

THE PROVINCIAL.

HALIFAX, N. S., DECEMBER, 1853.

A GOSSIP ABOUT LITERATURE.

GOING on with the humourists of the nineteenth century, and glancing at them in their different degrees of merit, our countryman, Judge Haliburton, comes in for a first notice. We will look at him as he appeared to the public when he first came before them in 'the Clockmaker,' under the cognomen of 'Sam Slick.' For originality of idea and quaint comicality of style, few have ever surpassed the learned judge. Deep insight into human nature, keen sense of the ludicrous, and a merciless touch for the foibles and weaknesses of his kind, are the ruling characteristics of this Colonial humourist. We have never been quite sure whether he wrote for a good end or merely to indulge his own love for the ridiculous. Sometimes it would seem as if like the surgeon he probed for the purpose of healing, but so often he aims a shaft when there is no possible chance of a good result being effected, that his real motives are veiled in mystery. Those well acquainted with the Yankee character pronounce the Judge a truthful limner, and all who know anything of human nature throughout the whole world, will give the same testimony to the general truthfulness of this broad but correct caricaturist. Sometimes, however, he oversteps the limits of his vocation, as when he depicts his favourite character of 'Bluenose.' To have a fling at his countrymen, he often forgets justice as well as mercy, and those who would judge of the character of Nova Scotians generally from those given in the graphic sketches of 'Sam Slick,' will do our slow-going but right-thinking and worthy people injustice. Judge Haliburton in one respect differs much from his brother humourists—he has no genius for the pathetic. Now and then he attempts a scene of a boarding school girl or a lonely wife, yet all he can do is but to make us feel we are reading the truth. The eyes are tearless that bend over Haliburton's greatest efforts, but they flow freely on many pages of Hood, Thackeray, or Dickens. Pathos ever seems to be connected with humour, and the best writers in the latter department have been most conspicuous for their power over feeling and pity. But Haliburton is merely comical—a caricaturist of the broadest style, whom we laugh at but have little sympathy with. Possessing more shrewdness than genius,

more ridicule of, than sympathy with his kind, he will have but a narrow niche in the temple where Hood sits the presiding genius. Of the sterner and graver works of this author we can say but little, his 'Bubbles of Canada,' written for the politicians, did not meet with much favour even from that class. His 'Rule and Misrule,' made him many enemies. Its only friends were those belonging to the old school, to which the judge pays devoted allegiance. The 'Old Judge, or Life in the Colonies,' is to our thinking his best work, combining at once many of the attributes which constitute an agreeable and valuable work. We are nearly forgetting the first production which brought him into notice, and for which we as Nova Scotians are indebted to him—the 'History of Nova Scotia.' But after we have given him all due credit for his efforts in rescuing from rust and decay the first records of his native land, and leaving to its children a memorial of their ancestors and their deeds, we may say in all honesty that the writer might have made a more interesting volume. True, he had small materials to build up a work, but he might have done more with those he had. His history is the most bald, bare statement of facts that could be written. It has no embellishment and little interest apart from the subject of the work. A skilful hand could have wrought a pleasant volume out of those few materials in the early history of Nova Scotia, and we regret that Haliburton either had not the inclination or the gift to render his account of it more than a dry book of reference. We do not wish, however, to be censorious on one whose genius has made his birthplace known. We honour him inasmuch as Nova Scotia is honoured through him. Few, however, bear better the lash of criticism than one who has applied it so severely to others. He is confessedly a great man in the world of letters, he has made for himself a reputation, but to secure it he must either retire from the field and rest on the laurels he has already won, or strike out a new path which he can tread with success. He has exhausted his Yankeeisms, and his last work consequently did not receive the approbation it merited. We think it equal to any work he has written in that style—superior to those intervening between the first series of 'the Clockmaker' and the 'Wise Saws,' but this is an age of progression, and men will not rest satisfied with many editions in the same style. The present day is marked by rapidity of thought and novel experiments. Ideas will not run in the same channel for fourteen years, and Judge Haliburton to continue successful must conform to the dictates of the age.

Passing from him and the humourists of the mother country, of which there are many who have not come under our review, not from want of merit but limited acquaintance with their works, we can but give a glance to the 'merric brethren' in the United States. Willis is probably the most prominent of them, and he combines gracefulness with comicality. His 'Pencilings by the Way,' written during his visit to Britain, though not strictly a humorous work, has yet enough of those pleasant touches to make it rank in that cate-

gory. He has contributed much graceful, pleasant writing, both in poetry and prose, to the literature of his country, and his flashes of wit are the real *Simon Pure*. He is not only smart, he is sensible also, and writes well and to the purpose on nearly every subject. Saxe is a genuine joker, his poems in the comic style contain a mine of fun; many of them would hold no unworthy place in a collection with Hood's. His 'Rape of the Rock,' the 'Briefless Barrister,' and others, carry one away by their spirit of fun and humour. More practice and experience will make this young writer a credit to his country.

There are many others in the great Republic who have contributed much to the treasury of humour, but we have not space to enumerate them. We are not merely gossiping of the wits and punsters of our age, but about the literary in every department. We have alluded to the humourists first, because, as we said before, they form the most popular class of writers, and we have endeavoured to shew how far their popularity has been merited. We will now pass to their gentler brethren of the quill—the poets—with whom the humourists often claim close relation.

We are told, and truly so, that the present era is too practical for poetry, and yet perhaps at no period of the world have there been more who follow it as a vocation. The European and American presses issue volumes of metre daily, which are applauded and read by a large circle interested in the various authors, and yet we say and know that this is not an age of poetry. There are some who have drunk deeply of the living waters and thrilled the soul with their touches of exquisite harmony, but notwithstanding all this there is no master spirit now. Longfellow is in our opinion the poet of the day, though weak beside those who preceded him—Byron, Moore, Shelley, Coleridge and others. He is more truthful than original, more graceful than profound, but he is a sweet writer—he touches the chords of human feeling and makes them vibrate to his simple strain. He has his own especial province in domestic events and tender teaching. He fails if he leaves this peculiar walk. When he attempts the mystical or imposing, as in the *Golden Legend*, he is ridiculous, but when he appeals to the energy and intellect of man he is sublime. We need give no better evidence for the last assertion than a reference to his 'Psalm of Life.' Earnest, onward verses are these, speaking to man's better nature, rousing him to the consciousness of his own dignity and end. Household treasures of sorrow have in him a beautiful expounder. 'The Reaper,' 'Resignation,' and many others, make us love the man, and establish without contradiction his genuine claim to the name of poet. His 'Sea-side' and 'Fire-side,' contain many noble, stirring poems, ringing out like trumpet voices to the heart. Of Longfellow's poems in general it may be said that while many are defective as a whole there are none altogether inferior. Each has one line or more to tell that its writer has genius, sympathy and benevo-

lence. His is the melody of the heart speaking to the heart, and though he will never stir or electrify a world, he will soften and regenerate many an individual heart. The mourner, the young, the hopeful, and the resigned, call him their poet. This alone is high witness to his genuineness and ability.

Tennyson, the poet laureate, is much admired by a certain class—those who venerate mysticism and a straining after the unreal. He is no favourite of ours, though we are ready to acknowledge that his ‘Queen of the May’ is one of the most touching poems that ever drew tears from sympathy. None but a poet could have written that ballad, none but one who has a right to that sacred name. ‘Locksley Hall’ is also a fine poem, and some of his minor odes are very beautiful; but taking him in his general aspect as a writer we have little appreciation of him, and could not read through all that he has written even for a compensation. His story called ‘the Princess, a Medley,’ is perhaps one of the most tiresome productions we ever perused—having neither beauty, sublimity, or common sense—unnatural in its plot, absurd in its complication, and ungraceful in its language—we marvel to hear reviewers and others commending it. ‘In Memoriam’ again though containing many fine passages of tenderness and beauty, as a whole strikes us as overstrained and mawkish. We do not like its metre or its sameness, and had it been published without the influential name of Tennyson, would have laid it down after a mere glance. He is too finical and formal for our taste, too mystical and pompous for our appreciation; now and then the true untrammelled spirit flashes out in a ringing ode, but generally he seems bound by some old mannerism or formality which clouds his genius and makes him unappreciated.

Caroline Norton is a sweet poetess, nay more, she is one who has laboured to improve the moral and mental welfare of her kind, and she has not been without reward. ‘The Child of the Islands’ stands without a rival. No contemporary poet of the last fifteen years has produced a parallel poem. Beautiful in superstructure and design, noble in its sentiments and most benevolent in its end, it gave its authoress a high place among the poets of Britain. She had long been favourably received; the ‘Undying One,’ and smaller lyrics, proved her right to the appellation of poetess. Her peculiar attributes are tenderness and earnestness; her woman’s heart has been tried, and she has poured forth its experience in song. She is earnest too for the elevation of her race. With the peculiar zeal and eloquence of all her gifted family, she bends her whole energies to the accomplishment of the end she has in view. Boldly she assails the wrong and battles for the right; with aristocratic tendencies and prejudices, she looks upon all as brethren, beautifully contending that sorrow is the great link that binds together the lofty and the low, and that sympathy and aid is in the power of all to distribute. We admire this noble hearted woman for her independence and genius, and regret that she does not oftener give expression to the spirit dwelling within than she has recently

done. Writings like hers lessen the sordid feelings of the age and give us some interest in the better and more enduring part.

Elizabeth Barret Browning is another gifted spirit—with more passion than Mrs. Norton, she is less popular because less natural. She has imbibed much of the German mysticism that infects the present school of poets. But she is a grand, bold, powerful writer—a very searcher of the soul. She plays with its most secret feelings. Wandering for a time in the wild meshes of ideality and mystery, she breaks out suddenly in burning words with some heart truth, and we start to think that she should know of the feelings and memories that most affect ourselves as individuals. 'Bertha in the Lane' is an exquisite poem—blending pathos with power and passion with tenderness, it chains us spell-bound long after we lay the book aside, and so with many others of her productions. She is a marvellously gifted woman, possessing a masculine strength of mind with the delicate perception and great tenderness of her own sex. She has much mannerism and absurdity, but she never can be tame or uninteresting. When we read her works, we know we are in communion with a superior mind, and whether we will or no, she sways us for the time by her own peculiar thoughts and ideas.

Charles McKay has written several bold and always elevating strains. He is the lyricist of the present day; but he is a very practical, matter-of-fact poet. His verses read like good plain prose turned into metre; he has little tenderness, less pathos, but a great deal of genuine honest English feeling. Patriotic and moral, he would make all who read his stanza the same. One cannot help admiring his firm, manly spirit, his determination to speak for the right. He can never be entitled to a place among our best poets, but many of his songs will last through coming time.

Charles Swain is a popular and graceful lyricist, he has not enough originality or genius to be a poet, but he is very pleasing, and appeals to the affections and sympathy tenderly and well. He has not written enough to entitle him to lengthened review, but he has afforded pleasure to many by his graceful versification and pretty allusions to things of everyday occurrence and reality.

Eliza Cook is another of the gifted sisterhood, and has written much to entitle her to high commendation. 'The Song of the Englishman' is a noble strain, which alone stamps her as a genuine poet. But she has written much more to confirm her claim to such a distinction. Some of our sweetest and most popular songs are from her pen, 'The old Arm Chair' and others, proving her to possess the right key to the feelings of the heart. We know of nothing more true and beautiful than her allusion to—

"The echoes which start
When memory plays an old tune on the heart."

And all her verses are filled with similar ideas as original as they are truthful. Her mind has a very masculine tone, and often her thoughts seem too bold and

her language too free for woman's mind and utterance. In her love and veneration for all that is old she is often tedious and uninteresting, yet she is a fine writer and stands out in bold relief by the side of many who with greater pretensions have not given as abundant evidences of genius. But they crowd upon us in such multitudinous array, those minstrels of our own time, that we must pause in our gossip, nor bring before our readers in this notice too many of those lights which if they have not startled or electrified, have yet beautified and regenerated our world.

DISQUISITIONS ON THEOLOGY.*

A cotemporary reviewer makes the remark that two theological works usually come under his notice for one upon all other subjects. With us, on the contrary, theology is a topic but rarely presented, and of the many new publications sent to us for review, the book now before us stands almost alone in its claim on our attention. The author of the *Disquisitions* was well known to the reading public in these Provinces as an eloquent writer on a variety of subjects—moral, political, or theological. He had also achieved in the City of St. John, where he resided for the last few years, a high reputation as a most entertaining and instructive lecturer. The discourses now published cannot fail to engage the attention and awaken the sympathies of his numerous friends, as a parting legacy written by him only a few months previous to his death, and now given to the world without apology and without an editor. They will no doubt be regarded as expressing his deliberate and matured opinion on the subjects he has undertaken to discuss, and will be approved or condemned by different parties just as their views may happen to agree with or differ from those of the writer. While we confess our admiration for the earnestness and sincerity of the author, and the terse and vigorous style—the chaste and classical language in which his ideas are clothed—it is neither our province nor our desire to enter upon points of controversy involved in the subjects discussed. It is sufficient that we lay before our readers a brief abstract of the arguments adduced, and thus leave them to form their own conclusions or to pursue the subject further by a reference to the book itself.

The first chapter or essay begins with the statement, that the Bible is an unexhausted and inexhaustible mine of wisdom and truth; that as God has provided in it for all the generations that have preceded us, so has he there laid up treasures for every generation that shall succeed us to the end of time.

* Six *Disquisitions on Doctrinal and Practical Theology*. By the late WILLIAM THOMAS WISHART, of St. John, N. B. Printed by A. & J. McMillan.

That this being as it were beforehand with people notwithstanding all their boasted attainments, and the ages that have run since the completion of the volume proves the inspiration of the Bible, and the wisdom of the spirit that designed it. Also the propriety of our making it our study, since advance as we may we can never exhaust its stores, or come up with the revelations it makes; can never reach a point where we may say this is the termination of revealed knowledge; cannot profitably proceed further in quest of heavenly wisdom, that we know enough and may here fix our boundaries, and call the place *ultima thule*. A system of interpretation is insisted upon which shall deal alike with all Scripture, which makes it all typical, and all to be interpreted as some small portions have already been—such as the brazen serpent, the smitten rock, &c. It considers Scripture its own interpreter and the only correct one—that the true meaning is to be found in comparing one with another—that as the doctrinal or poetical parts of Scripture exhibit the progress of the church in the statement of their sentiments, and the prophetic portions declare its career with their many tongues so the historical department exhibits in pantomime or parable what shall befall that same church in the last days. To prove this, every book in Scripture is rapidly reviewed—admitted typical points are compared with others not hitherto so considered, to shew that all should be dealt with alike, and the deduction is—that as is a part so is the whole, that there is no true method of interpretation given—that we are forbidden to have divers weights and measures, to wear garments of mixed materials, to plough with an ox and an ass yoked together, or to sow mixed seed in our fields. That if we admit one portion to be spiritual, we must take it all so. If we contend for the letter in any instance we must have it all letter. That as the two courses of conduct led the Jews into Babylon, so two modes of interpretation have brought the church into that mystical Babylon, spoken of in revelation, and that we are now commanded to come out of it that we are not destroyed by its plagues. It concludes with stating that this single mode of interpretation would harmonize all Scripture; would reconcile apparently conflicting statements; would bring into use many undervalued portions of Scripture, and set us on the way of coming at the hitherto unattainable stature of the fulness of Christ Jesus.

The second topic is the Pharisee and the Sadducee. These classes are made to comprehend all mankind, and no other station is left to be occupied but that of the true spiritual christian whose character is supposed to be of this sort, that he worships the Father in spirit and in truth—that the spirit of truth dwells in him and teaches him all wisdom—that he is regardless of pomps and shows, caring only for realities—that he is filled with love to his brethren and zeal for his God—that having true faith to receive and act upon the word of God, he does these marvels which the Bible predicts, but which from want of faith have never yet been accomplished. This want or weakness

of faith is attributed to Phariseism or literalism which has prevailed in the church, the very nature of which it is asserted is to prevent all high attainments, to keep human nature where it is, to have appearances instead of realities, a shape instead of the essence, a form instead of the spirit of God. Phariseism is stated to be a thing of degrees existing both with and without true religion. 'From Martin Luther or Matthew Henry, who loving God yet dealt in will-worship and externals, down to the petty individual whose religion is all in the almanac.' In the extent that externals are admitted to that extent does Phariseism exist, that as a little leaven leavens the whole lump, so has all religion been made of that formal or worldly nature, that it was not able to elevate humanity above itself as a purely spiritual religion would do. According to this view Phariseism where it has not existed in a pure unmixed form has nevertheless been able to spoil true religion, so that the world as yet has had no example of what it could do when received as God gives it forth as spirit and life. The Sadducee though less numerous than the other is also represented as a large class; as including not only those who are zealous in their unbelief but all who care for none of these things, and also those who form for themselves a religion contrary to the Bible, such as Pantheism the religion of nature—the worship of human nature, &c. Though the latter class is supposed to have possessed fully as much talent as the former, it is still considered to have been much under the influence of the Pharisees to have given them credit for more sincerity and a more correct adherence to Scripture than they deserved, and never to have discovered that both were under one influence, both fighting one battle against spirituality, which will at last destroy both, and in the meantime declares a stronger animosity against the supposed friend than the declared enemy.

The third disquisition on the elevating quality of true religion, considers that imperfect and impure as religion has yet been, to its influence may be traced all the intelligence that has been in the world—that where it has not exerted a saving effect, it has at least produced a civilizing one—that though it has failed to raise mankind to companionship with God, it has brought him higher than the beasts of the field, above burrowing and cannibalism. That man is designed for a much higher state of intelligence than any yet reached is derived not only from the statements of Scripture, but from these other reasons that we are invited to have fellowship with the author of all intellect—that we are commanded to fight, and with a hope and prospect of success, against a foe second only to God in wisdom—that we are promised to do greater works than even Christ did, &c., none of which can be done without greater intelligence than is now in the world. The reason assigned why this better state of things has never been reached, is that religion has not existed in its proper state—that it has been mixed up with carnal elements which being of one sort with human nature cannot change it—that wrong doctrine, the fruit of this carnal

interpretation of Scripture, has kept men looking in the wrong direction for the expected good, or prevented them from looking for any good beyond what they already possess, so that almost all consider that religion has done all the good it is capable of doing, and that all that remains for us to accomplish is to extend our own excellent condition to the unhappy heathen who are so bigotted and mistaken as to love and reverence their forms and ceremonies as much as we do those derived from the Bible—that the number who are not so well satisfied with what religion has done, do not impute any error to our present understanding of the system, but the system itself—that is they do not expect it to do anything more, but that God will appear in person and do what remains to be done—that both these ideas do injustice to the Bible, which is able to do all that it promises if taken on its own shewing, but if we rid our minds and system of religion of the carnal elements which have clouded them and come to the word in the light of the spirit that dictated it, we shall see clearly that true worship and honest inquiry will bring us to a height of wisdom to which humanity is now a stranger.

The fourth lecture is on the oneness or unity of the christian system. Passages of Scripture are adduced and reasons given why this unity should and does prevail in the very extent that the spirit of christianity obtains in the world. The heresies, divisions, contentions, and acrimony that have disgraced the church, are traced to the fact that men have looked upon but one half or side of a doctrine, and that each party contended for the view of it that he had taken, without believing it possible that there could be another aspect which did not destroy or degrade his favourite one, but that would on the contrary make it, if true, the more perfect and harmonious. So that while men thought they were contending for the truth, they were in reality fighting a battle for their own inability to understand the whole counsel of God. Another and far more fertile cause of division and contention, is asserted to be the literal, ceremonial, or carnal element which has been mixed up with religion, though not entitled to a place there, brought in by taking that as a reality—as the end aimed at which the spirit used but as a symbol of his deeper meaning, which suiting human nature in its first and not in its second intention was laid hold of as it stood, and that room was thereby left for disputes, which would not have occurred had men sought for the spirit instead of the form. Another means by which this evil has been promoted is this: the apostles and other holy men have consented to old ceremonies that men loved, lest they should refuse to accept the doctrine they were anxious to teach—when they found that it required them to renounce what they before held sacred. They did this intending when the new doctrine had taken root to eradicate the old idea, but the old was more consonant with human nature, and instead of the combination preparing them for the purely spiritual, the spiritual was diluted, paralyzed by the opposite principle—that religion being thus vitiated by car-

nality cannot overcome the carnal propensities of our nature, and hence come wars and divisions amongst us. These carnal elements removed, no hindrance to unity would remain—each word would be found as harmonious as him from whom it proceeded—it would teach one doctrine to all, and all being influenced by one spirit, there would be one Lord, one faith, one baptism—men would see with a single eye—sing with one voice—be animated by the same hope, and love, and zeal, pursue the same object and so become the one body, one bread, one building, or temple, or church, which Christ has called his people.

Lecture fifth is entitled, ‘of the interpretation of Scripture and the want of a consistent method hitherto.’ The complaint is made that there is no science in theology, as taught and received in the world—that one part is interpreted on one plan, and without reason why an entirely different method is adopted for another—that this is not the case merely with different books or sections of the Bible, but that contiguous verses are so disposed of, not by any rule but as the fancy of the theologian dictates—that this state of things is rendered still worse by the idea that God would be dishonoured by a system which would give us rules how to understand his communications to man. . Reasons are assigned why this should not be the case and how it may not. If God is the creator of all things, and if in every department of nature science comes in with a fixed system of laws which enable us all the better to understand his works and avail ourselves of their powers, it may reasonably be expected that he has also acted on a system when he gave his word to man, and that to know and pursue this system is the surest way to come at a correct knowledge of his will—that as the best human intellects have been eminently endowed with order and system—we have a right to consider that their creator is himself still more possessed of it, and that his writings will be more perfectly systematic than any human productions can be—that what seems dark and mysterious in it now is from the want of the true method of interpretation which would make known what is hidden in a higher degree than ever science has disclosed her mysteries when the true method of searching for them has been discovered. A system is suggested which it is supposed will obviate all the difficulties, which professes to be derived from the Bible, which according to this chapter makes revelations concerning many more things than have been supposed to be included in theology—universal science is its domain and all things when properly understood are theological. One peculiarity of the system recommended is, that it looks beneath the surface, looks upon all as mystical and to be interpreted by the same spiritual rule.

The sixth and last lecture on the church of the latter days is occupied in discussing what shall be its features—the causes that prevent its coming and the means that shall be employed in bringing it about. The different opinions that have prevailed in reference to this glorious period—some errors and the causes of them are alluded to, but it is principally occupied in describing the

characteristics of that better time. In this as in the other lectures the idea prevails that the mixture of carnality with religion hitherto is the cause of all the evil. Thus, this being removed and pure spirituality alone being acknowledged as religion, there will be nothing to come between a man and his God and deceive him into the idea that all is well with him because he complies with some requirements which are as possible to an unbeliever as a saint. That God designed this long period of ignorance and unfruitfulness is acknowledged, but that man should therefore rest satisfied with it, is denied. The fact that a brighter day is promised and the means by which it is attained to, pointed out and man declared to be the agent who shall bring it about, is looked upon as a reason why we should engage in the service—search out like Daniel the times and the ways—cast aside every weight that hinders progress, every beam that obstructs vision, and with faith in the promises of God and strength through the indwelling of his spirit and because he has promised to be with his people always, set about performing the commission with which he has charged his people to teach all nations, baptizing them—no longer to neglect the assembling of ourselves together for that day of God which is approaching, that city which shall be built, that temple which must be erected, that nation which shall be born to him in a day.

Having thus placed before our readers such a notice of the work as it was our duty to do for the interests of literature, and by virtue of its origin as a Provincial production, we leave to them the consideration of any theological problems it may be supposed to contain. If we have any professed divines or astute theologians among the number, they will not of course rest satisfied with a perusal of our sketch but will read the volume for themselves.

The pen of the author is now silent forever. This his latest literary production will therefore elicit no critical severity. Whatever may be thought of the late Mr. Wishart's theological writings, it will not be denied by any who have heard him as a public speaker that he possessed great intellectual ability, and as an essayist or popular lecturer would have ranked high in any country. With what subject soever under discussion, he reasoned closely yet clearly, and illustrated his views with copiousness and precision. An ample education afforded material for his ardent fancy, and conveyed the sentiment of his writings in a bold and vigorous style. His diligence and love of study enabled him to master a wide range of erudition and to acquire that vast amount of general information that was the marvel of all his acquaintances. His death therefore will be considered as a public loss by the land of his adoption.



LITERARY INKLINGS IN A COLLEGE ARM CHAIR.

DOES your conscience never accuse you, candid reader, of having talked unconsciously a good deal of nonsense about the march of science and the progress of literature; topics that have become the staple of the schoolboy's theme, and the effusions of the pot orator? Do you never round a period, by the euphonious terms, the developement of the mind, the enlarged grasp of the intellect, the triumphs of philosophy; expressions so dinned into our ears, that we treat them like the equally well authenticated tales of our infancy, and never take the trouble to question their accuracy? With railways and steamers spanning the globe, we cannot deny, that, in the utilitarian sciences, our progress has been most wonderful. Many of them were entirely unknown to the ancients, and owe their origin and developement to the present age; but in many matters connected with literature and the fine arts, antiquity supplies us with models of genius and of taste, that have never been surpassed, and but rarely equalled. The contemplation of those fragments, that have survived the ravages of time, must always be pleasing and instructive. The sage and the student have lingered over them with delight. The author and the artist have caught their inspiration. The mighty soul of Homer awakes once more its spirit-stirring strains on Milton's lyre, while the genius of Apelles guides the pencil of Michael Angelo.

In illustration of this it is rather a remarkable circumstance, that the literature of the eighteenth century, which was more imbued with the tone and style of the ancient classics than our own, is undoubtedly distinguished by greater vigor and purity of composition.

Leaving, however, this rather startling assertion to be discussed in some future 'inkling,' let us turn aside from the dusty beaten track of our popular literature, and linger awhile over the unfrequented monuments of ancient genius. Go to your library, and take down any of those dingy folios of antiquity, looking shabby and poverty stricken beside the last new Yankee novel, which with its gaudy gilt cover, seems like many of our Granville Street ladies or shop boys on a Sunday, as if it carried all its wealth upon its back. Here we have old Thucydides and Tacitus, both looking very much out of place, beside their modernized companions. Opening the former at random, we read in the second book and in few minutes find ourselves unconsciously standing in the midst of polished Athens, still free from the hand of the Spartan Conqueror, and unconscious of the slavery impending over it. We hear dark rumours of a fearful* plague, stealing on its course like the mysterious cholera, marching with steady remorseless steps upon the fated city. Thousands die before us; and we almost fancy ourselves breathing the fever-tainted atmosphere of the Piræus. Say, impartial reader, has modern literature left many such monu-

* See Thucydides II. 48.

ments of genius, a genius which laughs at time, and makes all posterity its countrymen.

Perhaps you are not quite pleased with the selection. The particulars are horrifying, and in some cases, though life-like and vivid, almost disgusting. Be it so. Let us retrace our steps and stand among the crowd of Athenians assembled to perform the last rites to their fallen countrymen.* All are in expectation and silent. A buzzing hum of countless voices whispers he is coming, and Pericles, the master spirit of the age, ascends above the mournful multitude, and stretches forth his hand. We listen to him, conscious that we are British Colonists, perfectly contented to remain so, and feeling that it matters but little to us, how the comparatively petty quarrels of Greece terminated. Yet what is it that wakes our sympathies for the nameless few, who fell at Samos? Is it the voice of liberty that kindles a flame within our breast, and makes us burn to grasp the sword of freedom and fall worthy of such mourners and such a panegyric? Far from it. Athens was cruel and despotic, and alienated her allies by her exactions. It is the power of genius which has found a key to the human heart, that will open it at will, as long as we are possessed of the virtues and weaknesses of humanity.

Well, you may add, you have only introduced one instance, give us some more if you can find them. By all means. Here is Carson's Tacitus, with a broken back and sundry inkspots, which shew that it has not escaped unscathed from the attacks of some college vandal. Taking a dip into the first page of the Annals, we find ourselves suddenly whirled through seven centuries in as many lines. To avoid going at such a 'killing pace' through history, let us turn over to his Agricola. We stand among the moors of Scotland. The dark woods extend for miles around. The Grampians, rude and uncultivated, rise far above us. No sign of man's existence is to be seen, except the glitter of the Roman spears, as the army emerges from the forest. The legions halt; and Agricola excites their military ardor by his eloquence. His glowing words call forth the enthusiastic applause of the soldiery, and the approving din of clashing sword and spear returns in echoes from the surrounding solitudes.

But they excite no emotion within us. They are the words of a ruthless and reckless invader, and we turn aside to mingle with the wild and undisciplined mass of warriors, that are screened from sight by the surrounding woods.

The yellow haired Galgacus, fit compeer of Fingal and of Gaul, stands before us. He points to the foe, and then to the shores of the distant sea, a sea whitened by the sails of the enemy, and tells them that liberty had fled to its last asylum,—that it has sought refuge in a land beyond the confines of the world, but not beyond the rapacity of the Roman conqueror. He reminds them that never before had an invader ventured within their native mountains, and warns them that their only safety is in arms.

* Thucydides II. 34. Agricola 30 ch.

The rattling of spears and the sound of many voices proclaim their determination to conquer or die. Is there no lurking unconscious sympathy in your mind, as you see them exposing their breasts to the arms of the legions, and falling with their conquered country? Ah! you're a Scotchman, perhaps, and are too patriotic, not to be moved by such a sight. If so, I respect your feelings, and will therefore gratify you with a more pleasing spectacle.

The enemy of your country is on his death bed; the vigor of manhood is unimpaired, but the poison of the jealous Domitian is preying on his vitals. He calls in his agony upon his daughter, and his son-in-law, the distinguished historian. None but strangers reply. All our enmity vanishes. We join the group around him to mourn the fallen hero, and sympathise with the sad memorial of the writer, as he eloquently bewails the untimely fate of his relative, and, as if to defy the fury of the tyrant, invests his victim with immortality. 'Whatever in Agricola has excited our love and admiration, remains and will remain in the minds of men, preserved to eternity by fame. For many of the ancients have been overwhelmed by oblivion, as though ignoble and inglorious. Agricola transmitted by my narrative to posterity, will survive.*'

The historian affectionately laments, that he was unable to perform the last rites to the deceased. His genius has atoned for his sad absence, and has assembled the scholars of every age, as mourners around the death-bed of Agricola.

You suggest that there are doubtless a few great men in every period, and that I have only introduced two instances of ancient authors, who have thrown all modern historians in the shade. That defect of proof is easily remedied. Hand me down from the upper shelf that edition of Sallust by Minellius. No! That flash looking book is the 'Demon Serenader,' a tale, as the newspapers say, of thrilling interest, which if red morocco and large gilt letters are immortal, will certainly descend to posterity, who will look upon us with awe, as living in the age of love, duels, murders, trap-doors, and weak tea. The next is 'Woman's Love,' a very cheap commodity, more suited for literary purposes than for domestic use. 'Modern Flirtations,' in which young ladies are instructed scientifically (it don't come naturally to them, the little dears) an art in which it is not intended, like fashionable accomplishments, shall be neglected after marriage. 'The Cardinal's Daughter,' an article, which it is to be hoped for the credit of the cloth, is a 'rara avis.' A new work by James, which will render a score of milliners idle and romantic for a month. 'Woman's Trials,' or 'Tradesmen's Bills, and Morning Calls.' 'Spiritual Manifestations.' Ah! you've skipped over it at last. That little dingy book, which you regard with such supreme contempt, and which looks like a poor devil author at a publisher's dinner, is the object of our search. Like a good many men you meet, under a rough exterior it contains more talent and good sense than you would at first suppose. To discover the merits of either, you must learn to read them. After this never judge a book by its cover, or a man by his coat.

* Agricola 46 ch.

CASUAL CONVERSATIONS.—No. 2.

SCENE—*London.*

Interlocutors—Mr. Timothy Grass and Mr. Cobden Maize.

GRASS.—And so, Mr. Maize, you are pleased with England, what little you have seen of it since landing from the Cunard Steamer.

MAIZE.—Pleased! You may well say so. I am astonished, enchanted. Look at the Liverpool docks to begin with, and even they are nothing to the London docks. Then the railways, the gentlemen's seats, the general aspect of the country as you fly along (with its evergreen grass and rounded vegetation, instead of our angular spruces), the theatres, the museum. Oh! how I wish I could come and live here.

G.—Yes, the old country is something to be proud of, there is no doubt of that, and you and I have need to hold our heads an inch higher when we see what we have done for it—I mean as Colonists.

M.—Really! Pray explain, sir. I am sure it is the last thing anybody would dream of, that the Colonists have been the making of England.

G.—First, you will agree with me that the United States are essentially British Colonies notwithstanding the change of name? They class with us.

M.—Y-e-s. The term colony is rather loosely applied, but I think I may fairly grant you that.

G.—I take the case of the United States as the most prominent illustration, but the same rule applies so obviously to all the still remaining Colonies, so called, that it would only tire you, and might be invidious moreover, to particularize what we have contributed towards raising up the centre of our imperial system—the result being all the while as it happens to get looked down upon for our pains. Well, Liverpool at the beginning of last century was nowhere on the map. Now it is the second port in the kingdom, and its consequence is owing, we are told in books, chiefly to its advantageous position with regard to America. The docks, that strike you so much at first coming from Halifax, owe their origin, I suppose then, to the Colonial trade. Manchester is now the governing power in England, so some of the newspapers complain at least. But the cotton lords of Manchester are employed in manufacturing the raw material furnished to them by Colonists in America.

M.—Still I have my misgivings about calling the Yankees Colonists, as well as their right and ours to assume the credit you speak of.

G.—Of course you have, sir. It is very difficult indeed, for the Colonist to appreciate his own relations to the mother country in their true light. Think how we are educated. All our literature is English. We learn the English counties and towns by heart in our school geographies; we read English history, English poetry, and English novels, and truth to say however much of a professed free trader John Bull may be in politics, he is a mighty monopoliser

in the matter of honor and glory. Having the command of the general literary market, he propagates what views he pleases, and coolly appropriates to himself the *lion's* share of merit, alike for what he has to show at home, and for what his relatives have done abroad. Now my notion is that it is not the stay-at-home Englishmen but the Colonists that made the empire. As for the Yankees being Colonists, I look to the fact and not the name. For that matter England is a Saxon Colony, and time makes the only difference.

M.—Bless me, Mr. Grass, you are in advance of the age. After that, no one can say that Nova Scotians don't go ahead in talking, whatever may be said of their practical enterprise. Halifax now, is a fine place to hail from, with its splendid docks, its railroads, public spectacles, and so forth, is it not?

G.—I should be sorry to be deemed a mere talker. What I have just said has not occurred to me all at once, but is the result of the observation and reflection of many years, and if I seem to speak at random, it is my judgment and not my vanity that is at fault. You appear to be particularly struck with the Liverpool docks?

M.—Yes. Talk as we may, it is a long time before Halifax will have anything like them.

G.—What do we want with docks?

M.—Why, now you ask, I really don't know. In our harbours, for the most part, vessels come nearly close up to the shore to load and unload. A short wharf to afford a level space is nearly all we require. A dry dock would be an advantage perhaps, and the wharves would look better if a little more square and solid.

G.—You crossed over in a Cunard Steamer, did you not?

M.—Yes.

G.—So that the name of a Halifax merchant is connected with the origin of regular ocean steam communication. When no British capitalist was willing to undertake the risk, he with his long and successful experience of the navigation, came forward to set them an example. Ah, my dear sir, *experience* does the work, though genius and enterprise may be necessary to plan it, and to urge one on to execute it. Talking of steamers reminds me that this mode of water conveyance is peculiarly a Colonial invention, that is if you allow the Yankees to be Colonists. But now for another of those British lions which have thrown you into such ecstasies. Do you recollect the early history of the railways in this country?

M.—Not particularly. Please let me hear what is coming now.

G.—Wooden rails with carriages drawn by horses were used at the Newcastle Collieries a century and a half ago. These were found liable to rot, and afterwards iron bars and stone were tried. Then came the edge rail, a sort of ridge of iron fitted to enter a groove in the carriage wheel. Finally we have the present well known form. Of the delays and obstacles to the establish-

ment of the first railway between Liverpool and Manchester, I need not remind you ; suffice it that a reviewer in the London Quarterly expressed a hope that Parliament would, in all railways it might sanction, limit the speed to eight or nine miles an hour, which he considered as great as could be ventured on with safety.

M.—How very absurd !

G.—Well, I was over here at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester line in 1830, and well remember what a time of excitement it was. And that long afterwards I heard a learned professor demonstrate *ex cathedra* by facts and figures, that though railroads might succeed between two such large towns as those, still the expense of wear and tear was so great, that the system could never become at all general ! So that you see there is nothing superhuman in the design and construction of these railroads after all. The way was carefully and painfully felt beforehand. Now for the ‘evergreen grass’ and the ‘rounded foliage’ of the trees. I think those were your words. The gentlemen’s seats we may leave for another occasion.

M.—Yes, there is a poetry in the grass and the trees, which you will hardly explain away into commonplace, I imagine.

G.—I only know this, that the greenness of the grass is attributed to the constant moisture of the climate. In fact the rain and fog and murkiness of the English climate, are as much a standing jest with Frenchmen and Italians, as ‘the snows of Nova Scotia’ are with Englishmen. John Bull, you see, when no match for foreigners, which seldom happens, must vent his spleen somehow, and so turns round and gores his best friends. He has *always* had a queer way of eyeing his own flesh and blood, however, when once it has left his green pastures, as our friends farther south can testify, when they were called Colonists like ourselves. Now for the ‘rounded foliage.’

M.—Go on. I expect to see the island sink from under me presently.

G.—Not so bad as that. I wish merely to level your romance down to reality. How many of these trees do you suppose are of nature’s planting ? There are, I believe, some aboriginal specimens to be met with, but they are rather objects of curiosity than a common feature of the landscape. I know of no trees which give a character to the landscape in England, that will not flourish equally well in Nova Scotia. Then ‘the theatres and museums.’

M.—Pray proceed. I say nothing.

G.—The theatres, I am told, are chiefly supported by strangers and visitors. We Colonists contribute, though we love our fire-side, but when away from that, we naturally seek to spend the evenings in amusement. The collection in the British Museum was begun about a century ago by private individuals. It is a slow growth and has only just been provided with a suitable building. *Apropos* of buildings, I see that writers in the London papers are quizzing their own architectural creations in comparison with those of Paris.

M.—The end of all this is, I presume, that John Bull is a slow coach, and has nothing great or enterprising in his composition. Verily we Nova Scotians are well entitled to give him this character! If we had done anything worth while ourselves, we might have some right to talk.

G.—I admit that we are behind hand. But it is from the very cause which I am humbly endeavouring, by my arguments, to counteract. We look only at results, and do not trace them back through the stages of their history. And these results when viewed in this insulated manner, are so grand, so imposing, that we either despair of imitating them, or if we do try, go the wrong way to work. Our Annapolis iron works might have succeeded had we begun moderately at first, and allowed the business to expand by its own earnings. The Shubenacadie Canal was a failure, simply because we wanted to make a first rate English thing of it, instead of doing as our true models on this Continent (in such matters at least)—the Yankees, would have done. But come now, we are not so bad after all. Our townsman, Mr. Fairbanks, promises to complete the canal for us at a small expenditure and there is a likelihood of the money being forthcoming. The same ingenious gentleman has been instrumental in giving us a supply of water, which London would envy if they knew anything about it. Halifax, I believe, set the example to British America of being lighted with gas. Dr. Gesner's new portable gas is a most valuable invention. And now we have the Electric Telegraph ramifying all through the Province, and uniting us with our vast Continent to the West. Think too of Sir Gaspard's Agricultural Show! Why we stand letter A, top of the list at a litter of pigs—and as for cabbages, sir, bless my heart! the cabbages were tremendous.

M.—Certainly these are signs to show we have some life in us. Moreover, we are hoping to assist to carry the telegraph across the ocean—only think! a grand chain of transatlantic communication by telegraph! Great Britain and Ireland shaking hands with Colonists! Then the railroad—you don't forget that I hope?

G.—No, I don't forget that. It would be strange if I did, after the uproarious noise we have made about it, without coming to much of a conclusion however. The truth is I am not proud of our share in the business, but the New Brunswickers and Canadians have shown themselves a gallant set of fellows, that is some consolation.

M.—I must be going now to visit the horticultural flower show at the Regent's Park, for which a friend has kindly obliged me with a ticket. The gardens are kept up at a great expense I believe to the subscribers. But before leaving, pray pardon me, Mr. Grass, for saying that I fear you have imbibed a little, very little, prejudice against England.

G.—You must not mistake me, sir. You know that we, the present and past generations of Nova Scotians, have been brought up in a feeling of blind

devotion to England. Her people were all heroes, her books and newspapers all oracles. History tells how enthusiastically we have pledged life and money to her service on all occasions that seemed to demand them. There have not been many of late years, but there can be no question that the kind of spirit manifested has proved a sufficient substitute for actual deeds. I dreamt that England reciprocated this feeling. But what has been the lesson gained on a nearer acquaintance? The majority of people here seem to know no difference between the vast and valuable territories we Colonists hold in allegiance to the crown, and the United States. The better informed class—the politicians and editors—think nothing of proposing to ‘throw off the Colonies,’ when it suits any party object. Some of the leading London papers take an unaccountable pleasure in publishing gratuitous insinuations against our origin, climate, and country—the more unhandsomely, because we have no adequate means of answering them. My dream has been dispelled, and I have waked up to the use of my faculties. I admire all those things which you admire, but I regard them as the natural results of labour directed by common sense and persevering through every obstacle and failure. If we wish for an example of what Colonists can do for themselves in America, we have only to look at the United States. As for prejudice, you will soon be able to judge from experience who that should be charged upon. On the whole, as our insular friends here have their own standard of their own importance, I could wish our continental countrymen likewise to use their reason and follow the English example. There is one hint above all I wish they would take, and that is, when they come on business to the money market of our common metropolis, to conduct themselves *not as dependents begging a favour, but as gentlemen dealing with gentlemen, with an acknowledgement of receipt in one hand, and a quid pro quo in the other.*

TALES OF OUR VILLAGE.—No. 8.

CONCLUDING CHAPTER.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick's eldest daughter had been married for some years, and her alliance was one that conferred high rank upon the fair young girl. Her husband was the son of a Spanish Duke, one of the proudest grandees of sunny Spain, and thither the young nobleman removed his bride shortly after their marriage. Subsequent events—the death of his father and elder brothers placed this young man at the head of his family, and Louise had the gratification of beholding her daughter as the Duchess de Teba—a name that may appear in the future histories of volatile and discordant France as the title of

the mother of Eugenie de Montejos, wife of Louis Napoleon and Empress of the French. So turns the wheel of fortune round in this changeful globe of ours, and while poor Katrine was lingering through time, darkened, despised and unhappy, events were occurring, which served to prepare the persons who might soon fill a page in the history of the world.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick was notified of Colonel T.'s return to England, by his daughter, as also of his determination to remove to Nova Scotia with her mother, and settle there. This information was by no means gratifying to Louise, but she hoped for the best, trusting that time and change might have wrought reformation in the Colonel's character, and that his intention of once more taking charge of his wife and sharing her society, was a proof of his altered disposition. So often is it that we mistake the motives of others, though too rarely as in this case, do we attribute as a motive better feelings than are entertained. Louise renewed her correspondence with her brother-in-law, and the first letter she received in reply to her's, contained the afflicting tidings of Julia's sudden death. This intelligence was a great disappointment to Mrs. Kirkpatrick, as she had long looked forward to the pleasure of meeting her niece, beside feeling that while she was near and in health, Katrine had a true friend to care for her welfare and watch over in her sickness. It was well she had a devoted husband and affectionate children to sustain and comfort her, as in her own former family she met with nothing but sorrow and disappointment. She wrote again, thinking her letter might reach Colonel T. before his departure for America, urging him to defer his removal to that place, and, as he had both means and leisure now, to bring her sister to Malaga, and spend a short time with her family, urging that the change would be of great benefit to himself as well as to Katrine, and in the sympathy of his friends the grief occasioned by the loss of his daughter might in a measure be ameliorated. But Colonel T. was more than half way across the Atlantic when the letter arrived in England, and ere it reached him he was settled with his family at the location he had chosen in *our Village*.

Such had been the state of things and feelings with Louise since her separation from her sister, that sister who now lived imprisoned and ill-treated so many leagues away, pining for the fresh air of heaven or suffering for warmth and food, and every other blessing commonly enjoyed by the poorest or worst. How often may she have thought in her solitary and miserable room, of the love of that kind sister, who had been so much to her, and longed for wings to fly away to her gentle protection and welcome tenderness. Such a refuge was now fading from the unhappy woman, even had it been practicable for her to resort to it, for though in the midst of love and happiness, among those who would have given their best blood to shield her from harm or sorrow, the dread messenger came yet earlier to Louise. But a few months after Colonel T.'s arrival in Nova Scotia, a letter came from Mr. Kirkpatrick, conveying the

intelligence of his wife's death after a few days of illness. The letter speaking as it did of a broken hearted husband's sorrow and loss, was filled with affectionate messages, breathed by Louise in her dying hours, to Katrine and her husband—messages breathing of the heart's rich tenderness, telling how the heart of the fond woman yearned over the sister she had been so long parted from, and even at the gates of death wrung a few moments from life to breathe all the affection her spirit treasured. It was well perhaps that Colonel T. had forsaken his wife in presence as well as reality, and that the contents of the letter never reached her ear—for though human thought may not fathom the feelings of that deserted woman, yet who shall say that reason was not strong enough to feel all the miseries of her condition, and that another sorrow like that of the death of her sister, would not have made more wretched the already agonized soul.

To do Colonel T. justice, we do not believe he was anything more than a passive instrument in this work of wrong and cruelty. All who could know anything of the circumstances believe that he was ignorant that she suffered for any comfort. It is small excuse for him to say that he left her altogether under the management of Mary Taylor, but so we believe it was, and that it never entered into his imagination to believe that she was deprived of aught but liberty—and this last deprivation probably he concurred in, because his conscience was not hardened enough to meet the upbraiding eye of the woman he had deserted. Probably the stories of the suffering and want endured by the rightful Mrs. T. were greatly exaggerated, but enough has been proved to convince the most sceptical, that if not actually the victim of starvation, she suffered the most wanton neglect—that for twelve long months she never left the contracted room in which they confined her—that she had neither medical nor religious aid, though greatly in need of both—that considering who she was, and the claim she had to a high and honourable position, the wrong and treatment she endured was enough to have shaken a strong mind and banished reason from its dwelling; and that even placing every circumstance in its most favourable light, Colonel T. and his housekeeper were morally speaking the murderers of Katrine.

The summer time was wearing rapidly on, and still Colonel and Mrs. T. entertained their friends, and apparently enjoyed all the comfort and pleasure that peace of mind and good conduct ensures. The assumed heir was christened amid congratulations and Champagne, and the Colonel never seemed more gay or happy. But while the festivities were going on, near by in that small stifling room pined away the dying Katrine, who if now fully conscious of her position, was still more cut to the soul by the bursts of merriment that rose from the guests, met to do honor to the son of her rival. There was not one of them whose thoughts did not turn painfully to the inmate of that lonely room, and long eagerly to see or hear of her—to know who she was and how

she fared, amid the cheerfulness and plenty that surrounded them. For more startling had grown the information of the servants, more sad and cruel each new report. How on one peaceful Sabbath day, when her oppressors had gone to the house of God, whitewashed Pharisees, mocking their maker, and destroying themselves by their hypocritical observances of the sanctuary, the poor deranged lady had murmured for aid and assistance, and the servants hearing her lamentations had gone to her door and proffered attention and refreshment—how that she implored them for food and water, which from the scanty supply at their disposal they gave her through the window, which was partially raised, and which she devoured with eagerness, as though she had been long without enough to eat—how that when they importuned her as to who she was and why she was there, she told them that she was the wife of Colonel T., that he had married her long years ago—that she had children living she knew not where—that the woman who lived with the Colonel had tortured and insulted her ever since; she was trying to murder her, so that she might marry Colonel T. of whom she still said nothing harsh or unkind. All this and more of a like nature did the servants aver they had heard from her own lips, and that she begged them with tears and entreaties to take her away from that wretched place, to restore her to light and liberty again, where she never more might encounter that dreaded woman. Such a narration, making all allowance for the colouring that possibly was imparted to it by the domestics, made many consider the propriety of consulting the civil authorities on the subject and causing them to institute an enquiry into the truth of the assertions. But no one liked to move in the matter, and when a friend whose rightful place it was to demand explanation, interrogated the Colonel on the subject, he was answered with apparent frankness and told that the lady was an aunt of Mrs. T. who had always lived with them, and had been deranged for a number of years—that she was very averse to seeing any one, so that Mrs. T. took the exclusive charge of her—that at times she was violent, and when in this state would charge her friends with unkindness, and complain that she was without the necessaries of life—that their reason for never mentioning her was, that there had been a good deal of derangement in the family, and that Mrs. T. was peculiarly sensitive on the subject—that she had begged him not to mention it, if it could possibly be avoided; these with a number of other replies equally satisfactory and straightforward, lulled for a time the painful suspicion and abhorrence which made many inclined for the time to shun the Colonel's society and even demand an explanation of the rumours whose truth it seemed impossible to contradict. But the security in which the guilty man and his associate were living was soon to find an end, by the means which they most desired to accomplish, but which at last proved the worst occurrence for themselves—so true it is that an avenger will rise from the tomb to retaliate upon cruelty and crime.

It was the morning after a cool delicious Sabbath in the golden month of September, that all who had heard of the mystery were electrified by the intelligence that death had relieved what they were unable to do—that the poor deranged lady whose history and fate had awakened even better feelings than those of curiosity, had passed away from the power of wrong and persecution up to the abode of Him who hath said ‘Vengeance is mine, I will recompense.’ The servant who had been sent to the neighbouring town with orders for a coffin and hearse, was the first to impart the intelligence. He stated that on the previous day they had understood from Mrs. T. that her aunt was very much worse, she feared dying—that both she and the Colonel had appeared confused and distressed—that all the servants had been admitted into the room of the dying lady, and summoned to aid her by nourishment and other restoratives—that Mrs. T. was assiduous in her attentions—that the Colonel sat by her bedside holding her hand in his and reading to her the prayers of her church—that they heard her speak several times in a foreign language—that the Colonel bent his head to listen and answer in the same tongue—that everything was done to relieve and restore her that could be done, but that about ten o’clock in the evening, to them apparently without consciousness or pain, the lady died—that as soon as the first shock was over, Mrs. T. despatched one of them for some coloured females who lived within a short distance, who prepared the body of the deceased lady for the tomb—that Mrs. T. said little, but that the Colonel appeared extremely unhappy and agitated—that he paced the room in apparently great distress, and bent again and again over the lady’s form, as if to make quite certain that life had really flown. Such was the version given by the man servant employed by the Colonel to attend to the last wants of one who died so lonely, so unfriended. And as far as any one had an opportunity of judging, his story was correct in every point, corroborated as it was by the testimony of his fellow servants. On the following day, Tuesday, her remains were taken to the grave, followed only by the Colonel and the two men employed by him on the farm. Were it possible for those who have not sinned as Colonel T. to imagine his feelings as he bent over the dead form of that murdered wife, what a world of wretchedness and remorse would be opened to the view. How must he have felt as he looked on the sealed eyes and pallid lips that never had looked on or spoken to him but with glances and words of love. How must memory have leaped back to those long vanished days when she stood a queen in her youth and beauty, when he was so proud to call her his own, and receive from her those endearments which so plainly spoke of his full power over that young loving heart. As conscience unfolded the dark scroll which he had marked with such foul lines, and as he looked upon that pale and wasted form far from kindred and home, dying uncheered and unshriven, the victim of his own selfishness and cruelty, surely he must have been less than man if he did not

quail before that motionless form. He had faced the weapons of war and braved the storm of battle with a soldier's daring, but weak and cowering he must have sunk before the reproaches of memory and the arrows of conscience. Those must have been days of horror while that shrouded form lay still and silent beneath his roof—days inflicting almost punishment enough even for such crimes as his, for what revenge is equal to the remorseful consciousness of guilt when the sinner feels it is too late to repent or to atone. It must have been a wakening up of better feeling, a frail and insufficient means of endeavouring to satisfy conscience when no other means was left open to him, that induced Colonel T. to seek the Roman Catholic priest officiating in the neighbouring village, and ask him to allow the interment of the body of his wife in the burying ground set apart as a resting-place for the members of her faith. It was some time before the priest would consent to his request, as he with others had heard of the circumstances connected with the residence of the lady in Nova Scotia, and begged Colonel T.'s explanation of the whole affair. His account was the same in every particular as that previously given, but in addition he told that the lady had been a most devoted Roman Catholic, both in health and in sickness attending to the observances of her church with the most scrupulous zeal and attention. This announcement caused the priest to enquire, why in that case she had not been attended by a clergyman of her own faith, who might have administered consolation in the hour of death; but the Colonel parried these queries, by renewing his assertions of her dislike to strangers and her slight acquaintance with the English language, while her death he reasoned had occurred so unexpectedly, that in the shock and confusion of the few hours that intervened between her illness and death, he not attaching the same value to those religious ceremonials had not thought of sending for a spiritual adviser, particularly as she had expressed no desire herself, and was indeed too weak and indifferent to everything to have taken any comfort from the services of her church. The priest was silenced but not convinced, for probably there was a hesitation or eagerness in his visitor's manner that confirmed his fears, that no priest had been summoned, because confession would have unfolded what the Colonel most wished to conceal, and left the guilty pair open to the strong arm of justice. Consent was however given to her interment in the chapel burying ground, for however her keepers might have sinned, it would be unjust to visit their guilt on the head of their victim, and to deprive her of what the members of her church most value, the last sacred offices performed by their own clergy for the dead.

She was accordingly interred by the rites of her own faith, but Colonel T. bungled strangely in for once yielding to the wish to make reparation. It would have been prudent policy had he neglected to consider the wishes of the dead, and had laid her remains in the cemetery attached to the church to which he himself professed to belong. Then suspicion might possibly have

died away, and with the cause the rumours had been ended; but Providence uses its own means to expose the guilty, and makes them instruments of their own detection. Those belonging to the Roman Catholic church who heard of her interment in their cemetery, were loud and angry in their denunciations of it. Dark and revolting as was the real state of the case, it grew darker and more horrible at each recital. Not satisfied with the previous rumour of imprisonment and starvation, it was at first hinted and afterwards unhesitatingly asserted, that her death had been compassed by foul means—that she had been murdered by the hands of Colonel or Mrs. T. All in the neighbourhood of the scene were wild with excitement—such an event was unprecedented in this country. The lower class of the community who were always greatly prejudiced against them, and ever ready to believe the grossest assertions, now denounced them in unmeasured terms and eagerly circulated the story of murder. The priest was blamed by the Protestants for consenting to her burial without further investigation, while his flock in their zeal to uphold his discretion and judgment waited on him and earnestly requested him to consent to the disinterment of the body, that public opinion might be satisfied as to whether the lady had died from natural causes. The priest of course was not the arbiter in a matter belonging to magisterial authority, and endeavoured to quiet the excitement of his people, but all to no purpose; the demand for investigation grew stronger: men's tongues would not be stilled, until a few of Colonel T.'s friends willing to believe that he could prove himself innocent, informed him of the dark reports in circulation concerning him, and counselled him that the only means of satisfying public indignation and proving the stories untrue was to apply to the authorities for permission to disinter the deceased lady so recently buried and have an inquest held over her remains. The Colonel expressed himself grieved and shocked that such calumnies were so widely believed and with an unhesitating frankness that went far to convince his friends of his entire innocence, promised that on the following Monday he would profit by their kind advice, and set people's minds at rest by a coroner's examination of the body of his deceased aunt. At the same time he expressed how painful such a course would be to his feelings, and how unwilling he was to disturb the rest of the dead, but justice to his own character and that of his wife forbade him to allow feeling to influence his conduct, and he would therefore sacrifice everything to duty. This was on Saturday, and the Colonel appeared at church on the following Sunday, meeting his acquaintances as though nothing had happened, but looking unlike his former self. Dark and gloomy was the brow, once so smooth and placid. His very form seemed shrunken and wasted, the deep mourning in which he was dressed, gave a more sombre aspect to his whole countenance, his glance had never been straightforward, but now it was averted altogether, and oh the expression of that altered face. If nothing else told that crime was bringing its own punishment by its weapons of remorse and agony, the deep lines imprinted on the cheek and brow, traced there since the injured spirit of his wife escaped from his control, would have borne evidence. And how changed was the aspect of everything to him. No hand was held out in greeting, no kind response met his friendly enquiry, every eye shunned his own, footsteps passed him by hastily, and those who spoke were constrained and cold. All these told him that his fair character was gone, that it would take almost more than human testimony to prove his innocence.

True to his promise, the next day saw him consulting the authorities as to

the disinterment of the lady he persisted in calling his wife's aunt. A coroner's jury was formed, and the work of exhumation commenced. The remains were removed to the inquest room, and there placed under the dissection of the physician's knife. It did seem hard, that even rest was denied her in the grave—she who had been so tortured and tried while an inhabitant of life. That the once graceful form should be divided by ruthless hands, and the pale face that once beamed with such joyous beauty, should be thus exposed to the rude gaze of a curious multitude. The long fair hair, now white with time and sorrow, floated loosely over the rough table upon which she was laid, and they stood round her, her avengers and judges, when human justice was too late to protect or rescue.

It was a long and tedious examination. While the Doctors were prosecuting their researches the jury in their place were examining the witnesses summoned to give their testimony as to the conduct of Colonel and Mrs. T. to the deceased during their residence with them. The evidence was contradictory and often ill-sustained; it proved that many had spoken more from assumption than knowledge—that few of them in reality knew much of the treatment experienced by the departed lady. All, however, testified that they had never seen her outside of her apartment—that in winter they had not made any fire or seen any taken into her room, while one or two proved that they had conversed with the lady, listened to her complaints of want of food, and occasionally endeavoured to supply her. This was all that could be proved in reference to the charge of starvation, but the evidence in favour of the lady being the wife of Colonel T. was most clear and convincing. Several military gentlemen were examined, who knew both Colonel T. and his wife in Barbadoes, or who in after years knew the Colonel in Ceylon. Their testimony went far to prove that the form upon which they gazed, once belonged to the lady whom they had met in social intercourse, and known many years before as the wife of Colonel T. Their meeting with that gentleman in Halifax, his extraordinary answers to the enquiries concerning his wife, their subsequent endeavours to expose his imposition, were all brought out during the course of the evidence. Not a doubt now remained even with the most incredulous, that she upon whose coffin plate stood the name of Catherine Ann T—— was in reality entitled to that name, not from connection or circumstance, but as the lawful and only wife of the miserable man who stood shrinking before the testimony that accumulated to disgrace him. The medical evidence was given, but furnished nothing that could clearly prove the charge of actual starvation. She was fearfully emaciated externally and internally, but they could not affirm it to be from want of food. Other causes might have brought about the same result, but it was evident that she had died naturally at last—neither poison or any other means of death had been resorted to, and even this admission served to lighten the horror that had filled so many hearts. They could, however give no reason for death—the frame was so wasted it left no room for disease, and though the medical men in attendance would not avow in so many words their suspicion that she had suffered for food, still they gave it as their opinion that she had experienced great neglect, and probably endured much bodily suffering. Such was the result of the first examination of the remains, but the trial of the witnesses still continued, and the verdict was delayed day after day. Doubts were now raised as to the truth of the assertion that the lady was insane, and not satisfied with the testimony of living evidence, once more was the persecuted form taken from the quiet of the grave, that her

brain might be examined: a thing unthought of during the first investigation. The result corroborated the former impression, and the investigation at last closed and a verdict was given, the best under the circumstances but still unsatisfactory: 'That the jury had strong grounds for believing that the body over which they had held an inquest was the wife of Colonel T., but the jury are unable to account for her death.' Such was the result of this long to be remembered trial, one which filled the whole community with excitement and pain—a new event in the experience of colonial society—and Colonel T. was dismissed to his home with no other punishment but what his own heart had power to inflict upon him. Shunned and despised by all who knew him, doomed to the perpetual society of the woman whose evil influence had brought him such miserable reward—old and friendless, with the contempt of mankind and the upbraiding of conscience, he might say with Cain: 'Surely my punishment is greater than I can bear.' For law or justice has not power to inflict fuller retribution, than God has placed in the stings of a guilty soul.

The excitement gradually subsided, curiosity and indignation had been wrought up to their highest pitch, and the reaction soon came. Rumour had so magnified fact, that there was nothing more to fabricate, and in a little while the subject was unmentioned and interest directed in other channels. The grave was at last left in peace, and she whose sister's child shares the splendour and empire of Louis Napoleon at the present moment, sleeps at last an unbroken slumber in the quiet little churchyard of D—, never more to be awakened until she is raised a glorious body, by the voice of the Archangel's trumpet.

We have traced her from her girlhood to her death bed, we have seen her the idol'd child of fond parents and the admired of gallant hearts and brave men; we have seen her wedded, and grieved and slighted, been with her in sorrow and separation from those she loved best, sympathized with her when the blow fell which banished reason, and at last have gone with her in imagination step by step through the last dark scenes of cruelty and suffering, and now we have laid her in her lowly tomb, a wronged and martyred victim, and we ask no forgiveness for having endeavoured to place her sad story before the world, that at least her memory may be sympathized with, and that those who think they have borne every sorrow in the burden of life may see in bold relief—one whose sufferings compared to theirs were like mountains and torrents beside hillocks and streamlets.

Of him who has been the wretched hero in this tale of crime and misery, we have little more to narrate. He returned to his home after the trial which exposed his guilt to the world, and he was rarely heard of or seen during his subsequent brief sojourn in *our Village*. He never went to church and very seldom was seen beyond the limits of his own enclosures. Intelligence was sometimes received of him through his domestics, and that was of a most unpleasant nature. The quarrels between himself and his companion were now more frequent than before. They fought incessantly, mutual recrimination doubtless producing mutual attacks. It was supposed they had both grown very intemperate, solitude proving too much for those who had so little pleasure to reflect upon, and instead of being warned by the past to abstain from further recurrence of evil, only sought to flee from reflection, and drown remorse in the forgetfulness of inebriety. But whatever their feelings or disturbances, they kept them within the precincts of their own home, which was now shorn of many of its outward comforts and luxuries by reason of the

Colonel's failing resources, and at last it was heard that his intention was to abandon his farm altogether, and leave Nova Scotia as soon as he could arrange about the disposal of his property. He passed through the long winter season entirely alone, if we except the society of his children and their mother, and dreary indeed must have been the term of gloom and loneliness to the disgraced and fallen man. In little more than a year after the death of his wife, finding the contumely of our Province more than he could bear, he left its shores, leaving a name

"Linked with few virtues and a thousand crimes."

His family accompanied him, and few who noticed the altered aspect of Colonel T. as he embarked on board the Unicorn Steamship, then plying between Halifax and Greenock, that did not contrast it with the appearance he presented when he landed in Nova Scotia. All traces of youth and peace were gone. He looked like the victim of his own evil passions, crushed and humbled by a sense of his own shame and sin, but yet lacking the moral courage to rise and be a man again, by shaking off evil companions and habits, and in the repentance and humility of the future, making the only atonement that could ensure the respect of his fellow creatures and the forgiveness of his creator. But he still persisted in his falsehood, and only a few days before his departure from Nova Scotia introduced to a gentleman he chanced to encounter as Mrs. T. the bold bad woman, whose evil communication had still further corrupted his selfish and unprincipled conduct. Exposure and disgrace seemed to have wrought but little change in her, she still braved, whenever an opportunity presented, the opinion of the world by, her bold carriage and shameless confidence. And thus they passed away from the little land whose quiet they had so disturbed. There were few who did not pity the wretched pair, and the poor little children, who had not even common parental kindness to depend upon. The Colonel in his parting benison called Nova Scotia a cold and inhospitable land. Long may she be so to error, in whatever shape it approaches her.

Months and even years rolled away and no tidings came from the family whose proceedings had once been the engrossing theme of all who were within cognizance of them. The farm which had been left unsold was disposed of, and other farms were occupying the place which had been the scene of so much suffering and wrong. And often would strangers who had heard of the sad tale make pilgrimages to the spot that had witnessed the last sorrows of the German lady, and look with pained and indignant feelings upon the wretched comfortless spot in which she had been imprisoned for a dreary year, and marvel still more where her persecutors were, and why they had never written to receive an account of their property, or signify their views with regard to its disposal. But when expectations of intelligence from them had almost ceased to exist, a letter did at last arrive from the Colonel, in which he accounted for his silence by the information that he had been with his family to Ceylon, and had only returned to England a few days previous to the date of his communication. A few months subsequent to this information he was met in Hyde Park by a gentleman he had previously known in Nova Scotia, who held some slight conversation with him, and of whom he enquired as to the welfare of things and acquaintances in Halifax. We presume that his visit to Ceylon was taken for the purpose of looking after the interests of his plantation there, and either that his history had preceded him, rendering his former haunts from that reason distasteful to him, or that the climate did not

agree with his prematurely shattered constitution ; either of these causes must have been his reason for returning so immediately to England, and it is more than probable that if still alive, he is located somewhere in the heart of that giant metropolis, where shame is more easily concealed, and retirement more closely maintained than perhaps in any other place beneath British dominion.

Our tale is told—our task is concluded, and before the reader passes a hasty judgment upon its interest or its merit, we must crave a little space for a vindication of ourselves in reference to the brief romance we have interwoven with much reality. While a great deal was known, and a number of facts in connection with the sad history we have related, were asserted with tolerable distinctness, it would still have been very difficult without drawing somewhat on fiction, to have written a connected story out of the disjointed materials at our command. We therefore (a solitary instance in these 'Tales of our Village') allowed fancy free scope in a few unimportant additions to this singular tale we have been narrating. That Mrs. T. was a foreigner either of German or Swedish parentage was asserted by several who knew her well and intimately. We have therefore romanced but little in our connected history of her childhood and early residence in Germany—the few other fanciful additions will be easily discovered by the reader, and while we hope they have not detracted from the interest of the story, we can aver they have not in anyway exaggerated or lessened what actually occurred. The facts upon which the whole tale is founded are still fresh in the memory of many Nova Scotian readers, and the horrible tragedy is yet spoken of with interest and even excitement. Fiction could not in any degree enhance the actual suffering endured by the lady whom we have the best authority for believing to be the only maternal aunt of the Empress of the French, and as we start back startled in the wretchedness of the one and the splendour of the other—one surrounded by luxury and adulation, sharing for a time as much pomp and power as belongs to a Sovereign of Europe—and the other lying in a nameless grave, in a quiet humble country churchyard, far from all of her own kindred and her own country ; well may we marvel at the mysterious dispensations of Him who governs the universe, and turning aside from the glowing tales and darkened pictures which fancy is ever ready to present us, utter once again that familiar sentence which has passed into a proverb : 'Truth is stranger than Fiction.'

THE MATCH-MAKERS MATCHED.

A COMEDY.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A green lane.*

Greenish, solus—walking up and down.

GR.—Oh, dear me—this is dreadfully violent work on the brain. The ideas are here, (*striking his forehead*) and the passion is here (*thumping his breast*) ; but to put those ideas together, and express all I feel—I am afraid it cannot be done. Oh ! Ah ! Heavenly Laura ! Let me try again—strip—

whip—ship—no, none of these will do. How dreadful—to think one can't get a word to jingle with lip! Oh Lord, why was I not born to speak a language with more words in it having the same termination! Heigho! Charming Laura!

Enter Dennis.

Ho! Hillo, there!

DENNIS.—Was it me you were plazed to call, sir?

G.—Yes—this way a moment, if you please. Did you ever try your hand at making poetry? Are you any judge of rhymes?

D.—Faix, I must say, I hav'nt much of a janius that way. But I have a brother at home, wud spin aff the poethry for yees.—Wud'nt he? Ah, may be not.

G.—Well, it runs in families, I have heard say, just like consumption. Will you just be kind enough to listen, and tell me how you think this will do?

Angelic Laura—

Oh, dear me, I forgot—I am afraid I have committed myself.

D.—Japers! Is it there ye are? (*aside.*) Divil a fear, Mr. Greeny—sure, I'll never tell.

G.—Well, I hope you won't now, Dennis. If anybody were to get hold of it, dear me, I don't know what would become of me. Well then—

*Angelic Laura, lovelier far
Than placid evening's brightest star,
The smile that plays around that lip—*

Now, there is the difficulty. I cannot find a word to rhyme with *lip*. Can you not think of one?

D.—Well, by dad, I don't know. Is she smart on fut? Cud'nt ye put *skip* in it anyhow?

G.—No; that will not do.

Enter Captain Dashley.

CAPT. D.—Hillo, Greenish, grinding poetry I suppose. (*Dennis retires.*) How do you get on with Blackstone?

G.—Blackstone? Perhaps you have mistaken the name. Is not Shenstone the author whom you were pleased to allude to?

CAPT. D.—No, I mean Blackstone—the book that you got from Speedwell, yesterday. Do you mean to insult me, sir, by presuming to insinuate, that I am so ignorant of the poetics as not to know who Blackstone is? Blackstone, the Rafaelle of the English language?

G.—I beg a thousand pardons, my dear sir. I—I—there mst be some mistake. I never doubted your authority on such points; but—

CAPT. D.—Well, I am glad to see you shew your good sense by retracting. (*going.*) Never mind—say nothing more about it—I forgive you. By the bye, Greenish, could you lend me a few pounds, this morning?

G.—Oh, certainly—certainly. Here (*giving him a key.*) You will find a small desk in my room. Take what you want.

CAPT. D.—Any little favour—verses, messages, or any thing of that kind, for Miss Medwin, in case I should see her to-day?

G.—No—I am very much obliged, Captain—not to-day, I think. Perhaps—but I shall see you again.

Exit Captain Dashley.

D.—(*advancing.*) Sure, it's robbin' yees he is—the villian! An' purtindin' to carry favours to Miss Medwin, too—an' he sthrivin' to get the dear young leddy for himself! Och, is'nt he the Divil's own!

G.—Do you really think so, Dennis? Do you think he is paying his addresses to Miss Medwin?

D.—Do I think? Don't I be afther seein' him do it every blessed day o' my life? Sure, don't every body be talkin' about that same?

G.—Oh, dear me! I suspected as much. What is to be done?

D.—It's myself 'ud soon tell yees what to do. Ah, divil a gentleman iver was rased in the ould counthry wud take it av him. Where's yer pishtols? Arrah now, if Mr. Speedwell—God bless him—was in yer place, he'd be shot tin times over afore he'd give up the girl.

G.—What! you mean for me to fight him then? Call him out, as they say, and fight a duel?

D.—Be dad, I do.

G.—Well, I don't know, upon my word. I am afraid people would make such a talk about it.

D.—Sure, if yer kilt, ye'll never hear a word of it.

G.—True; but I would rather get Miss Medwin than be killed. But even if I were shot, it would be a pleasure to die in that way for the sake of my dear Laura. Perhaps some one would write a romance on the history of my unfortunate passion. Werter—but then Werter shot himself.

D.—Arrah, Mr. Greeny, dear, do fight him. It's meself 'ud like to be in yer place. Sure, didn't he sthrieve to kiss the girl o' my heart? Aha!

G.—Well, Dennis, I think your advice is very good. I—I—think I will consent to fight him.

D.—Tear an' ages, that's yerself, now! Oo! (*cuts a caper.*) Sure, when yer kilt, I'll pray for yer sowl for iver and iver, amin. But ye'll not be kilt. Sure, the divil that's in him 'll niver have luck. Oh—about the poethry, now—put something in there about havin' the Captin' an' the *hip*. That's it.

G.—Oh, I cannot finish that now. But, Dennis, don't say anything about that poetry—that's a good fellow. Don't mention the duel either, and I will remember you in my will, if I should be unfortunate.

D.—God bless you, I'll not mention it, at all, at all.

G.—That is right, don't. I must go and find Captain Dashley, at once. (*Exit.*)

D.—Here's luck to yees. Bad seran to the houl batch! Nothing 'll do yees but Miss Medwin, is it? Faix, Mr. Speedwell—God bless him—'ll have her now. If the Captin' shoots Mr. Greeny—God be praised—he'll be hung; an' if Mr. Greeny kill the Captin', sure, he'll save the hangman that throuble, anyhow. Be dad, that's the poethry for Dinnis O'Flaherty. Huroo! (*Exit, capering.*)

SCENE II.—*Before the Globe Hotel.*

Enter Mr. Younghusband.

MR. Y.—By jingo, I begin to think this Captain Dashley not just the thing. He's a very dashing, off-hand sort of fellow, it's true, and I may be a very good natured person, and his particular friend; but I don't see as all that is any reason why he should take it out of me quite so fast. Body o' me, if one has plenty of the needful, one doesn't like to have his cash taken from him against his wishes.

Enter Speedwell.

Zounds! That's not just according to my taste. Ho! Speedwell! My dear fellow, don't pass one that way.

Sp.—Pardon me—I thought you did not appear in a very conversational humour.

Mr. Y.—'Od blast it, I was a little out of sorts. I have just been up paying Captain Dashley five hundred dollars that he won from me last night. Devilish strange, that I never can get the luck on my side. It was only yesterday that I paid him a thousand, the amount of a bet which he said he had won from me; but, for my soul, I don't understand how. It riles one's temper—too much of that sort of thing. Makes him feel bad.

Sp.—It certainly has a very painful effect on the strings of one's purse, however it may operate on his heart-strings. But, my dear sir, there is but one way, you know, of escaping these afflictions.

Mr. Y.—Oh, by Gemini, you'll not catch me in your Globe again. I'll stay at home with Mary, o' nights—poor, dear little chick!

Sp.—By the bye, who is this Captain Dashley, or where is he from? He appears to be very communicative on some points? But I can't learn anything of his past history. What do you know about him?

Mr. Y.—Oh, the devil a thing do I know, only that he has a genius for dealing cards, and that he is to be married to my wife's cousin. Gad, I don't think much of the connection. Oh, by the hokey though, you have a finger in that pie.

Enter Capt. Dashley.

Here he is, now.

CAPT. D.—Mawning, gents—good mawning. Phoo!—dreadfully dull, this place. I'm dying for active service again. No excitement here. Excitement is the life of us military gentlemen.

Mr. Y. (*aside*). Oh, the Devil excite you! *Exit.*

CAPT. D.—Ah, give me the battle field again—the *rapture of the strife*, as Milton calls it.

Enter Greenish.

G.—Mr. Dashley—I beg your pardon—Captain Dashley, I have come to demand satisfaction at your hands. You have attempted, in the most diabolical manner, to injure me, sir—grossly injure me. But I would have you know, sir, that not even the prospect of death itself, shall sever Corydon Greenish from his dear Laura. No, Sir, you must—you must shoot—fight, I mean. Dear me, I have forgotten all my speech. (*aside*). Mr. Speedwell, I do not know whether this is the usual course, or not. I-I beg that you will be my friend, in this case. Only let it be done as quietly as possible.

CAPT. D.—What in the Devil is all this about? My dear Sir, you are surely not serious? By the God of War! You do not mean to call me out?

G.—But I am serious. Yes, there beats a heart in this bosom which death itself shall not deter from maintaining its right to the love of *Angelic Laura*, *brighter far*—oh!

CAPT. D.—Tush! My dear Sir, some one has poisoned your mind against your best friend. Ah, did I ever think—

G.—Attempt to snatch her from my grasp! The cup of bliss—

CAPT. D.—Come with me, Greenish. (*taking him by the arm*). This place is so public. There must be some misunderstanding here.

Sp.—Gentlemen, I beg you will settle this affair amicably. Let there be no blood spilled. (*Exeunt Capt. Dashley and Greenish*). Ha, ha! Blood, eh? No prospect of a job for the surgeon there. There is a fellow to fight the battles of his country. A husband for the beautiful, high-spirited, talented

Laura Medwin. A black-leg, a coward, an impostor, and a fool. Humph! A splendid catch, certainly. Oh, that I had the means of stripping this villain of his false colors! An impostor, he must be; but how to prove him so, that is the difficulty. (*Exit.*)

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Globe Hotel.*

Captain Dashley, solus.

CAPT. D.—The devil! My friend, Greenish, is really coming out. Fight a duel, eh? I am not quite ready for that yet—some fun in this world worth living for a while longer. The stupid devil might shoot one, although I suppose he never fired a pistol in his life. He must be got rid of, that's flat. Fight, indeed? I feel extremely curious to see the girl that I would risk my precious life for.

Enter Speedwell.

I say—our romantic friend is in quite a martial humour to-day.

SP.—Yes. Oh, by the bye, where is he? Who is your friend?

CAPT. D.—Oh, I talked the silly fellow out of it. Ridiculous! This duelling is all out of fashion; and, besides, we should be taken up as sure as my name is—a—Dashley.

SP.—Ridiculous enough—exposing, in that way, the precious life of one who is devoted to the service of his country. A duel is a very serious thing.

CAPT. D.—Faith, it is.

SP.—And I think, Captain, you are too well aware of the worthlessness of most earthly things, not to know that life is of more value to its possessor than anything else which this world affords.

CAPT. D.—Ha, yes. I see you're a man of the world, Speedwell. I knew that from the first. Yes, it's very pleasant, being pierced through the heart, as the poet says, by the glance of a pretty girl; but when there is any prospect of a pistol bullet following it, let the love go to the devil, I should say. Time was, when I had very different ideas. The General of our Division was the means of reforming me. 'Dashley,' says he—this was not long after I joined the service—'cod, when I first entered the army I'd rather fight than eat—calling out some oor devil to breakfast on cold lead every morning—'Lieutenant Dashley,' says the General, 'nobody doubts your courage, or your spirit either. We have had sufficient proofs of that. You had better give over that habit of duelling. We may lose you in some of these scrapes yet, and your country cannot spare you.' I took the hint—thought over it. It made me a reformed man, sir. But, d—n it, I never thought of this fellow's courage coming out so strong. I knew he was not a coward in some things, too. The first I ever saw of him, he plunged overboard from the deck of a steamer, one day, and dragged me out, when I was taking a cold bath unexpectedly. I don't feel under any obligations for that. Lord, I could have kept myself up easily enough. But then the fellow shewed some pluck.

SP.—And you have been plucking him ever since. I fear there will soon be nothing but pluck left.

CAPT. D.—Sir!

SP.—Well?

CAPT. D.—Never mind. I'll be up with him yet. He has no moral courage, my dear sir; that's his weak point. I will have my revenge. Ha, ha, I'll tell you my plan.

SR.—Not at present. I have neither time nor inclination to hear it. Settle your quarrel with Mr. Greenish to suit yourself. Mean, ungrateful wretch! (*aside and exit.*)

CAPT. D.—Phoo! The devil you won't hear it! I will settle it according to my own taste, most assuredly. Yes—now for you, Mr. Greenhorn. (*Exit.*)

SCENE IV.—*A Lawn before Mr. Topton's.*

Enter Nero, carrying a large piece of rock.

NERO.—Uh—uh! Lord this is heavy too. What toils a man of science must 'dure! (*Throwing down his load.*) But the true wealth of the country is buried in the bowels of the earth. Nothing, scarcely, known of the great mineralogical and metalirigical deposits. Never will be, while there's so much prejduce against colour.

Enter Dennis.

I say—you chap—look at that, will you?

DENNIS.—Is it the rock you mane, or your fut?

N.—Rock! Do you call that specimen a rock? I would'nt take five hundred dollars for that specimen.

D.—Sure, I suppose not.

N.—Do you ;now what that is? No, I know you don't. It takes a gemman of science to splain the wonderful properties of that mineral. That, sir, was found cropping out between—between the old mountain limestone deposits and the graywacke group. It consists, sir—that specimen consists principally of chalcedony and cacholong, interlaminated with amygdaloid on a basis of calcarious hornblende—the chalcedony presenting to view geodes of the most splendid hectagonal and pyramidal chrystalizations of smoky quartz, alternating with very curious ganges of cat's-eye cornelian.

D.—Sur?

N.—There! I know'd 'twas no use displainin' things to you. Lord, the ignorance of people!

D.—Explainin', is it? To the divil wid your hornblunt and yer cat's-eye? Why can't yees talk like a Christian?

N.—Why, you poor, benighted ignoramus! You blasphemous wretch!

Enter Mr. Topton—Exit Nero precipitately.

D.—(*retiring hastily.*) Och, Dennis O'Flaherty, is it yerself that's come to this! Such tratement from a neygar!

MR. TOPTON.—Assuredly, affairs have arrived at an extraordinary crisis. The devil!—I was going to say—am I to be daily snubbed, on every paltry occasion, because Mrs. Topton has taken upon herself to dispose of the hand of her niece? Forbid it, Heaven! (*Falls over the specimen. Enter, at a distance, Greenish.*) Ooh! Stars and garters, what's this?

GREENISH.—Oh, dear me, what a fall! The old gentleman himself too. How fortunate! (*Runs towards Mr. Topton.*)

MR. T.—More of the diabolical improprieties of that incorrigible, de-graded wretch.

D.—Faix, I'll see the fun, anyhow. (*advances, cautiously.*)

G.—My dear sir, how unfortunate! Let me assist you to rise.

MR. T.—Young man, I would have you know that, as an Alderman, and as a Justice of the Peace of the first of nations--as one of the first Capitalists of my age and country, I shall sit where I please.

G.—Oh, certainly—certainly, sir. I beg ten thousand pardons. I didn't know you were sitting there from choice—I—

Mr. T.—Enough, I accept your apology. (*rising with difficulty.*) Did you see anything of my serf, a fiendish looking negro?

G.—No, sir, I—

Mr. T.—You need not answer, I know you could not have seen him.

G.—Mercy on me, what an imposing manner! I am afraid to speak. (*aside.*)

Mr. T.—Have you anything to communicate to me, young man?

G.—Yes, I—I have something very important—that is—I mean—. (*aside.*) Oh, Heavens! I shall choke.

Mr. T.—Proceed, my young friend. Do not allow yourself to be awed by my presence. I believe I can divine what you would say.

G.—Can you? Do you? Oh, I am so delighted! I have long loved her with a most intense passion, a flame that has consumed—

Mr. T.—Loved who?

G.—Who? Oh, your adorable niece! The angelic Laura!

Mr. T.—Exactly. I understand. I have been aware of this for some time.

G.—Why, he sees the very workings of my heart. (*aside.*) Bless me, what a penetrating—

Mr. T.—Well, sir?

G.—Oh, if you but knew the hours of agony, the sleepless nights that I have endured—

Mr. T.—What! With the choleric?

G.—Oh, no sir, with unrequited love.

Mr. T.—I understand. Effects of that. Love of ten brings on complaints.

G.—And now I have come to unbosom all my feelings to you. May I hope—I am rich, sir—at least I have the means of making her comfortable. May I—dare I beseech your interest in my behalf?

Mr. T.—Ah, you wish to marry the girl? Just what I have been thinking of myself.

G.—Have you? Oh, my dear sir, I am the most fortunate of men.

Mr. T.—You are a modest young man, Mr. Greenish. You have a befitting sense of the respect due to superiors. And you are of a respectable family, though an humble one. You are a son, I believe, of Greenish and Muggs, Hardware and Ship-Chandlery?

G.—No, sir, I am afraid you are wrong. My father's name was Zacheriah Greenish, of—

Mr. Y.—Young man, did I say his name was not Zacheriah? I must tell you, that you can't inform me on those matters.

G.—Oh, pardon me, sir—I—I—a didn't mean to contradict.

Mr. T.—I should hope not. Yes, you shall have my niece's hand. Consider that as settled.

G.—I would not like to be too precipitate, sir. I—the fact is, I have not had her own consent. I am afraid she is not even fully aware of the nature of my feelings towards her.

Mr. Y.—Pshaw? What of that? You shall have the girl. I have said it. My consent shall be hers. Indeed, I am anxious to have her settled. She's a noble girl, Greenish. Mrs. Topton is foolishly attempting to effect a union between her and Captain Dashley—an impertinent upstart. It is high time for me to put an end to this mad freak.

G.—You are extremely kind, my dear sir, but I would rather not marry Miss Medwin without her consent—I would rather—

MR. T.—What! I would have you know, sir, that there is no one individual about my mansion so insane as to dare to presume to have a will in opposition to mine. No, sir, you shall be married to-morrow. Yes, to-morrow not a day later—I have said it. (*walking away.*) I will be supreme while there's a heart throbs in my bosom. Where can that hideous imp of darkness be perpetrating his cursed improprieties now? (*Exit.*)

G.—Not a bit of romance about it, after all. Oh, what if her heart should be averse to the union! She will hate me all her life. How dreadful! To-morrow too. So soon. Dear me, it's a dreadful thing, being in love; but being in love is nothing to getting married—especially under these circumstances. I shall never get through the ceremony. Everybody looking at one too—oh, how dreadful! (*Exit.*)

D.—(*advancing.*) Be my sowl thin, here's schamin'. Ye'd be marryin' the swate young leddy to-morrow, wud yees? against her own consent too, the dear young craytur? The divil choke me, but if Mr. Speedwell—God bless him—don't shoot some of these pharisays, it's meself 'll give thim a taste o' the shtick. Arrah, Mr. Greeny, I'll put marryin' out yer saft head, ye—ye *omadhaun*. Aye, Dinnis O'Flaherty—divil a less. (*Exit.*)

SCENE V.—*The Street before the Globe Hotel.*

Enter Speedwell.

SP.—Assuredly, if ever there was an angel persecuted by fiends, my Laura is one. Marry her to Greenish? That is a new idea. And this Mr. Topton—why did I not learn something of his character from Laura? He appears a most determined sort of person, judging from the little I have seen of him. A pretty brace of harpies he and his wife must make—but, Heavens! They shall torture her no longer. No, let them hatch what new plots they may, this night shall end their triumph. I can endure it no longer.

Enter Dennis.

HO! Dennis! By jove, if I don't get her out of their clutches soon, some one will be setting up Dennis as a new rival.

DENNIS.—Well, yer honour.

SP.—Do you think, Dennis, that you and your sweetheart, up at the hall, could get this letter to Miss Medwin's hands?

D.—Be dad, I'll thry. God bless you, sir, if I was yees, I'd run off with the swate young lady—take her away from the divils altogether—entirely. Faix, may be that same's what yer afther doin'.

SP.—Well, since you must know everything, Master Quiz, that same is what I am after doing.

D.—Ha! Begorra, that's yer own self, now. Sure, won't ye shoot the Captain in it—Lord be praised, I always tould ye that same was the great decayver—an' let me give Mr. Greeny a batin' with a sprig o' the shtick?

SP.—No, I shall do no such thing. And here (*giving him money*) let this stop your mouth, so far as this business is concerned.

D.—Arrah, long life to yees. May yees always have plenty to ate an' dhrink, an' clothes to wear, an' money in yer pocket, and Miss Medwin to boot, an—

SP.—There! I have had blessings enough now for one occasion. Hurry

now with the letter. Be sure to have it delivered safely in some way—let there be no bungling.

D.—Och, divil a fear.

SP.—Oh, by the bye, here is another which you can leave also. It is for Mrs. Silkie. I wish the woman would find some other victim to perpetrate her Platonic love upon.

Exit Dennis.

Now then, for Younghusband's. Thank Heaven, he can't be a rival too. I have little enough time to mature my plans.

Enter Captain Dashley.

CAPT. D.—Hillo, Speedwell! Dem it, man, where now in such haste? Oh, I have it all planned—by Jupiter, yes. You may bid Greenish, good bye—we'll not be bored with his sighs, and groans, and love-tales, and all that bunkum, after to-night.

SP.—Indeed? Who have you engaged to quarrel with him now?

CAPT. D.—Sir! I am a gentleman.

SP.—I am glad to hear it. Well?

CAPT. D.—Ah, I see you did not intend any insinuation. Quarrel? No, faith. By the God of War, I fight my own battles. No, no—but I shall make such a fool of the fellow, that he'll be ashamed to look any one in the face—fact is, he'll run the country. No moral courage! Ho! It's a pitiable thing, this cowardice—moral cowardice, especially.

SP.—I have no doubt but that you sympathise with him very much. Oh, by the bye, did your friend, the General, ever give you any lessons relative to keeping your moral courage within bounds?

CAPT.—Oh, not he. Dem it, Speedwell, I'm getting tired of the society of this spooney. He's a shocking bore. I must cut him. Fact is, I must leave all companions of his kidney and become more domesticated. He's a devil of an immoral fellow. This rollicking, gambling sort of life, is not the thing. I am going to get married soon you know. Dem it, Speedwell, you must be one of our party and see us united by the silken tie, as the poet says—by Jove, you must.

SP.—It will give me great pleasure to be present at Miss Medwin's marriage. But you will have to give me the details of your plot some other time; I have urgent business, at present.

CAPT. D.—Oh, very well—very well.

Exit Speedwell.

Devilish dry! Can't bully him either; but devil the odds—he neither plays nor falls in love. Now then, for this mettlesome friend of mine. Fight, will he? I'll have nothing to do with your fighting characters. No faith, they never suited my taste. It's time Greenish was out of this. 'Cod, the next thing, he might slip out something about my *former incog.*, as he calls it. Poor dupe—don't know, for the soul of him, what it all means? but if he were to blurt it all out, it might lead to suspicions. By Jove, here he is now.

Enter Greenish.

I'll give you fight, you blood-thirsty wretch—but I use intellectual weapons. Hillo! Greenish! Where the devil have you been stowing yourself, this morning? I have been looking for you this hour. It's all arranged now, my boy. By Cupid, you're a fortunate fellow?

GREENISH.—How? What? I don't understand. What is arranged.

CAPT. D.—I knew I would surprise you. Why Miss Medwin has con-

sented, to be sure—just what I have been toiling for ever since I came here. There will have to be an elopement though, my boy—by the God of War, yes. The old folks are dead against it.

G.—What? Consented? Elope with me? H-h-how can that—dear me, wha-wha-what can it mean? I am bewildered, I am afraid I am losing my senses. Let me see—what was it took place in the lawn this morning?

CAPT. D.—I knew I'd surprise you. I knew it. 'Od, this is rich too. He, he, he! (*aside*.)—I have been pouring your declarations in her ears, these six weeks, without cessation. I never gave you her answers. I wanted to give you a little surprise. Greenish, she adores you—never saw such ardent affection.

G.—Oh, now I remember. The dear old gentleman, Mr. Topton, promised me his interest—indeed, he pledged me her hand.

CAPT. D.—What, you have had an interview with Mr. Topton on this subject?

G.—Yes.

CAPT. D.—Oh, yes—exactly. Yes, he is in favour of the match; fact is, he is in the plot for an elopement; for the old woman, between ourselves, is a real old termegant, a perfect she-dragon.

G.—Oh dear, how dreadful. Well, what a kind, excellent old gentleman! Ah, now I understand. He told me the affair should be settled immediately. That accounts for the message from him. It accounts for the secrecy too—to elude the old lady. Oh, I see, I see.

CAPT. D.—Just so. 'Cod, what a sharp fellow you are!

G. But I recollect another thing. He told me that Mrs. Topton was desirous of disposing of her neice's hand to you, but that—

CAPT. D. The devil he did? D---n his recollection! (*aside*.) Dispose of her to me? Ha, ha, ha! That is capital. Here have I been wooing the girl, all along, for you; and the old goat thinking I am the principal in the affair. Ha, ha, ha! Greenish, I have done the thing handsomely. 'Cod, I wish I could get people to befriend me so.

G.—Oh, my dear sir—my dear friend, I fear I have been acting very wickedly—very ungentlemanly, I mean—towards you, in wanting to fight—

CAPT. D.—Faith, you have, no question of that.

G.—But I did'nt know—I—hem—but now, my dear sir, I must humbly crave your forgiveness; and—hem, hem—I trust you will find now, henceforth, that Corydon Greenish has a heart to forgive—to requite, I mean—an act of such pure, noble, disinterested generosity. Yes, I feel that you are bound to this bosom by the strongest ties of gratitude—ties which neither prosperity nor adversity, neither life nor death shall—shall—cut. My feelings are such that—that—too great for utterance.

CAPT. D.—Not the least doubt of it, not the least. But never mind, don't mention these things now. You have not acted just the thing, it's true; but dem it, man, I can overlook these things. But we must to business. You will have to meet her at nine, this evening. Come in, and we'll have a glass of something to drink, and talk it all over.

G.—Oh, dear me, I am quite overpowered. I am afraid I shall not live through so much happiness. (*Exeunt*.)

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A spot in Mr. Topton's Grounds.**Dennis, solus.*

DENNIS.—Japers? Will the girl never come this way again? Common sinse might tache her, that the mail's not to be kept waitin' this way. Troth it's a mail I am, with the billy-deuces that I do be carryin' all the time. But, faix, I like to keep up the glory anyhow. May the divil choke all neygers, but ould Mистер Topton's neyger in particular; if it was'nt for him, the ugly, black haste that he is, I would'nt be kapin' company with meself here. Och, the leddy won't have time to pack up her duds afore—

Enter Jemima.

Arrah, my jewel, is it yerself? Sure I've been afther waitin' for yes here this hour hence.

JEMIMA.—Oh, mercy! Is that you Mr. Dennis? How you frightened me!

D.—Fright, is it? The divil a fear of that same. (*kissing her.*) Och, my darlint, to think I hav'nt seen the purty face o' yes since last night, an' signs on it, the vitals 's been dyin' within me all the morning. (*kisses her again.*)

J.—Oh, Ludd-a-mercy! What am I thinking about. No, you sha'nt kiss me.

D.—Arrah now, it's only makin' fun ye are. Ah, Jemimy dear, why don't ye lave these haythens? The divil a bit o' me 'ud stay about the primesses when they keep a neyger.

J.—Oh La, I don't intend to. I have a secret to tell you. (*very low.*) Miss Medwin is going to slope with Mr. Speedwell, and I am to go with her, that is, she wants me to, but I don't know—you act so bad. Now don't mention it; because the old lady is very much against the match.

D.—The saints be betune us an' harum! Does he mane to carry her off, body and slayves, without the ould lady's consint?

J.—Oh, yes, of course. Won't it be nice? And then for us all to be together too; but I don't care much about it, not for myself I mean.

D.—Faix, thin, I see yer up to the scheme, purty much. An' now it's meself has a letther 'll do the job this blessed night.

Enter Nero.

NERO.—Oh, here you are. Madam (*to Jemima*) Misses Topton wants you. You ought to have more self-spect about you than staying with that ignorant fiend. Such 'bolical improprieties—

DENNIS.—Hoult! Wud ye dare to be spakin' to a lady in that way, ye ould wull-head? Be the mortal, if it was'nt for gettin' the black on my fisht, I'd smite the face aff yes.

N.—You! Ho! Who are you, I want to know? Just compound that question. I'd have you know, Mr. Patlander, that my eye is upon you. Who kissed the girl then at the garden gate last night, hey? Who calls the arts and sciences blasphemous names, hey? Who's all the time prowlin' round gentlemen's premises, hey? Don't think you can 'scape my observation.

J.—Oh, Lud-a-mercy, Mr. Dennis!

D.—Arrah, don't be frightened at the divil, dear.

N.—(*to Jemima.*) Did'nt I tell you Misses wanted you? Go into the house.

D.—Faith, thin, she'll not.

J.—Oh, Mr. Dennis, I shall have to go. Mr. Dennis, dear Mr. Dennis, if I should lose my place.

D.—Begorra, thin, the letthers must go too. (*taking the letters from his pocket.*) Can ye rade, honey?

J.—No, I—-I—-can't read fine hand. I used to could, but—-

D. To the devil with their fine hands, what's to be done now? (*aside, and looking at the letters alternately and much perplexed.*)

N. Ha, ha! You're a hand to carry letters, a'nt you? Ignoramus miscreant. Can't read them hisself.

D. Can't I, ye black-hearted unbelayver? May be not. (*holding up a letter.*) Here's to the beautiful, accomplished Miss Medwin, neice of Mr. Topton's, Bloomfield Hall. Here (*giving it to Jemima, holds up the other.*) And here's to Misthress, faix, it's a d—d bad hand, this same. What the devil's the woman's name. (*aside to Jemima.*)

J. Mrs. Silkie? (*aside to Dennis.*)

N. Ha! I know'd it. You talk of readin' letters and I'll be bound you don't know what the prot-oxide of iron is.

D. Misthress Silkie, of the city of—och, it's a terrible bad pen he must have had, but it makes no matter about that same—now residerter at Bloomfield Hall. Here (*handing it to Jemima.*) That to Misthress Silkie, an' the other to the young lady. D'ye mind, that now. Don't put them together promise'ously at all, at all, for fear of mistakes.

J. Oh no, I'll be most particular. Good bye, Mr. Dennis. (*Exit.*)

N. I shall have a stop put to this here.

D. Ye! Ye infidel pharisy! Who are ye to stop things, ye *omadhavn*?

N. I know how your beggarly master's plottin' to marry the young Misses. I understand it all. If my time had'nt been so took up with scientific 'searches, I would have insulted with Misser Topton about this here, fore now; but I will stop it. Don't think to scape.

D. Millia murther! Wud ye daur to hint such insinuations? Wud ye, ye baste? (*kicking him.*) Ye'll be spakin' with Mither Topton, will yes?

N. Oh Lord! No, no, no.

D. Aha! Ye villian! Ye'll—say—that—Mither Speedwell—God bless him—ud do—the dirty thrick.

N. Oh, no, no. I, I, I, Lord, this comes o' prejuiduce against color. (*Exeunt, Dennis kicking Nero.*)

SCENE II.—A Room at Mr. Topton's.

Mrs. Topton and Mrs. Silkie.

MRS. TOPTON. Well, my dear Julia, I am delighted to find, that you are disposed to smile on that dear, amiable, young man's attentions. I knew you would be pleased with him, there is so much poetry, so much romance in his composition. Ah, I knew your tastes so well! You will like him better still. I must endeavour to throw you into each other's society more frequently. Ah, believe me, that is the true secret of success in these matters. I must make some appointments for you.

MRS. SILKIE.—Oh, you are so kind, and so considerate. I assure you, I am quite overcome! But, my dear Mrs Topton, don't you think it would be better not to be too rash—not to hasten matters? Mr. Greenish might see through our designs. It might lead to—it *might possibly* lead to a failure.

MRS. T.—A failure! Heavens, did I ever? No, I flatter myself, I know the workings of the human heart too well, to allow any match to prove a fail-

ure in my hands. What if he should suspect our designs? Ah, believe me, Julia, I can read the secret impulses of that dear young man's soul. There is so much of sympathy, in his nature, that, if he ever suspected your fondness for him, his bosom would reflect back that affection, like a mirror. Couple this with Mr. Greenish's amiable, tractable disposition, and I flatter myself that I could, with a little skilful management, lead him—persuade him, if that is not too strong an expression—to love almost any person.

Mrs. S. I shall certainly have much reason to be pleased with a husband whose heart so teems with affection. Ah, how much reason I have to be grateful to you, for disabusing me of that foolish error I had nearly fallen into relative to Mr. Speedwell! He is rather a cold-hearted mortal, I believe?

Mrs. T. I really cannot tell, I have not made him my study.

Mrs. S. And is poor, I think I heard some one say?

Mrs. T. I positively know nothing of the young man, nothing whatever. He has contracted a slight acquaintance with Laura, and, on the strength of that, has introduced himself at Bloomfield Hall. A very uninteresting person.

Mrs. S. Laura? Is it possible? And are you not afraid there may be some affair of the heart—

Mrs. T. Ha, ha! What presumption! Such an idea never occurred to me. No, no, I have reason to congratulate myself, that all is now going on smoothly with Laura. Silly child! She is beginning to come to her senses. She never listened to me so attentively, never shewed so much docility, relative to this little affair, as she has within the last four and twenty hours. It was as well, for I had determined. But ah, what will not patience, perseverance, a slight knowledge of human nature, and a little skilful management; what will they not accomplish?

Mrs. S. What, indeed? My dear Mrs. Topton, what will you do when Laura and I are disposed of? You will, really, feel quite lost.

Mrs. T. I trust not. I flatter myself that what little talent kind Nature has been pleased to endow me with, may still be made serviceable to my fellow-beings. I must enlarge my sphere of usefulness.

Mrs. S. That is, to borrow a daughter from some of her friends, I presume. (*aside.*) But what kind of person is this Captain Dashley? I have not seen him yet.

Mrs. T. Is it possible? Oh, true, he has not been here since the morning you came. Julia—he is a heavenly man! Such a princely bearing, such a beautiful hand! Brave as a lion—and then what a military, divinely fierce pair of whiskers! Oh, he is the very *beau ideal* of a gentleman and a soldier. I must arrange a little pleasure excursion for to-morrow. We must manage it so that you and Mr. Greenish, and Laura and the Captain, can pair off together. It is an excellent idea. I'll go and think it over at once. (*Exit.*)

Mrs. S. Meddling, old simpleton! We shall see whose plans will succeed best. How much craft, and how little real discernment! One can ridicule her schemes to her face, and she cannot perceive it. Ha, ha, I hope poor Greenish is not hopelessly smitten.

Enter Jemima.

Well, Jemima?

JEMIMA. Here's a letter from Mr. Speedwell that Mr. Dennis—

Mrs. S. Oh, let me see it, quick. (*takes the letter and tears it open, reads*)

J. Mr. Dennis gave me the most particular directions to give it to you, yourself. He's a most particular young man, is Mr. Dennis.

Mrs. S. Oh, what a fortunate, happy creature I am! Ha! now Mrs. Topton we'll see. Noble Speedwell! ardent, generous Speedwell!

J. La, ma'm, you're just like Mr. Dennis. He's always goin' on that way about Mr. Speedwell, and says he's the generousest man.

Mrs. S. Oh, Jemima, I had quite forgotten—you'll think me very silly, Jemima. Yes, I dare say, Mr. Speedwell can afford to be very generous. He is very rich, I believe, is he not?

J. Oh, Lud yes; Mr. Dennis says he's worth thousands. He'll go through fire and water for him, Mr. Dennis would.

Mrs. S. Um—I dare say. Anything else, Jemima?

J. Oh no, ma'm nothing else. I hope the letter is all right, ma'm? 'Cause Mr. Dennis—

Mrs. S. Oh, it's all very well, Jemima.

Exit Jemima.

Very well—yes, indeed. Oh, what a dear little note! (*reads.*) 'My dearest. How very affectionate. Ah! 'Circumstances which I cannot now explain, urge this step.' What confidence in my love; and yet we never spoke our feelings to each other. Ah, there is a language stronger than that of words! I knew that flood of tears had melted his heart. 'This step. This night, you must be mine—this night or never.' Ah, yes, this night. He has learned Mrs. Topton's plans—nothing more certain. How much discrimination, how much decision! 'At nine o'clock, I will meet you, at the gate at the end of the avenue. I remain, as ever, your devoted Speedwell.' What could be more fortunate! And then, the *eclat* of an elopement. I dare say, there will be ill-natured remarks enough. Ha, let me once more into fashionable life with such a husband. I shall laugh at envy. Handsome, accomplished, wealthy—I know he must be wealthy. But, bless me, it is quite late now. I shall not have more than time to get ready. Ha, Mrs. Topton, I shall relieve you of all further anxiety relative to the disposal of my hand. (*Exit.*)

SCENE III.—*A room at Mr. Younghusband's.*

Mrs. Younghusband and Mr. Speedwell.

Mrs. YOUNGHUSBAND. Very well, it is now all arranged. Mr. Younghusband will be back with a clergyman by the time you have returned, and the ceremony can be performed here.

SPEEDWELL. My dear friend, I shall never be able to discharge the obligations—

Mrs. Y. Hush! Now, not one word more of that. I would do it all for my own amusement. Ha, ha, how disappointed my poor old mother will be! Your alarm was quite groundless. My father has not quite that degree of influence in his family which you might suppose; but the affair may as well be brought to a close, since it is so well commenced. Oh, it will be delicious sport. Ha, ha, and then Laura, my sweet cousin, she will be so happy.

Sr.—Heaven grant that no new obstacle may interfere to prevent our union. But I must be punctual. Laura has, doubtless, received my note long since. There is no time to spare.

Enter Laura.

Mrs. Y. and Sr. Laura!

LAURA. Oh, my dear Speedwell, how fortunate to meet you? I am absolutely terrified. What means this? (*gives him a letter.*)

Sr. (*reads.*) 'Madam—highly flattered—confidence—mistaken my feelings.' Heavens! My note to Mrs. Silkie. And that blundering wretch, Dennis, has, no doubt, had your note conveyed to her. Of course, all is discovered now.

L. I suspected something of that kind. How can I now return to that odious place! Oh, let us fly, my dear Speedwell, any place, I care not where—rather than return.

Mrs. Y. Was ever anything so unfortunate! Oh, have I not now some of the manœuvring spirit of my dear mama? How long is it since you received this?

L. I came away immediately afterwards. I hastened, my dear Mary, to reveal my distress to you. I dare not mention the mistake—for I knew it must be one—to any one else.

Sr. Possibly Mrs. Silkie may not have been so hasty as my Laura. She may have discovered the error before opening the note.

Mrs. Y. Yes, all may be settled yet before their suspicions are roused.

Sr. What may be the result of poor Dennis' blunder, I cannot tell; but come what may, no human hands shall take you from this house until you are my wife.

SCENE IV.—*An avenue terminated by a gate.*

Dennis, walking up and down.

DENNIS. It's throbbled I am. I'm mighty dubious that I sent both the leddies the other one's letter. An' what could I do? Sure, a christian man don't want to be showin' his ignorance afore a neyger. What botheration! an' all along of not knowing how to rade. When I have childre of my own, may be I won't give them the best of education? Aha! Begorra, ye spalpeens, ye shall larn to rade, every mother's son o' yes, like anny praste—yes, will yes—and write—the very best o' fine hand too. Och, murder, I'm an all of a sweat, with the botheration I'm in. (*a carriage appears at the gate.*) Japers! Here it is now. I'll just hould an here an' see the rights o' the cattystrope annyhow. (*Retires. Enter Mrs. Silkie, who walks to the carriage and enters. Dennis advances hastily to the carriage.*) Arrah, masther dear, is it all right? (*Greenish speaks to him, in a low tone, from the carriage.*) Saints purtect us, what's this? (*carriage drives off.*) Stop, ye thafe! Murder! Murder! Hoo! Arrah, Miss Medwin, jewel, stop! It's Greeny that's in it, and not Mr. Speedwell, at all, at all. Oh, Holy Virgin! The darlint young leddy 'll be married to the wrong man after all. Ah, ye snakin', beggarly, ould thafe, to do the dirty thrick! Oh, Saint Pathrick be with us!

Enter Captain Dashley, advancing from the gate.

CAPT. D. He, he, he! The fellow soon took the hint too. He, he—Cod, I wish the fool had waited half an hour longer. I would have shewn him up to the whole family—sitting, like patience at a gate-post, smiling at the wife that he thought was to be. He, he, he—

D. Arrah, masther dear, is that yerself? Sure it's all over—Och hone—Och hone!

CAPT. D. Hillo—Dennis? That you? What the Devil's the matter?

D. Oh, Captain—mather is it? An' here's Miss Medwin, in the innocence of her heart, the swate young lady, runnin' aff with Greeny—

CAPT. D. The Devil! What? It cannot be—

D. Ah, cant it? An' did'nt I see it myself, with my own two eyes? the Lord forgive me, that ever I should live to tell that same.

CAPT. D. Damnation! How can this be? I'll after them. There must be some mistake—zounds, if I can't terrify the poor fool yet. (*Exit.*)

D. Och, Dinnis O'Flaherty, did I ever think it? It's all my luck that's in it. Sure, the curse's an me iver since I did'nt marry the widdy Ryan—

Enter Mr. Topton, Mrs. Topton, and Nero.

MORE throuble! Here comes the crabbed ould gentleman, an' the villian of a neyger. I'll be aff. I can't percaive this thing at all, but it all comes of not knowin' how to rade, an' people keepin' neyggers. (*Exit.*)

NERO. Yes, just about this time last night I heard all about it—I hope you won't forget that Irishman in particular; he deserves canine punishment. Yes, just about this time, in the grove behind the garden. I was—

Mrs. T. Will you cease prating? We have heard that often enough already.

Mr. T. Yes, hold your tongue villain. Do not dare—

Mrs. T. And why did you not tell me sooner?

N. Lord, ma'm! My leisure hours were all employed in performing a serious of most 'portant 'speriments in testifyin' the qualities of the chrystalized, laminated bi-carbonate of gypsum—

Mrs. T. Silence! No more of that jargon.

Mr. T. Yes, Silence! I say it. You loathsome mass of blackness do you dare—

Mrs. T. Come this is no time for nonsense.

Mr. T. Madam—I would have you know—

Mrs. T. Let me know where Laura is to be found. Heavens, can no one give me any information? Mrs. Silkie gone also—doubtless she too is in the plot. Oh, the ingratitude, the deceit of this world! To elope with that fellow, Speedwell—who would ever have dreamed of the like!

Mr. T. And can you believe it? Are your senses so completely blinded to every ray of common sense, as to—to—Mrs. Topton, do you suppose my niece is a fool? Do you?

Mrs. T. I tell you, sir, I am heartily sick of this nonsense. This is no time, for fooling. Let us away to Mr. Younghusband's, this instant. We may there learn something of this young ingrate. Oh, what ingratitude! (*Exeunt*).

SCENE V.—*A Room at Mr. Younghusband's.*

Mr. Younghusband, Mrs. Younghusband, Speedwell, Laura, and a Clergyman, just closing the ceremony of marrying Speedwell and Laura.

MR. YOUNGHUSBAND. By Gemini, I can't keep still any longer. What a lovely bride! Why don't you kiss her, man. Egad, I'll give her a smack myself.

Mrs. YOUNGHUSBAND. Mr. Younghusband, do not. Be quiet I beg. Remember—

Mr. Y. Hey, little Moll—jealous, eh? Jove, well you may be. I never thought before, she did look so well. I never took so much notice. By the hokey, Speedwell—never mind, duck—what's a kiss! I'll have plenty left for you. (*A noise of wheels without; then violent altercation*).

CAPT. DASHLEY. (*without*). Ha! Dupe—Simpleton—I'll post you up in every corner of the nation.

Mr. Y. (*To the Clergyman*). Faith, Sir, you had better clear out. There 'll be a row here directly. Here—this way.

Exit Clergyman, Mrs. Silkie rushes in.

Mrs. SILKIE. Oh, save me—save me! I have been duped—basely, villainously duped. Oh Heavens! I shall go mad—I shall faint. (*Throws herself upon a sofa*).

Sp. Mrs. Silkie! What has happened? What is the matter?

Mrs. S. Ha! What has happened? Yes, you are here, of course. You are the leading traitor—you are the villain. Did you not send me a note, making an appointment—for a purpose which I need not name? And have you not made a tool of that detestable simpleton, Greenish, to carry out your infernal plot? Yes, and under pretence of having discovered a mistake, he must needs set me down here—too much afraid, forsooth, of making an *expose* of himself, to return to the Hall. No I must be brought here, that you might see and enjoy my degradation. Oh Heavens, I shall not survive it, (*Burying her face in her handkerchief*).

Enter Captain Dashley.

CAPT. DASHLEY. He, he, he, ho! 'Cod, it is rich. I knew there must be some mistake. (*To Laura*). Ha, my little run-a-way, I didn't think you had so much wickedness in you. I didn't know that you were up to the scheme—how did you find out—

Sp. There (*Pointing to Mrs. Silkie*) is the fugitive you are in pursuit of, I presume.

CAPT. D. My wife!—by all's that's holy.

ALL EXCEPT Mrs. S. What? How? What do you mean?

Mrs. S. (*starting up*). Heaven's, what do I hear? (*Speaking slowly after a pause*). Yes—so it is. I understand it all. (*To Capt. D.*) Were this the first deceit you had ever practised upon me, I should be crushed; but as it is, already I can scarce say that I am surprised at even this, the greatest villainy that ever human being plotted or practised.

(Enter Dennis).

DENNIS. The Saints be betune us an harum! I'll see what's in it.

MR. Y. Captain Dashley, what does all this mean? What the Devil—don't keep us choking with suspense any longer.

CAPT. D. Mean? Why it means, that I am not Captain Dashley at all.

MR. Y. Who are you then? Captain, who?

CAPT. D. No Captain at all, but simply Bob Silkie. And simple enough too, faith, just at this time. Damnation! Here's an end to my frolics.

L. Heaven be praised!

MRS. Y. Oh Laura, my dear cousin, what an escape!

MR. Y. What? How? By Jingo, I don't understand all this.

SP. Oh, my dear Madam, (*advancing towards Mrs. Silkie*) allow me to congratulate you on the discovery of this congenial spirit, whom you supposed the too cruel Fates had separated from you forever. May you long live to enjoy sweet communion among the beauties of nature.

MRS. S. Sir! (*turning away.*) But my mouth is closed—my own words fling in my teeth. Oh, I shall die of mortification!

SP. And as for you, my martial friend, (*to Capt. D.*) one word of advice. Since this lady—now my wife—seems disposed to survive your loss, notwithstanding the passionate feelings which, it appears, she entertained for you yesterday, I would suggest that you still follow up the determination which I so lately heard you express. Settle down into domestic habits with the wife which kind fortune presents to you, without submitting you to the excitement of a second marriage ceremony. She has long deplored your separation—I have her own words for it. Evince the same zeal in making for yourself and her an honourable livelihood, which you have shown in leading your friends to ruin, and all may yet be well.

CAPT. D. 'Cod, yes—if one had the tin.

SP. Shameless villain. (*aside.*)

MR. Y. Ho! Now I understand. Ha, ha, ha—'Od zounds, a'nt it capital?

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Topton.

HO! That's right, old folks. Help us laugh at the fun, ha, ha!

MRS. TOPTON. Laugh, indeed? What is there to laugh at?

MR. Y. Cleverest thing that ever I knew. Little Moll did the whole thing, I'm blessed if she did'nt. Capital, faith, capital.

MRS. T. Am I to believe, Mr. Younghusband, that you are an abettor in my niece's shameful elopement? Can it be possible?

MR. Y. Faith, I am—but I did'nt think you would make such a fuss about it.

MRS. T. Ungrateful wretch! But I trust we are yet in time. Mr. Topton, must I remind you of your duties?

MR. T. Madam—I will not be dictated to. (*advancing towards Laura.*) Miss Medwin, how dare you abscond from the roof of your lawfully appointed guardian.

SP. (*advancing before her.*) No longer Miss Medwin, if you please. I am now her lawfully confirmed husband. If you have any charges to make—

MRS. T. What! Are we then too late? Oh, the baseness—the ingratitude of the rising generation! And you too (*to Mrs. Silkie*) must be a party to the plot—of, of all persons! Oh, the deceit of the world!

L. You wrong Mrs. Silkie. You were not more ignorant of my intention than she was.

CAPT. D.—Fact is, Julia came here, on her own hook, looking for a husband—and found one. She is my wife. Never mind, Julia dear, let's make it up—dem it yes—and be friends again.

MRS. T. A second clandestine marriage?

MR. T. Pooch, pooch! I always knew how it would turn out. I saw it from the very first.

MRS. T. Oh, that I should live to see this day! Am I the dupe of everybody? And pray, who is Mr. Greenish married to?

MR. T. Yes, Mr. Greenish—my young friend—what of him?

D. Begorra, an' if it's Mистер Greeny ye want, ye'll have to thtravel by Tally-graph to catch that same, joodgin by the way he was lavin' whin I saw him last.

Mrs. Y. My dear mother, I will now, for the first time in my life, venture to speak to you not as a *little child*. I hope that the remembrance of this night, coupled with former experience, may warn you that the *Match* which requires manœuvring to bring it to maturity, is forever a stain of the deepest dye upon the character of the *Matchmaker*, a curse to the happiness, and a blight to the hopes of the *Matched*. There is here no second elopement. Mrs. Silkie has met her former and only husband. You have narrowly escaped being an accessory to a crime at which nature shudders, and one which our dear Laura would have been the chief victim of. May Mr. Silkie date the commencement of a better line of life from this day. May you live to bless—as I know you will—the obstinacy of your niece, and the disobedience of your daughter, in this particular instance. Henceforth, I shall have, in Laura's felicity, a source—(*glancing at her husband*)—new source of happiness—and of a happiness not transitory. (*Curtain drops.*)

DYING WORDS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS.

NO. IX.—'I STILL LIVE.'—DANIEL WEBSTER.

PHANTOMS, sepulchre intrusions
 Flitted round his bed,
 All the mystical illusions
 Such an hour can shed ;
 Time and life and love were fading,
 Things which earth can give ;
 Death the heart itself invading,
 Still he spake 'I live.'

What! because he yet was master
 Of a fleeting breath,
 While each moment lured him faster
 To the land of death.
 Spake he thus because his spirit
 Still had hold on earth,
 Thrilled by passions we inherit
 From our human birth.

Was it not the life immortal
 Eager to be heard ;
 Struggling at the tyrant's portal
 For a victor word.
 Speaking of the life forever
 In a better sphere,
 Which the spoiler shadows never
 As he darkens here.

Had it not a higher meaning
 Than mere human speech?
 We have much of spirit gleaming
 Dwelling in our reach.
 And we may not slight the vision
 From a world of light,
 Flashing bright athwart our prison
 Burnishing the night.

Who shall say how much of glory,
 Thrilled the statesman's soul ;
 As he ended lifes dull story,
 Resting near the goal.

Would he not have some bestowal,
Which but LIFE could give;
Some prophetic full avowal,
Bursting forth "I live?"

Surely so—we will not question,
Power of higher things;
Idle is the false suggestion,
Which earth's fancy brings!
Love with all its sweet delusions,
Chains and charms the soul;
But it flings not vain illusions,
Boasts not such control!

As to fill the dying hour,
With these prophet words
Foretaste of immortal power,
Quickening earth's last chords
"Still I live" an heir for ages,
Birthright on the scroll;
Which unfoldeth living pages,
Glorious for the soul.

Thus he spake, and then he slumbered,
All the mortal part;
Which the spirits utterance embeted,
Heard the sound "Depart!"
But the soul with glory guarded,
Such as God could give;
Nevermore by frailty burdened,
Entered *life to live*.

M. J. K.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE circle of Provincial readers who take an interest in colonial literature would appear to be very limited. Judging at least from the number who have come forward to support by their subscriptions our present effort we can arrive at no other conclusion. No doubt there exists a general taste for reading, a taste that is indulged to a considerable extent and which is gradually extending. This is proved by the large number of Periodicals both from England and the United States that find their way to the Provinces through the Book Stores and other channels. The desire, however, to cultivate and support a native literature in the country is either yet to be formed or has not yet developed itself to any great extent. When the Provincial Magazine was first issued, after several previous failures of a like attempt to maintain a monthly journal in Halifax, the difficulty most apprehended was the want of a sufficient support in contributions to its pages. It was supposed that although it might be easy to enlist a goodly number of supporters in the way of annual subscribers for one or two dollars per annum, who would be presumed to receive an equivalent in the amount of reading matter to be periodically furnished, yet that few comparatively would be found to devote their leisure almost gratuitously to the effort necessary to fill its pages. The story told by Hood, the humourist, it was supposed would apply here as elsewhere to an attempt at cheap literature. The story is, that Hood was applied to, to contribute, not exactly gratuitously, but at a very small advance upon nothing, to a new journal about to be issued in London. His reply was that he would accept the terms conditionally, provided the principle could be properly carried out. He wrote, it is said, to his butcher, baker, and other tradesmen, informing them that it was necessary for the sake of cheap literature and the interest of the reading public, that they should furnish the different commodities in which they dealt, at a trifling per centage above the cost price. The answer of the butcher is given as an example of the rest. It ran thus: 'Sir. Respectin

your note. Cheap literature be blowed—butchers must live as well as other peopl. and if so be you and the reading public wants to have meat at next to nothing on prime cost, you must buy your own beastosses and kill yourselves.' The butcher, so slightly indebted to literature himself, at once resolved to sacrifice nothing for its support. And so it is with others. Though publishers were literally to 'kill themselves' in a struggle for literature, there is a class of persons who would look on with calm indifference. Our difficulty however is not to obtain writers. Some indeed who made fair promises, on the establishment of the Provincial Magazine, have shewn themselves as empty Professors. There has, however, been no deficiency of material to fill our pages. A number of young writers lend us their willing aid, and though there may be still much room for improvement in its contents, we are glad to find that the Provincial has lost nothing of late in the expression of general approval. What we now require and wish to bespeak is a larger subscription list, that would enable us to make desired improvements for the benefit of our readers, without risk of pecuniary loss. The Provincial has been started less with a view to profit than to foster provincial literature in which we believe it has already to some extent succeeded. Let those who have encouraged our efforts hitherto add a hundred names to the number of our patrons, and so ensure our future success? We refer to our advertising sheet for particulars.

Our record of passing events during the month, has been somewhat meagre.

On the 10th ult. an election came off in Kings County, for a member for the Provincial Parliament, to supply the place of J. C. Hall, Esq. of Kentville. It resulted in the return of Mayhew Beckwith, Esq., by a majority of 210 votes over his opponent, George Barnaby, Esq.

On the 12th the Steamer Germania (formerly the Acadia of the Cunard line of Mail Steamers) put into Halifax for a supply of coal. She was on her passage from Bremen to New York.

H. M. Flag Ship Cumberland, Capt. Seymour, with Admiral Sir George Seymour, sailed on the 27th for the West Indies.

The Grand Jury of the Supreme Court have found true-bills against Thomas Murphy and John Gordon, for the murder in September last of Alexander Allen, seaman, of H. M. S. Cumberland. The prisoners were arraigned and remanded to jail to await their trial.

The schooner Sylph which sailed from Quebec for Ragged Islands and Liverpool, N. S., has been reported wrecked off West Point of Anticosti, about the 29th, and all on board are said to have perished. A great amount of marine disasters have occurred this season. The weather throughout the Provinces and a part of the United States has been unusually cold for the season. Snow has fallen in quantities in New Brunswick and Canada. Fuel has maintained very high prices.

The yellow fever by latest intelligence was still raging fatally at Ireland Island and Hamilton, Bermuda.

By the usual arrival of the Mail Steamers, we have full European intelligence.

War between Turkey and Russia has commenced. The Turks, so far, have been victorious, and the Russian army has been compelled to retreat. How far other nations may be involved in the strife is still a matter of uncertainty.

M. Arrago, the celebrated French Astronomer, died in the early part of October.

Flour and other provisions were commanding high prices.

The Steamer Andes on her passage from Liverpool to New York put into Halifax for Coals on the 5th of the present month, and on the 6th the Steamer Humboldt on her passage from Havre to New York, in making for this port on a similar errand struck upon one of the rocks called 'The Sisters,' by which she was so much injured that it was found necessary to run her on shore. The passengers (90), crew, and a portion of the cargo, consisting of valuable French Goods, were brought to Halifax by the Mail Steamer Ospray and one of the Halifax and Dartmouth Ferry Steamers. The passengers subsequently proceeded to the United State by the Niagara *en route* for Boston from Liverpool.