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# THE PROVINCIAL.

HALIFAX, MARCH, 1852.

THE ENGLISH EDITORS.

BY NED BREXTON.

But few people form an adequate idea of the Herculean labors of the writers of the London Press—still less can they correctly estimate the astonishing facility with which the articles published in the British Metropolitan Journals are produced—or the inexhaustible vigor and perspicuous flow of language which characterize them as belonging to the highest species of composition in the world. The unreflective reader peruses the “leader” of a morning paper or an article in the “Quarterly,”—he feels, even without reflecting on the subject, the surprising force and clearness of the diction—the vast and comprehensive, all-enlivening power of the reasoning—the unflagging vigor and energy indicative of the application of deep and unremitting thought to every expression employed—the total absence of tautology in language, and of everything bordering on the obscure—these things strike him, without his feeling them—further than by his reading the article in the *Times* or *Chronicle*, with a degree of pleasure which will not suffer him to lay down the paper until he has finished. But when we analyze those elaborate and polished writings, and observe their wonderful accuracy, eclipsing even the most perfect essay of Addison, and surpassing in their stupendous style, the labors of that Literary giant—Samuel Johnston—when we reflect that the productions of the latter were written with care and without their immediate publication being necessary—subject to the author’s revision for months previous to their appearance before the public—and perfected, by the final reading and revision of some of the greatest scholars of the day—it is then we are struck with the vast superiority of the “leaders” of the London Journals—written rapidly, and, carried to the composing room, sheet by sheet, as fast as written,—over the writings of the best and greatest of those whose style is held up in the schools as the model of chaste and classic composition. Contrast the two: the one,

writing with his head clear and his mind renovated and refreshed by repose—the other wearied and exhausted from the ceaseless routine which, day by day, he is compelled to go through. The first reading the sheet, after having filled it—adding, erasing or altering as his judgment prompts—and throwing it into a drawer, with the words—“I will read it again to-morrow, and make new corrections”—the other, handing the sheet to the compositor, ere the ink is dry, and then turning to the table, and seizing the second sheet. The first, having a week or a month to reflect over a subject affording materials for an editorial—the other, compelled to seize the leading topic of the passing hour, and combining upon it an amount of talent, information and vigor that throws the most perfect specimens of the essayists who preceded him far into the shade. The one sits in his chair, conning over quietly the subject discussed with Pope and Swift, and St. John, and Walpole at their last meeting; all the arguments for and against, vividly before his mind; with all the ideas thrown out by these master spirits, fresh in his recollection—and with a week before him to revise the bantling of his brain—and render it elaborate and perfect. The other has just given his whole thought and mental powers to the production of the “leader” of “this Morning’s *Times*”—his mind one would suppose has scarcely recovered from its recent powerful effort—a new question, totally unlooked for, arises—there is a revolution in France—some startling measure has been brought before Parliament—the leader of to-morrow’s paper must be devoted to the subject—it must embody all the information connected with it together—all the reflection likely to arise therefrom—it is now late at night—what can be done? Fifty years ago, the proposal of perfecting a piece of composition on so vast a matter, and publishing it to the world within a few hours after the time of its being written, would have been looked upon as an impossibility. Yet, mark! how calmly the London editor sits down to his task—behold the rapidity with which his fingers move over the paper—without pause or stop, he writes on; and now the sheet is finished—and is placed in the compositor’s hands—and the indefatigable editor turns again to the table—a moment’s pause takes place—he presses his hand for an instant upon his forehead, and again the pen flies over the sheet with its wonted rapidity—and now the leader is completed, and within an hour thereafter the multiplied copies are floating in hundreds and in thousands from the steam press, as they are thrown ceaselessly from its iron wing—and now a nation peruses the proud result of the human intellect, as displayed in that “leader”—and while they read the stupendous words—and survey that mammoth journal, are they not disposed, to say of it—“this is, indeed, the lever of the moral world!”

## HALF HOURS WITH OUR POETS.

## SECOND ARTICLE.

NEXT in the list of Provincial Poets, whose writings have come before the public, and whose faults and merits may be freely touched upon, since the ear on which their mention might have fallen rudely or soothingly, is now "cold in death," stands the name of John McPherson, a resident of Brookfield, Queen's County, N. S. Born and brought up in humble life, with but the education afforded by the Common School of Nova Scotia, subsisting on the labour of his hands for his daily bread, the elevating spirit of poetry visited the poor artizan in his humble abode, refining his taste and cheering his solitary hours. Had he possessed means and opportunities for informing his mind, had sympathizing and intellectual companions been near to take an interest in his fancies, and counsel and instruct when blinded by their vagaries; had his circumstances afforded him the leisure necessary to prosecute a severe course of study, familiarizing his mind with the works of masters in ancient and modern verse, and applying to his own productions that severe test to which criticism subjects the poetry of the most gifted, we have no hesitation in affirming it as our belief that John McPherson would have taken a high stand in the literary world, and earned the brightest laurels in the gift of song. But cramped as he always was by the fetters of poverty, confined to his trade for his daily subsistence, the effusions from his pen were necessarily hurried and imperfect—and yet in almost every little poem which he has left in memorial of his brief life, there is some thought of beauty, some strong original idea, that would not do discredit to the polished poet. His character was timid and retiring, but tinged with melancholy. He had the consciousness of genius, and grieved that he was so little appreciated—it may have been that he over estimated his powers, but we have no evidence of the fact in his writings; a humble simplicity pervades almost every strain, and a confident trust in the beauty and holiness of religion seems the basis of all he wrote. In remarking on his talents and position, the Editor of a journal in whose columns his stanzas found frequent utterance, says:—

"Poet-like, his habits are secluded and reflecting, and not calculated, except through his songs, for placing him on the seething surface of busy life. His communion is with beautiful objects and thoughts, and making his pen, like the harp of the Minstrels, his pleasure and his pride, he dwells in a great degree, in a world of his own forming. He is one who loves glowing thoughts and flowing lines, for their own sake, and would write and read poetry, with elegance and enthusiasm, if existence gave him no audience but his own feelings. He is of the Troubadour age, in the simplicity and warmth of his manner, while a fine moral and christian tone, vastly enhances most of his melodies. For a sweet thought, elegantly and chastely developed and illustrated, in a few verses of liquid softness and flow, we would not be afraid to place our correspondent in competition with ninety-hundredths of those whose names adorn the "Annuals" and "Periodicals" of older countries."

From his many fugitive pieces, we extract one that seems to combine the most pleasing characteristics of his poetry, dated November, 1839 :—

“ Our joys are like the hues  
 At summer sunset seen—  
 Varied and bright, but ere the falling dews  
 As if they had not been.  
 Our hopes are like the things  
 Of midnight visions born—  
 Soft, shadowy, sweet, and dear, but yet with wings  
 That vanish ere the dawn.  
 Our life, our outward life,  
 E'en to its dreaded close,  
 Is but one ceaseless round of toil and strife,  
 Of passion and repose.  
 Yet these are but of earth—  
 This life, these hopes and joys ;  
 And there are those of higher, holier birth,  
 Which nothing here destroys.  
 The life unguessed, unknown—  
 The life “ round by a dream,”  
 Unreck'd of by the world, and all our own—  
 Our fancy's hidden theme.  
 The joys of paths untrod,  
 Except by spirits pure,  
 Communing oft with Nature and her God—  
 The high, the deep and sure.  
 The hopes that may not fade—  
 That hail the spirit-land—  
 The quenchless hopes in life's last hour that sway'd  
 The host at God's right hand.  
 Oh ! if we could not soar  
 Above our little sphere,  
 How desolate were this world's mortal shore !  
 How dark our sojourn here ! ”

Ill health for the last few years of his life, gave a sadder tone to the productions of his mind. We find frequent allusion to the repose of the grave and the wish to escape from the toils of life to its quiet slumber, breathes out in many a line. Here is a touching strain breathing of earthly sorrow, yet turning triumphantly to the Christian's hope :—

“ What boots it now for me to live ?  
 The few that loved me once are dead !  
 The joys which love alone can give  
 No more their sunshine o'er me shed.

I long for Nature's last reprieve—  
 That quiet which the weary crave ;  
 I long this darkened scene to leave  
 And sleep serenely in the grave.

“ Hush, mortal hush !—Thy Maker's will  
 Has placed thee in this world of care,  
 And thou its hour of seeming ill  
 In patient hope shouldst humbly bear.

Though earthly joy has veiled its ray,  
 And thou has wept its deep decline,

The transient cloud shall pass away  
And pure unfading light be thine.

Oh! why should mortal man complain  
Of tribulation's righteous rod,  
Since all this weary load of pain  
But fits the soul to meet her God!

Be this our being's only aim—  
The end for which we sojourn here—  
To laud our glorious Maker's name,  
And seek a higher, holier sphere!"

He died on the 26th July, 1845, in the 28th year of his age, and the writer quoted above, who had extended to him a sympathy and appreciation conferred by few others, in alluding to his death, observes :—

"Poor McPherson is no more. Death, the shadow of whose sable wings we fancied we saw closing around him in 1842, when we visited his humble dwelling in the wild, has seized his prey, and the minstrel's soul has passed into a region where "the weary are at rest." We knew it must come to this—and now that it has come, we would not recall him if we could. John McPherson was not fit for the rough and tumble of this world; his frame was too delicately organized—his mind too finely strung. Conscious of genius, and probably forwarned of his early fate by some inward feeling, he perhaps asserted too querulously his claim to the admiration of his cotemporaries. But this was his only fault—if fault it were; in all things else he was childlike and amiable. To his talents we have often delighted to call public attention, and we shall be much mistaken if he has not left some verses behind him which will "long keep his memory green in our souls."

We agree fully with the concluding sentence; his verses had too much originality, beauty, and correctness of sentiment to pass thus easily away from our notice, and we should be glad to see a proposition carried into effect, that was started some years since of collecting his poems and presenting them in a volume to the public. Such a memorial is due to the memory of McPherson, assured as we are that his early death deprived Nova Scotia of a minstrel whose harp had but struck its first notes in her tuneful service, and who only required time and opportunities to have bestowed an enduring credit on the Province to which he owed his birth.

Our last extract is a stirring strain: the spirit that dictated the glowing lines is now at rest, but as the sacred names of poet and prophet once were one, we may hope that the prediction of our bard will ere long have fulfilment :—

"Ha, Tyrants! lord it proudly now—  
Fill up your measure high,  
But think not men will always bow  
Beneath oppression's eye.  
The many whom with haughty pride,  
The few affect to spurn—  
The trampled whom ye now deride  
Will on the trampler turn.

Light—light from its Eternal source,  
 Is bursting on the soul—  
 And who can stay its bright'ning course,  
 Its peaceful march controul?  
 In vain the wicked rage—in vain  
 Oppressors strain to bind,  
 And from its high career detain,  
 The pure immortal mind!

We see in Erin's tearful eye  
 The dawn of Freedom's day :  
 We know the glorious hour is nigh  
 When truth the world shall sway.  
 We hear a mild convincing voice,  
 We see a thousand smiles,—  
 We know that earth will yet rejoice,  
 With all her ocean isles!

A crusade, not of blood and tears,  
 Have all the good begun,  
 And there shall be in after years,  
 A sacred triumph won.  
 A song shall rise on every shore,  
 A sound on every sea—  
 We swear to bow to vice no more,  
 For Truth has made us free!"

### "THE FEMALE SEX."

A Lecture, delivered in the St. John Mechanics' Institute, by WILLIAM THOS. WISHART.

WE have been somewhat interested in the perusal of a small pamphlet, bearing the above title, from the press of J. & A. McMillan, St. John, N. B. The writer has long been known as a popular lecturer and author of several essays on topics of modern literature. The work before us bears the stamp of originality, if nothing more. The female character, its capabilities and deficiencies, with ideas for its improvement, is discussed in a most novel manner, and we are not sure that the author has glanced widely from the truth. He premises that women are important from their numbers, as they comprise more than half of the human race, and are therefore entitled to weighty consideration. Taking this view of the matter, he proceeds to the analyzation of their character, its intellectual ability and comparative endowments. To give our readers an idea of the style employed in this criticism of the Female Sex, we extract his remarks on their position in the middle ages, and their claim to the devotion of that period :—

"A prominent fact in the story of the middle ages is, the devotion that was paid to the female sex. This was a leading characteristic of chivalry, and it was unlike anything that had existed before. An ingenious writer attributes this to what he calls *Mariolatry*, or the worship of the Virgin.

The remark may be old, but it is new to us. It explains the whole of that exaggerated system of devotion that prompted the stronger sex to cast itself at the feet of the weaker; that system which gave birth to so much heroism and romance and poetry, and over whose downfall we behold Burke sixty years ago, lamenting with eloquent but irrational rhetoric. It seems most natural, if the book which guided the religious sentiments of mankind appeared to give such prominence to a female as that she became the prime object of their worship, that the idea should be extended, and the sex in general should receive part of that homage which one of its number seemed to claim by so high a title. We must not however, conclude, that men thought it necessary to *educate* what they considered it proper to adore. Their notions were not regulated by such ideas of severe reason. They did extravagant homage to women during centuries, without seeing the necessity of rendering them intelligent. It does not at all seem to have struck them as incongruous, that the objects of their chivalrous devotion could neither read nor write. In those primitive times, the mind did not see it to be at all incumbent that the being to whom they bent the knee should possess even moderate knowledge. In those ages then the female sex received homage, but not of that sort that should be acceptable to the feelings of thinking creatures. It seldom occurred to men then to contemplate that there was a mode of regard more real than that which they exhibited, and which would have consisted in cultivating the faculties of the being they revered. Moore, in a poem of great power, displays a region of Oriental worshippers doing the most lowly reverence at the footstool of a veiled prophet, who, when unmasked is seen to be a monster of ugliness and of vice. This is not an exaggerated view of what our forefathers must have been doing, when they were campaigning it through the earth, uttering the most fulsome compliments, and enduring the extremest dangers and hardships, that they might do homage to some female as ignorant and therefore as uninteresting, as one of those that is now found in a harem of Constantinople, or selling oranges at one of our street corners.

The writer makes repeated allusion to the question so much discussed in these modern times, "the rights of women;" but he leaves us in as much doubt as before with regard to their existence or advancement. We are not among those who think the position of women requires either elevation or redress. To our idea she has at the present day every legitimate exercise of her intellectual and social faculties, and the fault is her own, if she refrain from the use of either. She occupies the position which her Creator intended her to fill, that of "help meet to man," the only "right" she should ask for or require; and while the happiness of the wiser and stronger sex is in a great measure in her own keeping, she has the key of an influence and a power, fully as strong as can be deposited in so feeble a hold. We, therefore, consider all the Conventions called, and rant expended to prove that woman is kept in an inferior and degraded state, as absurd in the extreme, and fully agree with the author of the lecture under notice, that education alone is wanting to make the female character of general importance. Among the various departments of literature, in which women have distinguished them-

selves, the author enlarges on their epistolary, biographical, descriptive, poetical, and narrative powers, as exemplified in the writings of Madames de Sevigne, de Staël, Lady Morgan, Mrs. Jameson, Trollope, Tighe, Hemans, Edgeworth, and others, who have succeeded to admiration in their separate paths, but proves them deficient in impetuosity, concentration, subtlety, reasoning and research. We quote his remarks on this point :—

“There are many departments in which women have not yet attained to excellence, or which they have not attempted; and there are several from which they are probably excluded permanently, by the structure of their body and mind. It does not seem a thing to be contemplated that they should ever become adepts in military and naval affairs; and no one who takes a religious view of human concerns, will consider this a circumstance to be regretted. It appears likely that they are not calculated for those impetuous and concentrated efforts that are deemed requisite in the career of the politician and orator. They have seldom discovered a tendency toward that abstracted and inner life that has been led by those who have added to our knowledge of metaphysical and moral science. The severe searching mind, that gives eminence to the lawyer, is foreign to their usual constitution. The extreme subtlety that marks Bentley, a Porson, a Heine, or a Kreuzer, is a form of character that they do not take on. The laborious research combined with considerable fancy and powers of reasoning, that make a Gibbon or a Robertson, they have not approached. The habits of observation, manipulation, experiment, conjoined with vivid imagination and the discovery of principles that compose the nature of a Davy, a Cuvier, a Hunter, or a Liebig, they have not reached. The decision, shrewdness, and capacity of labour, that account for the success of the great mercantile man—the Rothschild, the Astor or the Baring—have not as yet appertained to their sex. The mixture of calculation and practical qualities that characterizes the engineer—the Stephenson or the Brunel—has been as yet foreign to their nature. This is a great range of subjects on which they have not entered; but of some of them it may be said that it is not morally desirable that any should excel in them: of others it may be alleged, that women would have been shut out from them as much by physical as by intellectual causes: of others it may be stated, that they have evinced some measure of talent in connexion with them, or that it may be easily conceived that they may yet show aptitude.”

The female love of house-keeping, ornamental work, and little children, is rather severely and perhaps unjustly criticized by the writer of this essay. To the first charge we answer with all sincerity, that we prefer less of thinking and more of domestic comfort, and that it is as much a woman's right and duty to “look well to the ways of her household” as it is to improve and inform her mind. Mr. Wishart hopes that labor-saving machines may yet be invented, to release women from the drudgery of domestic life, and in this wish we cordially join, as we have no sympathy with the inveterate scrubber and duster, but merely extenuate the performance of labour from its necessity and influence upon our comfort. To the charge of waste of time on “crochet and embroidery,” we have nothing to

say, as we think in that case the author has just ground for censure; but we condemn the spirit that dictated the argument against her love and devotion to her children. It is unquestionably a woman's duty to improve and elevate her mind, by every means and by every effort in her power, but the study that would interfere with the claims of her children, and call her from the nursery to the library is a false and unnatural one. She need not be a slave to her offspring, but it is her duty to watch over them and attend to their wants and ailments, "teething and whooping cough" though they be, even to the exclusion of her books and her pen, and we prefer the less literary mind of the kind and attentive parent, to the neglect of the reasoning and studying woman. Of the superficial attainments of the sex, their love for frivolity, and desire for matrimony at whatever risk, we in a great measure agree with the author. The female character requires elevation, but the impetus to reform must proceed from man—when he ceases to regard woman as the plaything of the hour, and accords to her as a general rule what is now done in but individual cases, his full confidence and respect, she will rise superior to the petty frivolities, that are now influencing her. When labour is lightened by the new inventions of the age, her leisure will give opportunities of improving her mind, hitherto unavailable; she may attain a different and better position, not the unfeminine and notorious one which Mrs. Bloomer and others would assign her, but that of reason, cultivation, and discrimination. Though the author of this dissertation on the Female Sex, has said little complimentary to their present intellectual character, he still seems to think them superior to much of domestic labour, and we therefore commend his hints to the consideration of the stronger sex as regards assistance in farming operations and otherwise. The quiet vein of humour that runs through this essay is often irresistible. We would gladly give further extracts had we only space at command, but the present notice must suffice.

## WILD FLOWERS OF NOVA SCOTIA.

### NO. 1.—THE INDIAN CUP.

Away in the dismal swampy ground,  
 Thine elegant vase-like cups are found;  
 Stately they rise from their mossy bed—  
 And a gorgeous smile o'er their wild home shed.  
 Oh! the spirit of beauty hath wandering feet,  
 And roameth full oft, desolation to greet,  
 Casting round as she speeds to some bright garden-land,  
 Gifts lovely and pure from her bountiful hand.

To wastes, wild and dreary, thy shape she supplies,  
 And through thy green woof bids the bright veins arise,  
 That in delicate crimson their branches entwine—  
 All fresh from the hand of the painter divine.  
 And thy flower-crowned stem, by the free breezes swayed,  
 Awakens a thought of the Indian maid,  
 With her graceful motion, and rich dark bloom,  
 An image of beauty 'mid wilderness' gloom.

Nor is grace external, thine only dower,  
 Thy cup is the shrine of a strengthening power,  
 It drinketh when soft summer rain descends,  
 And such healing balm to the cool drops lends,  
 That the child of the woods, in the fever-thirst craves  
 From thy leaf of beauty, the draught\* that saves ;  
 And often thy desolate haunts are known  
 To the step of the moccasin'd foot alone.

MAUDE.

### THE WALTON CLUB.

JACK HAMPER'S STORY—CONCLUDED.

A gentle breeze was blowing up stream, carrying my flies in the light and delicate manner which an angler alone can appreciate. All at once there was a spring and a splash, like that of a salmon ; his huge side glittering and sparkling for a moment in the sun, and off he went like lightning. I knew I had hooked a glorious prize, and the excitement carried me literally off my legs. Bir-r-r-r went the reel with such velocity that it sent me striding up the stream without much caution, when down I went head foremost into an ugly hole, my jaunty German hat floated quietly down the current, while I lay gasping, but still holding on to my rod with the grasp of death. I was soon again on my feet, dripping to be sure, but with my noble fish safe as yet. I now made for the opposite shore with the intention of running along the bank, and humouring my friend till he had tired himself. Mounted on a rock one bound brought me to the land, when as fate would have it, down, or rather up I went to the middle, in a heap of black, half liquid mud, whose deceitful surface lured me on, and there I stuck hard and fast, as incapable of motion, one way or the other, as Lot's wife. The fish felt his advantage and showed himself game to the back bone ; I felt too that the case was desperate, and with a kind of agony, threw the rod from me, shouting to B—— for assistance, who either did not or would not hear me. I can assure you it was with no very enviable feelings, that I saw my rod travelling one way and my

\* The Indians esteem the water contained in the pitcher of this most beautiful plant, very efficacious in many diseases incidental to them, and frequently in cases of sickness, travel a great distance to procure it.

hat another, while I stood helplessly looking after both. My predicament was at once laughable and serious. So firmly was I wedged into the mud, that exertion only seemed to sink me deeper, until at last I was fortunate enough to get hold of a root, and using it as a lever, I dragged myself upward with some difficulty, and was once more free. On examination I perceived that I had lost a boot in the combat, so that my plight was fast becoming pitiable indeed. Fortunately B—— happened to notice my hat floating down, which sent him at once in search of its owner—and when he saw the piebald appearance I exhibited—grey above and black beneath—his laughter was loud and long, and as I looked at myself I could not help joining in it. Crippled as we were, we lost no time in setting out in pursuit of our lost prize, and thanks to my excellent tackle I found my scaly foe still carrying the hook in his gills, and now nearly exhausted. There was no great difficulty in landing him with the assistance of B——, and a splendid fish he was, at least six pounds weight. Both our panniers now were completely filled, and it was barely seven, A.M. We had a severe morning's work, and lost no time in making for the lumberer's. It was all very well to laugh at my mishap for the moment, but to travel fifty miles minus a boot was no laughing matter. However, we were not very long in reaching the log house, and the first thing we paid attention to was the preparation of breakfast, for which we found ourselves in excellent appetite. I told you before, that Mrs. B—— had not stinted us in our supplies—and we sat down upon the grass—a couple of handkerchiefs as table cloths—with bread, butter, and cheese, sandwiches, cold chicken, boiled tongue, half a dozen of ale, ditto of porter, and the incomparable flask which contained the *Latin* for this substantial repast. The thought of my lost boot more than once distressed me as I discussed the various luxuries in this primitive fashion, and after breakfast was over, a council was held which included B——, the squatter and his wife and a Scotch colley that looked about as wise as any of us, and seemed so far to understand the question, as to wear a sort of comical concern on his countenance, as if he condoled with us on our misfortune. As it was agreed on all hands that to get the boot out of the mud was impossible, and that there was no spare article of the kind nearer than the farmer's cottage at least, the council broke up in a most unsatisfactory manner, and I at once set about putting myself in the best order that circumstances would admit of; I had fortunately brought a spare pair of *inexpressibles* with me, and a change of linen. Every step I took reminded me of the painful fact that a boot was buried in the mud. Yet I resolved not to sink altogether under my misfortune, and accordingly entered the house and enquired for some washing materials, as I intended to wash and shave before setting out. B—— protested that the thing was impossible, and I found after a while that he was not far wrong. My request had spread consternation throughout the household, and after a lengthened delay, what I

suppose had once done service as a soup plate, was brought in full of water, and a towel of so extraordinary a character that I will not endeavor to describe it. There was no looking glass, nor any substitution for one in the house, but notwithstanding all these difficulties and B——'s tomfooleries, I managed both to wash, shave and dress in a rather tolerable manner, always excepting that unfortunate boot, whose want no ingenuity of mine could supply. Had I been going on direct to Charlottetown I should not have cared so much, but the farmer's cottage—and the light and beauty of that cottage, often came unbidden into my mind, and I could not help thinking upon the foolish and ridiculous appearance I should make with one foot minus a boot. By nine o'clock we bade the poor squatter farewell—and as I shook his huge hard hand, it occurred to me that after all some people *were* born with silver spoons in their mouths. We had to travel over this "rough and tumble" road of six miles once more, but as it was daylight we got on rather better than we had done the night previous, and long before midday were again at the hospitable door of our friend the farmer. Once more were we welcomed by this good old soul, but never did I step from a waggon with a more painful sense of short-coming than when my uncovered foot most reluctantly exhibited itself. B—— laughed—the farmer smiled and looked curious—but I can't say that my thoughts were occupied particularly about them. Another party now came to the door, who by woman's instinct, or B——'s activity, had become acquainted with my loss, and held out her hand with a gentle, sympathetic titter. Our story was soon told: the farmer laughed heartily—and not to be wanting in friendliness, offered me a clog,—heavy enough almost to fetter a convict. The young lady, however, put an end to the difficulty by bringing me a carpet slipper, which did duty so well, that I soon ceased to think of my misfortune.

As both our horse and ourselves were pretty much jaded—it was no difficult matter to persuade us to stay the rest of the day, and not to leave for town till the following morning. Indeed the proposal wrought a change almost miraculous in my feelings—and I was in as pretty a state of excitement as any one could imagine. My country beauty seemed more gentle, more graceful, more lovely—less shy, less cold, less reserved than before—she did not laugh, but the smile which constantly played upon her features so sweetly—so naturally—gave an almost angelic expression to her countenance. This being, so good, so noble by nature,—this lovely flower, I could make my own, and train, nurture and adapt to those higher and more refined enjoyments, which circumstances had hitherto placed beyond her reach. I proposed a walk. It was assented to, and accompanied by no one but a huge Newfoundland dog, we strolled away through the adjoining fields. Her book-knowledge of nature was indeed limited, but her powers of observation, quick and accurate. My knowledge was more extensive—but it was merely knowledge at second hand

—her's the result of her own experience, was of course both more original and more interesting. One little incident touched me much, and drew tears from the eyes of my fair companion. Our attendant, Neptune, was capering and bounding before us in uncontrollable delight at being allowed to form one of the party, when suddenly he pounced upon something among the trees, took it up in his mouth and laid it at the feet of his mistress. It proved to be a poor robin—and it was already in the agonies of death. She took it—pressed it gently to her heart, and in spite of all her efforts to the contrary, the tear trickled down her cheek. The little animal gave a gasp or two and its pain was over. It lay, a mere handful of loose warm feathers in her hand. Poor Neptune was in great trouble; he saw the distress of his mistress, but could not comprehend it, and as he received no attention—his intelligent countenance soon lost its animation. No human being is a better physiognomist than a dog. This circumstance, slight as it was—banished the vivacity of my young friend for the rest of the walk—and diverted my resolution for the moment from making a proposal which I was beginning to hope might not be altogether unsuccessful. It was a most unfortunate oversight, as the sequel will show.

When we returned we found an addition to our company, in the shape of a travelling preacher—a fellow with a very stiff neck cloth, a pale face, and a grey, cold, calculating, self-sanctified looking eye. I disliked him from the first, and the feeling seemed to be mutual, for I caught him more than once looking askance at me very suspiciously. His arrival spoiled all my plans, and he seemed to press like a night-mare upon my prospects. In spite of every effort to the contrary too, he kept steadily between me and the young lady, so that anything like side conversation was out of the question. However, I resolved to sit him out, but as he seemed to have adopted precisely the same determination, I was to some extent baffled in my views. I now saw that nothing could be done that night, but in order to smooth the way a little for future action, I whispered to the farmer that I was going to make an important proposal to him to-morrow morning. He laughed as if he had understood all about it, and after leave taking—and “good nighting” all around, each retired to his own apartment. The shadow of the parson haunted me the whole night; though tired I slept not, and was in the parlour very early. The farmer too, was an early riser. I was impatient, and had not long to wait; I made my proposal, and was just beginning to explain my plans—when the farmer stopped me with “my dear fellow, you are six hours too late, the parson proposed last night to my daughter and myself at the same time, and insisted upon an answer right down upon the nail. I said I would leave it to themselves, and as my daughter said nothing and did not turn her cheek away when the parson kissed it, I am afraid your chances are very slender.” I believe I violated the ninth rule of our bye-laws, in consigning this pale faced gentleman to the keeping of a certain personage—and to this hour I can't

think with any patience on the sneaking scoundrel. Jack's story was done.

"Did he understand angling," said our president? "No" said Mr. Hamper, tartly—who did not at the moment see the *entendre!* the fellow called it peddling in the water for silly fish by silly people. "Had it not been for the rascal's coat, he would have felt a sample of my strength—but its the same with all hypocrites—their object base, their pretensions noble." Jack's legs were now crossed in a very decided manner, his eye was on the ceiling—his mind evidently far away. A glass of madeira was raised slowly to his mouth and emptied. An animated conversation ensued, in which, however, he took but little part. "But what of the deserters?" asked one of our party. We found the task a hopeless one, answered Jack—but intimated, and caused it to be publicly known, that the next desertion that took place, unless the man was recovered—the whole company would be withdrawn—and as they cause the circulation of a good deal of money in the Island, the threat has had the desired effect, for I have not since heard of any further loss. Colonists, and other people too, I suppose, are apt to be virtuous or otherwise, as their interests lead them.

We separated, half regretting that Hamper had allowed the parson to carry off the belle of lot No.—, more especially as the cottage would have been capital head quarters for our members of the club when on a fishing expedition.

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### SKETCHES OF DARTMOUTH.

BY M. B. D.

LITTLE more than a century ago, the Mic-mac Indians, roamed, in all their native freedom, over the grounds on which the City of Halifax and the Town of Dartmouth are now situate. No traces of cultivation were then to be seen. Naught but a broad, beautiful bay, and, on either side, a primeval forest, which had oft resounded with the whoop of the savage, but the solitary grandeur of which, had for ages remained unaltered. The Indian could then wander through his vast hunting grounds, or in his birch canoe skim over the waters of our matchless harbor, or the lakes and streams in its vicinity—none questioning his right to appropriate to himself, whatever came within his reach. He might then exclaim with truth,

"I am monarch of all I survey,  
My right, there is none to dispute."

Previous to this period, the original masters of the forest, had never been disturbed, by the intrusion of the *pale face*, nor been maddened, or stupefied

by the use of the *fire water*, which has contributed, in no small degree, towards changing a once powerful and hardy race, into a poor, and neglected band, and has left them a mere shadow, so to speak, of the substance which has vanished forever. Then these denizens of the woods, had no reason to doubt the continuance of that liberty, which had been enjoyed by their forefathers, from time immemorial. But a great change at length occurred. They who had the best right, that of possession, and occupancy, were driven back from the inheritance of their sires, to make room for the Anglo Saxon, who to found a home for his posterity, had crossed the trackless ocean, and before whose indomitable courage and perseverance all things were forced to yield.

In 1749, a number of English, Irish and Scotch—a portion of that mighty nation, which has carried its civilization and religion to every quarter of the globe, arrived in Chebucto Bay, and after clearing away the forest, and overcoming the difficulties of their situation, laid out the plan, and commenced the erection of the town of Halifax, which has since grown into a city, occupying a very important position on this Continent, and which it may reasonably be expected, will yet become the first in British America. Though this part of the country was a wilderness—settlements had previously been made by the French and English, in remote portions of the Province. The eastern side of the harbor—the site of the town of Dartmouth, remained for some time after the landing of the British, in nearly its original condition. The object of the writer, is to narrate the principal improvements which have been made in Dartmouth, during the first century of its being inhabited by a people, superior in intellectual resources, to its primitive possessors. A few years previous to the arrival of Lord Cornwallis, the harbor had been visited by strangers. In 1746, part of a French fleet, under the command of the Duke De Anville, anchored in Bedford Basin. The English having, it is said, been apprised of this fact, by some fishermen on the coast, came into the harbor, but not perceiving the French, and believing that the navigation terminated at the Narrows, returned to sea. As soon as their retreat had been effected—the French who had been watching all their movements, attempted to leave the harbor, and make good their escape, but a fever breaking out, they were compelled to remain. Several hundreds died, and large numbers of them were interred on the Dartmouth side, not far from the shore. Large quantities of the bones of these foreigners are yearly dug up, near the Canal Bridge, by the men employed in repairing the highways. The Vice Admiral of the fleet, named Destourville, killed himself, and was buried on George's Island.

The town was first settled in 1750, by upwards of three hundred emigrants who had arrived in a vessel called the Alderney. These persons had much to contend with, from the incursions of the Indians, who, by resorting to their inhuman practice of scalping, left but few of the unfortunate pioneers, remaining.

“In 1751, the Indians surprised the little village, at night, scalped a number

of settlers, and carried off several prisoners. The inhabitants fearing an attack, had cut down the spruce trees, around their settlement, which instead of a protection, as was intended, served as a cover for the enemy. Captain Clapham, and his company of rangers, were stationed at Block house hill, and it is said, remained in his block house, firing from the loop holes, during the whole affair. The light of the torches, and the discharge of musketry, alarmed the inhabitants of Halifax, some of whom, put off to their assistance, but did not arrive in any force, till after the Indians had retired. The night was calm, and the cries of the settlers, and whoops of the Indians, were distinctly heard on the western side of the harbor. On the following morning, several bodies were brought over—the Indians having carried off the scalps. Mr. Pyke, father of the late John George Pyke, Esq., lost his life on this occasion. Those who fled to the woods were all taken prisoners but one.\*

“There was a guard house, and small military post, at Dartmouth, from the first settlement, and a gun mounted on the point near the saw mill, (in the cove) in 1750. The Transports, which had been housed over during winter, for the accommodation of settlers, were anchored in the cove, under the cover of this gun, and the ice kept broken around them, to prevent the approach of the Indians.”\*

On the occasion mentioned in the above extract, a Mr. Wisdom who was engaged on the Dartmouth side, in procuring house frames, was crossing to Halifax for provisions, a short time before day, and hearing the firing, he returned to his camp, at the place now known as Creighton's Cove. Having supplied himself and his assistants with muskets, they immediately hastened to the scene of conflict, leaving in charge a colored servant man. On their return, they found that during their absence the camp had been visited by Indians—who had taken every thing,—the servant included. The latter was carried by them, to Prince Edward Island, but was subsequently ransomed, by his master. A Mr. Hall, who was pursued by the Indians, was scalped, near what is now the property of the Hon. J. W. Johnston—and strange to say, he recovered, and afterwards went home to England.

For more than thirty years, after the enactment of these sad scenes, no change of much importance, occurred in the condition of the settlement, until in the year 1784, a number of families belonging to the Society of Friends, were induced to remove from Nantucket to Dartmouth, for the purpose of engaging in the Whale fishery. A fresh start was now to be made, and in order that these new inhabitants might be enabled to commence fairly, a considerable sum of money was obtained, to assist in the erection of suitable accommodations. The operations of the fishermen, were principally confined to the neighbourhood of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where black whales were at that time, found in abundance. Sperm whales, were obtained by extending the voyages farther south. At this period, an establishment was kept on foot, for the manufacture of Spermaceti. Only eight years, however, elapsed, before a severe blow was given to the prosperity of the township, partly by

\* From an interesting little work on the settlement of Halifax, by T. B. Aiken, Esq.

the failure of merchants in Halifax, and partly by an alteration of duties made in England, from both which causes, the whaling establishment was completely broken up. Nearly, if not quite, all the houses built and occupied by the Nantucket adventurers, are still standing, and only a short time since, some of them were tenanted by their descendants, many of whom now form part of the present inhabitants of the town.

The ferry between Dartmouth and Halifax, commenced by the appointment of John Connor, as ferryman, in 1750, has contributed perhaps more than anything else, towards the growth of the former place.

In 1796, the Governor was empowered by an Act of the Assembly, to grant letters patent, to incorporate certain individuals, for the purpose of building a Bridge of Boats, or other practical structure, to commence from or near to the Black Rock, on the eastern side of the harbor, and to terminate on the opposite, or western shore thereof, to the north of the Navy Hospital. As a means of encouraging this work, the Company were authorised to establish a Toll for ninety-nine years,—to vary the same, as circumstances might require, and to be owners of the Bridge, during the aforesaid period, at the end of which time, it was to become the property of the public. Beyond the passing of the Act of Incorporation, it does not appear, that other steps were taken towards the accomplishment of so desirable an undertaking, until a few years ago, when a Company was incorporated, whose object was the bridging of the Narrows. The only thing which resulted from this scheme, was the running of a screw boat, for a short time, from Richmond to the opposite shore,—the screw having been moved by cranks turned by men employed for the purpose. This being quite a novelty, the proprietors received at first a share of patronage, but the only thing now remaining to tell of its existence, is the wharf which was built on the Dartmouth side, for the landing of passengers. Prior to the year 1815, the only means afforded to the public, of passing over the harbor, was in open ferry boats, which were frequently hours in crossing, and which were ill adapted to convey the large quantities of produce constantly arriving from the country eastward of Halifax, for consumption in that place. The want of a more commodious, and rapid conveyance, being severely felt, an Act was procured in 1815 giving the Governor power to incorporate a number of gentlemen, under the name of the Halifax Steamboat Company, to continue in operation for twenty-five years, and to enjoy the exclusive right of running steamers, but not in such a manner, as to interfere with the old ferry boats. The right to run the latter, was subsequently purchased from the proprietors, by the present Company. After the passing of the above mentioned Act, it was thought that a team boat might be employed to greater advantage, and a Statute was accordingly obtained in 1816, by which the Company were allowed to substitute a boat, propelled by the force of horses, for the same period, and enjoying the same rights and privileges, as were mentioned in the

first described Act. In 1817, a team boat was built, and placed on the ferry, and continued plying until 1830. This boat was worked, generally, by six or seven horses, and sometimes by ten. The time occupied in crossing, was frequently half an hour, but in fine weather the trips were made in fifteen minutes. The means of transit, afforded by this boat, being found totally inadequate, a steamer of thirty horse power, was built and placed on the route, in 1830. The steam engine, used for this purpose, was the first introduced into the Province. Frequent interruptions, having occurred for making repairs, another boat of twenty-five horse power, was built in 1838, and a third one of forty horse power, was constructed in 1844. These boats were named respectively, the Sir Charles Ogle, in honor of the Admiral, then on the station—the Boxer, in honor of Captain Boxer of the Admiral's Flag Ship, who with a party of his men, succeeded in getting off the Sir C. Ogle—she having stuck on the ways—and the Micmac, after the Aborigines of the soil of Nova Scotia. The steamboats were built at the shipyard of Mr. A. Lyle, in Dartmouth, and a proof of good workmanship, is found in the fact, that the first boat has worn out four sets of boilers, and that the fifth set, will soon have to be replaced. This ferry, is now one of the most, if not *the* most efficient in the North American Provinces, and although persons are occasionally heard finding fault with the accommodations afforded, yet if they would pause for a moment, and compare the great inconveniences, which formerly existed, with the many improvements, which have from time to time, been effected, under the supervision of the obliging Agent and Manager, they would be forced to acknowledge, that there is not *quite* so much foundation for complaint, as they had previously imagined. It must be remembered, that the expenses of the Company, are necessarily large, and that knowing it to be their interest to accommodate their customers, to as great an extent as possible, they have probably increased such accommodation as far as their means would permit. Two boats are now constantly employed, leaving each dock alternately every twenty minutes. The time of crossing is only ten minutes. In connection with this subject, may be mentioned the introduction of Gesner's Kerosene Gas, which has been supplied by the Steamboat Company, to the stores on their property at Dartmouth, and also to the steamers plying on the harbor. An India-rubber bag is filled from the gasometer daily, and placed in the lower part of the boat, from which the gas is conveyed by tubes to the cabins below, and upon deck. By this great improvement, much time and expense has been saved, and a more steady and brilliant light secured.



## STRAY STANZAS.

See'st thou yon bubble, which the rapid stream,  
 Whose troubled waters chafe the rugged shore,  
 Bears onward with resistless force supreme,  
 Toward the eddy, where 'mid wild uproar  
 'Twill burst and vanish like an idle dream?  
 Or, sink beneath the wave to rise no more?

In that frail bark behold the joys of life;  
 In that wild stream, the stream of time behold,  
 Whose rapid current, fill'd with angry strife,  
 Beareth the bubbles on its bosom cold,  
 To the lone tomb, with gloomy terrors rife,  
 The last, sad, earthly bourne of young and old.

See'st thou yon drooping flow'r, which fell decay  
 Hath robb'd of beauty's sweetly blushing bloom;  
 Fast fading from the tearful sight away  
 To fill the precincts of an early tomb?  
 And know'st thou not that spring's invig'ring ray,  
 Shall bid it all its glorious life resume?

Then in the fading flow'ret, friend, perceive  
 Thy blissful lot; tho' death thy form consign  
 To kindred dust, repine not thou, nor grieve,  
 For thou shalt live again in that fair clime,  
 Where faith shall all its pure reward receive,  
 And life undying in new glory shine.

W. A. C.

Oakland Cottage, Wilmot.

## REVIEW.

*IMPARTIAL VIEW of the Causes and Effects in the present SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE UNITED KINGDOM, with Practical Suggestions.* BY JOHN GEORGE MARSHALL.

To take a broad and comprehensive view of the present Social Condition of so immense an empire as Great Britain, and to bring to the consideration of the subject, a mind at once vigorous, suggestive and practical, is one of those things certainly much to be desired, but which from the vast difficulty and grave responsibility surrounding it, will be approached with caution, by those who are really qualified "to rise to the height of this great argument."

Mr. Marshall has undertaken the matter in a series of letters now before us—and he certainly enters upon his subject with a confidence from which something ought to be expected, but with a rashness, we should perhaps say ignorance, certainly with a mass of unreasoning prejudice which we never before saw equalled. After citing his authorities, which are for the most part,

writers whom nobody has yet heard of, he dashes *in medias res* with a gusto which shows that the task is a pleasant one, and first shivers a lance against the venerable walls of Oxford, the legacy of our good King Alfred, and after telling us that it has endowments to the extent of £500,000, goes on to detail the wicked manner in which they were acquired, and how miserably they are squandered, in fattening up already overfed churchmen, and pampering the vicious appetites of a young nobility. Now, even granting that all this were true, the taste and the spirit evinced in narrating it, are both poor and paltry. There is not a peasant in England, who knows anything of her history, but looks up to her two great Universities with a feeling of just pride, as having trained and ripened the mightiest intellects that ever inhabited human clay. It does not suit the purpose of the writer to know that they have turned out the ripest scholars the world ever saw—and that many of these far from being sons of the nobility, those Universities have raised from the humblest position, to be the friends and counsellors of princes. Her faults he lightens up with the glaring brand of the incendiary and leveller; her glories he shows not, even with the rush light of the miser, but takes care to keep them in outer darkness. This is impartial view, the first.

Having despatched Oxford, and a few unfortunate Cathedrals—he next falls foul of proprietors of land—and sure enough, according to our author, matters must be coming to an awful crisis—for such grasping, greedy, unfeeling and unprincipled monsters as the nobility and gentry of old England—never existed or can exist in any other portion of the earth. We had always thought that the Englishman was naturally a generous, open, and good hearted fellow—with nothing mean or stingy about him, but it would seem that his principal amusement in his own country, is that of oppressing, grinding, starving, and robbing every one who is within his power. This is a sad state of matters—but to prove that it is true, our author tells us that he had it and a great deal more on the authority of an “intelligent farmer”—that he knew of land being let at the exorbitant price of from £2 to £4 per acre. So have we; nay, even £5 and £6, and the tenants far from considering themselves robbed, were glad to get it. We have some knowledge of the agriculture of the United Kingdom, and will illustrate it by a single example. A farmer took from a landlord, sixty acres of land, at £5 per acre, and planted it with potatoes, and in the autumn sold these potatoes at the rate of £20 per acre, thus making an average profit, after paying expenses, of something like £5 per acre. This to be sure, was before the abolition of the Corn laws, and we daresay profit and loss would not figure so advantageously for the farmer, as previous to that occasion. It would be as tedious as it would be unprofitable, to dwell on all the grievances paraded with so much pains—Absenteeism, Game Laws, Rack Rents, and that nothing may be left out—the *Rooks* are hauled in to swell out the list. It is almost needless to say, that these evils are grossly exagger-

ated, without one redeeming feature in the character of those whom he so deliberately libels. He states that the landlords make no effort to improve their lands,—while any who has the slightest knowledge of agriculture as practised in Great Britain, knows how far this is from being the case. Even the Lothians of Scotland, get a jaundiced look, and Heaven save the mark! are inferior to Nova Scotia. To dwell longer upon this part of the subject, would be insulting the common sense of our readers. The judge reminds us vastly of Don Quixote, and his remedies are about as wise as the hopes of the redoubted knight when he charged the windmills, under the impression that they were a set of monstrous giants.

Let us confiscate the revenues of the Colleges, divide the lands—send the nobility adrift—says this just judge, and all will be right. We can't say that we admire either the policy or the honesty of the proposal. One would have imagined that after having belabored the land owners so unmercifully, he would have been glad to rest, had it only been from weariness at the monotony of the employment. Not at all. Employers are if possible, worse than proprietors. They oblige their wretched workmen to slave night and day, for wages little better than nothing. Here again, a "respectable man" is brought in as this eminent author's authority, to declare that the average wages in the Mother Country, is from seven to eight shillings a week. This is monstrous! but we must suppose in charity, that Mr. Marshall writes here at random. He tells us, he lived much in Glasgow, Edinburgh and Aberdeen. We know these places tolerably well, and can assure our readers that we never knew of a man, not even a street sweeper, who had to live on the paltry pittance of seven shillings a week. The Iron trade, and the manufacture of Machinery, are perhaps the most extensive in the first named place, and the wages of the many thousands engaged in these occupations, will average from thirty to fifty shillings a week.

The oppressed farmers are oppressors in their turn. In short, such an aggregation of unfeeling and unprincipled oppression, as these letters represent, never existed, nor could exist for any length of time, except in the shambles of an Asiatic despot. But we are really tired of the subject, and so must our readers. There is hardly a gleam of pleasant sunshine in the whole book. The style is as heavy and forbidding as the spirit that dictates it. There is not a reflection in it, that would do credit to a third form school-boy. The book is actually destitute of anything deserving the name of information. He speaks about education, and the amount of it is some miserable twaddle about the number attending ragged schools, and their degrading employment. He does not seem to have visited one of the noble Institutions which abound in Glasgow, Edinburgh and Aberdeen, where the son of the poorest man, may obtain instruction for five or six shillings a year—far superior to that afforded by the best Schools or Academics that exist in Nova Scotia. He might have given

us some information from this source, for which we would have thanked him, and which might have been useful to his country—but he preferred to root amidst vice and wretchedness, and ascribe it to the oppression of others, as if every great city in the world had not too much of it, be its form of policy what it may. The extravagancies of the Church are dwelt upon, and we would have no objection to this, but we love fair play—and while we allow that the goods of the English Church are unequally bestowed, her generosity has not been unfelt by her Colonial brethren, and the single fact, that £150,000 a year is bestowed annually by this very Church, upon her poor brethren in foreign parts, is surely proof enough that the vitality of religion still exists within her.

We have no doubt that Mr. Marshall is actuated by feelings of philanthropy and benevolence, and that the vast amount of wretchedness which met his eye in the Mother Country—may have convinced him that something is radically wrong in our social polity, but he ought in common fairness, to have shown us both sides of the picture. No country has provided so amply for the poor, by law—and in no country does private munificence do so much for the alleviation of poverty and misfortune, as in Great Britain. It is only right that she should have due credit for these things.

Many of the rich, are very rich, and some of them sadly misapply their wealth, but this is the exception, not the rule, and the great body act upon the axiom that “property has its duties as well as its rights.” The Englishman is too proud to be mean, and too prudent and punctual to be unjust.

Mr. Marshall would have us suppose England to be one vast Poor House, a hot-bed of misery and crime; her population starved and ground down by the exactions of the rich. This is far from being the case, and did our limits permit us—we could show clearly that working men are paid as fair as in any other country. As a general rule, unskilled labour is paid from fourteen to sixteen shillings a week; skilled labour—from twenty-one to fifty shillings. There is to be sure, one great exception—the hand loom weaver, whose occupation the steam engine has destroyed. This intelligent and deserving craft, we believe cannot make more than from six to seven shillings a week. This is to be deplored, but it cannot be remedied.

Mr. Marshall's book has now been some time before the public, and they may have almost forgotten it. Its eccentricities of thought, took no one by surprise—for the people of this province were aware that the learned judge, looked upon most matters in a light peculiar to himself. Some of our readers may consider us rather hard upon the author, but “Fiat justitia” is our motto—and we should be glad to have been able to commend with the same frankness with which we have condemned it. There is only one thing in the letters, in which we can coincide and fully sympathise with the writer—and that is in lamenting the fearful extent to which intemperance prevails among the working

classes, and society generally; but even here there are strong indications of improvement. Intemperance is now neither fashionable nor respectable, and before another generation has passed away, we believe it will be numbered with the things that were.

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THE RHINE AND THE ALPS : OR, THE "BEATEN TRACK"  
IN 1851.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76.

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CHAPTER II.

UP THE RHINE.—The Rhine! the Rhine! the German Rhine is to be the goal of our next day's journey.

Ye gentle readers—if ye reproach us for slighting so many fair cities and countries to reach the Rhine more speedily, we pray you accept as our excuse that our "article" is not a handbook, and forgive us for suggesting that if we can catch the real gossamer of the fields, and spread ever so little of it on our poor page it may possess more of life and freshness than the denser tissue more plentifully afforded by the cobwebs of the library. But even if we had space to spare for "graver matters," we may modestly affirm that we should decline to fill up a volume with such *rifacimento* of Murray's commentaries upon local history, and science, and Childe Harold, as we have usually found in the pages of our brother Tourists. We do not dispute that in Murray's Guide Books such things are quite well placed, but O ye privileged compilers of thick books less accurate than Murray, cannot ye fulfil your appointed task without drawing your enthusiasm from the exhausted fountain of the "great Poet," who was there before you, rather than from the unnumbered and teeming springs of ever bountiful nature? nor without scattering about for the lovers of enphionous foreign names an imperfect index of a portion of the map of Europe.

By rail then from Chandfontaine on Sunday morning. In the same carriage were three English ladies from quiet Devonshire. By rail across and along by the limpid Vesdre to Verviers—then entering Rhine-Prussia, and on through pleasant Aix la Chapelle, suggestive of Charlamagne, Roulette, Rouge et Noir and putrid brimstone-water, and soon along one of the flattest plains to *Cologne*—where the Douaniers had sufficient confidence in us to allow our portmanteaus to pass unsearched, and after a look at the Cathedral to see what progress the Prussian King's *thalers* had promoted of late in that great unfinished work, (for like nearly all the Cathedrals on the Continent,

though commenced in the thirteenth century it still remains unfinished) and after a good dinner and a bottle of Moselle we set off by rail again to Bonn, where we stopped at the Hotel Royale for the night.

Next day, from the left bank of the Rhine at Bonn, from the garden of this hotel which reaches to the Rhine, the "Seven Mountains" looming up from the plain beyond the broad river southwards, the portals of the overpraised scenery beauties of the Rhine, the seven (and more) pigmy mountains as wild in shape as if they really had some pretension to the lofty name with which they have been dignified, glowing as they were on that fine morning in mingled mist and sunshine—presented as fallacious a forecast of the mystic scenes which lay beyond them, as any bright day dream of a youth may give of the future life of the man. We had passed some years before down the Rhine, in November. Was it not possible that our recollection of the great river's banks might be jaundiced by the dull tawny hue of the dismantled vines, and the raw foggy air of that season? Should we now in the golden month of August be taken captive by those charms about which so many who have seen the banks of Thames between Greenwich and Gravesend, are annually extatic? We looked upon the Seven Mountains that sunny morning, and began almost to believe \* \* \* and the same afternoon we got on board the steam-boat resolved to disembark at *Koenigswinter*—go at once up the Dragon's hill, and be mental "masters of the situation," whatever it might be.

At *Koenigswinter* there are two pleasant Inns close to the Rhine, and the most unsophisticated cockney cannot possibly miss his way to the Castled-erag of *Drachenfels*, though beset by guides at every step of both sexes, and of every size, age, and degree of raggedness; beset by donkeys and ponies—at the foot of the hill, half way, every way—issuing from unlikely nooks and corners, everywhere in wait in case the luxurious mountaineer should be fagged by the awful ascent of One Thousand feet, without the smallest excuse for stumbling even over a stone, beset by stale bouquets of wild flowers, by faded wreaths of oak leaves, by mendicity in every disguise—is this not enough to *scotch* the romance of a Tourist; but we have reached the summit, walked through a public-house garden of stunted trees, wooden benches, long necked bottles, and lemonade—up a winding path—stepped over a broken wall, and behold! there lay beneath the serpent Rhine, coming from afar and going far—*Nonnenwerth* and *Rolandseck*! What are *Nonnenwerth* and *Rolandseck*? Whilom a convent and a castle? What they were matters little. One is an Inn upon an Island, the other a ruin upon a rock with an Inn below. There is not a hill which belongs to the Rhine which shows itself saliently in this wide landscape, but an extensive chequered low-hilly country, and the river, for three parts of the panorama; something like an extensive rabbit warren for the fourth. The only quarry to be seen, however, being that from

which the stone was taken to build the Cathedral of Cologne, in the days when Monks delighted in Masonry—a long time ago.

Next day we steamed on and stopped at *Remagen*, a dirty little town, with a notion of exploring the valley of the *Ahr*, but instead of doing so we proceeded the same day to *Coblenz*—a pleasant river trip through pleasing open scenery. One of the most interesting objects from the river is the quaint old town of *Andernach*; but *Coblenz* and *Ehrenbreitstein* form, in our opinion, the best *sight* on the banks of the Rhine. The site of *Coblenz*—*Confluentes*—is indeed well chosen at the extremity of the Delta, formed by the junction of the Rhine and Moselle. It is a popular error that the French language is generally spoken throughout Germany. Here, in a part of Germany, so near—only too near to France, French is either not spoken at all by many of the chief shopkeepers of the town, or else very imperfectly. At the Hotels there are of course waiters who speak French, and quite as many who speak English. Leave the hotel—and both French and English will be of little service to you, even at a chymist's,—at a bootmaker's,—at those shops where travellers might be looked for.

The bridge of boats crossing the Rhine from *Coblenz* to *Ehrenbreitstein* is a favorite promenade, and every *Coblenz* lounge must cross and recross it of an afternoon. If taking off hats be considered a test of the politeness of a people, we should think the Rhine-Prussians must bear away the brim before all Europe; they must be constantly on the *qui vive*. Off it goes right and left, presented at a right-angle to everybody—for everybody appears to be acquainted with everybody. It would surely save them much trouble to walk uncovered, that is, the civilians; the army, about half the male sex whom one sees, are in uniform, keep continually elevating their right hands to a level with their noses, open, with the thumb inwards, very nearly in the manner tolerably well known among our democracy as "taking a sight." What must they think of John Bull's undignified nod? An old friend of ours who dwelt much upon the Continent, on his return to England once raised his hat inadvertently, to a male acquaintance, who ever afterwards, at first much to his surprise, exhibited a cool and altered manner towards him. Our friend, however, eventually discovered that this little piece of anti-British civility was the cause of offence, and was interpreted as a way of showing his intention to be distant.

A much finer view than that from *Drachenfels* was that from the heights of *Ehrenbreitstein* at sunset, looking towards the blue hills which mark the distant course of the Moselle; looking down on the Rhine, where it smoothly but rapidly issues from the gorge, which is considered to form its chief attraction in the way of scenery; but here it is all amenity, green hills and woods.

On a lovely morning we steamed away from *Coblenz*. The English on

board "abaft the funnel," were in the proportion of three to one at least to others of other nations. In August the Rhine is their highway, their Pall-Mall, their Piccadilly, their Regent and Bond Street; and fashionable folks are then, and ever indeed, much more plentiful upon the Rhine than upon the Thames. Judges and leading counsel, lords and ladies, merchants and bankers, the cream and the skim-milk of English society are all there. It needs not a fortune you can do it cheap (for an Englishman) or dear. Somehow, anyhow, anybody who can go to Brighton or Dover can and will go to the Rhine—his Rhine—everybody's Rhine, excepting the Frenchman's. And after all, what is this scenery of the Rhine between Coblenz and Bingen? Between hills no where imposing from their height, up the sunny western bank loosely covered by that least picturesque of all vegetation, the stunted vine; between rocks seldom abrupt, and if abrupt, without grandeur; between old towers and walls, mill ruins, which being generally perched but half way up the hills, appear confused to the eye, with the ground behind them. The Rhine in its windings in this part, appears to form a chain of tame undistinguished lakes, dotted by frequent small towns and villages, strongly recommended in all hand-books to the notice of all tourists. The fact that it is "the Rhine" may impart to it a peculiar charm to Germans, and admirers of all that is German, but of the many rivers we have seen flowing, rushing, leaping, or winding among rocks and mountains, there is hardly *one* in Great Britain or upon the Continent, of which the scenery is not more broken, varied, striking, or simply beautiful, than the Rhine. It wants in general the charm of verdure,—it wants the hanging forest of noble trees,—it wants the abrupt and fantastic rocks,—the ever recurring variety in harmony,—that wildness of unexpected beauties which many other rivers possess. Of course we are speaking of a portion of the navigable Rhine, that is, the small portion of its course which has any pretension at all in the way of scenery, not the magnificent *Hinter* and *Vorder Rheins* of the Grisons, which have indeed little more claim to be called "Rhine" than the Rhine's tributaries, every torrent and stream which drains the northern slope of the great Alpine chain of Switzerland.

Arrived at *Bingen*, we preferred the quiet looking Cheval-Blanc-Weissen Ross—for an Inn, to the huge hostelry, called the "Victoria," a style of building intended for the accommodation of English especially, which is to be seen everywhere on this line between Cologne and Italy. For every much frequented place (town or mountain) in Switzerland, has its great barrack frequented only for three months in a year, where nothing is to be had better, though always dearer, than elsewhere, but then "English is spoken."

Hence you may if you choose, explore the *Niederwald*, the lower forest of the Duke of Nassau, where one of his keepers assured us there was but little "game;" but the chief game we suspect, are the Tourists, and thoroughly well

hunted they are, by the natives. Here the "prominent features" of the Rhine scenery terminate, somewhat abruptly. We took a boat to *Asmanshausen*, and walked upto the *Jagd Schloss*—the hunting box—where we sipped the good red wine called *Assmanshausser*, in a dirty little room attained by a rickety wooden staircase, which commanded an extensive look out (when they withdraw the mouldering shutters) of the Rhine above; and a little of it as it enters the hilly country below, and a little of the course of the *Nahr* which joins the Rhine at Bingen, and beyond that a great extent of rolling country. From this spot the Tourist is conducted through a rather shabby wood and along a *very* artificial grotto, to a leafy bower called the "bezaubert hohle," which being interpreted means the enchanted cave, more romantically described in the "Bubbles," where three gaps are cut in the trees, and three peeps obtained of different points which he has already seen from the "Schloss." Nor is he allowed to rest here, he is then taken on to a stone Pavillion called the *Temple*, where he again sees the Rhine coming along the flatter country, which lies far and wide before him; he then can find his way through the intricate vineyards to Rudesheim, of vinous celebrity, whence if he pleases he may take boat to Bingen as we did.

On the 8th of August by steamboat from Bingen to Mannheim. The Rhine had then risen higher than, we believe, the oldest German remembered to have seen it. Even between Coblenz and Bingen it had flooded many of the vineyards, surmounting the embankments by which they are usually protected. But above Bingen the great stream ran not. Past the slopes, vineyards, and mansion of famed *Johannisberg*, where the precious grape trailing on the breast of mother earth and about to give up its bursting juices, is arrested at the moment of decay, and yields for the profit of the Prince Metternich that wine which becomes the beverage of Kings and Nobles. The Rhine was so high that the bridge of boats at Mayence could not be safely opened to allow us to pass; we therefore changed to another boat, and pursued our monotonous journey to Mannheim through a vast *swamp*, the trees alone, in many places marking the divisions of the fields, showed above the expanse of waters. The venerable city of *Worms* appeared as if afloat, and boats were navigating the streets. The prospect was not improved by a drizzling rain which fell all that day. It was a relief to quit the steamer at Mannheim, that flat clean-looking town, and in an hour we were rushing along the Grand Duke of Baden's well ordered railway to Heidelberg.

The heathy brushwood country between Mannheim and Heidelberg, has an appearance very suggestive of hares, rabbits, and game in general; and upon subsequent inquiry we found that game is indeed plentiful there, for a British friend of ours, who dwelt at Heidelberg and rented a portion of this tract, had his table pretty constantly supplied with game of his own shooting and trout from the Neckar. The *Hotel Schrader*, new and close to the railway station,

is prettily situated out of the town, small and expensive. Such at least was our experience of it. Nothing can be of its kind more beautiful than the situation of Heidelberg, and its noblest of ruins—the castle.

On the left bank of the Neckar, at the opening of a most romantic valley along which the clear and rapid stream cheerily flows, just before the high and well timbered hills terminate abruptly, leaving at their feet the vast plain of the Rhine—lies the fine old town of Heidelberg. The evening we arrived there the bright moon, moving among fleecy clouds, gave something of enchantment to this scene so perfect in itself, and we leant for a long time against the parapet of the bridge over the Neckar, alone, unobserved and delighted with this untroubled interview with lovely nature in her loveliest garb.

Next morning we strolled about the town with the object of ascertaining rather what Heidelberg was in August, 1851, than what it may have been in the year of grace—1500. A long street with quite a metropolitan array of shops, runs the whole length of the town—about a mile—while just as the ground begins to rise from the town towards the forest-covered shoulder of the Koenigstuhl mountain, a well shaded gravel road is lined on both sides by detached white houses, which have quite an English air of cleanliness and suburban comfort. Nearly all of these are lodging or boarding houses, much frequented in the “season,”—and this was the height of the season—and they were for the most part pretty full of temporary inhabitants of every nation. We found by enquiry that lodgings were certainly not cheap; the charge for apartments being at about the same rate as those of English “watering places.” Overlooking Heidelberg at the Eastern end, rises the vast red ruin of the old Palatial Schloss, fresh in its decay and appearing as if the conflagration which left it in its present state, had taken place but yesterday. The beautiful view from the terrace, and the manifold attractions of the castle itself, are so well described in Murray’s Handbook for Northern Germany, that we would fain only bear testimony to the accuracy of the description therein contained. The more readily, as we cannot subscribe our assent either to the descriptions or recommendations contained in the same book as regards the *Rhine*.

The red sandstone rocks which give so peculiar a character to this part of the Neckar valley, have been recently quarried afresh to build the railway station, which is handsome without pretension. The Neckar is navigated daily by a steamboat, for about sixty miles, as far as Heilbronn. It appears surprising that a channel can always be found of sufficient depth; for the river abounds in shallows. We followed the road along the left bank as far as Neckar-gemund, about a mile below Neckar-steinach—a castle on a hill. The windings of the stream form a succession of the most beautiful pictures. The monotonous vine does not here obtrude itself, but each swelling knoll retains its bright verdure where the woods recede; and then the woods sweep grace-

fully back again, filling the ravines to the water's edge, or are broken by bright red crags and quarried precipices.

The *goitre* is almost as common here as it is in most of the Swiss vallies, though it can hardly be said that the valley is so narrow, or that the hills are so high, as to prevent a free circulation of air, or exclude the rays of the sun; and as for snow water, it is only to be had in winter. The women of the labouring class (among whom the *goitre*, everywhere that it appears, is most common) are much accustomed to carry great weights on their heads—one of the causes to which, we believe, some learned M. D.'s have been pleased to assign this malady, one of the many ills which flesh is heir to, of which so much has been written, and so little is known. Here also, we first remarked that shameless mendicity of a large portion of the poorer population, by which the traveller—particularly the British traveller—is pestered throughout the Grand Duchy of Baden, and the German Cantons of Switzerland. We are not alluding to the travelling artizans, with whom it is a long established custom throughout Germany, to solicit contributions from all who appear as if they could afford them; but the children of every village, led on to the degrading business by the women, or the women themselves, recalling in their importunities the professional beggars of the streets of London.

## TALES OF OUR VILLAGE, No. 2.

MANY years ago, in the days of battle by flood and field, when steamers, railroads, and electric telegraphs, were unheard of blessings, when our little Province had scarcely a subject for agitation, and our politicians were among the great things to be, it had happened that with the passengers in the periodical packet from England, one of those vessels which when wind and weather permitted made their monthly voyages to and from the old world to ours, were a lady and a gentleman bearing the names of Captain and Miss F——, who on arrival took lodgings in one of the private boarding houses then flourishing in the Capital, evidently desirous of obtaining retirement if not total seclusion, as they generally refused the attempts at intercourse and sociability, made by their fellow lodgers and others, whom chance or design threw in their way. It was, however, understood by those whose duties gave them an opportunity of discovery, that they were brother and sister, and evidently intended remaining for some time in Nova Scotia, though for what purpose or with what resources none had any idea. Captain F—— was a fine martial-looking man, with agreeable and polished manner, giving evidence of long and intimate association with the best society. There was a firmness and

determination, however, in his dark eyes and commanding tone, that told what he resolved he would as certainly execute. But his conduct was always perfectly gentlemanly and pleasant, and his companionship was eagerly sought for, and always welcome in the few families he occasionally visited. His sister, as she was supposed to be, was a tall graceful woman, with pleasing countenance and refined and fascinating manner. She was still apparently young, and her face had that sad patient expression, which speaks of much suffering, whose memory if not its actual cause is ever present. She bore a strong resemblance to her brother, but more in person than in manner, for while hers was all gentleness and endurance, his bore the impress of impatience and soldier-like vehemence. They were not often seen together, as she seldom left her own room; so few could judge of the state of their affection, or imagine why they had forsaken home and friends, to be solitary companions to each other in a country, which then had but little to attract the intellectual traveller or the social resident. Miss F—— was frequently left alone at her lodgings, while her brother made short excursions into the country settlements, evidently with the view of procuring a more suitable and retired residence than the hotel of a small town could afford to them. Many a cottage was visited in his brief perambulations and many enquiries made, but for some time nothing satisfactory attended his researches. But at this time, either from application or interest, the Government then in the habit of granting tracts of land in new countries to military men, bestowed a lot of land on Captain F——, in a portion of the the country near our village, a lonely and secluded spot, though rendered attractive by nature's fairest beauties. This then was chosen by the Captain as the site for a dwelling house, which he immediately commenced building, superintending the work in person, which progressed rapidly under the hands of efficient workmen. Soon a small but neat cottage was erected, which was simply and comfortably furnished; but before taking possession the Captain with his sister left for the West Indies, where the Regiment to which he was attached was stationed. They remained there for several months, but either the climate did not agree with Miss F——'s health, or she preferred the more quiet abode awaiting her in Nova Scotia, for she returned to Halifax under her brother's care in the spring of the ensuing year. They immediately removed to the cottage he had erected the summer previous. The situation, as we before remarked, was pleasant, almost beautiful. Nature had been lavish of her ornamental aid, and the tiny dwelling bore the appearance of comfort and refinement, imparted to it by the presence of artistic and literary works, which adorn and perfect the most humble home.

A change has passed over the scene in later years. The cottage has been displaced by a substantial and handsome house, and is now the summer residence of one of our city merchants. Pleasure grounds have been added to the domain, and wealth and cultivation have made great alterations, since it was

chosen for a home by the English strangers, whose means appeared limited, though their taste was graceful, even elegant. It took some days or weeks to complete the arrangements necessary, to render the small cottage a comfortable dwelling, and during that time Captain F—— was actively engaged in the supervision of everything, assisting with his own hands in removing furniture and improving the appearance of things within and without. His sister also assisted, but with the patient sad air of one who has grown indifferent to outward things, and who ever broods in the dark shadow of the past. But when all was completed, to the surprise of those who took an interest in the proceedings of the mysterious twain, it was discovered that Miss F—— was to be the only occupant, as her brother shortly after the completion of these arrangements, embarked again for the West Indies to rejoin his Regiment. Previous to his departure, he waited on a legal gentleman in the town, to whom he communicated the probability of his sister remaining a resident in Nova Scotia, and arranged with him for receiving a yearly allowance which was to be appropriated to her use, and quarterly paid her on application from herself. This sum was to be received from connections in England, whose names were furnished to the gentleman selected by the Captain as his agent, and thus the first light as to the rank and aristocracy of their lineage was given. It was not only a respectable but a titled family, and the claim their polished appearance and refined education gave them upon the best society, was established by the meagre information rendered by the Captain. The money was to be received, from Sir Frederick F——, supposed to be a brother of the lady who was the recipient of it. In the event of any accident befalling the Captain, during his sojourn in St. Lucia, or wherever he might be located, the gentleman he had selected as his agent was requested to write occasionally to the address of the Baronet just alluded to, with regard to the health of Miss F——, or in the event of any unusual demand requiring either counsel or augmented pecuniary aid. He promised on their part early and punctual information, should any change arise as to the allowance or the disposal of it. Nothing more definite, with regard to their relationship or their object in choosing so distant a home for the future residence of Miss F——, was elicited in this or any subsequent interview. As little was told as possible to ensure correct understanding and attention to the money transactions; and curiosity was still baffled and left to explain on the basis of conjecture, all that appeared mysterious in the case. Shortly after these arrangements Captain F—— departed for the bright isles of the West, where he had previously been with the sister from whom he was about to part. Did a prophetic voice whisper—"it may be for years, or it may be forever," as that hour of separation drew near. No other eye or ear save their own saw their last parting, or heard their farewell words; there was none to know of the agony that must have thrilled either heart, as the tie was severed that bound them; there was

no one to hear or tell if it was choice or circumstances that decreed their parting. It was doubtless a solemn one, for whether intentionally or otherwise, it was their last. They never met again on earth. 'Whatever had been their connection, (and from the mystery curiosity and surmise, threw around them, a strange colouring was often given to their relationship) it was severed forever in that moment, as far as personal intercourse was concerned; for shortly after his return to the Regiment he fell a victim to the pestilential fever of the climate, and the young and gallant soldier, so distinguished for his social and literary acquirements, was never again to join in the gay circle or speak words of sympathy and encouragement to the fair being apparently so dependant on him for both. None knew what she suffered from the sad intelligence; she bore it silently, but the soft eye grew sadder and the patient brow had another shade of sorrow, silver lines stole among the waves of bright hair, and the sweet voice had a more subdued and chastened tone. It must have been a hard and wasting trial. He was evidently her all, with him she had forsaken her home and all other friends, either near or dear; he had been her sole companion and guide for the last two years of her life, and whatever was her story, or the circumstances that destined her to a solitary life, he had known all, and if there were anything to censure, as many insinuated, he evidently had pitied and forgiven it. To have then this only friend removed and forever, must have been a sorrow beyond the expression of language, "a grief too deep for tears." None, as we said before, knew what she suffered, but all looked with interest and curiosity on the mysterious stranger, whose gentle tones and pleasing, but mournful countenance, prepossessed all in her favor who beheld her. With the exception of one servant, she lived entirely alone, associating with but few, rarely accepting invitations, but when her hospitality was extended, it was with a generous and lady-like spirit that charmed her guests, and made admission to her fireside a luxury much to be desired and prized. Those who enjoyed the pleasure of her society, and who yet remember her, speak of her as the most refined, intellectual, and agreeable person, possible to be met with, whose information and counsel was invaluable to the young who were within the influence of her conversation, and they still look back to the hours spent with her, as among the most pleasant and profitable ever enjoyed. To those who sought her society from motives of curiosity or pity, and their number was extensive, she maintained a quiet and gentle reserve, refusing all advances to intimacy firmly, but so kindly that none could be offended at her want of compliance, although they felt they were baffled in the attempt to obtain a closer knowledge of her history and her life. Rumour of course was busy with her name, and many stories were circulated and frequently believed, that had not a shadow for their foundation. Imagination ran its wildest course, with regard to her *past*, and its events. Some asserted, with all the assumption of positive truth, that she

was the daughter of some noble house, who had disgraced her family and been exiled in consequence. That the gentleman was really her brother, who had aided in removing her from the circle of their mutual acquaintance, and who now doubtless believed she was dead. Others fancied her the *chere-amie* of Captain F——, who having tired of her companionship and charms, had cruelly brought her to this lonely spot, and left her to linger out her years, unfriended, and to die unloved and unknown, far from the familiar faces of her youth, those loving eyes and fonder hearts, among whom her early and blessed days of innocence had been spent, and from whose guardianship and affection she had been torn, to gratify and occupy the idle moments of a man without regard or principle, who flung her off from him in the hour of her repentance and sorrow, like a worthless weed drifted upon the wild sea shore. Others again, with equal credibility, asserted her to be the wife of the gentleman under whose protection she came to these Provincial shores; but who had either disgraced or offended him beyond forgiveness, and to avoid the expense and publicity of a divorce, had brought her to this distant land, and left her to solitude and repentance, fitting punishment for one who had abused his affection, and cast discredit upon the tenderest and holiest tie that elevates humanity. These and numberless other narrations of a history, which decidedly had enough of mystery to excite the invention of the curious, were believed and circulated by numbers, and now when so many years have passed away since the period when the events of her life were transacted, these versions, hoary with time and like all other traditions gathering from the mediums through which they pass, are alternately believed by nearly all who have heard of the circumstances attending her arrival and residence in Nova Scotia.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

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## SOCIETY.

### A PARAPHRASE.

SOCIETY! a very grave word we opine,  
 Whose true import, and meaning 'tis hard to define,—  
 Its lines are so marked, that its shades never blend,  
 Yet still all its flights to the same centre tend.  
 To enter the magical circle of fashion,  
 Is now not so much of an aim, as a pssion;  
 While that yclept "good" when applied to Society,  
 Not always means "goodness," "good faith," or sobriety:  
 Such words are too vulgar—but sweet aristocracy  
 Hides vice, and ill temper, and smiling hypocrisy:  
 Not learning, or morals can hope to preside,  
 But those versed in escutcheons, the "*ton*," or Court guide—

Those particular people, who only must know  
 A particular set, whom they all must allow,  
 At "the tricks with the cards," to be really *au fait*,  
 By which good society its visits can pay.

First the "lady of *ton*," whose conventional style  
 Admits not of laughter, but merely a smile;  
 She reclines in her carriage with dignified grace,  
 And scans the pedestrian with pitying face,  
 While her pasteboard regards on each drawing room table,  
 Are proofs that Society's claims are no fable.  
 She honours some very dear friend *a la mode*,  
 Whom she finds in the midst of a worshipping crowd:  
 She smiles, and is smiled at, then bows and retires  
 As if that made the sum of all earthly desires,  
 Determined next week to eclipse all the rest,  
 While a Colonel, or Major, should add to the zest.

Then "the little great people," too, true to the creed  
 Of Society, have all very wisely agreed,  
 That most daring presumption 'twould certainly be  
 For the one-horse, to bow to the two-steed *grandee*,  
 Whilst a nod from a lord makes their fortune at once,  
 In the eyes of Society, though he be but a dunce.  
 They fondly believe that the crowds whom they dine,  
 Who dance at their balls, and who quaff their good wine,  
 Are their very best friends, but alas! 'tis too true,  
 That a voice from the cellar will wholly subdue  
 The voice of affection,—whose reign is but short,  
 As its exit it makes with the Claret and Port.  
 While the guest to his friend with significant smile,  
 Just hints that the hostess is wanting in style:  
 One old lady declares with a shake of the head,  
 Not intending of course to be aught than well-bred,  
 That the spoons bear initials which too plainly say,  
 Their usual domicile is "over the way,"  
 And was sure when the champagne corks popped all around,  
 The servants were frightened to death at the sound:  
 A positive proof—and she wished for no more—  
 That Champagne had never been seen there before.

The young lady that's out, and a great deal in Society,  
 Whose wardrobe boasts not of a pleasing variety—  
 India-Rubbers her gloves, and not without reason,  
 Sighs to think of the pressing demands of the Season.  
 In the shape of the Polka, the Waltz, or Galoppe,  
 Where she whirls like a tetotum never to stop—  
 Thinks the musical host at that horrid soiree,  
 Showed his daughter's Italian in a manner *outré*.  
 And when through the hall her way she was taking,  
 Her songs all unsung, which was really heart-breaking.  
 Clutched the music in rage, but dissembled her ire  
 To kiss her host's daughter, as good manners require.

There's a swarm of young men who are much in Society,  
 Not famed for their learning, good sense or sobriety.  
 Not of station sufficient to invite them to dine,  
 But come in with the muffins, and coffee at nine.

They make one in a rubber, a glee, or quadrille,  
 And by very young ladies are voted genteel ;  
 They're put down in the list, with the wax-lights and wine,  
 A sort of automata of modern design.  
 By the practised they're known, when the dancing is ended,  
 And their small stock of nothings is wholly expended,  
 When their steps and their bows, have been duly repeated—  
 To "run in a lump," like lead when it's heated ;  
 They've occasional glimmers of sense, so they say,  
 Such as finding out people who are going their way,  
 Ask the pleasure of wine with the blindest of smiles,  
 As their cab's just the thing for a couple of miles.  
 Their ambition's to boast of a bow from Sir John,  
 And think their poor kinsfolk are quite "*mauvais ton*."  
 They court the grandees at all public places,  
 And cut their poor cousins, at Regattas and Races.

The next are the "has beens," whose golden renown  
 Dame Fortune, unkindly has spoiled by her frown,  
 Who sit folding their hands, and on Jupiter calling  
 For the sake of their station, to keep them from falling.  
 'Twould be losing of caste, and quite vulgar, I own,  
 To attempt by exertion to rise when cast down ;  
 Society would never admit the pretensions  
 That would seek to enlarge its exclusive dimensions :  
 The pilgrim who journeys this difficult way,  
 Must be active, and wary, and able to pay—  
 For gold will unlock inhospitable gates,  
 Though a Cerberus porter the comer awaits.  
 Oh Plutus, despotic, what monarch can boast  
 Among all his brave bands such a numerous host ;  
 Thy banner it waves o'er the land and the sea,  
 To the terms of submission all parties agree ;  
 Thy High-priest is Fashion, thy Premier, Society—  
 And to doubt their decrees would be daring impiety,  
 And till something more potent is found to preside,  
 The paths to thy temple will be seldom untried. \* \*

PAGES FOR PASTIME.—(Continued from Fol. 40.)

**Solution to Enigma No. 1.**

From the fir trees, clothing our northern hills,  
 And from coal—modern science the *Tar* distills :  
 'Tis thus traced to its source, but the Chemist's power  
 Its complex nature learns not to this hour.  
 The *Tar* is a fluid, dark, clammy, and damp—  
 A fuel it forms—yields an oil for the lamp—  
 Serves as varnish for painters—with water, when pure,  
 'Tis mingled, and forms an old nostrum to cure.  
 By the builder 'tis used to protect and keep warm  
 The housetop exposed to the pitiless storm.  
 It in springs oozes forth from the deep caverned ground,

As in Shrewsbury mineral bitumen is found,  
 Jolly *Tar* is the name for the Sailor whose home  
 Is far where old ocean flings garlands of foam,  
 The first in the battle, the foremost in fight,  
 The bravest in danger, who strikes for the right !  
 Extending fair commerce and spreading its wings  
 'Neath the white sails of peace—her best treasures he brings.  
 When inverted—a *rat* you perceive is the beast—  
 But doubled, the *Tar-tar* appears from the East ;  
 And 'tis in this posture you're asked to recal,  
 Cream of Tartar, a compound familiar to all.  
 So in each world of Nature Tar's seen to abound,  
 In west, north, and south, 'tis a name often found,  
 But the East has the Tartar as native alone,  
 Unless it may be, as the climax has shewn,  
 How those so obtuse that they could not be brought  
 This enigma to solve—thus a Tartar have caught.

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#### Solution to Enigma No. 2.

This curious pair are brothers, their birth place Siam's vale,  
 Where silver, gold, and precious stones, blush in the Eastern gale,  
 Where the Elephant, beneath the shade of teak trees, shelter wins,  
 And there those brothers first saw light—the Siamesian Twins.  
 Thro' Asia, Europe, Africa, on the stormy ocean's breast,  
 They have journey'd from their native East, to America's great west,  
 And bound by more than human ties, they've braved life's chequer'd weather,  
 A living arm of flesh the bond that binds them thus together ;  
 Exhibited for money, they've passed through many a land,  
 And thousands met to gaze on them a wondering, curious band ;  
 But wearied of such show work now, an independence made,  
 With wives and sons at home they dwell in Carolina's shade :  
 Yet rumour's thousand tongues have been industrious with their lot,  
 And tales all contradictory the credulous have got.  
 Oft rumour told that they were dead, yet truthful facts attest,  
 That they exist in health and wealth, safe in the fruitful West,  
 They dwell with men, and seem like men, yet isolated they,  
 Bound by a strange, mysterious bond, to last through life's long day,—  
 'Tis well their friendship knows no change—the same beneath each sky,  
 As nature's work, in nature's course together they shall die !  
 Not their own will hath joined them thus, a higher power than theirs  
 Decreed them to such kindred path, the same in joys and tears,  
 And now in far Columbia's shade, beneath their household trees,  
 With differing thoughts, but one in will, reside the Siamese.

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A fair correspondent sends the following replies, in brief, to the four Enigmas and Charades given in No. 1 of the PROVINCIAL :

1. Your enigmas I've solved, and resolve not to "*tar*"-ry  
 My solutions to forward, (hoping, too, they may please)  
 Lest delay should another permit to supplant me,  
 Who, perhaps, may "the one hundred guinea prize" seize.

2. For your second—'twould seem to defy all research,  
In the history of friendships to find such "a pair,"  
But memory kindly has come to my aid,  
And whispers—"Such twins the strange Siamese are."
3. Your third—(while I think you are dealing in fiction)  
On reading one hardly can fail to exclaim,  
That such a queer medley of odd contradiction,  
Must clearly be "Ireland" in all but the name.
4. The fourth—while so varied its powers we see,  
Many properties truly may humbly [humble &] claim,  
For though strange it may be, it is doubled in three,  
Yet in itself, single—and silent in name.

**Answers to Conundrums—page 40.**

5. Because it's always "on the *Spree*" which is tributary to the *Oder* (odor).
6. Because it's composed of *sounds*.
7. Because he would naturally make the pause (paws) useful.
8. Because the former is already in *scales*.
9. Because I bear the thistle *down*.
10. Because he often meets with "a windfall."
11. Because he is born a States-man.
12. When it produces Phlox (flocks.)
13. Because its the *gravamen*, (the grave o' men.)

**No. 14. Enigma.**

Far in Earth's teeming caverns I abide,  
Dwell in the cliffs that bound the swelling tide,  
And in my grasp tho' pulseless, stern and cold,  
The records of an ancient world I hold;  
Nor yield their secrets to the vulgar light,  
Till the deep quarry opens to the sight.  
As on a scroll enriched by ancient lore,  
Men there read lessons from the days of yore.—  
To the wild Indian once my occult powers,  
Gave warmth and shelter in this clime of ours;  
Shone in his watch-fire aided in his need,  
His arrow on his deadly course to speed,  
In later times hath helped his waning race,  
Make the proud Moose the victim of the chase.  
Palace and hovel own alike my power,  
I cheer the social circle's evening hour;  
And then from aspect darker than the night,  
I yield the spell that changes all to light.  
At the gay festal scene I too am found,  
And shine among the gems that gleam around.  
I add a lustre to the sparkling wine,  
And claim each light that shineth there as mine;  
In every field of nature and of art,  
My curious substance forms a leading part.  
Where vegetation takes its wondrous course,  
Or Science labours with its busy force,  
And am transformed by nature's wondrous plan,  
From senseless matter to a part of man.  
Thus thro' the world may you my fame descry,  
Then tell me curious reader—what am I?

## No. 15. Charade.

In the city, the hamlet, by sea-side, in wood,  
Where thoroughfares blend and in deep solitude ;  
Where good men are gathered and christians have been  
Ever valued and cherished, my first may be seen.

The value, dimensions, and worth of my second,  
By the hand of the shopman are easily reckoned ;  
Yet circles the dwelling of rich men and poor,  
Small, spacious, dark, open, or fastened secure.

My whole is a place where glad children oft play,  
Thro' the beautiful depth of the long summer day ;  
Where the gay and the stricken together may meet,  
While it giveth to all men a quiet retreat.

## REVIEW OF THE PAST MONTH.

The Legislature of Nova Scotia has now been in session more than four weeks, without any great amount of public business being got through. The proposition of the Canadian Delegates, on the subject of the Halifax and Quebec Railway, that Canada should build one-third, New Brunswick five-twelfths, and Nova Scotia one-fourth ; and that the line should go by the valley of the St. John, has been affirmed in the House of Assembly by a very decisive majority. The Revenue exhibits a considerable increase, but is not much beyond the expenditure. A Bill has been introduced, proposing to establish a Normal School for the training of teachers, and assessing the counties for the better and more effectual support of Education. This is a subject of vast importance to the country, and we hope the Legislature will deal with the measure in a wise and liberal spirit. We are sorry to observe that the Post Office department exhibits a rather serious falling off, but trust the Province will not grudge it when it takes into consideration the great advantages and facilities now afforded compared with the previous system. There seems to be great and wide spread dissatisfaction with regard to our Fisheries. The deficiency in "the take" this year is lamentable, and the Government recommends the adoption of rigorous measures for their protection from the aggression of foreigners. Halifax has been favored the past month with the visits of not fewer than five steamships, bound for other ports, in addition to three others at previous dates. The Europa and the Niagara, the S. S. Lewis, the Humboldt, and the Glasgow, en route for United States ports ; thus proving, incontestibly the great advantage possessed by Halifax as the nearest American port to England. The S. S. Lewis, intended to ply between Liverpool and Boston, has, it is stated, since been sold, and is to be placed in the Pacific trade ; she cost 187,000 dollars, and was sold for 150,000. The Humboldt is an American Mail Steamer, running between New York and Havre ; she is apparently a fine vessel. The Glasgow is an iron screw-propeller of 1962 tons, one of the most splendid vessels and the first four

masted ship that ever entered this harbour. She lately made the fastest voyage from America to England yet performed by a *Screw*, having taken only an hour or two more than twelve days. While on the subject of steamers, we may mention that the new Cunard Steamship *Arabia*, has been sold to the West India R. M. Company, to make up for the loss of the *Amazon* and *Demerara*. She is perhaps the finest steamer ever launched into British waters, possessing the most powerful engines ever built. We regret very much her withdrawal from the station for which she was intended, as we had great hopes that the performances of the two new ships would throw into the shade the much boasted runs of our republican neighbours. We trust, for the honor of the British nation the Cunard Company do not contemplate standing still, for we have heard a whisper that they are in treaty for the sale of the *Persia* also. The support they have hitherto received, would entitle us to expect more spirit, and there can be no manner of doubt, that unless they continue to build the very best ships that British skill can construct, they will be eventually run off the waters of the Atlantic. They have an active and jealous rival in the field, but still we are fully convinced by no means a match, at least yet, for the shipyards of the Clyde. We shall be delighted to hear that the *Arabia* was only parted with to oblige a friendly company, subjected suddenly to great and unforeseen disasters.

Perhaps the most exciting political topic of the month, has been the report of the Committee on the Cumberland Election, which has been the means of sending Messrs. Howe and Fulton back to their constituents. Intense interest is manifested by all parties in the result of this re-election, and it is generally supposed that the stability of the existing Government will be affected by it one way or another. On Friday the 27th ult., the imposing ceremony of consecrating a new Roman Catholic Bishop, in room of the late Bishop Fraser, took place in Halifax, and being the first consecration in the Province, excited a good deal of interest in the community. The new bishop is Dr. Colin McKinnon of Arichat.

The Executive Government of New Brunswick, has accepted the proposition of the Canadian Railway delegation, and the question is now under discussion in the Assembly. It is stated that the Hon. Mr. Hincks goes to England with the first packet, to negotiate a loan and to close the arrangements with regard to the Halifax and Quebec Railway.

We observe that the American Government has granted, or is about to grant, an additional sum of \$200,000 per annum to the Collins line of Steamers, which will enable them to add both to their number and efficiency. The British Government, at the instance of the United States authorities, has disavowed the firing into the *Prometheus* Steamer at Greytown, and apologised for the act, and all parties, except perhaps the unlucky commander of "the *Express*," have expressed themselves satisfied. We were somewhat surprised to notice that an American expedition has been sent to Japan, with what object has not been very clearly stated, but it is presumed with the intention of enforcing commercial relations between the two countries. Every attempt of the kind hitherto made by other nations for the same object, has resulted in entire failure. The Kossuth mania has, to a great extent, subsided in the States. The Magyar, has contracted, it is said, for 40,000 muskets at two dollars each. He is still successful in collecting a good deal of money.

Mr. Crampton takes the place of Sir Henry Bulwer at Washington, and has been very warmly welcomed by the President. He is a man of high character

and great diplomatic talents, and is the first appointment by Great Britain, we believe, of the new Foreign Secretary, Lord Granville.

The great event of the month in England, has been the opening of the fifth session of Parliament by the Queen in person. The scene was a most interesting one from several causes—the New House for the Commons of England was occupied for the first time, the House in which in all likelihood, for many hundred years to come, that august body will hold its meetings. It was universally admitted that the scene was grand and imposing beyond description. Every corner of this magnificent room was crowded with Members, Peers, Ambassadors, strangers, all eager to hear the explanation of the Prime Minister with regard to the dismissal of Lord Palmerston. A display of intellectual gladiatorship between these two great men was expected, and almost breathless interest was painted on every countenance when Lord John Russell rose to speak. The speech possessed the two great characteristics of care and power, though it proved little against Lord Palmerston, beyond a breach of official etiquette, and when he sat down it was expected that a most crushing and spirited reply awaited him from his brilliant rival, but it was not so; for the first time in his life, Lord Palmerston seemed confused, as if he felt that his cause was not a sound one, the feeling was strongly in his favor, and yet when he sat down every one felt that Lord J. Russell could have done nothing else than pursue the course he did. The Foreign Secretary had approved of the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon, and the English Government anxious to keep Great Britain altogether free from any interference with French politics, called upon Lord Palmerston to explain the extraordinary step he had taken, the explanation not being satisfactory he was called on to resign. The public suspected this before, and it was all they learned of the matter from the Prime Minister.

Louis Napoleon still acts the despot over the people of France, his latest act of robbery being the confiscation of the whole of the Orleans property. Liberty lies gagged and bleeding. The French Press is the feeble reflex of the will of a tyrant. Both the Earl of Derby and Lord J. Russell spoke in severe terms of the course taken by the English Press, in at once heaping unlimited abuse upon the President of France, and making the most exaggerated statements of the weakness of our means of defence. The whole naval power of France, large and small, building, at home and abroad, amounts to 328 sail. Great Britain has nearly 600, of which 258 are within call, 77 of which are line of battle ships, 95 carrying from 50 to 20 guns. In addition to this she possesses 86 large steamers, carrying from 100 to 4 guns, besides an immense fleet of Mail Steamers, the fastest in the world, and each equal in size and strength to a line of battle ship. Even in her present condition, the Navy of England is twice as powerful as that of France.

The news from the Cape of Good Hope is still unsatisfactory. General Cathcart, who formerly commanded the forces in Canada, relieves Sir Harry Smith. A quantity of improved fire arms has been sent out for the use of the regiments.

The principal event of local interest in England is the Engineers "strike," which if persisted in may lead to very serious consequences. Lord John Russell has introduced his Reform Bill extending the franchise, but the country at large seems to give themselves little or no concern about the matter.

In European affairs elsewhere, we have nothing of importance to notice in our present monthly record.