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# THE PROVINCIAL.

HALIFAX, N. S., NOVEMBER, 1853.

## NORTH AMERICA.

WE allow that this man unless attacked will make no widows or orphans, and that when assailed he will make as few as he can help. When we are pressed by the enquiry, is it not a very wicked thing to destroy our fellow beings, we would reply in the affirmative. But conducting the dispute with those who understood and wished logic, we would make the remark, that Washington was not a military character of the first order, because all that he did was, having the knowledge of the country, to prevail over commanders who do not appear to have evinced the least ability in adapting the art of war to the circumstances in which they were actually placed. This man was an example of one whose mind was made up of several good points well balanced. What he did he probably effected without a great deal of effort. We imagine that it did not cost him much mental labour to gain his victories, and his campaigns being over, we conceive that he did not feel it to be much of a sacrifice, to retire to his estate of Mount Vernon, and preside over the pleasing avocations of raising tobacco and sugar. Where there is in a character a strong tendency to excess, praise is properly bestowed if moderation be practised. Where all the elements are well commingled, where nature has made it easy to maintain the balance, we cannot fall into the disposition to marvel at the coolness that may be evinced. Having a professional knowledge of the details of the military art, having an acquaintance with the country in which he fought, commanding troops that were capable of individual action as well as of submission to a superior, opposed to leaders that were devoid of genius, and that had mercenaries for their tools, Washington gained several decided victories. War being finished, he might have attempted to play the part of Sylla or Cromwell. Instead of doing so, he deferred to the civil power, became by suffrage the president of the new republic, and never betrayed any wish to overstep the bounds of the authority confided to him. On these accounts he merits the name of a calm wise man, who succeeded as much because his passions were not strong, as from any more direct cause.

Franklin is the next in prominence at this time. As a man of science his genius was perhaps equal if not superior to that of Black or Davy. In addition to what they possessed, his shrewd and sober nature qualified him to fill the situation of his country's representative at the Courts of London and Paris. We read of him that while in the former capacity, he was exposed at a meeting of the Council, to the most cutting sarcasms and invectives of a practised and clear speaker. He was narrowly watched at the time, and the self-possession which he evinced is described as admirable. We have him depicted by more than one good pen, as appearing at the Parisian Soirées where Voltaire, Rousseau, D'Alembert and Diderot, were among the guests that composed the brilliant reunions. Here too he is represented as distinguishing himself by the self-possession that he shewed. As a scientific man, what he did was very good, but it was not a great deal; as a politician he assisted in carrying out the views of his countrymen, with praiseworthy consistency and prudence. In this capacity he probably conducted himself much better than Newton or Adam Smith could have managed to do. When it is considered how well he united two characters, that have not often been combined, we cannot refuse to acknowledge that he was a remarkable man. Still, especially of late years, his admirers have spoken of him in exaggerated terms. If it be urged in the way of exculpation, that of late years we have not had much to write about, we admit the plea. The finest thing that was ever said of him, is contained in the well known Latin line, which forms his epitaph—"Eripuit coelo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis,"—he snatched the thunderbolt from heaven, and the sceptre from tyrants. It is a beautiful hexameter; never was a magnificent thought more compendiously and vividly expressed. He who rose from the position of a journeyman printer in a young colony, to a station in science and public life, that could suggest such a thought to an elegant scholar, must have been a remarkable person.

Franklin is often spoken of as the parent of that peculiarly trading nature that characterises the American, and that has been diffusing itself over Europe for fifty years back. Selfish and prudent, his scientific attainments gave respectability to these littlenesses, and have rendered them the fashion. No one doubted of the absolute wisdom of poor Richard's maxims, proceeding as they did from one who was an ambassador in London, and drew lightning from the sky with a key and a paper kite. The adage of Juvenal, "Nullum numen abest si sit prudentia," received wonderful confirmation and aid from the writings of Franklin. Hence if we find Carlyle in rapt Ossianic strain, complaining that we are a peddling generation, and that we look in vain around us for what he calls earnest men; if we see Emerson in a style somewhat different, summoning us away from the mundane to the transcendental, we behold the influence that Franklin has wielded, and the reaction against it. There has ever been a considerable fraction of society, that has been regulated

by principles quite as terrene, as those that are given forth by poor Richard. Observers tell us however that this spirit is on the increase, that it is superseding most other feelings, that all classes are infected by it, and that men are not ashamed to parade it. They tell us too that Franklin is the principal cause. It is certain that other conditions being attended to, we cannot be too frugal or industrious or practical. The book of life bids us be wise as serpents. If then, I carry economy, prudence, and attention to business, to the highest point, and perform all this with a view to the glory of God, I do well. But if I practise these qualities, with an eye to an earthly result, because I desire ease, wealth, power, I form for myself an ignoble nature.

Franklin taught the line of action, but he dissevered it from the heavenly principle, and thus while Minerva presides over the olive, and Vulcan over the forge, and Saturn over husbandry this shrewd earthly man may be looked upon as the patron saint of those tendencies, whence come wooden nutmegs and maple hams. At this epoch of the revolution, when the smallness of the population and the other circumstances of the country are considered, there were certainly a great many vigorous characters.

Years ago when we read the life and correspondence of Sir John Sinclair of Edinburgh, we met some letters of Jefferson and Madison, if we mistake not, written in reply to queries addressed to them, by the learned and laborious Scotch compiler. Although letters of Pitt and other eminent British statesmen occur in the above work, there are none of them that took such hold upon the mind, as those of the American politicians. We considered at the time that there was a weight about them, that augured well for the country that was subjected to such influence. If *science* in America began with Franklin, *literature* may be counted to have commenced with Washington Irving. He the first writer of that country that we can think of, who pressed himself upon the notice of Europe. Few men have been more indebted to manner. Considering how little substance there is in his representations, he has enjoyed a great renown. His pictures are copies after the style of Addison, Goldsmith, and MacKenzie. His first, and perhaps his most original work, is a caricature of so broad a kind as to endure but one perusal. The siege of Granada proves his inability to weave a plot, or project personages on the canvas. It is an eloquent descant upon the occasion and the period, in which the writer shews that he is master of a flowing style, and proves also that he wants that invention that would make incidents round which his song might revolve. The life of Columbus struck us when it first came out, as little more than the old facts moralised. It did not appear to us, in spite of the preamble which preceded it, to add any very noticeable events to those that were known before. Elegance, apart from inventive genius and depth of feeling, seem to us to be the characteristics of this author.

Channing has occupied a considerable degree of attention. DeQuincy

speaking of Hall or Foster, complains that when a man is the hero of a sect, a small amount of talent suffices to render him eminent. The remark applies to Channing, although not perhaps as much as to the persons in regard to whom it was first made. Channing in a style precise, transparent and elastic, says about as much as the subject will admit of in favour of the unitarian belief. He has an eulogium upon Milton, and a severe critique on Bonaparte, and many pieces of a general nature that aided by the graces of delivery, probably created a very good impression at the time. We regard Channing as an instance of a mind similar to that of Jeffrey, although on the whole inferior. In Cooper there is a broad expanse; he is verbose; his incidents are often trivial, his story fragmentary, but the separate parts are occasionally very beautiful. He was the first of a long list of authors that have conveyed us into the forest, and shewn us those modes of life that were characteristic of considerable nations of warlike savages. He is no cockney or petit maitre, but strides through the woodlands as one who understands and relishes what he sees. He has done for the forests of the new world what Walter Scott did for the heaths and hills of Scotland. He carries you where he professes to convey you. We do not say that he always leads you among personages that are interesting, nor yet that his dialogue is uniformly lively, nor that he is free from vulgarity or bombast; what we do allege is, that he is at home in the forest, and among its wild inmates, and that he has so depicted them as to render them known to the rest of the world. There is another department in which he is equally successful. He was bred a sailor, and his sketches of sea-life have the accuracy of a professional man, with the feeling of a poet. Smollett and Maryatt have given us the rough and ludicrous aspects of sea-life, Cooper has exhibited such, but in many instances he is sublime and tragic, and paints the terrible scenery of tempest and shipwreck. These are the two fields, the forest and the main, on which this imaginative artist is most original and pleasant. We have read two of his later pieces, in which the object is to draw the picture of life in New England, as it was a little before the revolution. The episcopal parson, the housekeeping matron, the domestic slaves, and other characters, are depicted with a strong and graceful pencil. In these compositions we have seen the female character drawn in as sweet a style as anything that we could name. High life, the retreats of old refinement, the conversation that might be supposed to pass between scholars and nobles; when Cooper attempts such topics, he displays weakness. He scarcely succeeded when he attempted Venice and its old ways. On the whole, there has been no name in American literature that covers as much space as that of this broad and genial writer. He stands among the authors of his country in a place similar to that which Scott holds among those of Britain.

Prescott has commanded the suffrages of a great many readers. The ob-

jection to him is one of a rather damaging kind, that he is not very original—that what he has done has been executed before. As we have said of Irving that he is a reproduction of Goldsmith, we may assert with equal justice of Prescott, that his method and manner are those of Robertson. A writer in order to retain long his hold on the public mind, must have a style that is unlike what has appeared before, and that men take time to become reconciled to, as to guano or gutta serena. When the reader finds himself saying like the Israelites, *Mana*, what is this?—when he asks himself as when he first tastes pine-apple or cocoa nut, whether it be good, and tries it twice or thrice before he makes up his mind, and feels it a little hard to be reconciled to the new element—when this occurs a new notoriety has made his appearance. He will last for a generation, perhaps for two or three. With no such harbingers did Prescott appear. Men recognised in him an old acquaintance. This is Robertson again, with a little less magniloquence, and a little more incident. *Ferdinand and Isabella*, the *Conquest of Mexico and Peru*; such are the subjects on which this agreeable writer has employed his pen. He is one of the few authors of the day who takes time and proceeds on the idea that an historical work cannot be too carefully laboured. He has chosen confined limits for his themes, and in this and other particulars, exhibits himself as a mind of moderate dimensions. He adduces many authorities, by which he shews the industry that has gone to the execution of the work, but the result is not commensurate with the effort bestowed. When we consider how closely we are led up to any particular era in the romances of Scott and Dumas, writers who are not to be supposed to have ransacked so many sources of information as Prescott, we enquire if this slender thread of narrative be the worthy result of so much preparation. These novelists will make Froissart or Philip de Comines, the media by which they are enabled to relate many agreeable tales, in each of which the architecture, dress, state of art and religion, position of the nobles, condition of the peasantry, and a multitude of other qualities appertaining to the period, stare you in the face. Why in the instance of such as Prescott should it be chiefly from the references and notes, that you learn how much research has been put forth? Why should not you perceive this in a more agreeable and dramatic manner, by a thousand living instances of the time, springing up in the course of the narration? We allow that this remark is less applicable to Prescott than to most of the historians that have gone before. His predecessors have been more liable than he to the accusation of a bald, uneventful narration. Still, even with him in our eye, we are forced to think of the historians as cold and meagre, to regard the romancers of the age as the best reporters of the past, to view them as the persons who have most skilfully and faithfully reproduced the olden time, and who best deserve what Hamlet says of the player, ‘they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time.’ Prescott adopting a mould first used by Robertson has improved upon his

original. If his reflections be not so broad and philosophical, he leads you closer up to life. Interwoven with his narrative are numerous details, calculated to place the reader in near relation to his story and its personage.

America boasts of her biblical critics and theologians. Moses Stewart of Andover, is the best known representative of the one class, and possibly Barnes of Philadelphia, of the other. Pretending to no more acquaintance with this department than falls to the lot of those who occasionally read the newspapers, and attend to what is happening around them, we state it as our impression that there is nothing of surpassing eminence in this way. From all that we have heard, it is our belief, that one might travel from one end of the Union to the other, without getting an idea in theology that was at once new and true. That stagnation that has come over theology in the rest of the world is perceptible in America. In the most erudite of its cities, the person that is pointed to as the most efficient preacher, is one who teaches a wild system of pantheism. The nature of the American character marks the people as ill adapted for that sort of mental exercise which we have been in the habit of terming eloquence. A conformation that is precise, minute, and wanting in passion, may have an eloquence perhaps of its own sort, but it will not be like that diction of long periods, and much iteration that flowed from the lips of Burke, Erskine, Curran, Chalmers, O'Connell and Kossuth. We are quite prepared to learn that our ideas of eloquence in time past, have been depraved, and that there is need of a reformation, which would introduce a style in which the feelings were less addressed, and in which the reasoning was closer. We do not know that we should dissent from such a verdict; what we allege in the meantime is, that there appear to be causes incident to the character of the people that ought to prevent them from excelling in that bounding high-flown impassioned mode of speech, that has procured distinction for men in other countries. Webster and Everett are named as the finest examples which the States supply. We have read or glanced over some of the occasional orations of the former, but they did not convey to us a high idea of his powers. In the few cases that we refer to, the speech wanted what to our mind is an essential ingredient—a bold leading thought. To stand by the monument at Bunker's Hill and in the presence of the matter-of-fact audience that might be expected to assemble there, to assume the Demosthenic port, and attempt strains similar to those that were addressed to the shades of heroes who fell at Leuctra and Marathon, seems an inauspicious mode of soaring into sublimity.

When memory roams over the works of those departed notorieties, that the world has consented to consider eloquent, it comes at passages that are peculiar in their structure. The peculiarity consists in this, a central idea recondite enough to be called original; transparent enough to be seen and appreciated as soon as it was held up to the view. This thought hovering between the profound and the perspicuous, introduced by a preamble, proved, commented on,

wrapt round with illustration, set off with invective and irony, again brought up in a splendid final peroration,—this produced a regularly organised mental result. It gave the idea of a spinal column, with ribs and other members depending upon it. It composed a symmetrical essay, having the characteristic that it was more redundant and iterative, than that which was written only to be read. We do not remember, among the extracts that we have seen from Webster, passages of this definite description. It struck us that his speeches evinced a want of elevation of character. They appeared to us to tell of a career passed in moving round from one popular centre to another, catering to the appetite for eulogy, in connection with the moderate list of approved topics belonging to the period of the revolution.

We have been informed that America has produced lawyers, such we believe as Storey and Kent, whose writings by their precision and elegance, will bear comparison with those of the best jurists of Britain. This is held to be very high praise. England has a considerable population that enjoys the advantage of a very careful and long protracted system of education. Of this large number the most talented devote themselves to the study of the law, and these are stimulated to the utmost exertion, by the highest honours and rewards that the country affords. England moreover has long been in this situation; yet here is a country whose history has only begun, whose educational institutions are yet immature, where division of labour is not carried to a high point, where attorney and barrister are not yet finally separated, and which nevertheless rears jurists, whose treatises do not shrink from a comparison with those of the older country. A few years ago a thick volume of poets was published. There were biographical notices and selections from the writings of we suppose thirty or forty authors. It was criticised in the Edinburgh Review, and from the manner of the article, we half suspected that it was Sidney Smith's. At all events it appeared not long before the death of the humourist. It was a clever critique, and the opinion it expressed was not commendatory. It spoke of the quality of the volume as being out of all proportion to the quantity. Bryant, Longfellow, Sprague, and Dana, were the names that we remember best. The specimens adduced from these, especially the first, had some characteristic features. We know that Wordsworth introduced what we consider to be a factitious style, and we are aware that Shelley, Keates, Tennyson, Bayley, have extended the system. There was a time when it was thought that there could be no poetry without distinct drawing, and when a thought was not valued according as its meaning was ambiguous. This remark applies not only to the rhetorical school of Pope, but is as true of the more romantic authors, Milton, Gray, Scott and Byron. More recently there has been an accession of strength to the cloudy style occasioned by the attention that has been bestowed upon the German writers, especially Goethe and Richter. The admired authors of the day such as Tennyson, Bayley and



Browning, are children of the mist. Because they cannot draw boldly, they cover over their weak inaccurate outline, with clouds of coloring or verbiage. The reader conversant with the distinct old writers, feels that this is poetry chiefly to the eye and ear, and leaves off without getting a thought. Now and then he allows that an analogy has been brought forward, but it is so faint that it glides from the memory, and refuses to be added to the list of treasured beauties. When there is no pressing avocation, one feels that he can wade through a canto or two of this nebulous matter, and to be frank, the rhythm assists towards this, for the most of these authors have a musical ear. The American mind which hitherto has been very imitative, is imbued with the manner of Wordsworth, Coleridge and the Germans. Unless it be true that their style is vague and faint, we do not know how it could be, that having read many of their pieces, few of them should have the smallest hold on our memory. Of Crabbe, Scott, Byron and Moore, there are many passages that are interwoven with our associations, and which are suggested to us by the events of common life. We would say the same in a less degree even of Wordsworth. Of the authors of America we cannot make the like assertion. They stood up before us fantastic and pretty, like an ice-palace, and like it they melted away. They pleased our ear and left nothing behind in the intelligence. At the same time a man should be guarded in the remarks he makes on poetry. A new style springs up in each generation, and the slower spirits are thrown out. They have become familiarised to the old method, and they think that there is solid sagacity in refusing to believe in the modern. As the bishop spoken of by Gil Blas thought it right to be on his guard against the insidious influence of age, in the matter of his sermons, so should one cherish a sceptical feeling in regard to his judgment upon poetry. He should ask himself am I not perhaps the victim of prejudice? I perceive in myself a decided liking for an easy coat, and roomy shoes, my tastes in other respects have undergone changes. May it not be that as these facts prove that I am growing old, that I may be betraying the same tendency in other ways? He that would think sanely should be putting such questions to himself, when he has reached the shady side of forty. It is distressing to think that a new and really admirable style of writing may be growing up and that it may show nothing attractive to you, merely because there were no extracts from it in your collection of reading lessons. Within the last few years the States have produced many charming prose writers. Among these there is no one more graceful than Willis. In him as in Cooper and most other authors of this continent, we recognise a genuine love of outward nature. They have large cities in America, but their inhabitants who write books, have not as in Britain and France, become shut up within the brick and stone by which they are surrounded. Of many of the authors of the old continent it may be said, that were it not for their acquaintance with men and manners, there would not be much to

admire. Of those of America the opposite nearly is true. They lead you along their great rivers, across the prairies, and by the sides of vast lakes. They delight to relate how the sun shines over a bend in the Hudson, or to give you back the note of the whip-poor-Will. With skill and feeling they reproduce the varied sights of changeful nature. Of them all, Washington Irving is the most of a cit. The more recent ones glory in conducting you into the recesses of the hills and woodlands. They know that 'the sun looks splendidly down upon their lakes and forests, that there are beautiful sweeps and indentations along their shores, that 'the fall,' as they term it, paints their trees with variegated tints. They know that their cascades are imposing, that their cold steady winter, in respect of both earth and sky, brings in a peculiar and beautiful style of landscapes. When they confine themselves to such topics, they are fresh and vigorous and picturesque. We cannot say as much for them when they attempt to paint city manners. Even Edinburgh was not found large and refined enough to enable McKenzie and other polite scholars to produce a sufficiently diversified work, when they published the *Mirror and Lounger*. More recently, Peter's letters by Lockhart and Wilson, were according to us a heavy affair. It requires a wide sphere for a work exclusively on manners. Hitherto London and Paris have been the only spheres that have been very successful in the way of sending forth such works. He that has read the tales of D'Israeli, Bulwer, Theodore Hook, Mrs. Gore and Thackeray, will not relish the high life of New York as sketched by American writers, in whom the effort to be genteel is too apparent. Willis is one of the most gentlemanly and easy of the writers of his country. His style is singularly light and pleasing. In his numerous productions we have sketches of Italy and of England, but the majority of his pieces belong to his native land. He does not produce a regular romance with its many personages, its alternated sentiments, its complicated story. Rapid tales that open up the college life as it is in some quaint sober town in New England; incidents supposed to have happened to the author in some romantic scene embosomed in the fragrant foliage of the sweet south; out of such circumstances are his tales constructed. We do not know any writer who can frame an agreeable story from less material. We have read one or two of the tales of Hawthorne, and were fascinated by the art with which he renders some slight feature of New England life highly interesting. The skill with which he does this, reminds us often of the manner in which Lambé brings very charming effects, out of circumstances apparently very trivial. An elderly brother and sister dwelling alone in a ruinous wooden house 'with seven gables,' in an obscure village of New England—a little ruddy checked niece thrust out of her father's house by a step mother—a young daguerreotype artist; here is the chief part of the material out of which he has drawn a delightful story.

In the region of criticism, as might have been anticipated, the Americans

are very successful. Ticknor has published a history of Spanish literature, that has received high encomiums from the *finical Quarterly*, the haughty editor of which would resent the intrusion of a Yankee on his own favourite department, were it not that he entered on it in such a manner, as to prove his right to settle in it. We have not seen the work itself, but the extracts and notices gave us the impression, that it is erudite and judicious, although perhaps not brilliant. Whipple for some years back has shewn himself competent to note with great tact and subtlety, the different phenomena of modern literature. His powers of expression are very considerable, and although his views are rarely profound, the apt manner in which he delivers himself of them, renders him a very pleasing writer. We have seen two or three volumes by Tuckerman, in which the author gracefully comments upon heads of departments, such as the philosopher, the novelist, the critic, &c. He is an example of a correct and elegant mind, but one that is wanting in those very characteristic properties which cause one to tell long and powerfully on mankind. We have also perused the memoirs of Margaret Fuller. They shew amongst other things that German literature has created a great ferment in the States. In this impassioned and eloquent female, one gets a recast of the leading writers of Germany, and of those English authors, male and female, that have reflected the spirit of that country. In these memoirs at every point, one receives proofs how enquiring is the American temper, how lettered are some of the circles, how wide is the appreciation of the literary efforts of other lands. Theodore Parker is a learned divine, who beginning with Unitarianism has ended in Pantheism. He expresses himself on the political questions of the hour in a style distinguished by strong sound sense. Sometimes he passes this limit and becomes original and profound.

Horace Greely has the talent to sketch with a rapid pen the objects which a more ordinary eye passes without notice. The accounts which he wrote of his sojourn in England, the gentlemen's seats and old castles which he visited, are vivid and picturesque. To convey to others the ideas we receive through the senses, might seem, a priori, to be an easy exercise. The fact that so few do it well, proves that it is a gift which falls to the lot of only one here and there. On the whole, Emerson we suppose is at present the most distinct personage in American literature. He is the head of the ideal or spiritual school. That the divinity is in all his creatures, is the basis of the faith which he advocates. That it becomes us to cherish and co-operate with the God that dwells and stirs in us all, is a leading article of his creed. Plato, Plotinus, Swedenberg, Goethe, Richter, Coleridge, Shelley, Carlyle, these thinkers of ancient and modern times that loved to dwell in cloud-land, these are the minds by whose lamp he principally seeks to scan the riddle of existence. He is the antithesis of Franklin, Cobbett, and the traders. In a strange heretical way of his own, he declares loudly to those who will listen, that man

doth not live by bread alone. If you do not like the cropped Dutch hedges and other stiff peculiarities of the common-place world, Emerson offers you a wilderness of winding paths and tangled brakes. When he leads you forth along one of his favourite roads, you feel at first as if you were under the guidance of a sage or prophet. His remarks, until you become familiar with his manner sound like revelations. After a while you recover from the feeling, and perhaps take up the idea that the language is more remarkable than the thought. Even when you have reached this state, you still retain the conviction that he is an uncommon person. Although many of his thoughts appear to have no counterpart in nature or mind, at considerable intervals there occurs one that is sagacious in the extreme. Page after page you feel that the analogies are faint or unreal, but occasionally one occurs that satisfies you that the analytic powers of the writer are of a high order. A theme very usual with him is the relation between man and the objects of silent nature. The pleasure with which he prosecutes this fantastic train of thinking often reminds you of the deep mysticism of the oriental philosophy, that loves to put a soul into every inanimate object. From Edwards to Emerson is about a century, and during so long America has been putting forth mental products; yet in spite of the clever men she has produced, so small is her confidence in her own discernment, that we hear Willis telling a young aspirant after literary renown, that no one could hope to establish a reputation in the States, unless he had first acquired fame in the old country. On the whole we suppose that it is a fair statement to make, that America having discovered uncommon expertness in those material processes that assist in promoting the animal well-being of the species, has not as yet taken a first place in those arts that refine and enlighten. In these departments she has made excellent endeavours, as much so perhaps as could be looked for considering the shortness of her history, the number of her population, its composition, and the enormous space over which it is spread. Her ability to do better things will be facilitated by men noting with fairness what she has already done, and by their abstaining from attributing to her what she has not yet performed.

Turning from more remote considerations to subjects that lie nearer home, we are not as yet able to connect the British Provinces with much that can properly be called literature. Yet these Provinces have given birth to an author whose racy sketchings, representing to the life the peculiarities of the quiet existence of the hamlets and rural places, has crossed the Atlantic and attained a British popularity. Local histories, respectable digests of law, sensible treatises on geology, sermons and collections of fugitive poetry, lectures in Institutes, and songs chaunting the glories of coming railroads—such tokens suffice to prove that the intelligence of the country has at least begun to bud; possibly they promise that the harvest will be abundant. A varied surface, noble rivers, coasts redolent of fish, a productive soil, an underground opulence

of coal and other minerals,—these things conjoined, with what reasonable hope seems to prognosticate, cause the Provincial to cherish a justifiable pride in the sweet clime of his nativity; gorgeous is its summer with fast developed luxuriance, pleasant are its humming-birds and fire-flies, bluff and agreeable too is the winter with its whitest mantilla, its festooned trees, its music of sleigh-bells, and its more substantial glories. It is cheering to run through the great forest tracts, and when sated with nature to behold art and culture encroaching on her domain, and the clearing of the settler widening and beautifying from year to year—the majestic streams, the forest regions with their various foliage and their ever recurring patches of culture—these things and many more in the mind of the writer, stand associated with the reason, the fancy and the feelings by links many, tender and delightful.

## THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

### CHAPTER VIII.

'Twas May—month sung of poets—and we prepared to leave the Island of Guernsey. But though 'twas May in name, and though the hedges were covered long since with blossoms, and the banks with violets and cowslips, and though a cuckoo poured forth her strange monotonous note from an adjacent grove, still there blew a raw east wind, chilly and penetrating. For two months and a half, the whole time of our stay in Guernsey, with the exception of an interval of two days, this same east wind continued to pester us with its baneful breath. During those two days a soft south west breeze prevailed, and had that breeze continued our recollections of a Guernsey spring would be more flattering. But scarcely had we thrown off our warm clothing and begun to rejoice in the balmy weather, when round went the vane again and remained pointing to the N. N. E. as if glued to its spindle. Morning after morning did we repair to the window to look at this weathercock, and morning after morning did we still find it pointing towards the land whence came the wise men. The sky became like brass, hard and unrelenting. If a shower of rain fell it was cold, savage and sharp. And as every one must speak of things as he finds them, I pronounce the spring climate of Guernsey cold and tiresome. Of course we were told that the weather was very unusual—such a spring had never been seen before, and all that sort of thing. All I can say, however, is that knowing nothing by experience of past springs in that Island, and hoping to know nothing of future ones, I most confidently pronounce that one in which I am competent to speak, to have been unequivocally bad.

Shall we complain then? Nay, that were not wise. Doubtless some wise purpose was served by this continued and unintermitted eastern blast. 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody good,' says the homely proverb. What saith the eloquent Dr. Hamilton:

'Looking up at the weather-cock, says the sage of vanity, 'Woe's me for this weary wind! There it was south this morning and now it is north. How many ways it blows and never long the same. What's the use of all this whirling. And if it were only to make the vane spin round, the air as well might stagnate; there were no need of such wasted power. But whilst the valetudinarian is looking at the vane, the wind is careering over a Continent and doing the Creator's work in a hundred lands. It has called at yon city, fetid with miasma and groaning with pestilence; and with its besom of brisk pinions, it has swept the plague away. It has looked into yon haven, and found a forest of laden ships sleeping over their freights, and it has chased them all to sea. And finding the harvest arrested in a broad and fertile realm—the earth chapped and the crops withering—it is now hurrying with that black armament of clouds to drench it in lifesome irrigation. To narrow observation or to selfishness that wind is an annoyance; to faith it is God's angel, forwarding the mighty plan. 'Tis a boisterous night and Pietish savages curse the noisy blast which shakes their peat-hovels round their ears; but that noisy blast has landed the Gospel on St. Andrew's shore. It blows a fearful tempest and it sets some rheumatic joints on aching; but the morrow shows dashed in pieces the awful armada which was fetching the Spanish Inquisition to our British Isle. The wind blows east, and detains James' ships at Harwich, but it guides King William to Torbay. Yes, 'the wind blows south and the wind blows north; it whirls about continually and returneth again according to its circuits. But in the course of these circuits the wind has blown to our little speck of sea girt happiness the Gospel and Protestantism, and civil and religious liberty.'

But whatever may have been the virtues of this east wind to other people, to the plague ridden, to the nation, or to commerce, certainly to us it brought nothing but discomfort; and we conceived ourselves fully justified in seeking some part of the world where the purposes of Providence might be carried out by a west wind. We made up our minds to return to England, although warned that the temperature of Guernsey was at least ten degrees warmer than that of the opposite English Coast, and that in going from the former to the latter in hopes of bettering ourselves, we should merely be taking a metaphorical though the reverse of a literal leap from the frying pan into the fire. But we were so tired of the frying-pan that we thought we could risk the leap, and accordingly we packed up our 'things' and found ourselves one morning at nine o'clock on board the packet for Southampton. The wind was fair enough and the voyage not unpleasant, except for a couple of hours during which we were pestered by the incessant voice of one Colonel S., who planted himself near one of the covered seats in which my family were doing their best to make themselves comfortable under the horrors of sea-sickness, and then detailed to a friend, evidently for our benefit, a long story in which

Halifax was introduced, of which he was the hero. Straight was this Colonel and stiff withal; his back creaked when he condescended to bend; his very eyebrows had a high arch. Dickens must have seen him before he completed his idea of the senior partner in the firm of Dombey and Son. How he ever got his boots on has been to me a mystery ever since. Have none of my readers ever been in a place where some one would persist in talking to his companion in a tone evidently intended to attract attention, the speaker manifestly thinking that he was impressing his hearers with the idea that he was very witty, or very learned, or very grand, or to use a comprehensive expression, that he was 'cutting it fat?' I have been at exhibitions of pictures and heard a man go from painting to painting, pronouncing in a loud and dogmatic tone that this was 'monstrous clevah' and that was 'wonderfully faine.' I remember a little pepper and salt man, at least that was the composition of his wisecoat and trowsers, who at one of the water color exhibitions in London went round the room with a couple of ladies and delivered a lecture before each picture, now retreating and drawing his companion after him to observe the 'acquisite effect,' then rushing up close again, and enclosing portions of the drawing with his hand to shew the 'clevah handling' and the 'keeping.' People all turned and looked at this genius, and turned up their noses in confidence to each other. A sort of friendship was established among all the others in the apartment based upon disgust at pepper-and-salt. But as no one likes to be rude, the volunteer lecturer went on without interruption, his unwilling audience consoling themselves as they best might with hurling withering looks at him occasionally, looking fearfully disgusted and now and then damning him in a savage undertone. I have dined in a coffee room when fifty people might be present, scattered in parties at different tables, and some young puppy would ask some question in a conceited tone of a brother puppy, to which the latter would reply in a most killing manner, and so the conversation would go on between the pair of gents, they thinking that they were astonishing all with their wit, whereas they were disgusting all with their folly. I have been at a concert and seen two or three young fellows station themselves in a window or some other conspicuous place and begin to laugh, as if they were overflowing with humour and wit. Doubtless they thought that people were envious of their mirth, whereas the company were but offended at their breach of good manners. He who seeks to be conspicuous plays an uphill game. He is much more likely to excite contempt than admiration. There was this Guernsey Colonel, now I beg his pardon for putting him—a Sixty—into the same company with pepper-and-salt and the coffee room gents, but verily instead of interesting us with his story and impressing us with a lofty idea of his greatness we, at least I, should have much preferred seeing him fall overboard. Had such a catastrophe occurred, I should certainly have spared no pains to be present when he was stripped of his wet clothes, in hopes of arriving at the mystery aforesaid touching his getting on his boots.

We arrived at Southampton at seven o'clock in the evening. Gradually as we ran across the Channel the air had become softer, and now in Southampton it was delicious. Dark heavy clouds hung over the sky looking as if they only wanted to be squeezed to pour down one of those warm splashing showers during which people observe to each other congratulatingly that you can see the grass growing. What a treat were these summer clouds after the hard brassy sky and occasional spiteful and spitting showers of Guernsey! As we passed the villages of the Isle of Wight just at the close of our voyage, every thing looked very lovely. Was ever anything more lovely than that charming little isle! Let those who feel disposed for suicide or any other piece of folly in the despondency line, put a knapsack on their backs and take a pedestrian tour round that garden of loveliness, and if on their return the blue devils have not been expelled, why we must e'en let them try the razor or the pistol, if they think such a step will conduct them to a prettier spot.

I have used the words 'in Southampton,' but it is meet that my reader should know that before we could speak of ourselves as enjoying that locality we had to pay two pence a head! Two pence a head gentlemen before you can call yourself an Englishman if you go by way of Southampton. The 'irresistible genius of universal emancipation,' which Curran spoke of so eloquently, does not confer her favors on you if you seek her via Southampton under the payment of two pence. No matter in what language your doom may have been pronounced; no matter what complexion an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon you; no matter in what disastrous battle your liberties may have been cloven down; no matter with what solemnities you may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery;—the moment you set your foot upon British soil, and pay two pence, the altar and the God sink together in the dust—the body swells beyond the measure of your chains that drop from around you, and you stand forth redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation. But the two pence is necessary to complete the regeneration. The poor negro rushes from the land of slavery and on arriving at the quay of Southampton, falls on his knees and thanks God he is a free man; but what becomes of him if he has'nt the ridiculously small sum of two pence about him? Will they throw him back into the dock, or commit him again to slavery in the shape of the lock up! 'Two pence more,' cries the itinerant equilibrist, 'two pence more and up goes the donkey.' 'Two pence more,' says the Southampton policeman to the fugitive slave, 'two pence more and your emancipation is complete.' It is a common thing to say of a man that 'he is not worth two pence.' Does that mean that unless he possesses that sum he cannot be permitted to land on English soil? Conceive if every passenger landing in Halifax had to pay two pence, what an outcry against us the high and mighty Englishmen would make! But do not the dean and chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral make every man that enters that



great national temple pay two pence likewise? Yea, verily they do, and having been in that temple once eight years ago, and seen every thing in it for the sum of four or five shillings, I have never entered it since. What with the two pence at Southampton and the two pence at St. Paul's, there is a good deal of twopennyness about the English with all their undoubted greatness.

Well the two pence is paid and we advance into this land of liberty. We first go through the custom house and then call a cab and drive off to an hotel—Stay—not so fast. You have paid two pence it is true for the purpose of enjoying the freedom of England, but you seem to have some luggage there with you—just walk this way. So we walked 'that way' into a little round house, something was done to our luggage, I forget what, for not having the least suspicion of what was coming I paid no attention, and then I was presented with a little slip of paper the long and the short of which was that if I wished to take my luggage with me I must pay some twelve shillings to the tenants of the round house. So that the slave having emancipated himself completely by landing upon British soil and paying two pence, could not get his clean shirt clear of the round house to make a decent appearance as a free man, unless he possessed a little more money to redeem it with. Perhaps on such an occasion as that, so just a subject of exultation to an Englishman as the disenfranchisement of a slave, the dock authorities would kindly consent to give up the shirt itself, only cutting off and retaining the buttons as payment of their dues.

At length we reached the hotel, ourselves and baggage of all kinds. We spent only the one night there, and next morning took the express 9.30 train for London, which we reached at 12, and thus again found ourselves in that 'neat little village on the banks of the Thames,' that world's metropolis, 'to which all the good and pleasant things of earth as radii to their common centre tend.'

We took lodgings near Russell square for the purpose of being near a relative who resided there, although the West End presents far greater attractions both in the elegance of its shops and in its being the seat and centre of all the principal exhibitions of painting, curiosities, and sights in general, not to speak of the magnificent parks. But having lived for a long period of time, on former visits to England, in the west, and become thoroughly acquainted with the whole of that fashionable region from the Strand to Belgrave Square, I was not sorry to settle down in a different part of the great metropolis, and so acquire a knowledge of another locality. It is only by living in a particular spot that one masters the geography of the circumjacent ground. Residing in the West End, you may pay frequent, perhaps daily, visits to some house or shop in the city, without knowing more of the locality you visit than the street that leads to it. But once settle down and in a month's time, what with losing your way, trying short cuts, and with little walks round about, you become

intimate with the ground for a mile round. Thus in a short time we knew every inch of space between the New Road and Knights-bridge, taking in Holborn and the city from St. Paul's. On my way to the West End, or for the purposes of seeing London in its various phases, I passed repeatedly through St. Giles and the Seven Dials, where low life may be seen in tolerable perfection. It is worse in other parts of London, but it is bad enough in those regions, situated as they are between the palaces of fashion on the one hand and the palaces of commercial wealth on the other. Here is Dudley Street, abode of Jews, retailers of cast off clothes. It is painful to pass through this shabby street. House after house, shop after shop, and cellar after cellar, is devoted to the sale of these cast off habiliments. The people hanging about the doors or cellars all bear the Jewish features, which whatever they may have been in Israel's palmy days when Solomon was made love to by the Queen of Sheba, do not come up to the standard of beauty in modern times. A Jewish face if not handsome is repulsive, and the denizens of Dudley Street are *not* handsome; their dresses are not elegant, nor their persons particularly clean. Row after row is seen of old boots and shoes in the lowest stage of dilapidation and the highest state of polish that can be effected to carry off their worthlessness; greasy coats and other well-worn vestments hang around the shabby doors, and a feeling of intense—not exactly disgust, for there is a sadness mixed with it—comes over one. No one can help feeling disgusted at the dirt, the sights and smells around, but it also makes one sad to think that there are thousands of people in that wealthy city too poor even to afford the wretched and loathsome wares around him. Dudley Street has its customers as well as Cheapside, and as keen and envious looks are cast up at its shabby equipments as are bestowed by titled lady upon the splendid fabrics of Regent Street or Ludgate Hill.

Although removed however from the attractions of the West End, there was one institution quite near us, to which many a day might be devoted with equal instruction and amusement. The British Museum was within a few minutes walk, a public establishment tolerably worthy of the nation, and that is saying a good deal. By the side of the National Gallery and one or two other 'national' concerns, its value is increased by the contrast. It occupies an enormous space of ground, and has a fine commanding front aspect, with an extensive court sweeping up to the entrance. Having however succeeded in obtaining a fine *facade*, the architect has done his best to spoil it by the figures in his pediment, and the outrageous railing that surrounds the building. This railing is very solid and substantial and highly ornamented. The value of it must be enormous, and were it painted in a sensible manner it would add to the appearance of the place; but the artist has bedizened it in a chocolate dress with gaudy gilding, and the effect is something awful. The 'man that did it' however does not think so, for he considers it so precious that another railing

has been erected some ten feet off, either to prevent passers by from defacing its beauties or to hinder them from approaching too close and thereby losing the full effect. The outer railing consists of a strong iron bar, about two inches square, supported at every dozen feet or so by an upright, on the top of which by way of further appropriate ornament squats an absurd little gothic lion. But the interior of the Museum is admirable. All the wonders of nature and art are concentrated here. Splendid collections in every department of science and natural history are here to be found. The student of zoology, geology, entomology, ichthyology, all the ologies, may here find what he wants. The mammoth and the moth may both be here examined. Lately the Assyrian sculptures, the long buried triumphs of the artists of thirty centuries ago, have been placed in this Museum, and we gazed on the winged bull and other vast mysticisms, and wondered what England was when the mighty kings whose palaces and temples those sculptures graced, looked down from their balconies upon the majestic cities that owned their sway and fancied themselves gods.

Our windows, as has been said, commanded a great thoroughfare, and it was amusing to watch the passers by. Now Punch would come with his peculiar cry, and if he met an encouraging face at a window would set up his diverting establishment. Now a butcher's cart would rush by at full trot, as only butcher's horses *can* trot, the boys head ever guiltless of hat or cap, no matter how heavy the rain, his hair being well plastered down with mutton fat, and quite water-proof. Then along would come a trim looking damsel holding before her a pie neatly covered with a brilliantly white linen cloth,—at least it always looked like a pie, but I subsequently found that the article was a baby! Then it was always amusing to watch the corner opposite, which was occupied by a public house. It must have been a good stand, for the custom seemed to be incessant. From morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve, was the tapster at work. There was a coachman who used to deal very regularly with this house; he used to appear driving a very elegant carriage and pair, without a footman. He had evidently left his master somewhere in the neighbourhood, and was taking a drive round to prevent the horses catching cold. He would pull up at the 'public,' and in a minute or so the boy knowing what his customer's taste was, would appear with a creaming glass of old ale. Coachey would imbibe this slowly and carefully, and no one could doubt that he enjoyed it. He then would wipe his mouth, and as he did so regularly look around at all the windows to see if any one was watching him. He would then pay his two pence, gather up his ribands, and drive off staidly and with dignity.

On Sunday the law requires public houses to be closed during divine worship, consequently the traffic on that day was confined to the evening and the hours between one and three. Precisely at one o'clock the door of 'our' public house would open, not wide, but about two inches as all the public house doors

do, and in about a minute along would come a girl with a pitcher; soon would come another, then two, then half a dozen, and in ten minutes time the shop was thronged, some with little pint pitchers, some with affairs that would hold half a gallon, to wash down the Sunday dinners which about the same time would be seen going to their various destinations from the bakers! But in the evening trade was the briskest. The law prohibits shops in general from being open on Sunday, but drinking houses and cigar shops as coming under the head of 'places of necessary refreshment for the people,' are allowed to ply their business. There might be seen the gent dropping in to wet his lips, dry with the cabbage leaf which he fondly believed came from Cuba. The laboring man, the artizan, the mechanic, all found their way there. Many a time were we astonished at the evident respectability of parties whom we could see through the glass fronts over their beer or gin. A man and wife well dressed, just returned from their Sunday evening walk, whom we should have imagined much too respectable to sit drinking in a public house, would nevertheless continually drop in and spend perhaps half an hour there among a set far inferior to them in position. One would think that they would prefer to send out for their beer and enjoy it in comfort in their own parlour; but the history of wine-bibbers tells us that half their enjoyment is found in being out of their own homes. You will see a man possessed of a comfortable house in which he might sit in his easy chair and smoke his cigar and quaff his wine 'like a gentleman.' You will see this man leave this comfortable house and betake himself to some recess off a wine shop, where sitting on a barrel or a bag of nuts in company with persons whom in his heart he despises, he will booze away his hours. Perhaps he does so on the principle that leads people picnicing, and carries them off to enjoy themselves heartily in a style which they would think very uncomfortable at home. Be the cause what it may, certain it is that into the public house opposite us walked many a highly respectable couple that would have been better away, for among the frequenters of the same house was many a member of the sinful sisterhood, fair to the eye but rotten at the heart, many a painted and bedizened girl who lost to society yet preyed upon it as a cankerworm, and sought to quench in the fumes of one deadly sin the pangs and the despair with which she was racked by the remembrance of, and yet compelled continuance in, another.

Our street was great for organs. It is the fashion to abuse street music, but even this like all other music to me hath charms. I speak not of the hurdy gurdy and one or two other instruments of the same genus, but these are the Pariahs of the profession and street music should no more be condemned because the hurdy gurdy will claim to bear a part in it, than should the science in general be vilified because the bagpipes call themselves instruments of music. Nor again is it to be denied that there is such a thing as having too much of it, but this is not a fair argument, because the finest music will weary

after a certain time. The lawyer weaving an intricate plea, the student hunting out a knotty point of history or philology, the young lady just on the eve of the *denouement* of some fearfully thrilling romance, will all denounce in no measured terms the horrid wretch who will disturb them with his noise, but would the Queen's band or Jullien's orchestra fare better? There is a time for every thing, and I suspect that street music is indebted for much of the acrimony with which it is assailed to its untimeliness. It has no respect for persons or things. It plays alike under the windows of the happy and the miserable. It takes its stand before the house cheered by a wedding or darkened by a death; it bothers the engineer in his calculations about sewerage and conduit pipes, the parson in his argument upon apostolical succession, and of course must take its chance with other intruders—welcome perhaps at proper seasons—but scowled at *because* intruders. I admit again that as there may be too much of it in time, so there may be too much in sound, and it cannot be denied that the proprietor of the huge organ nearly as large as that of St. Paul's Church, drawn by a horse and the sweep of whose handle is about four feet, which one occasionally meets in London streets, rather overdoes the thing. But extremes are not examples, and neither the big horse-organ nor the jangling hurdy gurdy must be permitted to destroy the character of street music. Behold me having dined upon a beefsteak and a pot of that world-renowned beer, whereof I have already sung the praises, stretched on a sofa, on a summer's evening, calmly gazing at the world without the window, the steak unresistingly yielding itself up to the gastric juice and patiently abiding its conversion into chyme. While thus enjoying the relaxation so sweet after a day's tramp over London pavements and a surfeit of London sights, a soft strain steals upon the air. Perhaps Jeannette pours forth her sorrows to Jeannot, and when that song first came out it was bewitching; perhaps Pestal bids farewell to hope and life. Commencing far down the street it gradually steals its way along, and as the shades of evening fall, so nearer and more near is heard the voice of Pestal or Jeannette. No false note mars the melody; it glides along like a summer stream; but soon the nearer it approaches the more faintly it falls upon the ear, for lo! in defiance of the doctors I sleep, and while my wife flings a sixpence to the wandering minstrel her lord and master lulled by his music enjoys an after-dinner nap.

#### ESSAYS ON ASYLUMS.—REVIEW.\*

THIS pamphlet comes at a time when the spirit and instruction it embodies are peculiarly needful for this Province. The necessity for a home specially

\* Essays on Asylums for Persons of Unsound Mind. Second Series. By John M. Galt, M. D., Richmond, Va. Publishers: Ritchie and Dunnaven. 1853.

set apart for the comfort and confinement of that unhappy class of our fellow beings, those whom God has deprived of the exercise of mind and reason, has, we think, never been questioned. By some mysterious design of Providence, there is scarcely a town or a village throughout the whole world in which a number of those unfortunate beings is not to be found—thrown helpless as it were on the protection of the general society, whose efforts alone can provide an asylum where their wants may be attended to, and where by a proper course of treatment they may in many instances be restored to reason and happiness. With a large number of poor lunatics in Nova Scotia, with means at our disposal, and examples to guide us in its construction and management, to our shame be it spoken, we have not yet a place of refuge to which we can commit for safe keeping and judicious care, those among us who have of all others the deepest claim on our benevolence and sympathy. For years the great necessity of such an asylum has been urged, and compassionate individuals have been ready to aid it with their subscriptions, but by some heedlessness or mismanagement, we seem as far from the accomplishment of the object as ever. When at the last session of the Legislature a sum was granted in aid of the erection of a Lunatic Asylum, it was confidently hoped that the present year would witness some steps taken, effectually to carry out the design, but the year has nearly passed away, and the unhappy imbeciles existing among us, are still either confined in the garrets and cellars of private houses, or moaning away their existence in the over-crowded apartments allotted to them in the Poor's Asylum. In either case they do not experience the care and treatment their situation requires, and the majority of such deranged persons necessarily become confirmed lunatics, from their unavoidable exposure to those accidents which serve to increase their malady. We know not where the fault lies, or who is to blame for the non-erection of an asylum whose necessity is so urgent and immediate, but the delay is a grievous wrong and disgrace to our country, which should be remedied effectually and immediately. We should hope there are few among us so lost to the dictates of humanity, who would let their feelings or prejudices interpose to turn them from what they know to be their duty. We have before urged in these pages the great necessity for a refuge for the insane, and we earnestly renew our appeal that those in authority will not so far forget the feelings of our common nature as to allow persons of unsound mind among us to suffer and die, but will rather immediately set about the establishment of an asylum, a work of necessity and mercy now long delayed.

The pamphlet to which we would direct attention is the substance of several reports offered to the Association of Medical Superintendence of American Institutions for the Insane, by John M. Galt, M. D., Superintendent and Physician of the Eastern Lunatic Asylum of Virginia, at Williamsburg. The author evinces much knowledge of the subject on which he treats. His advice

is founded on personal experience, and goes to prove that judicious kindness, cheerful apartments, with innocent recreation, go far in restoring the deranged to reason. This work should be in the hands of all having charge of persons so afflicted. It contains much practical information and many valuable suggestions. We make below some extracts from its pages in reference to the treatment of the insane, their employments and amusements. At page 10 the writer says :

‘Every asylum ought to be provided with a library or collection of books. The principal portion of these should be, perhaps, travels, biography, history and the many miscellaneous works which form the charming, polite literature of the English language. In consonance with the character of the asylum, as to the number of patients therein, who are acquainted with foreign languages, or who have been cultivators of the sciences, should be the amount of provision in this respect. And indeed in the library of every asylum, some few works of the kind are requisite. It being understood also that when a patient is received, as to whose peculiar pursuit or department of study there are no books in the library of such an institution, as great care should be exercised in the procurement of such, as we would employ in purchasing an additional medicament to meet some rare physical symptom.’

Again at page 12, 13 and 15, he remarks in continuation :

‘Dr. Thurnam observes with regard to the York retreat in England : ‘A reading room with a select library, consisting of books of travels, natural history, biography, history and moral and religious works, has been provided for the men, the most orderly of whom have access to it under certain regulations as to conduct and behaviour. The books in this collection are also allowed to circulate among the women, and patients of more extensive acquirements and literary tastes have the opportunity of procuring the works of nearly all the standard authors from two excellent subscription libraries in the city.’ The last mentioned idea has also been adopted elsewhere in Great Britain, and doubtless, when practicable, answers a good purpose in certain cases, particularly where we meet with some ‘helluo librorum’ who will read through a comparatively small collection of books in a short time.

Dr. Aul remarks respecting the Ohio asylum : ‘The rules which govern the library are amongst the best in our whole system, and we know of no more gratifying exhibition in the institution than the orderly and interesting appearance of the different classes upon a Sabbath morning as parties from gallery after gallery arrive and depart with books of their own selection.’ The same physician elsewhere conveys the following significant hint to the friends of patients who send them newspapers : ‘Avoid all papers that are filled with horrible suicides and murders. There certainly cannot be a greater mistake than to select articles of this character, and mark them with a pencil in order to attract their notice.’ At the Western asylum of Virginia, in order to guard against impressions of this character systematically, it is the business of one of the officers to look carefully over the newspapers before they fall into the hands of the patients.

The effect of a mistaken conscientiousness in endeavoring to interdict and abolish all means of recreation and amusement, only tends to disease of body and mind ; and in order to restore the mental health of the insane, we discover by experience that the well established necessity of such measures for the

sound mind, is not found in vain as applied to the former unfortunate class. The general theory conventionally recognized as to the utility of amusements and recreation, in the treatment of insanity, apart from the above considerations, is that by means of them we supplant the place of delusive ideas and feelings, tending by this disuse to their gradual enfeeblement or disappearance.'

In closing this brief notice, we may remark in the words of the essayist :

' Various other important matters are considered very judiciously, and in an exactly analagous mode, under the heads Breakage, Homicide, Refusal of Food, Perverted Instinct, Ludceency of Action and Language, Depressing Habits, &c.'

Who among us can tell how soon those nearest and dearest to him may be visited by heaven with the affliction of insanity. Who can tell when he may himself require the care and attention which skill and science recommend as most desirable for the recalling of the truant mind. There are unhappily too many among us already who demand immediate attention. Let it not then any longer be said that Nova Scotia alone among all the lands that boast the knowledge of civilization and the feelings of humanity, is dead to the claims of the unhappy and afflicted, and neglects to employ the means already set apart and devoted to such a purpose. If the wailings of the wretched maniacs throughout our country cannot rouse us to a sense of duty, let the example of other Provinces, the upbraiding of our own consciences, stir us up to commence the work. None deny the necessity of an asylum, why then should any be found who are indifferent to the subject, far less who by their apathy retard the erection of the much required institution.

#### THE LATE HERBERT HUNTINGTON.

If we rightly apprehend the proper and legitimate vocation of such a Nova Scotian periodical as 'the Provincial,' it is to exhibit the capacity, tendencies, and duties of native mind in this young and rising country. Brief as has been the period since Europeans, in the stern spirit and hardihood of adventurous enterprise, first trod the wild shores of this rugged land—hard and toilsome as has been the struggle in contending with the privations and difficulties which are inseparable from the settlement and improvement of a new country—scattered and few as have been its inhabitants; yet its history—legendary, biographical, incidental and descriptive—is pregnant with the elements of *a literature peculiarly its own*. There have not been wanting instances of respectable native talent—(may we not venture to say—Genius?) to engage in intellectual pursuits; and if the foundations of a native literary superstructure have not already been laid, choice materials, like those prepared by King



David for the temple which was erected by his son, are abundant and in readiness.

We mourn over two buds of promise early rent away by the withering hand of death—their sweet-toned harps are hushed—and since their premature departure from earth, we have listened with intense earnestness, if, peradventure, we might catch the dulcet strains of some newly awakened native minstrel: alas! we have listened in vain. But though John McPherson and Samuel Elder—kindred spirits they were—have passed away, Judge Haliburton, his country's historian, now in the decline of life, and J. W. Dawson, in the full vigour of his days, are still spared to us; and from these, what may we not yet hope? There are others, too, natives of our soil, who have manifested mental capabilities of a high order; but who, whether fortunately or unfortunately for themselves and the country, it is not our design or province now to say, have been so enveloped in the whirlwind, and storm, and fog of political strife, have been so viewed through the jaundiced vision of party prepossession or prejudice, that to even mention their names on the present occasion, may be inexpedient, if not injudicious. May we not hope, however, that the troubled elements which have long, too long, agitated the press and the legislature, may soon be calmed—that party asperities may be succeeded by kindly feelings—that genuine merit may no longer be weighed in political scales—in party balances? May not some of those, now so involved in eager conflict that the spirit of hostility is strong and rancorous against them by many of their countrymen, escape from the toils, the tumults, the dangers, and the animosities of active public life, and in the soothing calm of retirement, exercise their energies in contributing richly to the scanty treasures of our provincial literature? There are noble spirits, of whom Nova Scotians, collectively and individually, ought to be proud; who, like birds of vigorous wing, have soared high above the Dead Sea of mediocrity; but who, owing to causes already specified, are regarded as vultures of prey, and are shot at, it may be by guns of too feeble calibre to reach them. We would fain see these gifted sons of our land in a different position. We would rejoice to see them with the smiles, the encouraging sympathies, and the unfeigned good wishes of *all* their countrymen clustering around them. What might not they, then, accomplish in a provincial literary enterprize, which, if not already undertaken in earnest, is one of those visions of the future, to which our longing eyes are turned with ardent hope and impatient expectancy? Our materials for such a purpose are ample, and lie before us like the dry bones of the valley seen by Ezekiel:—when will the prophet voice of native genius bid them live?

Though we may not speak of the living all that we think, or feel, or desire, or hope, no motives of caution, expediency, or spurious delicacy, should chain our tongues, when we make mention of the dead—perhaps we should be excusable in saying, the 'mighty dead' of our country. Within the last

few years, three distinguished natives have 'gone to rest;' and long will it be before the names of Edward Manning, S. G. W. Archibald and Herbert Huntington will cease to be revered by their countrymen. The first though less known to our provincial community at large than the others, was a man, though uneducated, of giant mind, of prodigious energy in action, and of a long career in the high and holy pathway of clerical usefulness. His venerable name is too precious to be lost, or only to live in the affectionate traditions of denominational regard and gratitude. No Nova Scotian has left behind him choicer materials for an interesting portraiture of character, and history of his labours, which would necessarily be a history of the Baptists of this Province, whose rapid increase and prosperity were long identified with his self-denying efforts for their welfare. Many are anxiously looking to Doctor Edmund Crawley, or some other, competent to the task, to furnish such a biographical tribute—such a testimony as commanding talents and departed worth require at the hands of surviving esteem. Long, too, was S. G. W. Archibald 'the observed of all observers' in Nova Scotia. He was no ordinary man in intellectual stature, proportions and accomplishments. He was indeed a tall figure among his provincial cotemporaries—how like 'Saul the son of Kish,' who, 'when he stood up among the people, was higher than any of them from his shoulders and upward.' At the bar, on the bench, in the legislature, and in the executive administration, his talents were not only apparent, but luminous. Strong in reasoning powers, in wit, in eloquence, and at times in severe sarcasm and overpowering invective, he had no rival in the forensic arena, and no superior in senatorial conflict, except, perhaps, the late John Young. What a tempting subject for a biographical pen do Archibald's fifty years of public life present! The ever darkening mists of oblivion should not hide such a name from posterity. *Who* will come to the rescue? *Who*, in the spirit of Plutarch, will, in this matter do his country a service?

When commencing this article, we merely purposed to give a brief sketch, perhaps we should say a rude outline, of the character of the late Herbert Huntington; but we have been betrayed into the preceding preliminary paragraphs, which may seem out of place, if not wholly irrelevant to our design. However, 'what is writ is written,' and we need offer no apology for making mention of deceased individuals who have aggrandized the intellectual reputation, and advanced the interests of their native land. And now what shall we say of Huntington? He was the author of no literary work—he threw no new or additional light upon any department of science or philosophy—he was not an orator, nor even a ready and graceful speaker—he led no army to victorious battle—in his manners there was nothing to captivate;—and yet perhaps no man in Nova Scotia ever enjoyed a more deep, general and hearty popularity? And why was it? Popularity came to him uninvited—unclaimed—we believe, unexpected. He was no courtier, no sycophant; and he

was too high-minded—had too much respect for himself, to pander to vulgar prejudices. While he had no taste for the boisterous huzzas of the multitude, he distrusted the smiles that sometimes beamed upon him from official ‘high places.’ To say that he was stoically indifferent to popularity, would be saying what is not true; but he did not desire it with any unbecoming anxiety or feverish solicitude, or seek it by any sacrifice of principle, or by any departure from the ‘strait and narrow way’ of stern, unwavering honesty. The problem of his popularity, however, is easily solved. With him it was a *consequence*, not an *object*. It was the necessary and unsought result of public services ably and faithfully performed though it was *not the impelling motive* which prompted or induced the performance of those services. Personal ambition led him not into public life; nor had it, in his after career, sufficient attractive power to influence the course he pursued. When in the legislature he engaged in debate, he rose not for a gladiatorial exhibition of his intellectual prowess, or to make an ostentatious display of his mental resources. He aimed not to show off himself; but to investigate with clearness the subject in discussion. All who listened, whether opposed to him or not, gave him credit for uttering the conscientious convictions of his own mind. They never suspected him of using deceptive means to attain a desired object, or to carry a favorite measure. Even those who had least sympathy with his opinions or political predilections, regarded him as incapable of dissimulation. In this estimate of Huntington’s sincerity, all parties were agreed. These considerations, as well as the fact that he possessed a great capacity for public business, coupled with the spirit and habit of an industry that knew no relaxation, sufficiently account for his popularity—his success.

His death made a mournful impression upon the collective provincial mind. Politicians, of hostile views, felt and admitted the loss which the country had sustained; and, forgetting by-gone party differences, all, ‘as with the heart of one man,’ were eager to exhibit their appreciation of his merits. The cenotaph to his memory, at the public expense, was an act of entire legislative unanimity. There was no dissension, no reluctance in the matter. It was not a fiery outburst of temporary enthusiasm manifesting itself in the florid language of ill-timed eulogy; but it was a sober, solemn, deliberate expression of deep, overpowering respect for a man of extraordinary mental and moral worth.

We extract from a tribute by a versifier in one of the newspapers soon after Mr. Huntington’s death :

“Leaves when falling scarce awaken  
 In the mind regret at all;  
 But when mighty oaks are shaken  
 From their roots we mourn their fall.  
 Men weep if a desolator,  
 In his march, sweep hamlets down;  
 But the world feels sorrow greater  
 When a pyramid’s o’erthrown.

Thus when friends this life are leaving,  
 We with varied feelings sigh;

But there's cause for special grieving  
 When the great and worthy die.  
 Huntington, there's many a weeper,  
 Who around the grave-soul tread,  
 And who feel a sorrow deeper  
 Than is felt for common dead."

Huntington's popularity was not a transient meteoric blaze—it was not an ebullition of one-sided party attachment—it was not elicited by a single startling act of heroic daring or splendid benevolence—nor was it the result of self-trumpeted pretensions to superlative virtues and patriotism; but it originated in an honest straight-forward, useful career, during a period of twenty years. It was—it is—a popularity too deeply imbedded in public gratitude, to pass suddenly away. It did not, like Jonah's gourd, spring up in a night, nor will it wither in a day.

No public man in Nova Scotia, in the constitution and tendencies of his mind, has exhibited more innate sagacity, vigour, and clearness of perception than did Huntington. If he did not dazzle with the brilliancy of his imagination, he enlightened with the lucidity of his understanding. Common sense, without cloud or mist upon it, was a prominent attribute of his intellectual organization. While his views were broad and comprehensive, he had the power of analyzing with great minuteness and accuracy, as well as with facility. While there was such a telescopic range in his mental vision as enabled him to take a wide and extensive survey of what was vast and remote, he had the capacity of receiving the smallest object with microscopic clearness. Perhaps there has been a somewhat general impression that Huntington's mind, though acute and strong, was, to a great extent, undisciplined; and that its acquisitions from 'book-reading,' were lamentably scanty. Such an impression, however, is exceedingly erroneous. He was more than ordinarily familiar with the 'British classics,' and had studied the metaphysics of Locke and Dugald Stuart with laborious assiduity, and corresponding success. Although the natural drift of his mind was in the direction of what was matter-of-fact, practical and utilitarian; yet he was not insensible to 'the sublime and beautiful' in nature, and if he had not a passionate relish for poetry, he read Shakespeare, Milton and Bunyan, (bright and ever-burning stars in the literary firmament,) with a susceptibility of deep interest and full-hearted delight. But he had less taste for works of imagination than for those which appealed exclusively to the understanding. Such a book as Adam-Smith's 'Wealth of Nations' had more charms for him than all the poetry that was ever written. He was thoroughly versed in all questions relating to political economy, to commerce, to currency, and to statistical, fiscal and financial concerns.

Huntington was less indebted, however, to books, than to the industrious exercise of his own understanding, for those rare and valuable qualifications which prepared him, in an eminent degree, for usefulness in public life. He received as oracular no new principle because he saw it in a book, accompanied with the dazzling sanction of a great name; but he regarded it with caution if

not with repulsive suspicion, and until he had tested its soundness by the most rigid investigation, he did not embrace it. He adopted no hypothesis, however imposing, nor was any truth, however true, a truth to him, unless it was intuitively perceived, or ascertained to be so by a process of argument in his own mind. Something in his mental apprehension, equivalent to the exactitude of arithmetical calculation or mathematical certainty, was required to win his confidence and secure his faith in any newly propounded theory. He was too practical in his habit and mode of thinking, to be misled by the speculative pretensions of any new-fledged scheme that claimed his attention. It was carefully 'weighed in the balances' of his mind's sanctuary, and if 'found wanting,' it was straightway rejected.

A mind thus organized, and thus disciplined and habituated to severe thinking, could not fail to become influential in a popular assembly. As a public speaker he had several and great defects and deficiencies. In his manner, there was a disagreeable hesitancy—there was nothing graceful or ornamental; he was never fluent—his voice was low and monotonous—yet whenever he rose to address the legislative body to which he belonged, silence prevailed, and he was generally listened to with deep respect and intense interest. The reason was, there was an impression that he had 'something to say'—something, too, which was worth hearing, and which had a direct, common-sense bearing upon the question in debate. Sometimes after a whole day of frothy and irrelevant discussion, when the merits of the matter to be decided, had thereby been so distorted by exaggeration—so disingenuously discoloured and misrepresented—or so darkened by sophistry, that one half of the house were bewildered and beclouded in doubt, Huntington would rise, and, by throwing the broad daylight of his own mind upon it in a brief address, would make the whole thing too plain to be misunderstood. In this way, he often influenced the decision of the Assembly. When no party views or policy had given a bias to questions of general interest, his avowed opinions had, perhaps, more weight than those of any other member of the House.

It was not, however, as a speaker that his capability and efforts were most valuable; for, in this respect, others around him were vastly his superiors. It was in the unremitting toil of legislative drudgery that he rendered the best service to the public. In the indefatigable labours and severe duties of the committee-room, his herculean powers were most advantageously exerted. While many lazily, ignorantly, and with passive indifference, passed through a Legislative Session, he threw all his active energies and his abundant stores of accumulated information into the business of the country. His services, too, were peculiarly acceptable, because he was perfectly conversant with the public accounts, the condition of the revenue, required statistics, the state and tendency of trade, and whatever else it was necessary to know in the practical duties and hearing of beneficial legislation.

In reference to the toiling and industrial classes, Huntington occupied a distinguished and anomalous position in the Legislature. While some members considered that their duties appertained exclusively to the interests of their own immediate constituents and localities; and while some again were the special champions of professional or official claims—and others, like guardian-angels, deemed it their only business and care to watch over the particular interests of metropolitan commerce—Huntington's enlarged and enlightened patriotism took a wider range, and sought a broader field of action. It was his delight, his pride, his glory, to represent the much-neglected claims and interests of those whose labours were adding to the general wealth and improvement of the Province. To the sons of labour and industry, his influence, his sympathies, and his giant efforts were devoutly and enthusiastically consecrated. When other voices were silent in their behalf, or only raised in fruitless, hypocritical professions, his care and advocacy of their interests, were not so much manifested by loudly trumpeted *words*, as by energetic, effective, practical *deeds*. He desired nothing more ardently than to see the labouring masses of his country intelligent, moral, industrious, imbued with the spirit of self-respect, prosperous, and happy.

Huntington's patriotism was of a pure and lofty character, not boastfully paraded as a 'gilded bait' to catch the vulgar plaudits of the multitude; but it was a holy fire burning in the inner temple of his heart. It was not a roaring, foaming cataract dashing down a mountain's side; but it was a quiet, living fountain in a retired nook, and only indicated by the flowing streams which betrayed the secret of their source. It was a modest, unobtrusive impulse of his nature, which was not proclaimed upon the house-tops; but which was unmistakably exemplified in worthy acts. It did not, with pharisaical ostentation, seek 'the corners of the streets,' nor 'greetings in the markets,' nor the 'chief seats in the synagogues;' but it was ever ready to engage in disinterested works of usefulness, and to discharge self-imposed duties in the public service.

When he took office, he was not actuated by selfishness or personal ambition. He did not covet its honors, nor was he avariciously greedy of its emoluments. Not choice, but the importunity of his party, and the claims of his country, led him, with reluctant steps, from his farm and the quietude of domestic life. He had been a principal actor in introducing a new system of official arrangement; and it would have seemed dishonourable, if not cowardly, had he withheld his aid in giving practical efficiency to that system. This motive, and this alone, impelled him to assume the responsible duties of an important public office. Cheerfully, and without regret, did he resign it, when he could not agree with his colleagues in the propriety of a measure, which they were about to propound to the legislature and the country.

It has neither been our object, nor our desire, in the preceding remarks, to speak of Mr. Huntington as a party man. His memory, with the sanctities of

the grave upon it, is too sacred to be regarded in a party aspect. Even during his life-time, the ties which bound him to party were weakened, if not entirely severed. But we may say, that, whether right or wrong in his political predilections, he sincerely aimed in the course he pursued, (not so much to gain a triumph over his opponents, as) to promote the welfare of his country.

As a public man, Huntington had defects, which we cannot well overlook in a delineation of his character, and which all will remember in the spirit of charity. That he sometimes manifested an unseemly petulance and irritability of temper cannot be denied. It should not however be forgotten that he was afflicted with physical infirmities, which had a depressing effect upon his spirits, and an unhappy influence upon the natural placidity of his temper. He was perhaps too prone to suspect the candour of those around him; and his suspicions were as often entertained in respect to his party friends as to his opponents. But in the chequered arena of public life, he had listened to many counterfeit declarations of patriotism and disinterestedness, and had detected much detestable dissimulation in various disguises:—no wonder, then, that he became sensitively, and even nervously, distrustful; for no man was less inclined than he to bow the knee to the false gods of duplicity or expediency—and none had a more profound and utter abhorrence of affectation, falsehood, pretence, cant and hypocrisy in all their fantastical shapes and imposing forms. He was not naturally inclined to be suspicious; but experience in the hollow-heartedness of others, had made him so. His suspicions, however, were too general—too indiscriminate. The blunt abruptness—(at times almost rudeness) of his manners, was less attributable to any want of the true spirit of courtesy, or of due respect for the feelings and social claims of others, than to the innate frankness and amiable simplicity of his own nature. He had a stern and loathsome dislike for any thing overwrought or glaringly artistic in the Chesterfieldian school of fashionable manners; and this, perhaps, was the reason why the politer graces were not oftener seen in his own deportment. These defects, however, were like scarcely perceptible spots in the sun. But there were indeed few shadows to darken the brightness of his excellent character—to dim the lustre of his reputation—or to lessen his popularity—a popularity, which if it be not entitled to the higher and more enduring appellation of fame, must long live in the grateful remembrance of his countrymen.

It is not our present purpose to speak of Huntington's private habits and those sterling virtues, which, in the retirement of his home, were prized and revered, and which brightened a circle of domestic love and happiness. Alas, what a blank has been made in that family circle! We have merely attempted to sketch the lineaments of a clear-headed, strong-minded, and sound-hearted patriot of Nova Scotia. In conclusion, we may, however, say that a kinder or more affectionate heart towards those who had claims upon his care, his sympathy, and his love, never beat more warmly in any man's bosom than in Herbert Huntington's.

## TALES OF OUR VILLAGE.—No. 8.

## CHAPTER VI.

WE left Colonel T. located in his retired farm house, situated on the prettiest spot in *our Village*. Here his first occupation was to enlarge his residence, and though late in the season, he commenced farming operations with a zeal and energy, that had their continuance been equal to their commencement, would soon have told effectually upon the fertility of the land. His establishment was conducted on any thing but economical principles. Horses in abundance, with servants in livery, and other appendages previously unknown in that quiet locality, marked the appearance of the Colonel whenever he left his home. Every act spoke the man of wealth, in seeming at least, while his kind and polished manner told plainly that birth and associations entitled him to a first rank in society.—It was not long before his acquaintance was made by many respectable persons in his neighbourhood, and while all were pleased with his address and conversation, several determined, notwithstanding the somewhat mysterious circumstances that surrounded them, to call upon Mrs T. ; few from curiosity, but more compassionating her for the loneliness that must attach to so retired a residence, and wishing to show that kindness and hospitality are characteristics of our northern land. Mrs. T somewhat surprised the expectations of her visitors. Her air and brogue told too plainly of vulgarity and want of education to make her pass for anything superior to what she was, an Irishwoman, without the advantages of good taste and good breeding, but still she was so perfectly self-possessed and did the honours of her home with such a seeming perfect right to her position, that none fancied for a moment she was other than the veritable wife of Colonel T. Her appearance was prepossessing: a fresh red and white complexion, with bright eyes and other features rather pleasing, with a manner full of kindness and hospitality, that although one felt she never could be a companion, yet she would do very well to exchange all the social courtesies of life with. Such was the opinion formed by nearly all who made her acquaintance, and there were very few who did not speak of her in terms of kindness and good will. There was an apparent frankness in her manner, that talked much in her favour. She alluded frequently to her marriage with the Colonel, which she represented as having occurred but a few years previous, spoke of his children by a former wife, and spoke so feelingly of his daughter's death, and of her own little child, that her ignorance and want of refinement were forgotten in the belief that she possessed as warm a heart as ever beat in woman's bosom.

The Colonel meanwhile was all suavity and kindness. There was a charm in his manner that subdued the most suspicious. His hospitality was unbounded—his conversation full of spirit and information. Having travelled much, he had seen life in all its different phases, and with a quick percep-



tion of both the ludicrous and the beautiful, his listeners were charmed and edified, by the variety of his anecdotes and his descriptions of persons and things, which in their diversified interest, he had encountered during the change and bustle of a somewhat extended life. His manner had all the charm and polish which so generally mark the British officer, while his kindness and amiability, extended to all who interchanged with him the courtesies of life, seemed to spring from the full depths of a genuine honest heart. But while his visitors after every succeeding meeting were only the more disposed to become eloquent in his praise, rumours began to rise and spread with rapidity, that the Colonel's every day life was very different from his holiday appearance. The men he had employed to work on his farm, left one by one, complaining of his severity and unreasonableness, averring that those mild tones which so charmed his visitors, were laid aside for the expressions of anger and profanity—that instead of passing life in the harmony and affection that marked their public intercourse, Colonel and Mrs. T. quarreled to a most unlimited degree—that she interfered with every project of the Colonel's, exercising her authority over the workmen in no common style—that angry words and even blows were more frequent in the Colonel's family than tones of endearment and kindness—that Mrs. T. had a most furious temper, and though the Colonel rebelled against its dominion, yet at last he was always conquered—more by blows than reason. Such was the character of the reports circulated by the workmen, with regard to persons who were well liked by those who only met them in their holiday attire. But servants are proverbial for their exaggeration, when anything has occurred to awaken their dislike, and their information met with little credence from those who listened to their report. If any belief was attached to them, it was only to awaken still more interest for Colonel T., who it was thought had sacrificed himself in an inconsiderate moment, by marrying a woman so far his inferior in birth, manners and education. A hundred excuses were made for this proceeding on his part, and while very little was believed about their domestic differences, it was still thought highly probable that Mrs. T. was a person of violent temper, who had not learned even yet to bear the great change in her position, but in assumption of authority carried her power too far, and when the Colonel remonstrated, doubtless met his reproaches with the warmth of temper which characterises an Irish woman. In short Ireland had to bear all Mrs. T's sins, any dereliction in duty or good manners was because she was Irish. Her warmest supporters (for she had a few) insisted that she was not uneducated, but that Irish ladies always appeared so—that the brogue, the warm impetuous manner was against them, as though a lady, let her belong to what country she may, would soon be destitute of the refinements and good taste which mark the true gentlewoman. But if the men employed on the farm circulated statements to the disadvantage of Colonel T's. private character, the female ser-

vants under the more especial charge of his lady, gave a still less favorable account of her temper and proceedings. "She was no lady, and never would be," was the remark in which one and all coincided, and were a title of what they stated correct, there would have been little difficulty in endorsing the opinion. Her language and conduct, by their description, were of the most violent and vulgar character. While the entire truth of their statements was doubted, an undefined idea that a part might be true, settled itself as the conviction of all. But where, the reader may ask, was poor Katrine the lawful wife, the true mistress of all this establishment. Little, very little was heard of her during the few first months of Colonel T.'s residence in *our Village*,—occasionally a rumour would arise that they had a deranged Aunt living with them, but as neither Colonel or Mrs. T. ever mentioned her, as she was never visible to any of those who visited at the house, the story was treated as a mere fabrication, and all the other reports put down in the same catalogue. But as time wore on, those stories gained more definiteness and credibility. Servants whose truth and respectability former employers had never doubted, averred that they had seen her, spoken with her, and waited on her, though of the latter to a very small extent. That on their first arrival at their present home, the deranged lady had sat at the table with the Colonel's family—that she was treated with unkindness and disrespect; and that since the arrival of a visitor, before they had time to convey her from the drawing room, she had been confined to her own apartment, taking her meals there, seeing no one, and maintaining an almost total silence. They described her as a person about Colonel T.'s age, tall and slight, but so pale and emaciated, with a countenance so sad and full of agony, that the heart of the beholder ached to witness it. She might have been beautiful once, they said, but there were few traces of it left. She looked like a shadow, so pale and wasted; her prayer book seemed her only companion, over its pages she was always seen bending, while her lips moved as if her heart were engaged in its services. Sometimes they heard her speak as if in communion with herself, but the tones were low and moaning, and the words always in a foreign tongue, as though heart and memory wandered back to the days and land of her childhood, when dear home voices were round her path and the loving words of hope and endearment sustained the joyous soul of the glad young German girl. So much was said, so much was heard, that though the statements were often conflicting and always improbable, yet no doubt at last remained with the public of the existence of another inmate in Colonel T.'s family. Who she was, or what she was, of course, could not be clearly known, but as the servants said she was always addressed before them as aunt by both their master and mistress, why should her right to such a name be doubted. It certainly struck those who heard of it as very extraordinary that they should not have mentioned her existence to any of their numerous acquaintance, but remembering the delicacy that exists with some

persons who are afflicted with relatives so sorely visited by heaven, the circumstance was overlooked, and though it might seem mysterious, it did not seem of sufficient magnitude to impeach Colonel T.'s character for veracity or kindness.

The winter months were wearing away tediously to those who, accustomed to large towns and gay society, found the snow-drifts and solitude of *our Village* irksome in the extreme. So long accustomed to the warm climate of the glowing East, Colonel T. could ill bear the comparative rigour of ours, and from exposure to cold he was confined to the house for several weeks with a severe rheumatic attack. Several miles intervening between their residence and those of the majority of their friends, but few visits were paid them during the inclement season, and little was heard of them, creditable or otherwise. Occasionally, however, some of the villagers who associated with the servants belonging to the Colonel's establishment, gathered tales of cruelty and wrong, perpetrated upon the unoffending person of the poor deranged lady—how that she was confined in a small room, so small as to admit only of a bed and a few scanty articles of furniture—that her food was deficient and badly prepared—that so small was the supply that they only marvelled how nature could exist upon such a portion—that she rarely if ever had fire even on the coldest days of an unusually severe winter—that her door now was continually kept locked—that Mrs. T. alone visited and attended to her—that the Colonel never entered her room or spoke of her in the hearing of any one—that on one occasion the whole family left the house and spent two days and nights with a friend, leaving the lone lady's apartment locked, during which time she had neither food nor fire, so far as the knowledge of any of the servants extended—that they had repeatedly seen frozen food taken into her room, and that her only alternative was to eat it or remain without food altogether. Such cruelty in a christian country, perpetrated by persons who mingled with their fellow men as one with them in humanity and charity, was incredible, and the assertion was indignantly spurned by all willing to attribute to others the justice and feeling that regulated their own conduct. Yet the servants persisted in the truth of their statements, and challenged contradiction. Between doubt and fear the minds of all who knew them were agitated, at the horrible account which was given of the crime and brutality of those whom they had looked upon as models of benevolence and kindness, when a fresh rumour arose which, if true, gave confirmation to the tale of cruelty. It was at first hinted and then gradually spread with confident assertion, that the lady who experienced so much wrong from the hands of her keepers, was in reality the true and lawful wife of Colonel T.—that the woman to whom they had extended the courtesy and hospitality her position warranted, was no other than a base and vicious usurper of another's right, and that Colonel T. was a wilful, hardened impostor, as far as character and morality were concerned. Such an announcement gained but little credence when first circulated among those to whom

such tales of wrong and deception were new, and some few increased their intimacy with the family, as if in sympathy for the injustice they fancied they were receiving. It was long before this rumour was traced to its source, but when at last it was discovered, doubt was considerably shaken, and many began to believe that improbable as the tale had at first appeared, it would eventually prove too true.

The military gentlemen who had called upon Colonel T. on his first arrival at Halifax, subsequently lost sight of his movements for a time, and in their more important occupations thought little of himself or his proceedings. But when as time passed on, and they in common with others heard of his residence at our Village, of the improvements he was making, of his style of living and the guests he entertained, they naturally enquired more particularly into his domestic arrangements, and were much surprised to hear that there was a Mrs. who presided over his household, a young buxom woman, who had more assurance than polish, and more worldly tact than refinement or education. This information, coupled with their previous knowledge of the real Mrs. T., and the conflicting statement the Colonel had made to them in Halifax as to his wife's incompetency and her inability to attend to the common duties of life, made them believe that he who had been valiant as a soldier to uphold old England's honor, had proved traitor to his own, and was, morally speaking, a hypocrite and an impostor.

Much time, however, as we said before, had elapsed ere much credible authority was discovered for the rumour, and even then it came not to those who were on terms of intimacy with the now fallen Colonel. How hard it is to believe evil of those to whom we have attached ourselves, is a truth that will come home to every heart. While to us the exterior is so fair, while we daily experience proofs of kindness and good will, while nothing that is distasteful or evil obtrudes itself upon our notice, while the tales that would darken the fair fame of the friends we like, wear an air of improbability and doubt, we will ever be slow to believe the testimony of strangers, in opposition to what we think the practical knowledge of our own experience. Thus it was that the friends of Colonel T. were unwilling to believe anything prejudicial to his honour and credit, and while they admitted that much in his conduct seemed mysterious, still they could not fancy that one whose daily life, so far as the world saw, was blameless, could be capable of such dark deeds of wrong and cruelty.

With the spring-time Colonel T. seemed to imbibe new life and vigour, and prosecuted his husbandry with the same zeal as before. Mrs. T. in the meantime had given birth to a son, whose arrival seemed to cause the parents as much rejoicing as though the poor child was born heir to an honourable name and a large property, and not the child of shame and usurpation. The Colonel's means, however, appeared to be diminishing. He curtailed his expenses

materially and lived much more plainly than before. His livery servants were dismissed, his stables reduced, and his whole course seemed that of one whose acts had very far outstripped his means. With but little private fortune to depend upon, the money he had received for his commission was hardly enough to meet the demands which even life in Nova Scotia required, so Mrs. T. with the selfishness of a coarse mind, determined to make her servants retrench, and conducted her kitchen expenditure on the most economical scale. The lady's temper, if report might be credited, had not improved much since her residence among us, and all who came frequently in her way were made to feel the effects of it. Even her little girl she treated with uncommon severity, until the poor child seemed afraid to move or speak in her parent's presence. The father's tone was also very harsh to her, as if willing to take his cue from her mother for the sake of peace. This conduct in regard to the child could not escape the observation of their visitors, and was the first thing that personally prejudiced individuals against them, and made them more willing to believe them capable of the cruelty which it was alleged they practised on the deranged lady, of whose existence no one had yet been informed by either Colonel or Mrs. T. She was now believed by all to be an inmate of their household, but how treated no one could form any correct opinion.

And how, let us ask, was the time passing with the wronged deserted woman, whom we have known under happier skies, rich in youth and beauty and love, surrounded by luxury and admiration—the star of festivity and the queen of beauty, loving and beloved by all until she forsook the true and the early friends for the protection and home of a husband whom she loved with all the devotion of a woman's true heart. Picture her, if you can, after having thought of her as she once was, prisoned in that dull, narrow room, deprived of God's free air and sunshine, the helpless victim of a woman whom she knew to be usurping her place, disowned and cast off by the husband she had clung to and cherished through days of sorrow and darkness—the only star in the midnight that shrouded her soul when reason left it; deprived of even the common comforts of life. She who had been the petted child of luxury and love, shivering in a fireless room in the cold depths of a northern winter; yearning even for food, which God rarely denies the most outcast of his children; suffering in her husband's home, she who had never done him any greater wrong than loving him too well; wanting for everything while he and his paramour were revelling in the enjoyment and luxuries of life; the soul might be dark within, reason might be obscured, but there was too much consciousness left still not to make the mental suffering, far, far outstrip the bodily. Picture to yourselves that crushed and feeble woman, writhing in the agony of soul to feel herself cut off from every tie that makes life endurable to know that her death was desired, that it was to be brought about by the most torturing and diabolical means, that she was to feel her life failing from

her drop by drop, that her existence was never more to be brightened by the tones of sympathy and kindness, that in a land of law and justice, where the meanest peasant has a prince's right, she was to be left to die and no voice lifted up in her behalf, no hand raised to free her from her foe. No! heaven help and pity her, unhappy woman, for she had none on earth to call upon for rescue, and hard as her doom was to bear, how much harder was it from the consciousness that all her sufferings were inflicted by him whom she had loved so well, by the husband she had idolized, the father of her children, the man for whom she had left friends and kindred—that he should thus be her destroyer, was adding tenfold agony to the blow. How she must have longed to see once more that gentle mother and sister, whose love had been a never failing resource in her hours of sorrow, who had watched over her, as over a drooping flower, binding up her griefs with the precious balm of sympathy and support; but they were far away, and the injured stricken woman was left to perish alone.

We have lost sight of Katrine's mother and sister since our story left them at Malaga. Mrs. Schiller died, while Louise and her husband continued to reside there, he filling a responsible situation as British Consul, living respected and esteemed by all who knew him. Louise passed through life calmly and happily, blooming children grew around filling their mother's heart with joy and gratitude. There was nothing to dim her happiness but the sad fate of her beloved sister. She had written to her constantly from the time of their separation, until the period of the sad intelligence dispatched by Colonel T. of her melancholy aberration of mind and her subsequent continuance in imbecility. It was a fate that Louise had dreaded for her sister, and when she received the sad confirmation of her fears, her first impulse was to write and request her brother-in-law to remove his wife to the care and safety of his own roof. But on later consideration, such a course seemed unwise and almost impracticable. Not to speak of the great distance that divided them, and the anxiety and difficulty it would occasion to convey Katrine in safety to Malaga, her husband's comfort was to be considered, and though he was most willing to gratify any desire of Louise still he could not see the necessity for such a proceeding. He argued that if her mind was so far gone, as to be incapable of taking interest in or attending to home duties or cares, the most suitable asylum for her was one where invalids in her unfortunate condition were cared for, by the best exertions of medical knowledge and skill. Gladly would he have offered his gentle sister a home while he supposed affection and sympathy would be dear to her, but when she was in a condition that made all scenes and persons alike indifferent to her, then he judged correctly that the better home for her would be the place where her state might be ameliorated and her mind and energies strengthened. Louise soon saw the wisdom of her husband's course, and wrote urgently and fully to Colonel T. to remove her sister to the

safe keeping and care of an asylum, and though she saw the difficulties which he stated to her in his reply as to conveying her sister from the West Indies to England while he was unable to accompany her, still she was never satisfied until at last she received intelligence from the Colonel that he had placed his wife beneath skilful medical care, previous to his departure for Ceylon. This was the last letter she received from her brother-in-law for many years, but during his absence in India she corresponded regularly with Julia, and from her received full particulars of Katrine's health and gradual progress to sanity. Mrs. Kirkpatrick had been most anxious to visit England to see her sister once more and make acquaintance with her daughter, of whom from her letters she prophesied so much kindness and amiability. But her own family was large, and required a mother's continual care, while Mr. Kirkpatrick absorbed in the duties of his situation, and having few ties now to bind him to his father land, as all his near relatives were dispersed or dead, never responded to the idea of his wife's departure. Thus Louise had to rest satisfied with the letters she received, and the hope which Julia always encouraged, that at some not very distant day she should have the pleasure of receiving her niece in Malaga.

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#### THE LETTER BAG OF THE STEAMER, OCTOBER, 1853.

LADEN with many a written scroll, the noble ship swept on,  
 A thing of life and majesty she cut the watery zone;  
 And thought and prayer around her moved from either sundered shore,  
 For hope and love had mighty stake upon the news she bore.

There were those beyond that giant sea whose hearts with hope were beating  
 For tidings from the western world of welfare and of meeting,  
 And waiting eyes and longing hearts watched for her coming home,  
 Nor knew her absence but delayed affections bitter doom.

For midst her weight of manuscript, from lofty and from low,  
 Scrolls from the cabinet and desk lay many a fold of woe,  
 To send thro' every throbbing vein dark sorrows wasting tide,  
 They told of loved ones far away who thought on home and died.

Dread tidings traced by stranger hands were sent to many a home,  
 From the Crescent City's mourning land and Havana's groves of bloom,  
 All telling of some silent heart—some quenched and buried love,  
 That life no more had treasures here, but laid up far above.

She bore a new and fearful tale to crush the spirit's smiles,  
 That fever's deadly breath had touched Bermuda's sunny isles;  
 That the young and brave, the fond and fair, were cold and still in death,  
 Summoned by swift and speedy call to sleep her dust beneath.

And oh that this were all of death that noble steamer told—  
 That mid her weight of letters she had borne no darker fold,  
 Nor tidings brought of cruel wrong beneath Acadia's sky,  
 How on the sea, bright forms were left to perish and to die.

There was one on Scotia's distant shore who waited for a bride,  
 Who kept unchanged a holy love thro' years which hearts divide;  
 A few more days—a few more hours—life's pearl should then be won,  
 A jewel from his exile land to cherish as his own.

Alas! that pearl was sleeping far the wild seas breast below,  
 Where dark cold waves are sweeping on in strange tempestuous flow,  
 So full of hope and love for him, with health and rescue nigh,  
 Her fair young sister by her side—they left them there to die.

Alas for love and all its hopes, such was the tale for him,  
 While hearts at home the record traced with weeping eyes and dim;  
 Beneath that lonely wreck there sank of many a heart the crown,  
 When there the young and beautiful, the brave and strong went down.

If one of all the thousand ships that cross the boundless sea,  
 Can bear to multitude of homes such weight of agony,  
 How dark doth human life appear, what shipwrecks strew her shore,  
 When one frail barque alone can bear the grief that steamer bore.

M. J. K.

#### OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE municipal elections for the City of Halifax took place on the 1st of October. Candidates for the Mayoralty: Henry Pryor and D. Creamer, Esqrs. The former was returned by a majority of fifty-one votes. The Aldermen returned for the six several wards of the city were: H. G. Pugsley, H. Hartshorne, P. Morrisey, W. Evans, Wm. J. Coleman and W. Sutherland, Esqrs. On the 15th the election of the other civic officers took place, and all the previous incumbents were re-elected.

On the 4th, Mr. William Chambers, one of the Editors of Chambers's Educational Journal, who arrived in this city on the 24th of the previous month, visited the Acadian School in company with the Trustees and other gentlemen. An address was read to Mr. Chambers by one of the scholars, to which he returned a suitable reply, and obtained for them holidays for the two following days to visit the Agricultural Exhibition. Mr. Chambers expressed himself much pleased with the people, climate and products of this Province, the interior of which he visited as far as Annapolis. His visit to America is taken for the purpose of acquainting himself more fully with the people and resources of the country, with an intention of publishing the record of his impressions in Chambers's Journal for the benefit of emigrants.

On the 5th the Agricultural Exhibition was opened at Halifax, and held in the gardens of the Horticultural Society. It had been preceded by a Ploughing Match on the 3rd, held at Willow Park, and an exhibition of fireworks on the evening of that day. The exhibition of live stock, grain, fruit, and vegetables, was creditable to the country. A large number from both country and town visited it during the two days, and all expressed great satisfaction at the result. A dinner was held on the 5th at Mason Hall, and an exhibition of fireworks terminated the day's proceedings. On the 6th the prizes were awarded to the successful competitors by His Excellency Sir J. Gaspard



Le Marchant who closed the proceedings by an excellent speech. A sale of the imported cattle took place on the morning of that day. The whole event terminated by a Ball at Mason Hall, which was attended by a large number of persons.

On the night of the 7th a most distressing marine accident occurred. The Steamer Fairy Queen on her passage from Charlottetown to Pictou, was wrecked, and deserted by the Captain and crew with the only two boats. Of the passengers who were on the wreck, several escaped by clinging to a part of the boat which drifted to shore, but the remainder, in all nine persons, were lost. Among the latter was Dr. McKenzie of the Army and the Misses Arabella and Alice Dewolfe, daughters of the late Elisha Dewolfe, Esq. of Wolfville, N. S. The surviving passengers had the Captain and crew arrested who underwent an examination in Pictou, and have since given bail for their appearance for trial at the next sitting of the Supreme Court.

On the 10th Halifax was visited by a violent storm of thunder and lightning. On the 25th a severe gale swept over the country and destroyed fences and much other property.

A letter has recently been addressed to the Lieut. Governor, conveying a proposition from Messrs. Jackson and Company for building the northern line of Railway from Halifax to Quebec on certain conditions of guarantees by the Colonial and Imperial Governments.

The yellow fever is still raging in different parts of the southern and western States. In Bermuda by latest advices it was subsiding.

From Europe the intelligence received by late arrivals of Mail Steamers has been of more than ordinary interest.

War which had been anticipated between the powers of Turkey and Russia was declared conditionally by the Sultan, on the refusal of Russia to withdraw the hostile force from the Danubian provinces but actual hostilities had not commenced. Turkey will be supported by her allies France and England, and there is still a probability that the Emperor of Russia will come to a pacific decision, rather than encounter the strength of such a combined force.

The Cholera was committing extensive ravages among the Russian troops. It was also spreading in England and Scotland, and proving very fatal in Newcastle, Liverpool and London.

The northwestern passage so long sought for has at last been discovered by Captain McClure of the 'Investigator.' A channel has been found from the open sea into Barrow straits. No ship has yet been carried through but the 'Investigator' is about to make the attempt. Captain Inglefield the Commander of the Breadalbane which was lost in August off Beechy Island, has returned to England with the information, in company with Lieut. Creswell of the 'Investigator' who brings Commander McClure's despatches and journals.

CARBONDALE TOWN HALL—ERRATA, OCTOBER No.

PAGE.	LINE.	
371,	19.	'Taps' should be 'tops.'
"	2	from bottom. 'Cupidam' should be 'crepidam.'
372,	5.	'Athens' should be 'Atreus.'
"	17	from bottom. 'Tetilem' should be 'textilem.'
374,	4.	'Abarvs' should be 'Abacus.'
"	20	and 15 from bottom. 'Teperal' should be 'tesseral.'
378,	16	from bottom. 'Sepile' should be 'sessile.'