social condition of the north, and that a certain anathema is the lot of the luckless being who chances to touch the spring. Starvation, Death by Terror, or the hunt of wild Irishmen, may do very well in private practice, to display their full barbarity, these must

have a black and white existence. Proceeding early to the city the next morning, in doubtful anxiety, determined again to urge upon the clergy the necessity of the "Poor House," as the safest asylum for the family, I entered a Religious Tract Depository, and there met with one of them. He had his own share of the marvellous, which he was relating to those present, to the purport, that the day succeeding the one in which I had beheld the distress of the woman respecting the disguised intruders, and listened to the account of the influence the presence of the "supposed birds," had upon her daughters, she had requested her Clerical adviser to hear some very strange statements which she felt compelled to make. He accordingly had appointed the next day. Giving a solemn promise of not revealing them to any other person. But immediately communicated by note to several brethren, (the narrator being of them) that something of a mysterious nature was about to be revealed, at which their presence was needed. Time, and place, being indicated, and it so happened that at the very moment that the husband was denouncing the cause, and occasion of evil, in the lower apartment, the wife was mournfully detailing the working and effect, in the chamber above.

It is the strangest thing said the Clergyman, that ever I heard in *my life*, he sent for us, and we couldn't imagine what was the matter, but we all came, three beside himself, and what do you suppose the woman thinks is the matter with the girls? why *she says they are bewitched*, yes actually, that they are *possessed with the devil*.—*There they are*, incapable of rising, they say, *though I tried to make them get up*, and their mother says the devil has got into them and that there is a "charm thrown round them to kill them and here it is, I've got it. He placed upon the counter a large Bandana handkerchief, containing something very bulky but light of weight, he opened it with a loud ebullition of mirth, and exhibited to our wondering eyes a quantity of smooth glossy balls of an oval, or oblong form, composed of small grey feathers, carefully laid one over the other, and as I concluded at a glance *evidently* carefully made and *gummed together*. Do not touch them said he, don't meddle with them, did you never see what a condition an old feather bed gets into; the feathers are always in this state, its *nothing new*, and yet this foolish woman actually says

that her daughters are bewitched and visited by the Devil. Who in the form of birds makes each of his feathers become a ball, and these balls are the charm, and she's got a great basket full of them in the corner of the room, and finds them scattered about it. Did you ever hear such nonsense. As he spoke all that I had witnessed respecting this affair recurred to mind, and with it also a sort of connecting link which seemed to explain it. When a child, an old Roman Catholic nurse whom I knew, possessed a sort of tract, or Compilation of terrible anecdotes, illustrative of the punishments inflicted by the Saints and the Holy Virgin, upon Protestants who would not become Catholics; and vice versa. Among them, was one the very counterpart of this. The scene of the story was Paris. The subjects, two *obstinate young women*, who having resisted all the arts and allurements of the priesthood, had been handed over to the evil one, who devised the gentle treatment which these two girls in Nova Scotia had evidently undergone in this present practical age,—*they had been frightened to death.* “*The devil himself did appear*” (said the volume) *in the form of little birds, and by chirruping round them, by night and by day, and scattering his feathers which each took the form of a ball, and rolled about the room, did so work upon their fancy that they repented, and received the Holy Unction, and so died happy.*

This precious edition dated as far back as the time when “high dames of honour garnished the court of the merciless Mary, and here in the age of progress was a second sample of the manner in which “*matter may take the advance of mind.*”—With intense eagerness we continued to gaze upon the grey balls; at length conviction overcoming caution I remarked—The man says it is the fault of the government. The Rev Gent turned fiercely round, and burst into a loud laugh, What said he, “*you saw the man did you?*” “*You spoke to the man?*” “*I did*” And *he* says it is the *fault of the government.*” He does, I answered freely. The time seemed to have arrived, when every thing might be explained. “*He says it is the fault of the government that his daughters are dying and he cannot get work.*” What does *he* know about *the government?* said the Rev Gentleman derisively. Why, what can that have to do with it for pity sake? why they are all crazy, all crazy together, the man

and the woman, and the girls, *they are all crazy together*, (undoubtedly politeness alone prevented his including the writer). Before a word of entreaty could be uttered, or a plan of action formed, he had flung wide the door of the building. Come in, come in, said he calling to some female acquaintance, here's pretty doings, here's pretty news, *here's a case of Witchcraft*, see what *I've found out*, (taking all the credit of course). He strode about the room laughing boisterously. "A case of Witchcraft it is, but they are all crazy, crazy together." The ladies with expressions of pity and contempt, listened, and left the room, while my entreaties for silence, total silence, until a proper enquiry had been instituted, were drowned in boisterous merriment. "A pretty story I have now against the Rev Dr. that such a thing should come to light in *his* parish"—was the concluding remark of the Rev Gent. With sad misgivings I also departed, misgivings which were too well founded, for nothing was done for the family which was desirable, but publicity became the more injurious, for the story flung in this way into the broad glare of the day, took wing, it was discussed at the corners of the streets, it was turned into a jest, a mixture of gossip, and scandal, and served honourable members, just assembled with an opportunity of trimming off a speech with merry allusions to the "witchcraft" imputed to "our administration," and through the entire session their elevated minds slurred the important affairs of a country's advancement, to fasten upon the great principle which founded the American Union, the Puritan struggle, and blue-laws, and superstitions of old Massachusetts, where the connection existed was best known to themselves, but the *spring* had been touched. Scorn, contempt, and derision, were privately, and indirectly hurled, upon the person who had been instrumental to so strange a revelation, and methods of annoyance were resorted to, sufficient to have aroused resentment in a less susceptible nature. Such is colonial society beneath the polish which Liberalism has thrown over it. No wonder that so long as the Colonist can get bread on easy terms he is dead to all great national principle. He dare not think of it, for there is no support by unity. He is left to struggle alone. Here was an instance of long resistance to Papal will, and how was it met, people shrank from mentioning even the name of the fami-

ly. Shunned them as though they were plague stricken. Enquiry was stifled, all was "hushed up" as soon as possible.— From the house which their sad presence actually rendered notorious, the miserable victims were carried in the grey dawn of day, that no excitement might be awakened, and a more retired residence was soon exchanged by one of them for the still more quiet grave, the sure rest of the troubled. The whole affair seemed too terrific for one weak mind to grasp, for as the days lengthened and became yet more severe, that much tried mother has crossed my evening path, wandering on, clad in rags, evidently driven by want in search of the means of preserving life, shrinking from notice, and cowering in the shade of the houses. But her way was tracked, and crowds of boys pursued her, and raised the foul cry of "The Witch! the Witch! Here comes the Witch! Stop her, Catch her!" Strange to say a Priest was always near, gliding out of a shop, or stopping to observe her. Too keenly experiencing that to be seen speaking to her, was to create a supposition of connection with something unhallowed, I alas shrank from her, as did others, but I also needed protection, and absolute necessity compelled this course of action. Once only after the disclosure respecting the machinations of the Priesthood, and the design of the French visit to the Colonies, did I see her husband; he was completely surrounded by a crowd of low Irishmen, who followed him with scoffing, and impudent jest, and whose attentions he was vainly trying to avoid; he was thin, and ghastly, and for months afterwards the look of reproach and horror, with which he regarded me, haunted me day and night. I knew not till some time afterwards, that only six weeks after the scene respecting the "charms" he had *accidentally or in a fit of drunkenness fallen over a wharf*. Ah thou long tongued public! surely thou art an indiscriminating animal. Weary months passed away after that dark and trying time, and when torpour produced by mental agony had gone, one burning thought overcame all other. This must all be known. The danger of publicity must be risked. Society was injured by silence. If all who opposed Papal power were "marked" should they not be warned of it, and though at the cost of again experiencing the heartsickness then endured, *in recalling these facts*, no hindrance has deterred, no obstacle has been too great to overcome. Sure-

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ly never was Bazaar work attended by such a train of extraordinary events. World known Punch! little did I think, when daubing your high cheeks with red paint, what days and hours of anxiety, anxiety endured alone, and without sympathy I was quietly storing, or what a complication of iniquity your comic countenance was to bring to light. That you were to be the herald of war, and the precursor of Reciprocity, and give England the means of purchasing neutrality, that to your head and mine, and the Pope's, and that other little accident, the Russian war, which prevented an American one, the Yankees owe their present brisk trade! high time they knew it. A sad proof though, that England can no longer with credit to herself, call the Colonies her own. There is a power in the ascendant here, which is the sworn foe of her very existence. What would the Lords of the Admiralty have said, had they known that they were duped into sending a Fleet, against the religious toleration of four women, and an old man. That "Fishery Bills" were not concocted because "the people" called for them, but because certain opinions were afloat which to the Priesthood savoured of annexation. That war was to be well nigh declared, because two "subjects" were in process of conversion, and another unwittingly made fun of the process of which the most warrantable conclusion was, that the "Uncle" acted the part of "Punch" in a dismal way, perhaps with purgatorial flames round his neck, while the "Priest" possibly, very appropriately "did the devil," a course which would be likely to shatter the strongest nerves if long continued. But all was left to conjecture. If this were not the case, why was supposition resented? Why was the old Father hurried to his grave? Disgusted with the cold indifference and weak timidity of the Clergy, which shrinking from that eager torrent, "The voice of the people," left the crushed, and helpless, to struggle *alone* against a giant strength which the brave, and strong, may tremble to encounter, convinced that they could give little real protection, if fearful of offending tender prejudices by the exercise of justice in a great principle, it was not until sought by one of the body that another effort was made to draw attention to an existing evil. Eager and agitated remarks were met with this philosophical reply "pass it all over and forget it all." Divert your mind. It was very distressing but try to

think of something else. A more earnest request to consider the subject was thus met, "I know nothing about the influences of which you speak, I do not understand them," and after formal prayer, it was decisively dismissed with the speaker. Truly enough, must national evils be always more felt among *the people*? The Clergy are elevated above them. But is it sufficient that they have been allied with the occasion, that they close their eyes to the effect. Are the private religious opinions of even women, not to escape surveillance, and tyranny to ride rough shod over the land, and that Church whose once proud position in co-operation with the Government, placed it foremost in the defence of Truth still to maintain the same though *that* has become a mere toy of the Papacy?

Nurtured by kindly societies their aid is withdrawn and lo the germ is at the root. It is no longer with the oppressed, the vexed and tortured by Papal intolerance that this once bright angel loves to dwell. *She allies* with worldly officials who will support a secular domination, who create thereby Protestant Dis-Union, who will crush the people to their will. Is she too lofty and evangelical to stoop to the consideration of the common exigencies of life, or her services which breathe so much of heaven a mere combination of finely turned sentences, distinct from the actions of her ministry, and have they no reference to common humanity? God only knows what prevented that woman destroying herself, for in the midst of "*friends*" she was utterly alone. The whole affair bore the stamp of the purest *Jesuitism!* Of the tribunal, where the Judge and Jury, are also the Executioner, and *certain death*, is the consequence of *certain opinions*. Of a power that educates a people in savage, and intolerant guile, and they know not that it is an evil, until the effect is spread around them. That bends the educated to the will of the ignorant, that labours to keep a nation so. To inculcate indolent submission, and pliability to a secret will. It has filled Ireland with all this. It has filled the Colonies with all this, by pawning upon them the unchristianized masses, and it becomes their duty if they want a "pure home," to seek the remedy.

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CHAPTER V.

Fee, Fi, Fo, Fum, I smell the plot of a Province nun.

Who can describe Jesuitism? Those alone who experience it, can understand it, but never unless they do. It is a principle that will hover about your path, and your resting place. By your actions, it will trace your thoughts, and, by them condemn you. It will govern a continent by a religious clique, in daring defiance of its rulers, and lay the foundation of war and grievous bloodshed. Deeply, bitterly, impressed with all that I had observed, the "Romance" so long laid aside was resumed, with the object of drawing the public mind to the great need of strengthening the bond of Protestant Union by Religious Toleration.— It was despatched to a friend in England for publication, and placed in a merchant vessel appointed to sail in three days.— This effort did not escape the customary surveillance; and mark the result. The vessel remained in port for three weeks. Contemporaneously with its voyage across the Atlantic, there went a pathetic petition breathing nothing but loyalty, and signed by an immense body of Irishmen, imploring aid against "*Low American influence*" and as an effectual means of securing it, the Fisheries were to be protected by armed vessels. What protection have the Colonies from that influence, when these Fisheries are at once thrown open? By a singular coincidence, this work was returned by the ship in which Admiral Seymour took the station for that purpose. Where was the connection between religious intolerance and the Fisheries? Does that term read in the jesuit idiom as "annexation," or, does not one controul the other? All the petitions to the local powers for past years had been disregarded; as far as they touched upon the intrusion of the Americans upon the fishing grounds, but the moment the most sacred interests of the country are involved, a brilliant coup de main turns the whole upon the track of commerce, and the first act by which Responsible government com-

municated the fact of its existence to the world, was an effort to create disruption. Nova Scotia like a contemptible cur, baying at the hoofs of two noble steeds sought to irritate them to madness and rend the ties which united them. Where [such parties capable of comprehending *national dignity*, they would be amply compensated by the action of the English ministry, which subsequently wrested from their governance the staple of their country without bestowing the liberty which most others enjoy, that of making a good bargain; "it was sufficient for them however that their praiseworthy efforts to crush a supposed predilection for annexation," secured the favour of those electioneering arbitrators, the Priests. All the *odium* of the "Witchcraft," falling by the passiveness of the Clergy upon shoulders little able to bear it, I prepared to quit the country, still bent on publication. And then occurred another proof that every obnoxious individual is traced and checked. A young friend whom I was to accompany was about to be united to the Captain of the vessel. But not until my purpose was well known, was the marriage effectually prevented by the simple process of *not paying the man his wages*, and again was I the unintentional cause of grief.— That such narrow and vicious means should be taken for the preservation of power, will not be wondered at, when it is considered that these writings were understood to favour annexation, and the desperate hatred which a country controlled by intolerance, exercises towards one which has grown great by the contrary principle is at once perceptible. It cannot be denied that the idea had occurred, that by annexation alone, could the religious partizanship which is rooted in the Colonies be utterly effaced. That an oligarchy could be subdued; and the *people* raised to more capable action. That the balance of population would be restored. A full equivalent for staple be obtained, and Americanism vanquish the bread and butter Protestantism of the Colonies, and the game of playing into the hands of a few which is eating the life of them. This then, it appears is the very opinion of the enemy, and though while the Colonies continue to be English possessions, and to be at the mercy of false friends, it may be necessary for the States to desire it, 'tis just as certain that it never can take place; though some of our catch-penny orators have deceived these countries with the pos-

sibility. Did they argue in earnest they would at once lose position, because the whole of the Colonies are a government.— There are not a sufficient number of educated, decided, and united people among the class who would most benefit by it to take action, and the moving principle is wanting. It must be by a Protestant Union and such a thing exists not in them. They at present possess the ability to injure this feeling in the States by an annual migration of an apathetic people who ought to have prosperity at home, but don't know how to make it. If such a thing were sought and obtained, there would be no longer a bestowal of the wealth of the Colonies without adequate compensation; neither would Nova Scotian fish purchase American neutrality. But America may beware! In seeking territorial aggrandizement she grasps at centralization, the grinding evil from which her forefathers fled, and unless subdued it would conquer. If the fleets and armies of England were ours, there would be constant excuses for a descent upon American trade.

But compare these countries and ask if it were possible they could long endure an union. Could a people accustomed to think and act at once, and at all hazards, wait for the heavy laggard of years?—The free soil mission is but half accomplished when it sends the foriegnier home again. He must be taught that in *sectarian disunion* he is daily aiding the backwardness of his country, and helping the Pope's head to peer over every thing and shews deadness to the honour of his country at present in the passive assertion. "We don't like the disposal of the Fisheries but s'pose we must put up with it." Under pretence of Loyalty, they swallow despotism, and are taught to ask an Empire, that a greater monopoly may be retained.— If we cannot have the "Uncle Sam" of our neighbours we must hunt up our own. Take him from beneath the board which has kept him down. Let him visit every school, church and local Assembly, and it remains with ourselves that he be loved and venerated; but give not unto us oh Queen, a viceroyalty! as well might you tie us in a bundle, suspend the Russian Knout over us, parade before us all the evil consequences of High Church Toryism and Papal Liberalism and bid us look, or die. *Colonial Union we must have, ; every thing* which will favour progress, but no more aristocracy as you love us, or there will

soon be nothing else and nobody left to do the work. With a viceroyalty all the evils of centralization will be confirmed, all the ingrained apathy of the people will be established, and nobody will dare to say their soul is their own, unless "our hierarchy" permit the assertion. With a republic we have the *vigour of action, the determination of purpose, from whence alone it can arise*. With a viceroyalty North America will have another Russia, for the germs have been fostered, and what High Church dogmas have begun, Papal Liberalism will complete. They have a restrained Press, secret spies, disguised if convenient, and no generally elevated tone of feeling. *With such materials and without a great mental and political change, which must be wrought by local Literatures, one step forward, and they are an Empire. It is Russian! They are a Republic! It is Venetian.* Truly an hundred years paving for such a termination is clear loss to these immense territories. But it is important that the motto upon the toys should be analyzed as it evidently gave great offence. Did it of a surety hit the right nail upon the head? Did it contain a double slur, not only condemning the selfish action which has created an evil, but the daily effect of it? If it implied that the commerce of the Colonies is controlled by jesuitism, let it be seen then in how much they are benefited by it, compare them with other portions of America, and observe the difference. There, we see immense cities bearing in their construction and plan, evidences of untrammelled intellect, we see every resource in daily requisition. There we see illimitable means for the cultivation of "Intellect." In the Colonies we constantly observe the daily effort to restrain it. We have the wilderness almost at our door step, and our people, lacking the bounteous encouragement for its destruction, swelling the ranks of the homeless in a strange land.

The "Piety" which claims as its own the "treasures of the *sealed Mine*" must be of the very common kind which seeks its own aggrandizement. These lines insinuated that every article of the country's wealth was at the disposal of a faction, and is it not too evidently the case? At their pleasure the staple of Nova Scotia was madly hazarded. The Codfish were taken into the care of the Pope, and for the last five years the commercial regulations of the whole continent are stamped by papal intrigue.

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What if it be beneficial. Is it the more welcome when we know, that wide spreading as the good may be, so great was the evil intended, and will be, whenever chance shall favour a change? Truly, if the Colonies be not a great blessing, they may yet create a great curse.

Every public transaction for many years has borne the stamp of intellect, but one that was strong to deter, not to advance. If the wants of the *poor* Fisherman were at all reckoned, where is the "Bounty" which alone can effectually break up a miserable monopoly. Where is the Education which can alone elevate him?

Contrasting the position which created the fishery excitement we see a combination of Church and State principle. Is it impossible then that the same thing has wrought the restriction of the Mines and minerals.

In the early settlement of the country the people were priest ridden, and now we see the clergy themselves are overruled; while the people are taught to bow to the monarchy, and ask no questions. Is it not possible then, that the combination, wrought the spell, not for the benefit of the Church Evangelical; but of the Church political? If there is so close an alliance between a papal government that its evil doings are screened by the clerical body, is it not thence a part and parcel of the same? and who can tell but the coals of Nova Scotia, help to lift the pious soul of Frederick Duke of York, and Bishop of Osnaburg, out of regions incompatible with royalty. And Colonial wealth may have indirectly built up the Papacy in England.

Let this restriction be cancelled, give to the Colonies the right to use their own resources, and they at once become the intellectual and wealthy ally of England, and diffuse an influence through their sister Colonies. Let their wealth be vested in their own government, and they are no longer the poor dependant in the leading strings of the base and mean; their people will be well fed, and well educated, and a check at once bestowed upon error and bigotry. Does not England owe this to the patient forbearance of her Colonies, which have not *yet begun to struggle for the right in her own noble fashion*? Does she not owe it to the pauperism of emigration, which the mismanagement of her own ministry has thrown upon our shores? To the vice, which centuries have hoarded?

The thing explains itself. If religious toleration fills an immense country with the works of untrammelled intellect. If it unlocks the prisoner and loosens the caged bird, will not the opposite cause work as opposite an effect. Restriction of mind, of body and estate?

In this light the wealth of nations is at once the powerful auxiliary of Protestantism. The promoter of christianity, the destroyer of superstition, the opponent of an unprincipled clique, the leveller of that most bitter curse a Religious Faction.

England not only owes this liberty, it is the just possession of the Colonies, and nothing would have resigned it but an influence subversive of all honour and without integrity. Nothing would have demanded it, but the same spirit of contrariety which in 1851, sought to involve two countries in warfare.—Should not then the Protestant people of the Colonies demand the restitution, as one means of bringing a sure protection into action, of bestowing the elements of knowledge upon the 28,000 beings who lie at the mercy of the base, by lack of it, or the 33,024 who are only half taught?

England has gradually withdrawn her protecting arm, her purpose has been accomplished. She has scattered the light of Gospel Truth, it remains for ourselves to preserve it. The Colonies owe Responsible Government in part to the power which has always been the bitter enemy of the British constitution.—England owes the buried treasures of these countries to the *ten thousand people* whom that influence has driven from their shores in order that that work, might be wrought by the Papacy.

America has a great talent in her hand. It were useless to raise a crusade against the benighted children of Erin, but self preservation demands the establishment of every means for their cultivation which knowledge can give.

Reader, wander away to yonder eminence. Is not the air fresh and elastic. How sweet the corn pinks are. Ah! *there* sounds the whirr of a squirrel's brush. There he is on that pole fence with a beech nut in his white paws. His sharp eyes looking at nothing.—Now look around.—A blue mist hovers in the grey twilight, over the green forest. The soft moan of the curlew is far,—far up over your head. In the west, the "young Moon sets in the old Moon's lap." Now—raise your eyes to the

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wrong side of the floor of Heaven, and don't attempt to imagine what the right side is like unless you are on the road to it.

On one side of you are gleaming lakes, silver rivers, the gorgeous Atlantic. On the other, groves of feathery birches drooping long shadows over the brown harvest field. There are cows cranching the after grass. The willow shaded place of worship. From yonder clump of firs a fire flash, and glittering sparks—showers of them, and the merry jargon of young Indian voices. There they *ars* getting supper ready *you say*, and far off, in the shade of the great granite rocks, the little board hut of the Emigrant.

Now tell me, is he to come from that hut? ignorant as the pig upon his cabin floor, but crafty as a fox, and *rule you*? Rule, why he would be your friend, your spy, your assassin, your defamer, at a glance from his Priest. Is he to make the new world another Ireland? you help him to do so when for a little office, or a little money you *accept his vote*. Is our beautiful hop vine to be covered with caterpillars? It will be if the tide of Emigration be not changed. Bible Schools established like network. Mind, shaken from its dullness. And the Clergy become not more sensible of the *wants of the people*.

Beneath your feet are hoarded treasures, but the key is in the hand of Bluebeard. From coal fields and iron ore, school houses may be extracted; and England may give his wife, the Colonies, the means of suppressing superstition, and continuing the great work she has nobly, but erringly begun. She cannot expect all who wear her cotton prints to be continually praying for the Queen. The Colonies have yet to become a *nation*; and woe be theirs, if they preserve not in its rich rhind; the fruit gathered in a shower of tears and blood in the Isle of Liberty, by their noble Saxon mother.

It is not an unfounded fallacy that restraint is the work of the papacy. It is the conviction of reason by analogy. If the fish of the country are priestridden, what is to prevent the coal and iron being also guarded? If a Priesthood are priestridden what are a people to be? We recur to the past history of the Province,—it is called the "key of the continent." We know of the long opposition between two great powers, and that it is the inherent policy of one of them, to work by treachery when it

cannot conquer. We read of the "wandering tribes of Acadie" being compelled to take up their chattels and walk, because the machinations they carried on, reminded the then sensitive government too forcibly of the sufferings from which the people had escaped, and threatened their new home, and is at all improbable that a far sighted despotism should deem all the riches of the land but too mean, to number among the "*gifts the altar doth enshrine.*"

Of the private history of this Prince Bishop whom in death we still acknowledge, we know little. Enough that we have the honour of paying his debts. Nor know we whether he went out of the frying pan which he prepared by incurring them, into the fire out of which it is not our duty to get him, or whether the whole affair be not a "prodigious make up," an additional deception, an *hample umbug*.*

What are the debts of royalty, to a people who have their living to get? England would not herself resign as much in favour of another land, and the high integrity of purpose, which has always swayed her councils, needs but to be appealed to; that Christianity may have the right. She can appreciate the motive which calls for a sacrifice, for among the annals of the nations, the *greatest to the cause of Truth, have ever been upon her shores.* It is only among her *most degenerate sons* that such effort is never known. She can appreciate the strenuous advocacy for a more *complete Reformation*, for those of her noblest members are endless, and though in the fullness of her charity she *abrogated the law*, which restrained political paganism in a Christian country and Papal Liberalism, says it was for the best. *The Colonies, may yet have in downright self-defence to watch their opportunity and institute the same.*

Would it have been possible for such circumstances as those described, to have been passed in such a country as England is, in cautious silence? No! they would have been searched and sifted to the utmost. Would an old man, broken by distresses, have been quietly disposed of by chosen means; after a chance invidious allusion, to a vicious administration; his name even in death, aspersed by it?—No, in that land of justice, the Press,

*The amount of Crown revenues collected in Nova Scotia from Mines, from 1843, to 47, was £28,687 11s, from 47. to 52, £31,572., 19 5.

would have freely poured forth its suspicions and invective,— Well might he say, when deserted in his hour of torture, “We are no longer governed by England’s representatives. We have not now a Queen.” Where also, are the British ministry who would have been permitted to warp a private story of religious persecution, into a great public transaction at the will of a cabal. The Press would have thundered forth its denunciations, and the people would have seconded it ; here, alas, they were afraid to do so. Judging of the value of a thing by the opposition, is it not then by a *free press*, and a *courageous people*, that we can ever compare with England. We have much to learn, and do, and much to unlearn. She is too far from the Colonies to preserve her power in them as she was wont, therefore a devotional one step forward, and under the falsely assumed name of Liberty, would quietly vest the British Colonies, in the crown of France. It needs neither railroad or telegraph. It works in congregations, under the biting term of “schism.” In seminaries, by the suppression of sacred instruction. In *religious politics*, by a gradual progress, to a fearful climax, such as England has known to her cost. It would tear asunder every denomination, that *one* might reign alone, and if, by this relation of the singular chances which have given Reciprocity to America, she be led to see more distinctly, the peculiar destiny she is called upon to fulfill, the sorrows of the poor, and the dissipations of a Prince, will not have been in vain. By high and low, by human nature’s holiest or weakest passions, shall the kingdom of heaven be commenced upon earth. With God alone be the confident hope, the trusting quiet.

’Tis not in vain that pure snow flakes, rested once upon a little band of adventurers, in a rocky and lonely Bay. A voice spake in that heroic deed, that shall vibrate again, and again, through the continent. A voice that but one century previous to the settlement of Halifax, was heard in poverty ; obscurity and grief, by the tortured and the toil worn mother, and, by the Princess of the proudest of the old world’s realms. A voice that had spoken in trembling whispers by fading firesides, or murmured in shuddering conclaves in dreary nooks at midnight, of oppression ; of fearful tyranny ; for pure opinions sake.

There are times when the liberties of a country are strangely

vested in the action of one individual. If no benefit accrue from this narration, the writer has done her duty. A desperate effort was needed. It has been made. It is but the first step in a dangerous path; and may many be thus led to examine, and expose the wonders of Jesuitism in the new world, and the effect may be more surprising than a long desired but most unexpected Reciprocity. Even Protestant Union.

God rules in a mysterious way, his workings to perform,
He plants his footstep in the sea; and rides upon the storm
His purposes will ripen fast, unfolding every hour,
The bud may have a bitter taste; but sweet will be the flower.

Sweet indeed is the bud of Religious Unity. 'Tis bathed in the dews of eternity. Its bloom is the reflection of the glory, which surrounds the throne. The perfume of its petals, may quicken the pulse of an angel.

Reader; if you take these suggestions in good part, you and I and Punch, and the Pope, may, when the way seems something clearer, meet again at Phillipii—ie, the Press.

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PROTESTANT UNION.

Watchman what of the night? Watchman what of the night? The Watchman saith the morning cometh as also the night.—ISAIAH.

So calm, so still, and brilliant was the sight,
That half entranced I gazed and drank
Its loveliness—and wished no more for light.

Was bliss to look upon that clear blue sky;
All earth seemed shrinking from its majesty,—
The waning Moonlight's deepened glory traced,
Her onward course. Stars clustering, myriad graced
Her path like diamonds strewn around a victors' Car.
How proudly calm she was, the white streams lingered far,
How clearly seen spread o'er the bending sky—
The Almighty touchings of Divinity.
And yet although the earth is very fair,
It is not pure—for sin is every where.

I turned me to the silent, passive earth,—
Hushed was each sound of business and of mirth;
In calm repose the hills and woodland lay,—
Their shadows deepening in the rippling Bay,
Whose clear pure waters, as they ebb and rise,
Give back again the ether of the skies.
“Around, above; o'er all, the white streams fling”
The flickering radiance of some fairy thing.—
—Nought stirred the silence, but the rippling rill,
And baying watchdog on the distant hill.
The dash of waters on the rock strewn strand;
The fishermans's shrill halloo, on approaching land;
The rustling snipe amid the rush again
The deep fire glow from cottage window pane,
The quickning flash from either little room,
Red streaking the green grass.—The distant bitterns boom.
The Coble hull was dancing by the painter,
The sea sand crickets cry, grew faint and fainter.

All, all seemed hushed in sleep,
So calm—so still—so deep—
As though each pulse had felt the touch of death,
And paid the debt of nature—their last breath.
And yet a lull was there, as though the Almighty's hand
Had placed a circle there, a shining band
Of gentle spirits to protect the land;—
Nay more—as though a God's own powerful care was spread,
In loving mercy o'er his children's head,—
Watching and screening from the lurking foe
As night, might with the day, a tender mercy shew.
—The paddles dip—That sound stirred not before,
The quiv'ring gurgle from the ashcn oar;

The Indians brown canoc—Oh! loves he not to roam
 Where river ripples—or where oceans foam.
 Swiftly more swiftly he pursues his way
 Glancing along the islet studded bay.
 Now seen, now lost, amid the shadowy light
 Now starts to clearness,—pictured beams are bright,
 Now in the distance is his presence known
 By flaming torch-light on the water thrown
 The fir trees in the gloom perspectivevely.
 The white birch camps conceal, yet mark to be,
 Their gloom relieved against the azure cloud;
 Crusted with silver, by the whitening shroud.
 He floats into the cove—ashore he springs,
 Bears on his shoulder the light bark, and sings,
 And stretched beside the blaze beneath the tents,
 To the brown tribe : recounts the days events.

'Twas not so calm a time as ours me-thought,
 The Chaldean Magi, for the Saviour sought.
 Vistas of ignorance hid him from their sight.
 And prejudice cast abroad her deadly light.
 The heavy clouds of Jewish scorn before.
 Behind a world of superstitious lore.
 Nights of the Church : How often does the blaze
 Of Light refulgent mitigate their haze !
 How often have thine erring children strayed
 And till the dawn of Day—return delayed.
 Then, when the " Morning Star" prepared the way,
 They were led back to Light and perfect day.

Nights of the Church ; The dungeon tomb! the rack.
 The blazing Torch that led the rabid pack.
 Nights of the Church—The axe—the flaming brand
 Kindled a living gloom : through sighing land.
 Speak not of olden times, in these our years
 Their joy was venom and their triumph tears ;
 Nights of the Church—The gladiators groan
 The dy'd arena—Tell us of thine own,
 Nights of the Church—The Panthers dripping jaw,
 The maddened Lion—with uplifted paw.
 What has past time—bequeathed posterity ?
 This is the theme, Take heed—Such things may be.
 What gives it now, to young America ?
 Be wise—be wise—A night may close the day.

Too oft the Blind—Soul sickening is the sight.
 Mistake the darkness, for the dawning light.
 And, when the sun, his noonday power attains,
 Lament the shadow that o'er all things reigns,
 Itinerant guiders from the living fold
 Misguided searchers for the heeccc of gold.
 These are the Bandit, of the Church of God,
 Lying in wait for souls—not human blood.
 " Renew the system still they cry—the old
 Is verbose, formal, dull and stale, and cold.

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Seek a new reed--The old will scarce sustain
 Earth's added ages--added cares and pain,
 Deceit, chicanery, and vilest trick,
 Oppress the State--and body politic.
 As for that Sect,—which foolishly they call
 The Established Church—look forward to its fall—
 Anticipate its fall—for fall it must,
 Ay levelled be it with its kindred dust,
 The hour of exigence bestowed on it a place.
 Served is the need. Return ! the hour of grace.
 Past systems have endured so very long,
 Why not discard the weak—adopt the strong,
 Sure eighteen centuries can not have passed
 And shades upon the dial ne'er be cast,
 The latest messenger sure healing brings,
 And I,—the herald am of better things."

" Down with it ; down with it, even to the ground
 Another speaks,—Where is my equal found?
 Tell not of grace ; a heavenly Wesley taught,
 Paltry purveyor of a thing unbought,
 Where were his dark, and penitential hours.
 His fasts, his vigils, purchase of his powers
 I on the seven hill'd city in its pride,
 Sat more than king—was worshipped in my Bride,
 And still dictating to the powers around
 I bend the proudest spirit to the ground

The mind of man, and will they take away
 The glorious mind, and leave a mass of clay?
 The great divider of the powers of sense,
 The spark of Light, from heaven's Onimpotence,
 Oh to what fearful lengths these men presume,
 They spread the door of vice. Rear virtues tomb ;
 Misguided zeal, a mesh of crime it weaves,
 And agitation the sediment it leaves.
 Too often so it answers wished for ends,
 Religion is a cloak for foes—not friends.
 How often we have only but to turn
 The irrefutable pages of the past, where burn,
 The purple histories of bleeding France
 And Cromwell—hero of a dread romance,
 Excited millions by ambition led
 Each passion nurtured. Ignorance strengthened
 Too great contention 'mid the powers that be.
 Too loud a cry for life and liberty.
 What dreads the Sailor when the anchor's cast,
 What heeds the Soldier when the battles past,
 Why linger long around the antique stole,
 Doth not the courser press unto the Goal.

Days of religious tyranny are gone
 Priestcraft ; a subject that is thread bare worn ?
 Say then what binds earth with a secret chain,
 The spring is touched. The old, is young again.

How can a people guide a State ; a Throne
 Who cannot govern what they call their own.
 Oh educate them rightly-- give them Light to see
 Then let each seek his fancied deity.—
 The hunted Waldense of the snow wreathed soil,
 The child of principle ; honest son of toil.
 He of the Past is one redeeming trait,
 One always treasured ; Pale Stars herald day,
 And still we linger at the outer gates,
 Mists gathering round. The timid one belates.

The young corn budded in the Spring
 Brightly, gaily, promising ;
 To the poor man, yet lingering there
 With bended brow--and mournful air,
 That told of heaviness and care
 Weary toil and scanty fare,
 Some recompense for anxious hours,
 For fading strength ; and wasted powers.
 But sadly to himself he said,
 " My children cannot now have bread
 Year after year with rugged hands
 As saddened life renews its sands
 I delve the soil, I cleave the sod,
 I solemnly appeal to God,
 And yet, do I the richer grow.
 Low voices answered No, Oh no."
 He upward looked ; lo there, there came,
 Four spirits in a lurid flame
 Kindly they spake--be ours the field,
 Thine the rich nectar it will yield.
 We long have heard thy groan of woe,
 Have seen thee long impatient grow,
 Heard thee rebel at iron rule,
 That still thine untaught soul doth school.
 Repining, filled with discontent,
 We, for thy comfort, now are sent,
 Proffer we now the Lethean wave.
 Thy gnawing thought will find a grave:
 Thy ruffled mind 'twill soothe, thy cares,
 Shall all be thrown to vacant airs.
 Laugh, and rejoice, and cease to think,
 And take the Circean cup, and drink."

The various intemperance spread
 Sinking the living to the dead.
 " The old antiquities" so treasured up,
 Drop in the social scale, and lo the cup.
 One binds the mind of budding youth
 One casts a shade on glimpse of Truth,
 Another guides with steady hand
 The wealthy, influential band,
 Who make the path of evil plain
 Question of traffic, sale or gain,
 And while our blasting reign we hold,

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Cankered be drop of perfect gold.
 " Ah what am I ; a poor weak man."
 My soul is crushed by lordly plan.
 Why was the power of thought poured down !
 That man might wear a heaven won crown ?
 Or scheme, and fret, and tamper still
 To bend his brother to his will,
 The powerful and the great ones all,
 Plot our decay. Nor break the fall.
 And where the cause—the Church, the State,
 One I abhor, the other hate,
 It grinds the poor, oppression breeds,
 And germinates dissensions seeds.
 Rearing a gorged and gloating head,
 " Above the dying and the dead."
 —The spring is touched. The young is old again
 Glowing America—dost thou covet pain,
 Must all the sorrows ; that old times have planted
 Stem the blue ocean, and be here transplanted ;
 Must grim old giants, rouse a fairy lore,
 To rout them out again from our young shore
 One grievance tramping on another's heel
 Boast heart of adamant, encased in steel.
 Religious rivalry the wished for end,
 Religious discord, every whim attend,
 'Tis here the poor should lift his head again
 The boyar host be routed on the plain.—
 —Ages have flown, the nations passed away,
 Who for a God, worshipped a mass of clay,
 The polished Grecian who invoked the care,
 Of spirit of the fire, the sea, the air,
 The haughty Roman who no God would own,
 But one that placed him on a regal throne.
 The scottish Norseman's wild imaginings,
 Blending his Maker with magican kings,
 These all have passed and scarcely left a trace,
 Till remnant imagings renew their place.
 The key of life they blindly led by sin
 In ignorance cast away—how could they enter in?
 And yet though Error, still her baleful wand
 Waves over nothern hills, and unknown land
 Though human sacrifice from southern sea
 Be offered still to senseless Deity.
 Though social life new evils must disclose
 The light, must with the darkness, still oppose.
 Though evil reign o'er all between each pole,
 And spread like ocean wide as oceans roll,
 Though in our own fair land there be a few
 Who shun the good old way to seek a new.
 The way that Revelation teaches as the best,
 To grasp the toils besetting perfect rest,
 Still let us hope the time will come when all
 The realm of Satan and man's vice shall fall,
 When prejudice and darkness shall the human mind

No more in galling fetters strive to bind.—
 —To cast earth's chains in the engulfing sea,
 And lead it onward ; is a work for thee,
 To lead to sunrise, bright America
 The churches progress to the rising day,
 To hold thine own, kind nature's pristine trust.
 Nor be her gifts enshrined in antique dust.—
 —The beams of Sacred truth are shed abroad
 From Heavens Throne—the christians God and Lord,
 The blest assurance of his sacred word
 Far distant kingdoms have both seen and heard,
 Streams of the rising Glory pierce the cloud,
 Which deamon magic surely did enshroud,
 But coming time shall open paths of bliss,
 We know not, think not, dream not, of in this,—
 —But little lower than the angel's man
 Is not a brute creation, measuring a span,
 The rending veil. The grief that all might see
 And none could share the grief of Deity !!
 This purchased thee a place on high.
 This bids thee not to droop and die.
 A bird but rests a moment, trims its plume,
 The golden cloud receives it from the gloom—
 But that the time of glory soon arrive,
 All must by precept and example strive
 Let their soul float above sublunar things
 And seek the favour of the king of kings,
 —Then gloom and ignorance shall have passed away.
 As clouds disperse them at the dawning day,
 Then heavens day star clearly seen awhile
 Shall call the drooping earth to look and smile,—
 Great God, preserve us from the dark old times,
 When men built Castles to conceal their crimes—
 * * * * *
 —Long have men ceased them to invoke the care
 Of Spirits of, the earth, and middle air.
 The Greeks mythology will ne'er be ours,
 Who rest each thought on higher, holier powers,
 On Pagan worship do we look with scorn,
 Thankful that we in christian days are born.
 But other deamons still contest the prize,
 Restraining good,—that in the pathway lies,—
 —Each phaze of pervert intellect at length,
 Shall mark creations weakness and its strength,
 Admit us to a glimpse of Spirit glory
 Whence emanates our life; and marks its story,
 And lead us to the era, whence shall rise :
 Such earth—meet preparation for such skies,
 Discord, division, and Religious strife
 Shall no more dim the page of social life
 No more contention for pre-eminence
 Shall steel our souls; and drive religion thence.
 Prejudice and Error, then, no longer mar,
 The cause of God by strange unhallowed war,
 One pure unsullied worship shall there be,
 One humble prayer then breathe but Unity.

