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THE PROVINCIAL.

HALIFAX, N. S. JUNE, 1853.

THE MONTH.—JUNE.

THE herald of the joyous Summer has sounded its melody upon our shores. June—green, sunny, and beautiful, has come to us with its treasury of song and flowers. Nature puts on lovely raiment in this first month from the summer land. There is not a little twig or a mossy knoll that does not rejoice in some evidence of life, fresh, green and beautiful. From the hoary old mountain top down to the margin of the little stream that ripples lullingly in the heart of the forest, there is a mantle of beauty and bloom, a bountiful endowment from the hand of a munificent Creator. Nature—so long in chains and darkness, struggling through the months of April and May—to free herself from the thralldom of winter, breaks forth in loveliness, and rejoicing at her victory, gems every foot and object of her wide domain with tokens of rejoicing. She hangs forth her banner of triumph in the soft green leaves that glisten on every tree and bush and shrub; she pours forth her song of victory in the melody of her singing birds and gentle southern breezes; she makes a starry beauty in the waste places of creation—for flowers, fresh and lovely as the brightest images of a fairy dream, blossom in all our paths, till the air is fragrant with the offering of their perfume. The blue lakes slumber so quietly, while in early morning the delicate wreaths of vapour, with which like a curtain the night hours have covered them, melt away in light by the golden glances of the rising sun.

June is indeed 'the gladdest month in the capricious year.' It is so full of life—life in its brightest, richest aspect—like the full heart of a joyous child, which knows not how to express its exuberance of delight and feeling, and indulges in every caprice of its rich glad imagination. All is wakening—bursting—bounding. The perfect resurrection of Nature. The stalks which erewhile looked dead and withered, shake out their clusters of green leaves; the brown and barren hill side looks beautiful with its blushing clover and golden buttercups. Gay and painted insects flutter through the joyous air, and children rosy-checked and light hearted, take their place amid the scenes of this rejoicing picture.

June brings with it a freshness of delight to every heart. The invalid, frail and drooping, wins strength and vigor from the balminess of the breeze, and the fullness of creation. The tired and weary in soul, though Spring may not restore them to early freshness, it yet revives the drooping pulses and unconsciously instils the feeling that life is not so bad as it seems—that while here in the house of our pilgrimage Hope does not fold its wing forever.

But while we lay our just tribute at the shrine of this beautiful month, so welcome to all in our northern climate, we must not forget that it is the season in which our Nova Scotia received upon her shores the adventurous band of hardy Britons, whose labour, with that of their descendants, has served to rescue our country from its wilderness condition, and make it the fair and fruitful land it now appears. On the eighth of June, 1749, Cornwallis landed at Halifax, with his compatriots, and unfurled the Royal Standard of Great Britain on our shore. Long may it wave over a loyal and a prosperous people—sheltering and protecting an independant race, who while they emulate the daring and courage of their ancestors who first planted that flag within their borders, will also like them ever be ready to uphold the honour of that standard, and, if needful, to fight 'beneath it and their Mayflower banner for liberty and right.

Though we have progressed but slowly, the face of the country now would make its first settlers start back in surprise and gladness, could they but glance over its smiling and cultivated fields with its growing towns and hamlets, and its noble harbor where many a fair vessel spreads her white sails to the rushing breeze. We trust ere many years pass over us, that the contrast we will then present may be as striking to us, as our present appearance would now be to them: that when Railways and Canals become things of fact—not of speculation within our midst,—when native industry is protected and native genius encouraged,—when the guardians of the people's rights advance their public works and their Exhibitions of Industry and skill—that the little land of our birth will be a flourishing and a populous country, doing no discredit to the land whence it derives all its laws and its institutions—our noble Mother Country—Great Britain.

For many years it was the custom, we believe, to hold an annual festival in commemoration of the landing of our early settlers on the eighth of June, but this custom has of late years fallen into disuse. Our national feeling was exhausted in the display we made on the occasion of the celebration of the day that witnessed the completion of the century since our Province was settled by the British. Centenary day, as the eighth of June 1849, was termed, was a general holiday throughout the land, and was celebrated in Halifax with considerable taste and effect. Perhaps everything was not done as it should have been, or with the style and spirit that our republican neighbors might have honored a similar event; but the day passed off gaily enough, and as we

have no better record at hand from which to give a summary of the day's proceedings, we give a poetical description, in which we believe all the prominent occurrences of the day are faithfully recorded :

“ Triumphant banners waved on high, festoons and arches gay
Decked the fair City of our Land on its first Centennial day!
The voice of cannon ushered in the glad auspicious morn,
While gaily on the wakening air, the bell's loud peals were borne.

Music resounded thro' the streets, its glorious breath was heard—
While the free, proud folds of England's Flag, the gentle south wind stirred;
And loudly broke the martial drums in triumph on the ear—
As the gallant Troops in war's array were proudly marshaled there.

Then came the “ Grand Procession ” with its flags of every hue,
And its many colored badges in beauty gleaming through,
As the various orders marched along—of every creed and name—
The LION FLAG of England by the fold of sowlter fane.

Acadia's Mayflower banner seemed proudest still to glow
With its brief appropriate motto—“ We bloom amidst the snow ! ”
While the loyal words traced on its folds, were only equalled by
The loyal hearts that beat beneath those folds triumphantly.

Proud England and old Scotland's sons, with Erin's children passed—
Their banners gleaming in the light—by Acadia's sunshine cast ;
The “ Sons of Temperance ” came next, and the heart throbbd high to see
Such a noble army witnessing our land's morality.

But the picture had a darker side, as slowly passed along
The first free owners of the soil, a small and wasted throng,—
'Twas sad to see the tatter'd garb, to meet the sunken eye
And hollow cheek, that marked each form as the Micmac train passed by.

The Engines gaily festooned with flowers and evergreen,
Lent beauty and security to the swiftly changing scene ;
The merry Africans marched on with their flags of quaint design,
While the proud and ancient order of Free Masons closed the line.

When eve ruled o'er the City, what a glorious blaze of light
Streamed out from many a window, on the shadow of the night,
While a green and tasteful archway illuminated high—
Surmounted with revolving lights—flashed strong and brilliantly ;

Casting a rich and rainbow glow on the fountains playing near,
Which gave glad freshness to the eye, and music to the ear ;
Transparencies gleamed brightly forth, hung round with wreaths of flowers,
All telling by some loyal types, that BRITAIN'S Queen was ours.

Illuminated crowns were seen, letters of coloured light,
While Starry rockets sought the sky, and danced athwart the night ;
And the FLAG STAFF lit from mast to deck, gleamed out upon the sea,
While loudly broke in haughty strength her bold artillery.

No words of discord met the ear, amidst the countless band,
Who met on that Centennial day of Nova Scotia's land,
Peace, quietude and order, reigned throughout the busy scene,
Marking a loyal race, who love their Country and their Queen!

These forms will all be low in dust, forgotten long before
Another Centenary breaks on Nova Scotia's shore.—
But may a proud and happy home, a prosperous land and free,
Be left to their descendants, throughout all futurity.

As the Patron Saints of their respective countries each have a day celebrated in their honour among us, we do not see why our brave ancestors are not entitled to as much consideration as the mythical beings under the cognomens of George, Andrew and Patrick ; and we think their descendants should honor in especial manner the anniversary of their landing on our shores, and prove to their adopted fellow-countrymen that Nova Scotians are as willing and ready to appreciate real benefits, as they are to commemorate imaginary ones.

June has another day of celebration which in every land receives honorable notice, and has long been associated with song and story, history and romance. We allude to 'St. John's Day,' on which the 'Free and Accepted Masons' throughout the whole world, hold high festival. It might be trenching too far upon the mysterious proceedings of that venerable body, did we do more than notice thus briefly their connection with the feast of St. John. Suffice it that this Saint has long been the peculiar patron of a host of ceremonies and orders, with a corresponding number of legends and superstitions, still believed and practised among the less enlightened of our fellow-men. It would, perhaps, be more interesting than profitable, to compile a history of all the observances practised on this day in bygone ages, and we leave the task to others better qualified.

June, as it is the month of song and flowers, is essentially the season for love and marriage; so those whose impatience has allowed them to pass over the month of ominous character, generally select June as the propitious season. It is, indeed, symbolical of what marriage ought to be—bright, tender and beautiful—bringing to the altar a freshness and a depth of feeling that is to last green and lovely through the summer time of life—laying the foundation of things that will not even fade away in the waning autumn of existence, but bless and beautify till all is over. Give us June, then, for the binding of young hearts, fresh and sunny as the month itself: it has flowers enough for the bride's fair tresses, sunshine enough to tell her what there should be in the depths of her heart for him who is to be her all in all. May has its north wind and nipping frost; July too much heat and passion to last; but June is calm and fresh and spiritual, the threshold of the inner life, the purest symbol of what affection ought to be.

It is the herald, and actual possessor of the bright things of Summer; it commences with bud and promise, but ere it close we have the glad fair roses all our own again, while the bright strawberries blush beneath their green leaves, and ripen in delicious clusters. Nature in her festival attire, spreads a banquet for her admirers, and festoons her halls with the loveliest things in her conservatory. We have no lack of sweet, entrancing music, for our old friends the robins are with us still, and lead the strain to which a host of kindred minstrels echo in sweet chorus.

But we will not longer attempt to paint the loveliness of this lovely time. We are now in its full enjoyment, and its real and living beauty shames the faint daguerreotype we have taken of it. Let us, like the year, imbibe new life and freshness; let us cast away the care and shadow of winter, and leaving the dusky fireside, and silent chamber, go forth into the green fields and hold communion with the spirit that presides over the light-filled temples of June:

" Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen;
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth,
Their light stems thrill to the sweet wind's strain,
And youth is abroad in its green domain."

SUNSET.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

SUNSET—how beautiful!
 The clouds that fringe the sky
 How glorious! and the Sun
 Who lingers yet their maze among—
 How loth he seems to die!

Unfurling all his state,
 His red rays flinging wide,
 He seems to seize the airy cloud,
 To make its tinted folds a shroud,
 To clothe his dying pride!

And though our raptur'd eye,
 Can see his form no more,
 We gaze in silent, rapt entrance,
 Till twilight's hour with dusk advance,
 Proclaims that all is o'er!

What calm serenity,
 O'er hill and glen doth rest;
 As ev'ning with her mystic train,
 Comes slowly o'er the em'rald plain,
 To hide the glowing west!

Be thine, fair lady, peace
 As holy and serene,
 As that which marks the dying Sun,
 When day by day, his journey done,
 He sinks with smiling mien!

W. A. C.

CHURCH COTTAGE, WILMOT.

THE STRAGGLER OF THE BEACH.

Translated for 'The Provincial,' from the French of EMILE SOUVESTRE.

THE two boats continued to beat about a little distance from each other, but differently guided. Whilst that of the *traineur de greves* went under easy sail, avoiding the flow, that of Goron, as if impatient at being overtaken, kept close to the wind, notwithstanding the turbulence of the sea.

Several times those on shore saw it buried in the foam, remain there an instant, and then recover itself with difficulty. The oldest fishermen expressed their disapprobation of the patron in a low tone.

'P.ride urges him to be the first to arrive,' said one of them. 'God forgive him! his pride will cost him his life.'

‘He is about to tack,’ replied Pierre, ‘and, as usual, too short.’

‘He is just getting into the squall,’ added the first interlocutor. ‘It is at this moment, my friends, that we must pray for them.’

At some distance appeared the Isle of Metz, lighted by the lurid rays of the setting Sun.

The bark of Goron, as well as that of Marzou, seemed raised out of the sea, and was then hidden from view by a dark cloud.

The sudden disappearance of the two barks, was followed by a feeling of consternation, which betrayed itself only by a general silence. The spectators awaited the result with outstretched necks and beating hearts; but minute succeeded minute, without anything being seen of the boats, and anxiety almost overpowered them. The most experienced fishermen who had calculated the time necessary for their reappearance, looked at each other and shook their heads sadly.

‘This is what I feared,’ said the one who had already spoken in a low voice. ‘These squalls are like the devil’s whistles—nothing can resist them.’

‘Wait a minute,’ said Pierre, shading his eyes with his hand in order to get a better view. ‘Do I not see something there coming out of the fog? there floating in the swell of the sea—hold—now on the top of the wave,—it looks like part of a white sail.’

‘It is a boat upset,’ said a young peasant whose sight was keener.

The prayer was now interrupted; the women and even M. Le Fort himself ran to the pier. The object pointed out by Pierre was now distinctly seen. It was indeed a boat, but completely overturned, and buffeted by the waves. Annette, who had distinguished it as well as the others, fell on her knees, sobbing and extending her arms to the sea, whilst the women gathering round her, lavished upon her those officious marks of compassion, which far from softening grief, only serve to increase it. All at once a new cry was heard among those who had continued watching, and all hands were directed to a particular point in the horizon. A second boat appeared. ‘See—the red sail, it is the *traineur de greves*,’ exclaimed Pierre.

‘He is going to the assistance of Goron,’ they all cried.

‘Provided he arrives in time.’

‘He has let out the reefs.’

Marzou seemed in fact to have lost his usual prudence, and was running full sail towards the overturned bark. He soon reached it. They saw his sail lowered, and understood that he was endeavoring to save the sufferers, but without being certain on account of the distance, whether he had arrived in time. Each hazarded a conjecture, almost immediately contradicted; at last, after a long stay, which was differently explained by the spectators, the *traineur de greves* hoisted his sail, and turned towards the island in order to land. As soon as he had disappeared, M. Le Fort approached Annette, who was still on her knees in an attitude of despair.

‘Rise, my daughter,’ said he, with an accent of mild authority; ‘whether you have to thank God for his mercy, or to ask consolation of him, come and pray;’ and taking her by the hand he led her into the church.

Whilst the inhabitants of Piriac, assembled on the pier, gave themselves up to a thousand contradictory suggestions, and while Niette continued to pray before the shrine of the Virgin, with an anxious fervour, another scene of the drama began to unfold itself in the Isle of Metz, in the cottage of Luz Marillas.

Near the hearth on which crackled a fire of dried sea-weed, Goron and Lubert were sitting just as they had been saved by the *traineur de greves*, but in a very different mood from that in which they had left Piriac. The former, on coming to himself, had soon regained his usual firmness, and more humiliated than frightened by his shipwreck, sat silently wringing the sea-water from the sleeves of his jacket. Lubert, on the contrary, his lips pale, his eyes dilated, and his whole body agitated by convulsive movements, murmured confused interjections, and had not yet recovered from his terror. The agony which he had experienced while holding on to the shipwrecked bark had exhausted his strength, and his muscles being now relaxed, he resembled an oak of robust appearance, but hollow in the centre, and which the first tempest had felled to the ground.

At the other extremity of the cottage, Marillas was extended on a sailor’s hammock. His laboured breathing announced the approach of death. Bending over him, Marzou watched with emotion the struggle between life and death; and at the feet of the dying man knelt Jaumic, repeating the only prayer which he had learned from his mother.

After a long silence Goron rose, with the air of a wolf who has just awoke; he went to the window which looked upon the sea, and returning towards the hearth—‘Come,’ said he to Lubert roughly, ‘get up, the wind is going down, and we must profit by it to fish up the shallop.’

‘Where! what shallop?’ stammered Lubert, as he turned his stupid countenance towards the mariner.

‘The one which you upset,’ replied Goron, with anger; ‘she ought to be near the isle; with your beat we shall be able to tow her.’

‘How! do you wish to embark at this hour?’ cried Lubert, ‘while the sea is yet in a foam: do you not hear it on the rocks? The devil! I will neither expose my bark nor my body.’

The patron gave him a look of contempt. ‘Coward,’ exclaimed he, bitterly; ‘a few moments in the surf has rendered you more timid than a girl.’

‘Good!’ interrupted the giant with a shudder; ‘but I advise you not to recur to these things, seeing that you are the cause of all.’

‘Is it I, then, who failed in managing the boat through carelessness, or fear?’ demanded Goron, ironically.

‘It was you who forced me to follow you,’ retorted Lubert in a tone of rancour; ‘when the *traineur de grèves* challenged us to embark, of what use was it for me to object? I would have silenced him with a blow, but you accepted it through a false ambition. It was worth while, certainly, to come through five hundred deaths to hear a man with the rattles in his throat.’

Marzou, who was still at the side of the dying man, turned and made a sign with his hand. ‘Speak lower, for God’s sake,’ exclaimed he, ‘Master Luz can hear you.’

Lubert shrugged his shoulders. ‘Yes, yes,’ cried he, ‘we have made a fine campaign of it, and one of which I would not advise the patron to boast; too happy if he lose nothing but his boat.’

‘Ah! I shall know where to find her,’ replied the mariner, and since you have not nerve enough, to help me, I will go alone.’

‘Master Goron will not refuse my services, I hope,’ said the *traineur de grèves*, approaching him; ‘but I would not like to quit Master Luz in his extremity, and there is nothing to fear for the boat; I have anchored her securely.’

‘That was a good thought,’ replied Goron, who seemed to praise Marzou only with repugnance and embarrassment; ‘I did not think you had such a seaman’s eye.’

‘Master Goron must have forgotten that formerly he often took me for a sailor, and in a good school it is easy to learn.’

The mariner eyed the young man, as if he mistrusted the compliment; but the accent was so simple, and the expression of his face so sincere, that he was obliged to accept it as it was meant.

‘Good!’ he said, ‘we will wait then, and when the sea is perfectly smooth, Lubert will have sufficient courage to take an oar.’ ‘Ah! it is time you were done with that,’ said Lubert, who, ashamed of his cowardice, and incapable of overcoming it, was angry at any reference to so humiliating a subject; ‘truly, captain, you are enough to provoke a lamb. One would think you would like to see me drowned.’

‘You would have been so without Marzou,’ said Goron, ironically. Lubert stamped his foot. ‘Thunder—I do not speak of that—he rendered you the same service.’

Marzou wished to interfere, but they were too much excited to accept his mediation.

‘Thank the bastard for having taken your boat; if you had conducted it, it would now be at the bottom of the bay.’

‘I should at least be able to buy another,’ replied Lubert, brutally; ‘I am not so poor as you are.’

‘Do you speak of me?’ demanded the sailor, with kindling eyes.

‘Of you less than of others’ objected Lubert, with a rude laugh, ‘since some of your family will be the richer for my crowns.’

Goron who was seated near the fire rose with a bound. 'Thunder—neither your crowns, nor yourself, miserable brute,' exclaimed he bursting forth.

'Well said, Captain,' murmured a feeble, but distinct voice.

Goron raised his head; the face of the sick man was turned towards the fire; his breathing seemed easier, and there was a singular lucidity in his countenance. Marzou ran towards him with an exclamation of joy. God be praised you are better Master Luz; it was only a crisis, and it is past. The Bearnais raised his heavy eyelids, while a smile animated his fevered lips.

'Still prepare the wax candles and the holy water,' replied he in a low voice; 'but before you go I would like to have the satisfaction of knowing that Niette will not marry that savage.'

'I would much rather see her borne to the cemetery with a white crown on her shroud,' said the sailor, who cast upon Lubert a glance of rage and disdain.

'Far better conduct her to church with a silver bouquet,' said Marillas, 'and that is easy enough for you Captain; for there is another young man here who loves Annette; and if I have understood aright, he has just now saved your life.'

'I am not disposed to deny the service he has rendered me,' replied the mariner, with a sombre air.

Lubert brought down his huge fist upon his knee with a contemptuous laugh. 'Here is a son-in-law who will do honor to Master Goron. I should like to know what reply he will make to the Mayor, when he asks him whose son he is.'

'He will reply,' said Marillas, that he is the son of his own courage and intelligence. These are parents which you have never had, Lubert, for if you had been born like Louis, without resources, instead of earning your bread by gleaning on the rocks, and sands, you would have been a vagabond on the road with thieves, and robbers.'

'Good! I am not speaking to you Bearnais; you had better occupy yourself with dying, and leave those alone who have strength to live; besides, you talk in vain—Marzou is too poor to maintain a wife—he has nothing, not even a trade.'

'Lubert has seen that I can manage a boat,' objected Marzou.

'When you find some one to lend you one,' said Lubert, mockingly; 'where is your own shallop?'

'Here!' interrupted Marillas, warmly. 'I will show it to you.' And making a sign to the *traineur de greves* to assist him, he raised himself on his left arm, put his hand under the mattress, and drew forth a leather pocket-book, which he opened. Several louis d'or glittered upon the coverlet. 'Here are nearly five hundred francs,' said he; 'it is twice as much as is necessary to buy a boat. If I live, Louis can return them to me, as he is able; if I die they are all his. What do you say to that, Lubert?'

'I? Nothing, Master Luz,' said the giant, who had never before seen so much gold, and now found himself intimidated before the possessor of so large a sum. 'Now the patron will not fail to favour Marzou, but let me ask why you are so prejudiced against me?'

A light passed over the livid features of the dying man; he slowly raised his hand, and pointed to the wall at the foot of his bed: the sea-fowl which Lubert had killed was suspended there, its beak open, and its wings hanging. Lubert disconcerted, turned away his head.

'I told you,' said Marillas, 'that we should be revenged: endeavor to remember it for the future; and you, Goron, do not barter your daughter's happiness for money. Then give your hand to this brave boy in token of compliance. The sailor hesitated. He looked at the gold which lay on the bed, then at Lubert who was twirling his hat with an air of sullen resentment, and finally at Marzou, whose expressive face was animated by hope, and suddenly coming to a decision. 'Devil take what people say,' cried he. 'After all, I did not know Louis; he is a true sailor. Niette and he can arrange matters, and may the fever strangle me if I disappoint them.' He extended his hand to Marzou, who pressed it with a cry of joy; then turning towards the Bearnais he fell upon his knees near the bed. 'Ah! you must now live to see the happiness you have conferred,' cried he with a burst of gratitude. The dying man could not reply immediately. Leaving one of his hands in that of Marzou, who covered it with kisses, he placed the other upon his head in silence; and the tears trickled slowly over his sunken cheeks. At last he made an effort and murmured, 'God bless you, my son; thanks to you, there will be some one to love me after my death.'

Marzou protested against these last words, and enumerated the chances of recovery which seemed to remain to the sick man; but Marillas made a sign for him to hush, and began to explain his last wishes. He desired to be interred in the isle, and requested that the first voyage made by the boat bought for Annette and Louis should be to visit his tomb. He bequeathed to Marzou the cattle he had raised, on condition that they should never be given to the knife of the butcher.

Towards the middle of the night his agony began, and he died towards the dawn of day, with his head on the shoulder of Louis.

All his wishes were accomplished. Niette and the *traineur de grecs*, who, thanks to him were happily married, came every year on the anniversary of his death, to pray at the place of his repose, till the construction of a fort in the middle of the island rendered it necessary to remove the remains of Marillas to the cemetery of Piriac, where a stone rudely carved, still indicates the place of his sepulture.

TALES OF OUR VILLAGE.—No. 8.

CHAPTER I.

ADOLPHUS SCHILLER was a Merchant of some standing in the city of Hamburgh. His business though not very flourishing, was yet lucrative enough to maintain his family in ease and competence. This comprised a wife and two daughters, and in these the best wealth of the German merchant's treasury consisted. Madame Schiller was a lady of many accomplishments, and possessed of all the virtues that make the charm of the domestic circle. She was an excellent wife and judicious mother, guarding tenderly the fair flowers committed to her trust, and training them by her example, even more than her precepts, to become ornaments in whatever society providence might yet place them.

Katrine, the youngest of the girls, was very lovely; her pail brown hair fell luxuriantly over her cheeks bright with the hue of health and cheerfulness; her eye was blue and bright with the spiritual glow of gentleness and affection; while her light form was the gayest in the dance, and her joyous tones rang out in laughing guise, amid her young companions, with whom she was an especial favourite. She was a creature of sunshine and gaiety, but dependant on tenderness and love for everything; did the cloud darken, the inner light was also withdrawn. She had neither self-reliance or energy; her mind was cultivated and sparkling, but destitute of the stronger feelings that often enable woman to bear with firmness and calmness the worst results of the conflict with life's troubles. She would have performed with credit and usefulness all the duties belonging to a common position; she might have borne up against the trials incidental to an ordinary state, but to meet the storm in its fury, or breast the billows that threaten to overwhelm the barque of life, her spirit was unequal. Sheltered securely in the quiet haven of home,—guarded by a father's love and a mother's care,—surrounded by the gentle influences of kindred companionship and affectionate friends, her life was like the butterfly's—every object was a rose in her pathway, from which she gathered honey to sweeten still more the bright days of her girlhood. She was always, from her beauty and gaiety, the centre of attraction wherever she moved, the pet of her household, and the star of a host of admirers—each and all of whom would have done much for one smile or word of peculiar kindness from her bright lips. But the young heart of Katrine was as yet untouched by the homage of any, and the love of her early friends amply occupied her affection.

Louise the eldest daughter, was an everyday, common-place girl, distinguished neither for beauty nor cleverness, kind and amiable in her family, contributing to their comfort by her usefulness and kindness, but unattractive beside her more brilliant and equally affectionate sister. From childhood to womanhood they grew together, participating in each others joys and sorrows, bound by the

tenderest links to each other; and the whole Schiller family had more to promote their domestic happiness than is often found in this atmosphere of change and disappointment.

Business—that great engrosser of a Merchant's life—pressed heavily on the mind of Mr. Schiller. Its returns were not as ample as the labour expended upon it, and his brow at times was clouded with thought, while his usually placid manner gave way to restlessness and anxiety. Matters were in this state, when a Merchant of longer standing and more extensive commercial resources than himself, proposed a partnership on advantageous terms, with the condition, however, that Mr. Schiller must remove to Gibraltar, and attend to a branch of the concern carried on at that locality. The offer was too favourable not to be gladly acceded to, though the parting from his native city, with all its early associations and warm friends, was trying in the extreme even to the old Merchant. Success in trade, however, reconciled him to the change; but not so with his less money-appreciating family, who heard of the necessity for removal with sorrow, and prepared with heavy hearts to make the arrangements necessary for a change of abode. Katrine, peculiarly affectionate and sensitive, sorrowed most over their contemplated departure; it was the first trial of her life, and many and deep, were the lamentations she expended on it. It was in this case also that she first displayed that imbecility and despondency of character that afterward aided in darkening her existence. Instead of courageously contending with the sorrow that oppressed her, and yielding to the force of circumstances cheerfully and hopefully, she sank under the weight of the prospect, and refused to see any light through the vista of the future. On Louise, therefore, and her mother, all the arrangements depended, while Katrine sat listlessly bewailing their removal, helpless as a child amid the bustle and confusion around her. At last, however, with many tears and much regret from all, they bade farewell to their native city, and repaired to the rock bound fortress of Gibraltar. Here in the improved aspect of business, with the gay society that welcomed their coming, they soon felt themselves at home, and derived benefit in many respects from the once lamented change.

The business establishment into which Mr. Schiller had entered was large, and as he was a most industrious and pains-taking partner, that portion under his management soon became very flourishing. Wealth soon flowed in upon him to a greater extent than ever before in his commercial life, and his family reaped the benefit of his altered circumstances in their improved style of living; giving and receiving attentions in a manner unknown in their happy but less elegant German home. A taste for the luxurious soon grows upon the most simple of mankind; and the Schiller family were not proof against the pervading influence. Katrine soon forgot her sorrow at leaving Hamburgh, in the enjoyment everywhere opened to her at Gibraltar. She and Louise were

foremost amid the gay society that courted the appearance of girls enabled by their wealth, suavity and beauty, to reflect lustre on the circles in which they associated. Both the girls were much admired in their new society; but Katrine was the centre of all attraction. The gay and gallant of all creeds and climes, followed in her train; her windows were serenaded and many a sonnet, breathing of the most chivalrous devotion, was laid on the pillow of the young girl. As they were now the reputed expectants of great wealth, the sincerity of this admiration, may, perhaps, be questioned; many, doubtless, regarded the heiress more than the woman; but Katrine's sweetness of disposition, with her bright beauty and sparkling conversation were enough in themselves to endear her to the heart of any honorable man. These considerations, however, mattered little at this time to the young and joyous girl; she enjoyed life, its sunshine and gaiety, and the bright smile was ever on her dewy lip and light words and merry laughter were continually welling up from her still lighter heart. Love had as yet seldom, if ever, entered into her dreams; among the many of diversified rank and claims to her notice, though she mingled with the highest, and received the homage of the most fascinating, she had not yet met with one whose honied words had power to awaken the depth of her affection; so she smiled at the gallant speeches of her lovers, and laughed merrily at their discomfited looks, while she said nay to the pressing request urged in so tender a manner. Gay and light-hearted was the sunny German maiden; carressed and flattered by all around her, beloved by a great number, her life was now one glad Summer day, without a single speck to cloud the beauty of its gentle sunshine. We have dwelt thus long upon the happiness of Katrine's early life, to make more plain the dark contrast upon which we must subsequently touch. How often do we see the glory of a Summer morning eclipsed before the day has reached its meridian, and setting in dark clouds, it may be amid furious thunder peals. And so with the heroine of our tale. But we will not anticipate; our story is even now leading us to its *denouement*, as we commence the narration of the next leading events in her troubled life.

Mr. Schiller lived in the town of Gibraltar under the Spanish Government, a narrow causeway, as is well known, separating this city from the garrisoned fortress held by Great Britain. This, always famous for its military strength, was, at the period when our story opened, a principal station for the flower of the British army. Here notwithstanding the many severe regulations established by the Spanish authorities, the gay officers mingled freely with the inhabitants of the adjoining town, and were frequent guests in the families of its most distinguished citizens. Katrine's father from his growing wealth and general popularity, was one of the most influential of its inhabitants; at his house the most splendid entertainments were given; his wife and daughters were among the leaders of fashion, and consequently the English officers were

always anxious for admission within the charmed precincts—their presence, too, was always welcome at the wealthy Merchant's establishment: so in addition to the Spanish Grandees of the city, the daughters of Adolphus Schiller had the most distinguished of England's military sons as their admirers.

Among the number that nightly crowded the gay saloons at the princely mansion of Mr. Schiller, was a young English officer by the name of T——. He was then an Ensign, having entered the Regiment but the year previous: a son of one of the best families in Devonshire, no pains had been spared in his education—expensively reared,—mingling always in the best society of his native land,—pleasing in person and accomplished in mind, the young man was well calculated to make a favorable impression on all who became acquainted with him. There was a joyous frankness in his manner, which, added to his pleasing gentlemanly address, made him the favorite of his Regiment, and the life of the society in which he moved; there was not one who had not a kind word for the young Englishman. He was always apparently open-hearted and generous; and few would have believed that beneath that winning deportment lurked selfishness of the most subtle nature, combined with artifice and cruelty. You would not have read it in his sparkling eye, or discovered it in the kindly tones of the joyous voice that had a gay word or witty repartee for all. On the contrary he was believed to be the incarnation of perfection; even his extravagance, the only fault allowed by his friends, was excused as the result of the luxury of his education and attributed to the generosity of his disposition. Even when far advanced in life,—when time and passion had done their work upon him, and he was reaping the bitter harvest of a sinful seed time, his deportment was so winning, his tones were so kind, and manner so gentlemanly, while every action bespoke the polished scholar, no less than the kind-hearted and generous man, one could not wonder that in early youth he was so trusted and beloved. Till his conduct was proved beyond excuse, even in his age he had many true friends and staunch supporters; it was then but natural that in his youth he should have won the affection of the most gentle and lovely. A favorite everywhere, he was especially welcome at Mr. Schiller's. There he also met with the refined and accomplished society to which he had been accustomed in his native land; the appendages of wealth and luxury were ever agreeable to his feelings, and here he enjoyed them in their fullest perfection. It was not long, however, before the bright eyes of Katrine seemed apparently the magnet that attracted him; he was ever by her side; his frank, merry voice subdued itself into those low tender accents which fall so winningly upon the ear, and strike a chord in the sensitive and affectionate heart. Katrine, so long unwon yielded unconsciously to the fascinations of the young Englishman. She was no longer indifferent to the gentle tones of entreaty and love, proving how sweetly a tune may sound when played by a skilful hand. She cared no longer for the homage of the many;

the smile of the one was all sufficient for her—and it was soon her only care how to win and secure that smile by every grace and attraction in her power. And soon the dearest hope of the heart of the young maiden was fulfilled. The handsome Ensign told her of his love, and asked her in those low winning accents (which truth and falsehood alike assume, till human wisdom is futile in discerning between them), to be his wife. Ready was the response which Katrine's heart gave, though her voice was inaudible; but the face half turned in concealment to his shoulder, and the hand that laid softly in his own, and gently returned his ardent pressure, were sufficient confirmation to his request. Doubtless she was truly happy, and perhaps for a brief period afterwards; but ages of delight should have been compressed into those fleeting hours, to have compensated in any measure however slight for the sufferings of after years.

When Mr. T——'s intentions with regard to Katrine were communicated to Mr. Schiller, he warmly welcomed the young soldier as his future son-in-law. For some months, however, a dark shadow had been brooding on the old Merchant's mind—but the cause was unknown to his family; his deep abstraction and anxious, hurried manner gave them much uneasiness; he spent the greater part of his time in his counting house; and though always attentive to business, he seemed now more than ever absorbed in its pursuits. He had been speculating extensively through the past year, and his business was supposed to be in a most flourishing condition; but the haggard countenance with which he returned to his home at the close of each day, added to the usual restlessness of his manner, convinced his observing wife that matters were not as auspicious as was believed by the public. He, however, gave no explanations calculated to satisfy her anxiety, when questioned as to the cause of his uneasiness and care; and those who only sought the Merchant's house as a rendezvous for their idle moments, when the refinement and allurements of wealth were found in profusion, regarded not the care-worn brow of its Master, or imagined that the funds were lower, or that a cloud was hanging over his fortunes which would soon break and overwhelm him in its discharge. It was the cause of much gratulation to his affectionate family, to witness the pleasure with which he looked forward to the approaching union of his fair and darling girl, with the young Englishman. They little thought it was because he feared he would not long have a competence, or a home to offer her, and was therefore thankful that another was to be provided for her where she would have all the comfort and endearment to which she had been accustomed in the home of her childhood. Poor misguided father! little did he imagine that the man who spoke so honorably and openly, and to whose care he was so willing to commit the child he had reared so tenderly, sought that beloved child alone for the wealth he confidently expected she would bring him, and whose beauty and amiability were worthless in his eyes, compared to the fortune he required to replenish his resources, which had been impoverished by his recklessness and

extravagance. So great was the cold-blooded selfishness he concealed, that had he possessed the slightest suspicion of the real state in which her father's business stood, he would have withdrawn from his engagement with Katrine, regardless of her deep affection for him, and the utter misery in which such a course would have involved her. Unhappily, however, the crash that was yet to fall so suddenly and hopelessly upon the Schillers, was stayed until Katrine's union with Mr. T—— had been consummated.

Mr. Schiller, anxious to make a last display, as if to show to his fellow townsmen that his credit was still unbounded gave his daughter a brilliant marriage entertainment, at which all the *elite* of Gibraltar, civil and military, were present. It was the most splendid *fete* ever given there, and to complete the arrangements to the satisfaction of all, the Merchant had collected his available funds, and with the recklessness of despair devoted them as his bridal gift to his daughter. The sum was large, and probably the brightest glances of the bridegroom's eye were in consequence of so desirable a gift. Very fair and lovely seemed the young bride; beautiful she always was—but the inner light of love and happiness gave a tenderness and spirituality to her smile which heightened her loveliness, and made her more than usually fascinating. Many there were in that vast assemblage who looked with a jealous eye on the gentle bride. Many a heart would have shed its best blood to guard and defend her; there were some there who loved her truly and devotedly, to whom her smile would have outweighed all the gold of sunny Spain, and who now turned despairingly away from the grand faces around, which seemed to shine so mockingly upon their sorrow; others again, and they were among the fairer portion of the guests, looked on her with an envious eye. Her new made husband by his fascinating address, and winning musical tones, had made a deep impression on some of the gentle hearts who had listened too often to his low whispered nothings, and as they looked at him standing so proud and happy by the side of the girl he had chosen, the personification of manly beauty and excellence, there were many who thought the bride's lot the happiest a woman could hope for. So true it is that we know nothing of the future, and fancy the existence of happiness where it is least to be found. It is marvellous how strangely the human heart turns to the *unattainable*: cast around the pathway of life what flowers you may—give it all the sunshine and light that human existence can possibly have—and in ninety-nine cases of a hundred, you will find that the possessor of all these enjoyments still turns to something beyond, and looks with a discontented eye on the blessings that surround him, simply because there is some one thing not within reach. The rose may be in our grasp, but the weed beyond is more dearly prized; it may be fame or wealth, or the dearer light of love, no matter what! let it be unattainable and we think it happiness. How many of those who envied Katrine's destiny on her bridal night, could have borne her

future misery with either cheerfulness or endurance. No—the loneliest fate that old maidenhood has ever borne, was happiness compared with the cruel futurity that awaited her.

APPEAL TO THE POETS OF NOVA SCOTIA.

“Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said—
This is my own, my native land.”

LIFT up your voices, sons and daughters,
Of the Land we claim;
Forest hills, and River waters,
Look to ye for fame.
Valley, Village, Mead and Mountain,
Ask ye for their dower,
Dew drops from the human fountain,
Wait Song's sunlit hour.
Ye've honor'd heads in grassy graves,
And broken hearts beneath your waves.

Broad, bright Chebucto claims the meed,
Awarded long ago;
Still north-west* sweeps, his waves to lead
The painted hills below.
And when the Autumn light looks down,
So mellow, warm, and still;
And in the lustrous mirror grown,
Seems each enchanted hill.
Evoke the notes most sweet and rare,
And sing September-sunset there.

Go—watch the Fisher's picturesque toil,
And mark his thrifty home;
Where round your rugged sea-shore soil,
The shining millions come.
Honor the glittering kin that sweep
Their armies to your door;
For Labrador's fam'd myriads, keep,
A place in minstrel lore.
The captors ask a native strain,
To carry with them to the Main.

Still guarding many a lovely spot,
The old French willows† stand,

* The North-West Arm.

† In that part of it (Township of Horton) bordering on the basin, was situated the French village, Minas, of which frequent mention is made in the History of Nova Scotia. No traces of it are now to be seen, except the cellars of the houses, a few aged orchards, and the never failing appendages of an Acadian Settlement—scattered groups of Willows.—HALIBUTON'S HISTORY OF NOVA SCOTIA.

Where stood their homes—yet unforget,
 Whose toil first blessed the Land.
 The stranger's* charm'd voice told not all
 The story of their doom;
 Still moan through many a ruined wall,
 Past agony and gloom.†
 Moan—that the old world came to view
 Its lost Arcadia‡ in the New.

Bethink ye—that ye leave unsung,
 The stately Moose to roam;
 Nor less might some sweet Lyre be strung,
 For yon wild hunter's home.
 Beneath the sighing branchy pine,
 The wandering people dwell;
 While delicate dark fingers twine,
 The brilliant fabric well.
 'Till in its graceful craft you trace,
 The fancies of the simple race.

Have ye not one melodious strain,
 For that strange exile-grove,§
 Whose boughs are bright in warm spring rain,
 And green when snow-winds rove.
 The Indian deemed he earned his doom,
 Whose guidance had betrayed;
 To brethren pale, the sacred gloom
 Of that mysterious shade.
 Unreached—upon the Alien shore,
 Save Alien's daring foot explore.

Look with the yellow autumn sun,
 Where the flax-gatherers toil,
 Nor scorn the mirth when day is done,
 That mockery cannot spoil.
 And mark across some threshold lone,
 The evening sunlight lies,
 Where—humming to her small wheel's tone—
 The white-haired woman plies,
 The whiter threads, that yet shall crowd
 Round household cradle, board and shroud.

Still songless sweeps the splendid wave,
 (Whose rafts float to the sea,)
 The wild romantic banks to lave,
 Of 'Shubenacadie.'

* Longfellow's Evangeline.

† The novelty and peculiarity of their situation could not but force itself upon the attention of the unreflecting soldiery; stationed in the midst of a beautiful and fertile country, they suddenly found themselves without a foe to subdue, and without a population to protect. The volumes of smoke which the half expiring embers emitted, while they marked the site of the peasant's humble cottage, bore testimony to the extent of the work of destruction. For several successive evenings the cattle assembled round the smouldering ruins, as if in anxious expectation of the return of their masters; while all night long the faithful watch-dogs of the Neutrals howled over the scene of desolation, and mourned alike the land that had fed and the house that had sheltered them.—HALIBURTON'S NOVA SCOTIA.

‡ Acadia, Acadie, and Arcadia were the names given indiscriminately, by the first French settlers, to this Province.

§ See the account given by Mr. James Irons, of these singular Trees, upon the occasion of the successful search for their locality, by Capt. C——ly. Also, the very fanciful tradition attached by the Indians to the spot.

And many a lovely stream that lends
 The mill-wheel's dashing spray—
 Melodiously pleads as it wends,
 To echo through your lay.
 And murmurs of some broad bright lake
 It left, for the green valley's sake.

See—through the bounteous Truro vale
 The Salmon water* wander ;
 Did purer wave e'er grace the tale
 Of glory-gilt Scamander.
 And ne'er did goddess, nymph or queen,
 Her brow immortal lave
 In fairer solitudes, than lean
 Round loveliest Lahave.†
 And proudly blue Mahonej may show
 Her matchless Archipelago.

Ye've fair familiar things at rest
 Your hills and plains upon,
 And marvels on the jewell'd breast,
 Of stormy Blomedon.
 Ye've all the beauty culture yields,
 Beneath the summer air,
 Where Labour spreads the waving fields,
 Labour—the wheat and tare.
 The curse and blessing error leaves
 For binding—in the wide world's sheaves.

The birds' sweet notes ring from your boughs,
 The silver salmon swim,
 The painted trout its beauty shows,
 Where river-pools lie dim.
 And women smile within your homes,
 Of various hue and mien ;
 One with soft midnight glances comes,
 While oft another's seen
 Beside whose locks might gleam in vain—
 Resplendent showers of April rain.

The strong man heweth down the tree,
 For craftsmen's skilful toil,
 Launched on your native waters—see,
 What crowned your native soil.
 Sing of the grim coal-miner's lot,
 Beside the firelight glow ;
 Fed from her breast who faileth not,
 Whose grace 'tis yours to show.
 The sweetness of your measur'd line
 Shall pierce the chambers of the mine.

Ye're dwelling in the city streets,
 And far mid sylvan shades,
 You're where the stretching meadow meets,
 The swelling mountain glades.

* Salmon River.
 † Lahave River.
 ‡ Mahone Bay.

The voice that calls ye, claimeth not,
 The music of your own,
 It asketh but the pleasant lot,
 Of answering their tone.
 Though all it needs, time shall not bring,
 'Twill echo what it cannot sing.

The hand that points this urging line,
 Falls fainter day by day,
 The heart that sees your day spring shine,
 Longs to beat far away;
 We cannot strive when dearest eyes
 Look not upon the meed,
 And seek no wreath, when grave-still lies
 The voice that charmed our speed.
 Who wins the goal with flagging pace.
 Who runs—if nothing crown the race.

Wake ye then for the new wild land,
 The old harp's magic measure,
 Ard let its chords your care command,
 For in them lies your treasure.
 Fear ye not, to lift your strain,
 'Mid songs of famous Lyres,
 Among the old prophetic train,
 Strike free the golden wires.
 Time shall never rust or flaw,
 While resounds true Minstrel-law.

MAUDE.

THE MATCH-MAKERS MATCHED.

A COMEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. TOPTON.	MRS. TOPTON.
MR. SPEEDWELL.	MRS. SILKIE.
CAPT. DASHLEY.	MRS. YOUNGHUSBAND.
MR. GREENISH.	LARA.
MR. YOUNGHUSBAND.	JEMIMA.
DENNIS.	
NERO.	

SCENE—A Country Village and its Environs. TIME—Two Days.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Drawing Room at Bloomfield Hall.

Enter Mrs. Silkie in a travelling dress, and Mrs. Topton.

MRS. TOPTON.—Is it possible? my dear Julia! I am really delighted to see you, (*advancing majestically and kissing her on the forehead*). I have

certainly every reason to consider myself flattered at your answering my letter so very promptly, and in person, too.

Mrs. SILKIE.—How could I, my dear Mrs. Topton, hesitate a moment to avail myself of so pressing an invitation coming from you? But I assure you, I have not come for pleasure alone. You hinted at something of requiring my services as in times past. I shall be so happy—who are they? I am dying to hear all about it.

Mrs. T.—I have selfish motives, certainly; but your tact—

Mrs. S.—Ah! now, my dear Mrs. Topton, your old habit—talking of selfish motives when I know your heart is made up of loving-kindness for others; and as for tact, it is—pardon me—perfectly ridiculous for *you* to commend any other person for that quality.

Mrs. T.—Well, we will speak of our plans presently. First, tell me the news from town.

Mrs. S.—Oh, there is nothing—positively nothing. It is the very essence of dullness since you left.

Mrs. T.—What, no matches in course of development? How does Mrs. Wolfe succeed in her plans relative to her niece? Is not Miss Pepper married yet?

Mrs. S.—Married? Yes, indeed! but not as her aunt intended. She eloped last Friday with a merchant's clerk.

Mrs. T.—Good Heavens! Why, *that* is news. A merchant's clerk? What pitiable bungling! Never had a young lady more brilliant prospects than Miss Pepper! Mr. Grimes was a perfect walking Bank.

Mrs. S.—Yes, and in poor health too. He had had two fits of apoplexy before she ever saw him. Now his wealth will all go to his old house-keeper. He married her the day after that young ingrate's elopement.

Mrs. T.—I see quite distinctly how it has all been. Mrs. Wolfe has been too precipitate—too rash—she always was too rash.

Mrs. S.—Yes, yes, your usual penetration, my dear Mrs. Topton. Would you believe it? She gave her niece three days either to give her consent to the union, or be discarded forever. Miss Pepper, as you are aware, was a portionless orphan; and a person of no more penetration than Mrs. Wolfe might easily conceive this to be the most effectual mode of quelling her obstinacy. You see the result. She is now the wife of this clerk whom she met, Heaven only knows how, or where.

Mrs. T.—I knew it, I knew it. Mrs. Wolfe was always too precipitate. I do like to see a person shew a little address, particularly in these delicate matters. Why, my Mary, you may recollect, shewed some slight disaffection when I brought her to the point relative to Mr. Younghusband; and—was ever anything more ridiculous—this Mrs. Wolfe advised me to confine her to her room, on bread and water, until she should consent to lay aside such foolish

freaks. What pitiable madness! Why cannot people evince a little more address?

Mrs. S.—Why, indeed? Ah! if she had but trusted to your tact—

Mrs. T.—Ah!—yes—I flatter myself—this I can assure you of, that had I been in the place of Mrs. Wolfe, that poor victimised girl would, long since, have been the wealthy Mrs. Grimes.

Mrs. S.—Who could doubt it? Not I—no indeed, I can assure you.

Mrs. T.—There was that Bilks match. Never had any person a more foolish, more inveterate antipathy to another, than Mrs. Bilks had to Mr. Bilks, during the earlier stages of their acquaintance; but, thanks to a little skill on my part, and a little knowledge of human nature, with which kind providence has been pleased to endow me, her silly prejudices have been laid aside, and I am happy to say, a more suitable match was never consummated within the sphere of my observation. How is Mr. Bilks—dear old soul—and Eliza? Happy as ever, I trust?

Mrs. S.—Is it possible? Have you not heard of her death?

Mrs. T.—Her death? How? When?

Mrs. S.—She has been in delicate health for some time past, and died a few days since of a hemorrhage of the lungs. That Mrs. Tartly has reported that she died of broken heart, from living with that ‘odious old wretch, Bilks.’ I think, I can hear her saying it—such consummate impudence!

Mrs. T.—Pardon me one moment. (*rings*).

Mrs. S.—Poor Mrs. Bilks! She was very eccentric. I myself heard her say, in Mrs. Tartly’s hearing, that she had been duped into the marriage—that she would never know again what happiness was in this world; but then ill health puts such strange and melancholy fancies into people’s heads.

Mrs. T.—Oh, Eliza was always, always a most singular creature, a very combination of whims. There is no accounting for such people’s fancies. (*Enter Nero.*) Nero—when Captain Dashley and Miss Medwin have arrived, let me know immediately.

Nero.—Miss Medwin and Captain Dashley. Yes ’m. Whenever they arrive? Yes ’m, I shall let you know. (*Exit.*)

Mrs. S.—Laura and Captain Dashley? Oh! that is the match you hinted at. I understand.

Mrs. T.—Yes; and Laura, poor child, as you are aware, has a most unfortunate temper. She is so wayward and has such violent passions. It requires some tact to manage her, I assure you.

Mrs. S.—Fortunate child, that she is, to have fallen into such excellent hands.

Mrs. T.—And I flatter myself, she has not fallen into my hands to no purpose. I wish you to use your influence, according to some directions which I shall give you.

Mrs. S.—Oh! it will give me so much pleasure to assist in helping our dear little Laura to a good match—a comfortable situation in life! I really—

Mrs. T.—I have managed, with a little skilful manoeuvring, to get Captain Dashley—dear soul!—off in search of Laura, who has gone down by the river side to finish a sketch this morning. Believe me, my dear Julia, there is nothing like a little address in these matters.

Mrs. S.—If all mothers had your knowledge of human nature—ah! I think there would not be quite so many unhappy matches in the world—no, not quite so many.

Mrs. T.—Well, I rather flatter myself there would not. But, bless my heart, Julia, my dear, I am really acting very cruelly. You are so fatigued, and must feel so uncomfortable until you have dressed. How inconsiderate in me!

Mrs. S.—Oh! not at all, I assure you—

Mrs. T.—No, I insist upon your going to your own room immediately. I hope you will be pleased with it. I have something in store for you too; but we have not time now to—

Mrs. S.—For me? Have you? How very considerate, my dear Mrs. Topton! But what am I saying—how can I think of such a thing—so soon!

Mrs. T.—Well, we must talk over this again.

Mrs. S.—Oh, I am not at all fatigued. I shall return very soon. (*Exit.*)

Mrs. T.—They will certainly be here soon—so long—I should not be surprised if affairs had come to a crisis, notwithstanding Laura's apparent aversion. Ah! that was an excellent idea. But what these little affairs require is skill,—knowledge of human nature,—a little address.

Enter Nero.

NERO.—Missis, missis—they're comin—they're comin—both together—be here in a few minutes—pretty soon—

Enter Mr. Topton.

MR. TOPTON.—What are you bawling about, villain? How often, atrocious wretch, how often have I animadverted on the heinousness of persisting in such diabolical improprieties!

N.—Why, Sir, I was only—

MR. T.—But, no—it is of not the slightest utility. I may warn you against it every hour of the day. I may talk to you for hours—yes, from the rising until the setting sun—yea, even from Monday morning until Saturday night, in the endeavor to impress upon your mind a befitting sense of the enormity of such improprieties; but still, infamous wretch whom no—no—no terrestrial power can—can—what!—will you roll your eyes in that fiendish manner, when I am speaking for your especial benefit? Ha! Do'nt think such tricks can escape my observation—

Mrs. T.—My dear, one moment.

Mr. T.—(to Nero). Remember, villain, my eye is upon you.

Mrs. T.—Mr. Topton.

Mr. T.—(to Nero). How dare you? Do you know whose presence you are in?

Mrs. T.—Mr. Topton, I insist—

Mr. T.—Now, sir, let me tell you, beware—

Mrs. T.—Heavens, all will be lost! Nero, leave the room instantly.

Mr. T.—(to Nero). If you ever again incur my wrath—

Mrs. T.—(to Nero). Instantly! Do you hear?

N.—Oh Lord! Oh Lord! (*Exit*).

Mr. T.—Ha! You do well to hide your face with shame.

Mrs. T.—Now, my dear, let me beg of you—

Mr. T.—Demon, that he is! My constitution is debilitated beyond the power of language to express, with the labour and anxiety of endeavoring to tame down the improprieties of that fellow's conduct; and yet he will, coolly, calmly, and unhesitatingly, persist in—in—

Mrs. T.—Can I not be heard one moment?

Mr. T.—Madam!—let me inform you that, so long as the blood continues to course through my veins, I will be Lord and Master in my own mansion.

Mrs. T.—Oh, certainly. Very well. I have nothing more to say.

Mr. T.—Well, what is it? What do you wish me to do?

Mrs. T.—Oh, nothing. Nothing whatever. I did wish you to lecture Nero some where else just at present; Laura and Captain Dashley will be here, in a few moments, just returning from a morning's walk. This leave taking, after such an excursion, is, it may very naturally be supposed, a most critical moment. I have had no little trouble and anxiety in bringing affairs to this crisis; but now to have all lost—to have the fond declarations of mutual attachment checked by the presence of a third person, is rather more than human nature can bear. Ah! if you had the welfare of the rising generation at heart as much as I have?

Mr. T.—That's it, is it? Well, that is just what I wanted; but you didn't want that black villain thrust in between them, I presume?

Mrs. T.—Then, for Heaven's sake, leave the room—quick—I hear them coming now.

Mr. T.—Yes, yes—but zounds, woman, you might have some consideration for a man when his blood is up. (*Exit*).

Mrs. T.—Ha! how well I can manage him. (*Enter Laura and Capt. Dashley.*) But, bless me, I am too late! Here they are now. Well, my dears, I hope you have had a pleasant walk.

CAPT. DASHLEY.—Delightful! Chawming! Pon honah, your establishment here is a perfect pawadise! I have been in ecstasies ever since I went out.

Mrs. T.—That speaks well. (*aside*)—How very much your taste is like Laura's! She is such an ardent admirer of the beauties of Nature.

CAPT. D.—Ah! I assure you, I was long since well aware of that. Congeniality of taste always brings people together so. I am a perfect enthusiast, my dear madam, a perfect enthusiast in these matters. I trust, after this morning's excursion, Miss Medwin and I shall have many pleasant walks together. Oh, it will be so charming!

Mrs. T.—Better still. Laura looks absorbed too (*aside—advancing to Laura*). Will you let me see the sketch, my dear? Is it all finished—*aside to Laura*).

LAURA.—No, it requires a few more touches.

Mrs. T.—Do'nt you think Laura sketches remarkably well?

CAPT. D.—Amazingly well, madam, I assure you. I have been delighted beyond expression at that sketch. I am so passionately fond of the fine arts! foolishly so, I declare to you.

Mrs. T.—(*pretending to examine the sketch*). Is it all settled I mean—you understand me. (*aside to Laura*).

L.—I hope so.

Mrs. T.—Oh! Laura, you cannot guess who is here. Captain Dashley, you must allow me to introduce a very intimate and dear friend of ours who just arrived from town.

CAPT. D.—The Devil! Ah, I beg ten thousand pardons, ladies. I—I was a little absorbed—your friend—ah! yes—(*looking at his watch*) Heavens, how the morning has flown! I—a—fear, my dear Mrs. Topton, I shall have to deny myself this pleasure, at present. I—a—I have some business matters to attend to this morning of a very pressing nature. I very much regret, but—a—I shall have to bid you good morning. (*bows and exits*).

L.—Captain Dashley appears somewhat startled at the proposed introduction.

Mrs. T.—Do not be alarmed, my dear child, do not be alarmed—that burst of impatience too—dear soul, that he is—I understand it all. His whole soul, all his affections, every thought is centred upon you. He cannot bear the idea of having another thrust upon his notice, or to claim the smallest share of his attention; and was it not very natural for him to suppose that Julia, as your friend, would spend much of her time in your society? And that expression of impatience at the thought of having the free current of his love thus interrupted—how very natural! Fortunate girl, how devotedly he is attached to you!

L.—It is certainly very unfortunate, that he should lavish his affections on one who is incapable of reciprocating them. But you forget that he was not informed of the sex of our friend. You will have to account for the burst of impatience in some other way.

Mrs. T.—Good Heavens, what do I hear? Is it not then all arranged?

L.—Most certainly. It is all arranged on my part.

Mrs. T.—Was there ever such folly, such madness, such cruelty! Poor self-deluded girl! What a match!—so distinguished; so much refinement of feeling; such good taste; so handsome!—you can't deny that he is handsome—and such a military air! And not too old either. I could name a hundred young ladies who would break their necks to get such a husband.

L.—I fear the article would prove scarcely worth such a price. I should certainly prefer breaking mine to taking possession of the prize. As for Captain Dashley's good looks, he appears very well satisfied with them himself, and I have no reason to find fault; but I should not be very much surprised to learn, that his military air was the only military thing about him. As for his being distinguished, that is a point which seems to rest altogether on his own authority; and I am so very uncharitable as to think that, under such circumstances, suspicions may attach to the veracity of even Captain Dashley. He certainly displays very good taste—at dinner; but his refined feelings generally are so very refined that they have quite escaped my notice. He is not too old you say. No, he is not quite old enough, I trust. But now, my dear Aunt, since my leisure moments this morning are but few, I beg that you will keep the remainder of the lecture for another time. (*Exit*).

Mrs. T.—Ungrateful minx! Was there ever such ingratitude! But this comes of allowing girls to run so long without any sort of control; with a neglected education; without having been taught obedience. How unlike my Mary! I have half a mind, this very moment, to declare her an old maid. That she shall be, unless Captain Dashley is her husband. But no, I shall not succumb this way. Let her have her own way indeed? Indulge her in any such freaks! These little checks only make me more determined. Thank Heaven, I have a knowledge of human nature, which, I trust, can carry me through every difficulty. (*after a pause*)—I shall manage her—silly young creature!—and then their eyes too are just of a colour. (*Exit*).

[Scene 2nd in next Number.]

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

CHAPTER V.

MANY and great improvements are said to have been made in the Island of Jersey, and especially in and about the town of St. Heliers, within the past few years. First among these, at least in expense, must be named the new Pier, which, although it does not afford all the accommodation that could be

desired, owing to the very difficult nature of the situation, still is a noble effort of enterprise on the part of so small a community; it is built in the most solid manner of granite, and is furnished with every convenience. The top of it is formed into noble esplanades, which form a favorite walk at all times for those desirous of breathing the fresh sea air, and on Sunday are crowded with the families of the trades people and the laboring classes.

One of the arms of this pier is more than half a mile long, presenting to the water a wall surface fifty feet high of solid granite. The summit of this wall forms a parapet and shelter to a promenade some twelve feet wide. From this you descend by steps at certain places to the interior quay, which is very spacious and solidly built. The other arm of the pier is constructed in the same manner with two bends, bringing it round so as to form a square. It is divided within into an outer and inner dock, the latter for small vessels. This work cost two hundred thousand pounds, and the interest of this sum is defrayed principally by a small tax upon wines and spirits. One could not help feeling, however, how inferior all these works of art, costly and scientific as they may be, are to the noble harbour and magnificent commercial resources which nature has bestowed upon this fair town of Halifax. How willingly would the men of Liverpool exchange their magnificent docks for a harbour such as ours. Within this expensive pier there is no water at low tide. There is the mud—with boats and buoys reposing on it, or half buried in it. The smaller vessels in the inner dock might be seen with their keels buried in the bottom and propped up by supporters. Every Jersey vessel is fitted with clefts along her sides to meet these supporters. When the mail steamers arrive, if it be low tide, they are compelled to anchor some hundreds of yards off, and the passengers and baggage are landed in boats. Even if the tide be half high, so that the steamer can enter and lie alongside the pier, still boats are required to reach the landing steps, creating a good deal of trouble and some expense. It is only at the highest tide that passengers can land directly from the packet to the quay. I naturally asked why the pier had not been carried out further while they were about it, but was told that the expense of taking in another acre of water would have been beyond calculation, or at least beyond the resources of the Island. My next idea was that if some part of the expense that had been lavished on the promenades, had been spared and devoted to the extension of the pier, a more useful result would have been attained, and I still think so. Certain it is, however, that did not the tides fall so low—were its waters like those of the Mediterranean, always at the same level—the pier of Jersey would be perfect.

The British Government is expending a very large amount of money upon a harbour of refuge at St. Catherine's Bay, on the opposite side of the Island from St. Heliers. England keeps a sharp look out upon the Channel Islands, and fosters them. They are not only a source of strength but of pride to her.

She gives them their own way, and in return they give her loyalty and love. They are not fortifications held by the strong hand, against a turbulent and rebellious population, ready to take advantage of any moment of weakness to throw off the yoke and take part with England's enemies; but the Islanders are ready now, as they have often before proved their readiness, to spill their blood like water rather than forfeit their connection with Great Britain. Were all the British Colonies like the Channel Islands, how mighty and impregnable would Old England be.

The market place of St. Heliers is worthy of admiration. It occupies two large squares—one portion being devoted to the sale of vegetables, meat, fruit, &c., and the other fitted up with marble slabs for the sale of fish. With this latter article of food, however, Jersey is poorly supplied. Occasionally there is somewhat of a glut, but in general it is very scarce and very expensive. The reason of this is said to be that the regular fishermen who make fishing their occupation, are not sufficient to supply one tenth of the wants of the community. In general, therefore, the market is ill supplied, while the sudden gluts are occasioned by the inhabitants residing on the coast, now and then, when their farms do not require attention, taking to their boats and becoming *pro tempore* fishermen. The fish commonly sold are soles, whiting, plaice, mullet, bass and bream, with conger eels, sand eels and skates. Shell-fish are plentiful in the season. The most peculiar of these is the aumer, a univalve, of the shape and about twice the size of the human ear. The shell is pierced with about a dozen holes near the margin through which the animal protrudes at pleasure slender filaments or feelers. The interior of the shell is splendidly iridescent, being lined as it is with mother of pearl. The fish, of which the natives are very fond, is prepared for the table by being thoroughly cleansed from sand, beaten well with a roller and cooked as a veal cutlet. Then let them eat it who choose! I should much prefer being beaten with the roller myself, external violence being always less damaging than commotions and treasons within.

The meat, fruit and vegetable market, are well supplied. The building itself is of light and neat architecture. A square space, paved with pebbles, is left open in the centre; a handsome iron railing shuts it off from the street; while round the other three sides of it are arranged stalls and tables, at which are vended poultry, fruit, and vegetables; over these stalls projects a light roof, supported by iron pillars. On one of these sides again, behind the stalls, are the butchers' shops, where every kind of meat may be had. English beef, French mutton, and home bred pork, in which the Jerseyites excel. Enormous quantities of this pork, both in its native state, and in the shape of sausages, are displayed for sale. A long hall runs behind the butchers' shops, principally devoted to this article, and during Christmas week there was a great show of grunTERS, decorated with ribbons and otherwise adorned. Vegetables are very plenty and very cheap. The fruit was beginning to fail when we arrived, but

for a month or two we still were able to purchase delicious pears. The Jar-gonelle, for which Jersey is celebrated, had retired from the market, but the Chaumontelle, the Beurè, the Duchess and others lingered till midwinter.

In addition to the pier and the market house, a general improvement is said to have taken place during the last few years, over the whole town. The shops which at our time were spacious and elegant, with handsome plate glass windows and showy fronts, are said to have been but a few years ago confined and by no means ornamental. There is a valuable town library, and a most excellent and comfortable reading room, supplied not only with all the English and local newspapers, but also with all the best British periodicals. In addition to this there is a very well supplied circulating library. It is but lately that gas works have been erected, to the great benefit of the town in general, but to the destruction of some rows of houses in its immediate vicinity, which, when a particular wind blows, become very unwholesome. The streets also have been much improved, and several handsome new buildings erected, so that what was once a village totally separate and distinct from the capital town, will shortly be connected with it by an unbroken range of elegant residences. The village I allude to is that of St. Aubyn's, about four miles from the market place of St. Heliers, between which and St. Aubyn's omnibusses run every half hour. The village is very neat and beautifully situated near the point of a bay to which it gives its name. This bay stretches from the pier in a semi-circle round St. Aubyn's, and its shore is one unbroken sweep of level sand. Many a delicious walk have we had along these firm and glittering sands, to the village. The waters of the bay were always of a brilliant pea-green color, having a charming effect. At every half mile along the shore, and I believe along the whole circumference of the Island, stands a martello tower, on the top of which one mighty gun could be mounted, while the body of it is pierced for musketry. The high road between St. Heliers and St. Aubyn's, forms also a beautiful drive, walk, or ride: at some places running along the edge of the bay, at others losing itself between banks or houses, which, as I have said, are beginning to line the way continuously. More beautiful situations than may be found along this road facing the lovely bay, could hardly be desired. In a small house about half way between the town and the village, the murderer Manning took refuge on his flight from England. He hired an upper room under an assumed name, never shewed himself in the street, and kept the little girl of the house continually on the trot bringing bottles of brandy for him. At the same time with that prying and suspicious temper which a consciousness of guilt invariably inspires in its victim, he was perpetually enquiring of this little girl, and of the people of the house, if people were talking about him—if they had heard of the murder. The natural consequence was that when the police officers who had traced him to Jersey arrived there, they had no further trouble. The instant their errand was known, the mysterious stranger was mentioned, waited upon, and secured.

The trade of Jersey is considerable in proportion to its size and population. It exports apples, cider, bricks and potatoes, in large quantities. One authority states that at least 150,000 gallons of cider are sent to England every year, and as much as 20,000 pounds of butter; but another states the export of the former during the year from October, 1850, to October, 1851, at 97,874 gallons, and the latter at 6,778 lbs., being a considerable discrepancy. During the same year 1,402 cows and heifers were exported to the United Kingdom. These cattle are of the celebrated Alderney breed, and are a beautiful looking animal—small but elegantly shaped, with finely formed heads, clean limbs, and a most winning expression of countenance. They are excellent milkers, yielding on an average nearly 2 lbs. of the finest butter a day, or over 10 lbs. a week. Cheese is but little made in the Island. Oysters are also exported in large quantities. The imports are—from the United Kingdom, cotton and woolen manufactures, beer, hardwares and coal to the amount of 35,000 tons annually. From France, Spain and Portugal are imported wines, spirits and cordials. From the north of Europe—timber, tallow, hemp, linen and corn, which are exchanged for Colonial produce from the West Indies and Brazil, with which Jersey has large trade. The trade with Newfoundland is the most considerable. 'Vessels go for the purpose of fishing on the banks, and carry with them from Jersey woolen manufactures of almost every kind, nets, cordage and iron, also salt for the curing of fish; having obtained a cargo either by fishing or purchase, they proceed with it to many of the ports in Spain, the Mediterranean, and to both North and South America; and having disposed of their fish, return home with the produce of those countries to an English market, and most frequently with a cargo of salt for the Newfoundland fishery.' The registered shipping in 1837 was 244 vessels, counting 23,826 tons, besides 500 oyster smaeks. Since that time it has considerably increased. The increase in the year 1851 was 31 vessels, registering 3,027 tons. During the year from October, 1850, to October, 1851, 'the number and tonnage of vessels that have left Jersey for the United Kingdom and elsewhere, with cargoes, were 1,647 vessels—87,118 tons; and in ballast 1,497 vessels, making a total of 3,144 sailings. The number and tonnage of vessels from the United Kingdom and elsewhere during the above period were, with cargoes, 2106 vessels—137,079 tons; and in ballast, 1020, making a total of 3,126.' The declared value of British and Irish produce and manufactures exported to the Channel Islands from the United Kingdom, during the year 1850, amounted to £506,415.

Living may be considered cheap in Jersey. By the visitor, furnished lodgings may be had from twelve shillings to five guineas a week. A very good set of rooms, consisting of parlor and two bedrooms, with attendance, can be had for thirty shillings, the parties of course finding their own provisions. To the resident, house rent, though not high, is in proportion the greatest expense.

Though much lower than in England, still it seems high when the cheapness of other necessary matters is considered. But it must be remembered that when once the house rent is paid, the occupier is done with all payments connected with his tenancy. The tax gatherer never visits him. The natives of the Island are subject to a small tax on certain property, but as far as strangers and stranger-residents are concerned, they know nothing of taxation. Jersey is a free port. All the traffic of the earth may pour in untrammelled by the custom house officers. When you land at the pier you call a cab, and drive off with your luggage where you please. A trifling impost on spirituous liquors, with the tax on the natives above alluded to, with a few other internal imposts, fines and forfeitures, are sufficient for the civil list. The consequence is that articles which in England are beyond the reach of any but the wealthiest, may here be had by all in good circumstances. French wines, silks, cambries and jewellery may be had at a third of the price that they would command in England. Tea, coffee, groceries, tobacco, eau de cologne, and spices—all are cheap. Prime beef, the best we ever tasted, was 6d. a lb. It is said to be English beef, and I see by the statistics that in the year 1850, four thousand bullocks were imported from the United Kingdom into Jersey. Certainly it was smaller and more delicate beef than we ever saw in England. The London beef, magnificent as it looks, and wide as is its fame, is now overfattened. It has lost its delicacy, and this opinion which we had formed from personal experience, was corroborated by an American breeder, who was a fellow passenger with us on our return home. He stated that he had been on a visit to some of the principal farming and breeding establishments in England for the purpose of purchasing stock for the United States, but that the English breeders were ruining their stock by the endeavour to rival each other in sending the fattest specimen to agricultural exhibitions. If an ox could be converted into fat, the English farmer would be satisfied. Vegetables in Jersey are also cheap, and in great variety; among these may be named, as something remarkable, the Cæsarean cow cabbage, which grows on a stalk varying from six to twelve feet high. 'The farmers,' says the Gardener's Magazine, 'feed their cows with the leaves, plucking them from the stem as they grow, and leaving a brush or head at the top. The stems are very strong, and are used for roofing small out-buildings, and after this purpose is answered and they are become dry, they are used for fuel. When the gathering of the leaves is finished at the end of the year, the terminating bud or head is boiled, and is said to be particularly sweet.' They have a singular appearance certainly. The head is not larger than that of the ordinary cabbage, nor is the stem thicker. Some years ago in an English work called the 'Mirror,' appeared an engraving in which the Jersey cabbages were represented growing as high as trees, with cows and men walking under their umbrageous shade. This was overdoing the matter a little. Perhaps the artist took his idea from

somebody who was in the habit of using the language of exaggeration, and spoke of the vegetable as having been 'as high as a tree.'

In Jersey the English shilling is worth thirteen pence, currency, and the Jersey lb. contains $17\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; consequently prices are even lower than they would appear to be to a stranger taking up a price current list. Instead of receiving sixteen ounces of coffee, for instance, for a shilling, the purchaser receives seventeen and nearly a half ounces, and a penny in charge. At the time of our residence there, the shopkeepers were endeavoring to establish what they called a more sensible and healthy state of things, and I saw a handbill by which they pledged themselves that they would only receive the shilling as a shilling, of course professing that they would give an additional quantity in proportion to purchasers. Long discussions and arguments were taking place in the public prints, some maintaining the propriety and wisdom of this determination on the part of the shopkeepers,—others asserting that the poorer classes, who purchased in small quantities, would be sure to suffer. They would get no more for their shilling, and would lose their penny of 'change.' The Jersey private banking companies' notes represent sterling money, which is not the case in Guernsey.

Among the improvements taking place in Jersey, must not be forgotten the erection of a new college. This institution which was erected to commemorate the visit of Her Majesty to the Island in 1846, and takes from her the name of Victoria College, was just about being finished at the time of our sojourn there. It is a fine stone building of Gothic architecture, standing on a broad place at the summit of a high hill commanding a splendid prospect over the town far out to sea. The hill is terraced with walks, laid out with gardens and shrubberies, and is one of the healthiest spots in the Island. During the progress of the work, the grounds were a great place of resort on Sundays, and if shut up from the public on the completion of the building, the loss of such an attractive and healthy place of resort will no doubt be severely felt by those who have hitherto enjoyed it, consisting principally of the families of those whose week days are spent in labor and confinement. I have no authority, however, for saying that it is the intention of the officials to close their gates.

The following statement in connection with the College is extracted from a Jersey newspaper :

'The salary of the Principal of Victoria College (to commence from the 1st of September next) is to be £500 a year, payable quarterly; with a free residence (the house, offices and garden lately belonging to Mr. William Le Breton) in the College grounds, £1 head-money on each pupil, and an extra £1 on each pupil of the class under his immediate care. The house and dependencies to be thoroughly repaired—externally at the cost of the College Committee, internally at that of the Principal. The Principal is to be dismissable, in case of immorality, misconduct, negligence, or incapacity from illness or infirmity, and for any other serious cause incompatible with the good management of the College; and that, by the votes of 8 members at least of the committee. His presence in the schools must be for 6 hours daily, at least, with the exception of two half-holidays; and, if in

Holy Orders, he is not to exercise any parochial functions, or to perform any ecclesiastical service for hire. Other regulations will be agreed upon by the Committee after conference with the Principal.'

It is not one of the least recommendations of the Channel Islands, that in addition to cheapness, mildness of climate, and proximity to England, a good education can also be provided at moderate cost. In the town of St. Heliers there are upwards of fifty academics and schools, boarding and day schools, for both sexes. Victoria College is intended to be an educational establishment of the highest class.

Of the laws and constitution of the Channel Islands it is not my purpose to say much. My object is to give to persons hitherto unacquainted with these little outposts of England, a general picture of their appearance, and to furnish those who may at any time have their thoughts turned towards a temporary residence there, with a few hints which it may be desirable to know, which in fact may have some influence in determining the parties as to the wisdom of making such a removal. A wide and favorable distinction is drawn in the law between natives and strangers. The latter are exempt from even the slight taxes to which the former are subject, and abundant sources of information will be open to them whence they can satisfy themselves as to the propriety of changing their visit into a state of permanent domiciliation. But as this little sketch would not be complete without some notice of the political institutions and business methods of the Islanders, it may be stated briefly that the Legislative power in Jersey centres in an assembly called The States, consisting of the Lieutenant-Governor, the Bailiff, the Dean, the Attorney and Solicitor General, and the Viscount,—officers appointed by the Crown; the twelve Jurats, persons elected for life by the people; twelve Constables, elected by the twelve Parishes respectively every three years; the twelve Rectors of the said Parishes, and the Sheriffs. The Attorney and Solicitor General and the Viscount have a right of sitting, but not of voting, and the two former may address the States. The Jurats or Judges are elected by the heads of families paying parochial rates (amounting to almost universal suffrage), and it is said that a degree of party spirit is caused by their election, the extent of which is lamentable. Jersey is divided into two factions—the Laurel and the Rose—which hold themselves as distinct one from the other as if they were of different countries or hostile nations; the spirit pervades not only public business, but is said to affect even private society and tradesmen. The Royal Court is composed of the Bailiff and the twelve Jurats, the former, however, taking the Lion's share of importance and authority. The proceedings are conducted in French, and very bad French it is. When speaking of Guernsey I shall give some specimens of the Guernsey *patois*, to which that of Jersey is similar. I went occasionally to the Court to see what was going to, but the language was unintelligible. There was an array of judges dressed in robes of red bombazine with black trimming, giving me the idea that they had felt cold and had

torn down the window curtains to wrap round them. Jabber, jabber, jabber, went on in a language incomprehensible to any but a native. All classes of Jerseymen speak this French. It is not at all an uncommon thing to hear a Jersey gentleman commence a sentence in English and finish it in French, or *vice versa*. It repeatedly took place at the table of one of the 'oldest inhabitants,' at which we were dining. The conversation was carried on half in English, half in French; a question asked in one language was answered in the other, or perhaps half in half of both. And it was a lady at this table who asked if we understood the 'Jersey French.' Society in Jersey is also said to be much divided. A strong spirit of exclusiveness prevails, the long established and generally wealthy inhabitants of the Island looking down with some degree of scorn upon the *parvenus*, who in vain endeavour to break through the charmed circle. Even strangers who have once permitted themselves to exchange visits with the second set, are punished by exclusion thenceforth from the society of the 'upper ten.' In Guernsey the same social law prevails with greater rigor, as shall be related in due time.

I shall conclude this sketch of Jersey by a brief description of the singular mode in which property is bought and sold. First I will mention, for the benefit of parties who may be disposed to take a house on lease, that the landlord may distrain not only for rent in arrear, but for that which is *accruing due*, to the extent of a year in advance, and therefore, to prevent oppression and trouble, a clause to prevent this should always be inserted in the lease. The transfer of property is so elegantly managed that for fear of making some mistake in the description of the process, I transfer the following statement from the pages of a Jersey Almanack:

'No estate or landed property of any kind is supposed to be bought or sold in Jersey for a specific sum of money, but rather in the manner of *fee farm* or *fee simple*, for so many quarters of wheat to be paid annually instead of cash.

A quarter of wheat, equal to four English bushels of wheat, is valued at about £17, a sum which bears a yearly interest of 16s. 8d. Each quarter is divided into eight cabots, and these again into six tonniers.

Supposing a person wishes to purchase landed property, a house or tenement, his primary object will be to ascertain the price at which such house or tenement is to be obtained: and the answer to his enquiry on the subject will be that such property is worth so many quarters. Let us, for illustration's sake, say 40 quarters. —Is the purchaser to pay down the price of the whole sum or only of a part? Singular though that question may be, it is not made here heedlessly, for on its solution depends much of the intelligence intended to be conveyed here.

The law allows the purchaser either to pay the full value of the covenanted price, or only a part, which part is either a third or a fourth of the value.

Now, according to the average price at which we have stated, Rents may be purchased, say at £17, it will follow that a landed estate worth 40 quarters represents a sum of £680. But, as only a part of this sum, the fourth part of it, equal to £170 is sufficient as purchase money, it follows that the remaining 30 quarters remain unpaid.

The next question therefore is, how is this residue to be disposed of? This will be more satisfactorily explained by the following example:

Suppose A to be the person who sells, and B he who intends to buy. In that case, having mutually agreed as to the price which, for argument's sake we have

supposed to be 40 quarters, A conveys his estate to B on receiving *one-fourth* of the sum agreed upon; that is either 10 quarters of wheat or the sum of £170 equivalent to them: and the remaining 30 quarters unpaid stand as a mortgage on the property, the interest of which B is bound to pay yearly to A, *until redeemed*. The reason why a fourth part of the purchase money only is required, is, that such a payment may be a guarantee to A, that B the purchaser will faithfully keep the property in due order, work the estate and pay his rent regularly, for should he fail so to do, and let the remaining unpaid quarters or *rentes* fall in arrear, then A is at liberty, by the process of a *saisie*, to eject B from the actual possession of the property, and the 10 quarters or £170 paid by B when the contract was passed, would then be lost to him for ever. By this means, the seller A in disposing of his property obtains a guarantee against B for the fulfilment of his engagements. If this mode of proceeding appears at first sight to savour of partiality, that which follows will prove that the purchaser derives from it equal benefits with the seller: for no sooner is the contract or deed of conveyance duly executed between the parties, than B becomes to all intents and purposes, the absolute and *bona fide* possessor of the property he has purchased, and cannot be dispossessed of it as long as he pays the remaining quarters due upon it. Such is the validity of his right to it that he can perform any act that a tenant in fee can do in England: he can pull down the edifice, and build it up again, beautify, enlarge it at pleasure, and if situated in the country, till it as he pleases, convert meadow into arable land, and *vice versa*: and his estate thus acquired descends to the heirs of his blood lawfully begotten, and in case of failure of issue, reverts to his next of kin—no trifling advantages for the industrious and thrifty.

This kind of tenure is far superior to those leases for a term of years, which prevail in England—where a man, at most, has oftentimes a life interest in the estate he cultivates: here in Jersey, an estate once purchased, he can never lose, except through his own fault—he has only to pay the stipulated quarters and he continues to enjoy it for himself and heirs at law *ad infinitum*. Add to this, that it is optional for B the purchaser to redeem the remaining quarters annually due on his estate, and disencumber it from the payment of rent.

This may be done in the following manner. B, who still owes 30 quarters, may, as soon as his means permit, buy from any person having quarters to sell, say 10 quarters. These he makes over to A, by a Deed or Contract called *assignation* or transfer, to receive on one or several persons, as the case may be; and this person or persons, stand charged with the payment of the 10 quarters in the place of B.

When, at the stated period, A comes for his yearly *rentes*, B pays him the 20 quarters, and A has then to apply to those persons whom B has charged to pay the 10 quarters. This he may repeat as often as his resources will admit, and finally not owe a single fraction to any one, save the Seigniorial dues which are alienable. These dues can also be bought for a reasonable price, and thus the property stands without the least incumbrance.

When any person wishes to acquire landed property, he is supposed to be possessed of some *rentes*, for we stated before that landed property is not sold for a specified sum of money, but for so many *quarters of rent*. The question may be asked, how and where are these rents to be procured? The answer is plain. Rents are marketable things. They are bought and sold like Bank Stock, and may be purchased at any time at the rate of from £16 to £18 per quarter.'

HARRY MUIR.*—REVIEW.

WE often wonder when we lay down a book, whether it was written for the story or the moral, and what definite object the author could have

* Harry Muir: a Story of Scottish Life. By the Author of 'Mrs Margaret Maitland,' 'Merkland,' &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Halifax, E. G. Fuller.

in view when the tale was commenced ; for often the two are so commingled, that it is difficult to ascertain what truth or sentiment was really intended to be conveyed. Such is the case in the volume which is the subject of this notice. ' Harry Muir ' will be taken up with interest by all acquainted with the previous works of its authoress, which gave her a popularity seldom attained in the commencement of a literary career. This, her latest work, will also be read with interest, and while it will not add anything to her fame as a writer, may not detract from it, inasmuch as the story contains many passages of powerful writing, with good delineation of character, and a depth of strong earnest feeling,—proving that the writer's own heart has been stirred, and that she writes as often from actual experience as from the promptings of fancy.

Harry Muir, the hero of the story, is a gay, kind-hearted young man, but weak in purpose and unsteady in principle ; early deprived of his parents, he, with two young sisters, has been left to the guardianship and care of their elder sister Martha, a woman of strong passionate feelings, invincible pride and eager ambition. Her character is well and naturally drawn. Like most others of her sex, willing and anxious to sacrifice every feeling of self for the gratification of those they love, she was yet unable to suppress the indignation that any dereliction on the part of a friend will naturally cause. Harry was her idol and her hope ; she had merged all her own ambition in her struggles for his welfare and success ; for him she toiled and battled bravely ; with poverty and care, working late and early for the support of him and her sisters, humbling her pride for his sake, that his honor and prosperity might be the more advanced. It was a hard blow to the haughty woman, when she found that the brother of her hope and affection was too weak to withstand the temptation that assailed him, and forgot in the gratification of his own feelings the sacrifices she had made in his behalf.

The story opens with Harry's misfortunes ; yielding to the persuasion of some boon companions, he passes in common parlance a jovial evening, goes into the street unable to take care of himself, is thrown down and rescued with a broken limb. In this state he is borne home to his family, accompanied by a young man, Cuthbert Charteris, afterwards a prominent actor in the story. We are thus introduced to the whole family, living in quiet seclusion in an upper story somewhere in the suburbs of Glasgow. The pale delicate countenance of Agnes, the young wife, the still paler sister Rose, and little Lettie the thoughtful poet child, are well described, while Martha, the terror of Harry's companions, and the stern guardian angel of Harry himself, stands out in the picture in striking attitude. The wife and sisters maintain themselves by embroidery, while Harry's salary (sixty pounds) as clerk in a counting house, is barely sufficient for his own comparatively limited indulgences. Thus poor and unhappy, from their continual anxiety concerning the husband and brother, we find them at the commencement of the story.

Without going further into detail, it is only necessary to add that through the intervention and exertions of their friend Mr. Charteris (who has conceived an attachment for Rose Muir from their first meeting) Harry is discovered to be the heir to a small property called the Allender estate, near Forth, worth over four hundred a year, with dwelling house and other appendages. This, to persons in the situation of the Muirs, was no inconsiderable fortune, and might have rendered them all comfortable and independent, had Harry been a judicious recipient, and remembered the uses and duties of prosperity; but the injurious habits contracted under less favourable circumstances, were not likely to be abandoned when there was an opportunity for their gratification.

We will not spoil the story for our readers by going at all into its details. We have said before, it is well drawn, and some of the characters possess originality and interest in no common degree. The old uncle, Alexander Muir, is a fine specimen of a philanthropist in humble life, with a heart as fresh and warm beneath the snows of time, as ever beat in a human breast, bearing the trials of earth with the humility and resignation of a chastened spirit—looking trustingly upward for deliverance from all evil—softening the daily path of human toil with the sunshine and beauty of kindness—and working in his day and generation, among those in his own walk of life, more good than many in the most exalted situations. We lovingly sympathize with the imagination that has drawn so perfect a picture of large hearted benevolence and christian sympathy. Miss Jean Calder, the total opposite in every point, of her near neighbour Sandy Muir, is yet drawn with great power and consistency, while the hard-hearted avarice and grasping for money on the brink of the grave, startles and appals us; the insight it gives of the author's depth of conception and force of description is very considerable. These, with the bursts of genuine pathos and beauty with which the book abounds, make up the merit of the work, as it has several faults, which detract from its character as a whole. Harry Muir while 'he adorns a tale' does not 'point a moral': instead of shewing us the evil of yielding to temptation and wasting a life that might have been so valuable, an attempt is made to screen his faults and hide everything under the expression by which his whole family named him, 'Poor Harry.' Now this strikes us as the affectation of weak and mawkish sentiment. Harry Muir's besetting sin was a love for intoxicating drink, a temptation to which he yielded whenever he joined in pleasure or festivity. He was a merry, witty companion; eagerly sought for by all his acquaintance, with whom his gaiety of disposition made him an especial favourite. His own family excused all his sins, under the plea of his being 'led away'—their great love for him hiding all his errors and forgiving all his shortcomings. Nothing can be more natural than this, a truth that will come home to every heart, of our proneness to excuse those we love, and attribute their every fault to the over per-

suasive and pernicious counsel of others. Grieved and sick at heart as we may be at the consequences their evil courses entail, we regard the offenders with more of sorrow than anger, and blame every cause but the right one—the want of principle and steadfastness in the character of the erring. But, however prone we are personally to indulge in such extenuation for our near and dear friends, we should not become the apologists of vice or detract in any way from the stern virtues of morality and principle. Harry Muir was literally the victim of his own weak and selfish nature; with every gift that adorns home and society; with love that only lived upon his happiness; with means to be useful, and opportunities of doing good, he wilfully forsook them all, for the gratification of a debased taste which brings every evil consequence in its train. Of what avail was his affectionate nature, his bountiful hand, his charms of mind and conversation, when neither the one nor the other had power to control his vacillating spirit, or keep him in the path of duty. With a gentle and loving wife and young family depending on his affection and example, with sisters who idolized and watched over him, with a love passing the common love of women, with the smiles of fortune and the approbation of the world, Harry Muir might have risen to a position of eminence and usefulness rarely acquired; but instead of improving the means so unexpectedly given to him, instead of evincing gratitude for an escape from the trials of labour and poverty, he does not rest satisfied with the objects within his reach, but with heedless extravagance rushes into schemes only practicable for one of immense fortune. This may be termed ‘benevolence,’ but sounder judgment pronounces it reckless waste of means which, well directed, might have brought to light most beneficial results. The consequence of such extravagance can easily be foreseen: ruin is brought about by inattention and carelessness; vice walks hand in hand with prodigality. Harry Muir destroys the fine intellect he has been endowed with, disgraces himself and his family, breaks the heart of those whose very life is bound up with his, sinks his property and becomes a bankrupt in fortune and reputation.

Now under the beautiful veil of sentiment and pathos, the authoress merely gives a shadow of what we have so plainly stated. True, she speaks very gently of the impropriety of saying that we are led away, but so gently that we feel she is verifying an excuse even while she disproves it. She does not tell us in so many words that her hero could not help sinning, but the whole construction of her story fastens upon us the conviction that this is her belief. Harry Muir dies suddenly and sadly, with his property heavily encumbered, while, as an act of reparation, he leaves all he possesses to his sister Martha who has so loved and prayed for him—that sister who held him as an idol in her strong passionate heart, and who loved him better than ever mother loved.

We have no wish to quarrel with this finale; we will even say it is natural, but we do not like to see this ever recurring ‘Poor Harry.’ We do not like

to see the victim of his own follies, depicted as the martyr of benevolence, and every project which the strong energy and self devotion of Martha carried out, held up as another proof of the good he wished to do.

We can pity and sympathise with Harry Muir, and grieve over the sin that destroyed a spirit so richly gifted, yet we feel he was but the architect of his own destruction, and while merey must excuse, justice must condemn. And it is here that we find it difficult to discover the moral of the story, and feel inclined to ask why it was written with so obscure a design? A writer possessed of such deep appreciation of the good and the beautiful as the authoress of 'Harry Muir,' must be anxious to benefit and elevate her brethren, and she should not become the apologist of error by the veil of pathos she throws over its darkness. If we believe in the truth of religion as revealed to us, the authoress has no right to assume that Harry is 'safe in the strong hand of the Father, where temptation and sorrow can reach him no more,' for he was a wilful sinner, loving and loveable though he may have been, and he preferred the gratification of his own disposition and appetites to the happiness of home, and the peace and joy of an unsullied conscience. 'Poor Harry' indeed that he so wilfully destroyed himself, but he did it, warned and entreated to stop, the fault lay at his own door, the punishment was sought for by himself.

But we will not further censure a work of which some passages entitle it to the highest praise. Lettie's is a beautiful character, and we rejoice that Martha's ambition at last met with such perfect gratification in the poet excellence of her child sister. The closing scene in the book is a holy and tranquil picture: peace at last rests upon the stormy soul of the noble woman who battled with all the fierce passions which shake the spirit, and came off the conqueror. She lived to see the fruit of her labours; by her own exertions she carried out all her brother's projects for the benefit of his tenantry, and by reflecting the lustre of her own good deeds upon his memory, saw that beloved brother's name revered and cherished by those for whom she had laboured. A work of fiction does not oft present a more interesting character than that of Martha Muir, or one better sustained from first to last. Apart from the objections we have stated, this simple story of Scottish life is well entitled to a perusal, and we only hope that its writer, if she take up her pen again, will give greater consideration to her work, and while she paints the allurements of vice, will also add a warning to enforce the fate of its victims.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

By the Cunard steamers which arrived at this port since our last publication, a large number of Civil Engineers and Surveyors have been brought to our shores. Mr. Beattie, with a numerous staff, has made Halifax his

head quarters, and since the 2nd of May has been prosecuting the preliminary steps with reference to our contemplated railways. F. Giles, Esq., and staff has proceeded with a like purpose to New Brunswick. Other surveying parties are actively engaged in railway operations at Quebec, and other parts of Canada, on behalf of Messrs. Jackson and Company, English Railway Contractors. These movements for promoting the construction of railways in British North America, will serve greatly to remove the previous state of depression which had prevailed throughout the Provinces.

In connection with railway matters, we may mention that a public dinner was given at Amherst on the 3rd May, to Robert B. Dickey, Esq., by his townsmen, as a mark of their approbation of his exertions with regard to railways in Nova Scotia.

We have to record the arrival on the 15th of Her Majesty's Ship Cumberland (70), bearing the White Flag of Vice Admiral His Excellency Sir George Seymour, K. C. B. and K. C. H.

The Troop Ship Anna Maria arrived on the 26th from Malta, with the remainder of the 76th Regt. for this garrison.

The Queen's Birth-day was celebrated on the 24th at Halifax by a general review of the Troops, and a Ball given in the evening by Lady Le Marchant at Government House.

The Legislature of New Brunswick was prorogued on the 10th. James Olive, Esq., has been elected Chief Magistrate for the City and County of St. John.

Honbles. C. Young and W. Swabey, have retired from the Executive Council of P. E. Island.

The Steamer Ocean Wave was burned on the 30th, fifty miles above Kingston, C. W., near Duck Island. There were 60 passengers on board, of whom only 23 were saved.

A dreadful accident occurred on the New York and New Haven Railroad on the 6th May. As the morning train was crossing the drawbridge at Newark, Connecticut, the locomotive, baggage and passenger cars, went overboard into the river, killing or seriously injuring all the persons in the first cars. Forty-five bodies were picked up the first day—a number of them physicians returning from the Medical Convention at New York.

By the Cunard Steamships Cambria and Europa, which arrived respectively on the 11th and 24th of May, we have late European intelligence.

The ministry are maintaining a majority in Parliament. An interesting discussion took place in the House of Lords, on the subject of transportation to the Colonies. A majority were in favour of the largest scope of Colonial freedom, and opposed to any convict transportation that would be distasteful to the Colonists.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is the great centre of attraction in the British Metropolis. She is receiving attention and testimonials from numerous sources.

The Earl of Ellesmere and suite embarked on the 9th inst. on board Her Majesty's Frigate Leander (50), Captain Kink, bound for New York, as the representative for England at the Industrial Exhibition.

The Dublin Exhibition of Industry was inaugurated with great pomp on the 12th of May.

The Kaffir war has been finished by the complete submission of the Rebel Chief Sandilla. The treaty of peace was concluded by General Cathcart, on the 5th of March.