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# THE PROVINCIAL.

HALIFAX, N. S., OCTOBER, 1853.

## NORTH AMERICA.

THE Northern part of this Continent is old enough for one to feel that in referring to its characteristics he has sufficient room and subject. The mind capable of sensations of the picturesque will feel itself drawn by a strange fascination toward the little colony that landed from the Mayflower. The time was December, the place was the rocky shore of Plymouth, the voyage had been long and arduous, five months! provisions and other appointments were on a slender scale; snow, spruce trees, and Indians armed with bows and arrows, were the circumstances that greeted them on the land. We can imagine few passages more dreary. There was nothing for them *behind*, and it must have needed a vigorous fancy to suppose that there was much in the future. Not since the events Virgil portrayed by the debarkation of a tempest-tossed band of Trojans, on the coast of Latium—from whom was derived the grandeur and talent of Rome; not since the time when ‘pious Æneas’ and his son Julius landed, or are supposed to have landed, on the unknown shores of Italy, has any incident of the same sort happened that speaks so eloquently to the feelings—because our sentiments are powerfully seized upon by this scene, we do not therefore allow ourselves to misrepresent its constituents—because these adventurers appeal to our feelings as possessing certain qualities in a rare degree, we do not think it right that we should invest them with attributes that do not belong to them. In being more than fair to them we might be less than just to the supreme ruler. It seems to us that this discriminating method has not been followed. We have been apt to think and speak of this groupe of persons as if they had the highest endowments that belong to human nature. That is *not* the case. In fact it may be doubted whether the amount of difference that intervened between the Puritan and the Churchman, was large enough to afford space for the sublimest modes of character. If there be place for the suspicion that the broader arena of Britain did not then furnish opportunity for the amplest developement of mind, it should not be looked for in the small offshoot that settled New England. A nature of the broadest formation, if it forsook Episcopacy, with its Calvinistic articles, would not halt half-way

at the position of the Puritan. To leave a decorated framework, only to terminate in adhesion to another that was also represented as divine, does not denote the utmost stretch of philosophy. Believing then that the station of the Puritan was not one that could afford standing ground for the very largest souls, we do not expect to find such in one of the smaller enterprises undertaken by the body. It is possible to separate between firmness and genius, between the sterlness supplied by bigotry and the vigour created by deep and intelligent principle. These early settlers did what men of delicate sensations would have shrunk from, and what men of high religious philosophy might not have thought it necessary to do. Another reason why the case has been spoken of in exaggerated terms, are the *consequences* that have flowed from it. It was the beginning of what has turned out remarkable, therefore it has been complicated with all to which it led. The first settlers of New England are not to be mixed up with all that has ensued. They did not foresee what was to supervene. Because their leaders even were persons that left one system of mixed theology to build up another edifice of similar materials, therefore we cannot admit that the grandest acts of mind were concerned in their doings. If this can be said of Cromwell, Milton, Hampden, Bunyan, Baxter, and Owens, it can be alleged with more truth of the Leyden congregation, that supplied the emigrants who sailed in the Mayflower, and of those that joined them from England during the first fifty years. We consider the scene to be a picture that affords features of a remarkable sort, but we do not because it deserves admiration in one way, deem that it merits it in every other.

In surveying the band of pilgrims that made the first landing on these shores, we descry persons that did not shrink from the bleak prospects that confronted them, but let it always be remembered that the ability to endure may as well flow from the absence of feeling as from the presence of peculiar vigour of character or principle. If any anatomist of motives should propose the question, what is the influence of bigotry and what amount of endurance will men submit to when they are taking their stand upon a point that is of little or no importance? If he should raise this in connection with the present subject, we would feel that there could not be a more appropriate and scarcely a more interesting theme. It has long been usual to invest persons that endure privations in a cause nominally sacred, with a prestige of holiness. It would appear as if we had never had discrimination enough to perceive that the spirit of party has no necessary connection with vital piety. We recur then to our original remark, that the enterprise which led to the settlement of New England was remarkable, although not in all the ways in which it has been held to be famous. We regard it with feelings similar to those which we entertain in reference to the invasion of Mexico by Cortes, or that of Peru by Pizarro. Anything that can be alleged in regard to hardihood and firmness, we respond to. We would not be unwilling to affirm the statement that no

enterprise spoken of in history is better deserving of these designations. What, however, we could not assent to, is the notion that the persons embarked in the adventure were a congregation of sages and saints. At no epoch in history could these epithets be properly applied to any considerable body of individuals. While we refuse to be taken captive by the very florid view of the subject, we demur quite as much to the bare and earthly idea, that the author of *Hudibras* would seek to communicate. That too is a fabrication. An enemy hath done this. Here there is *no* allowance made for an ingredient that *was* present. Here it is not admitted that there is any such entity as religion. This report also will be rejected — a medium will be taken. Whilst it is granted that many of the persons in the present case would possess energy and resolution beyond the average, it would be insisted that there was not among them one man of much mind, perhaps not more than one or two who were possessed of real spirituality. Let the name of the Puritan or the Covenanter be mentioned, and we are apt to feel ourselves under the dominion of a spell, that constrains us to refer every action to high motives. We do not consent that even the prime geniuses of the age should be allowed to disabuse us. If Sir Walter Scott, after he has made his country vain of itself and him, venture to lay before it a tolerably fair delincation of the scene exhibited in Scotland, in the days of the covenant, the clamour is loud against him. Because some estimable qualities are assigned to Claverhouse; because while lofty attributes are ascribed to MacBrier and Morton, there is a Habakkuk Mucklewrath whose mind is crazed, a Balfour who is insane and cruel, a laird of Lang-Kail who is greedy and politic, and a Mause Headrigg who is enthusiastic and absurd, because the country is covered with characters various and well contrasted, because indiscriminating praise has not been lavished upon all the Presbyterian heroes, the production in question has been stigmatized as emanating from one who had no sympathy with the struggles of his pious countrymen, and who was at heart the enemy of all religion.

The first century of American annals presents little that can catch the eye of one who surveys them from some little distance. The native who lives on the spot where the events happened, may see before him a long and eventful catalogue. He who contemplates the subject with the microscopic eye with which Bancroft has viewed it, may deem this period to have been fruitful in incidents and eminent characters. The man of tolerable information, and whose forte does not consist in minute acquaintance with history, will be puzzled to mention even one or two names of distinction belonging to the time in question. The infancy of colonies is not commonly the arena of eminent minds. The element *leisure*, which seems so requisite for their development, is possessed by few. The population are principally engrossed with the cultivation of the soil. A few traders and professional persons vary the scene, and yet scarcely ascend into the position of thinkers. The busy existence that

characterised North America from the middle of the seventeenth to the middle of the eighteenth century, was not that which was fitted to produce, to cherish, and to reward great superiority of intelligence. This period had no doubt its list of persons that were considered to be great in their day,—divines who were thought to be lamps of piety and wisdom, lawyers and physicians who were small wonders in the eyes of their cotemporaries. We make no doubt that many such were sufficiently illustrious, and that a grateful posterity has probably shewn its sense of their merits, by connecting their names with streets and squares in Salem, Boston, or New Bedford. We do not question that there are a hundred such that figure in Bancroft's History of New England. He who thinks of the corresponding period in British or French history, finds no difficulty in recalling quite a number of names, that are surrounded by vivid associations. On the contrary, the same person pretending to nothing more than a general acquaintance with American annals, finds himself puzzled to recal a single name. The early story of a country that is of such extent that the increasing population can move farther and farther back into the woodlands, is not literary. There are none of its inhabitants that have the time to sit down and converse with what Socrates would have termed the *demon* within them. Division of labour that in old communities renders so many of the callings compatible with leisure, hardly exists. The doctor cannot bestow much attention upon the philosophy of business, because he has a wide tract of country to roam over, he goes on foot over the greater part of the district as the roads will not allow of a horse, he carries home on his back the reward of his skill : perhaps it is a bag of feathers, a firkin of butter, a skin of leather, or a half hundred weight of tallow. If you visit him at his residence, you find him not conning over a treatise on diseases of the brain, but cobbling his shoes, husking corn, or ingeniously threading apples together, into those festoons that are of such value as stores for winter. The lawyer too is subjected to the same fitful existence. The practice of his profession is inadequate to his support, so that he is compelled to unite it with other avocations. He teaches school, carries on a farm, manages a shop, acts as auctioneer, or possibly does the little milling and grinding that is wanted in a scattered district. The pastors range of reading is not extensive. On Sunday he is valued, according as he can speak from morn to dewy eve to his flock collected from afar. They coming from miles around demand a meal that shall be huge in quantity, whatever the nicely critical might think in reference to its quality. On other days he visits through a district so poorly connected by roads, that a journey of a few miles has the dignity and the events of a pilgrimage. This person visited at his dwelling will be found at the interesting employment of breaking flax, mowing grass, or butchering a pig. If in the evening of a well spent life, his toils will be less severe, he will mend the rakes, feed the cattle, or run candles in a tin mould. The avocations that in old and densely peopled

districts send forth learned, eloquent, and original men, are here so cut up by local difficulties, that they who follow them are in the best instances only equal to the most ordinary practice of principles implicitly received from others. The doctor, lawyer, or minister, of whom we speak, does not harbour the remotest idea that it would be practicable for him to innovate or improve. Arriving at his profession through many difficulties, with little help or counsel, his highest ambition is gratified when he finds that he can understand what has been propounded by admitted authorities. That he, whose youth was spent in handling the hoe and the broad-axe, should reach such a pinnacle of renown as to comprehend the doctrines of Blackstone, of Boerhave, or Calvin, is such an interval crossed, that it satisfies his most eager aspirations. If in these provinces, in a century teeming with inventions calculated to abridge labour; if in times when so many receive at least the elements of instruction; if under such circumstances, few but men of mere routine are produced by the professions, what must have been the case during the first century of North American annals! The period was marked by many conflicts with the savages, in which no doubt as much courage and skill were shewn as stand associated with fights better known in history. There are few occasions that take stronger hold of the feelings than such events, where perhaps the actors on one side are a respectable family, deep in the woods, surprised in the midst of their peaceful avocations, by an inroad of yelling and unmerciful barbarians. There are fearful numbers against them; their assailants are strangers to pity; those of them that escape immediate death will be exposed to ingenious and protracted torture; the combatants are few in number, but the fact that it is unsparing warfare renders the scene very exciting. There were many such events scattered over the period to which we have referred. In another way too there were aspects singularly suggestive. What can be more so than to behold man entering deep into the forest, and superior to the dread of the Indian, the wild beast, and the difficulties of the soil, founding there his little colony, his small empire, each member of which is to find the struggle less arduous? Then and now, North America presented thousands of such situations. He who surveys these, having much feeling, and coming from some centre of refinement, has his sentiments of wonder painfully excited. He cannot comprehend how one can bear to live so far from the haunts of men, how he can support such perpetual intercourse with mere trees, how he can endure such variety of occupation, or how he can consent to carry on so many branches within his own little circle. The *mental* history of this time does not contain much interesting matter, because it is the annals of those who were placed in situations not favourable to close thinking. The *physical* history would be very different; it would abound in situations singularly suited to create and to exhibit fortitude, endurance, and self-reliance. The narrative that told from authentic sources the gradual progress by which these bold

settlers accommodated themselves to new climates and modes of life, would be replete with interest, because it would gratify that common and strong propensity, that causes us to take delight in hearing how men like ourselves have become masters over difficulties that appal us, and that appalled them at the outset.

We say of this period, that it does not abound in names that would adorn a catalogue of intellectual notorieties. To some minute chronicler who would attempt to allege those local celebrities that he had been taught to consider famous — to him when he adduced divines and lawyers of whom we had never heard, we would say, you are under the illusion of the spot, you are caught in the meshes of association, you are taken captive by adventitious matters. It is because the idea was instilled into you when young that these were renowned persons, that you believe in their celebrity now. Their powers cannot have been what you deem them, because they have not been able to float them across to other lands. The fame that will not bear carriage, that refuses to become cosmopolite, may interest the feelings of partial patriots, but will not be accepted by the candid critic. To one who invited us to partake in admiration of the *intellect* of this period, we would reply that we could not sympathise with him, for that we considered that it contained nothing of much eminence, but was all absorbed in local duties and employments. But if he asked us to feel concern in the general history of the colony, shewed us new modes arising congenial to the circumstances, pointed out the methods that the British race borrowed from the red aborigines, let us see how the awkward tools of the old country gradually assumed the fit shape of the present chopping and broad axe, how the tasty succatash and hominy came into use, how Johnie cakes obtained among the settlers, how maple sugar sweetened their repast, how the wilderness and the solitary place turned into the village, how the village enlarged into the town; if he entered minutely into the rural history of the people, and exhibited—

"How jocundly they drove the team afield,  
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke."

If such were the materials of his narrative, we would give it our regards; because we would feel that it took cognisance of one of the most remarkable situations in which a part of the human family has stood in modern times.

The account that relates how a tract of forest land has become a place of farms, hamlets, and cities, is not a narrative of high feats of scholarship and genius. The men who play the part in this rural drama are not of the class that pass their lives over books, and that display prodigious learning and talent. If the society be interspersed with a few professional persons, their avocations are so miscellaneous as to prevent them from giving that exclusive attention to one branch, that is a condition of the progress of science. A doctor who occasionally must walk some miles over fallen trees and through snow two feet deep, in order to reach a patient, is content to take his ideas from others. He

who has to make his own splints from a description that he finds in a magazine ten years old, is not in the way of stepping in advance of his time. The lawyer who to reach the circuit requires to swim a river and mend one or two bridges, who takes his own grain to the mill, and perhaps assists in the manufacture of the homespun trowsers he wears, probably is a broader shouldered specimen of humanity than his 'learned brother' in an older region; he understands the diseases of cattle and grinds his own razor, but to him law is precisely what it is made to his hand. The preacher, who like one in the adjoining province, is to be found nursing his child, and remarking 'this is my twentieth dear,' may have many fine patriarchal qualities; he can bleed a horse and put new tires on his waggon, he can prepare the skins of foxes and make a muff that comforts the hands of his lady wife; but if he can comprehend Calvin's Institutes, that must be a feat of intelligence on his part. It is not to be looked for that he should dare even to think of striking out new opinions. The politician of this primitive society, considering that he is a ship-builder, a miller, or a fisherman, or possibly a tavern-keeper, performs his part well at the assembly of notables; he takes care that as large a fraction as possible of the monies to be granted should fall to the share of his constituents. He knows well what it will cost to construct a new pole bridge over a creek, or to build an oat mill; none could surpass him in telling by the eye how many rods the new post road will be shorter than the old one, or in computing the expense of putting up a salmon weir; but you cannot expect anything from him in the style of Cicero against Catiline, or Chatham's reply to Sir Robert Walpole.

This century has its story, and one that we should love to decypher; but it is the story of what Carlyle would name brave dumb men, who wrote no books, uttered no eloquent harangues, but maintained as stout a contest with appalling difficulties, as has occurred at any point in the annals of our species. Before we come to Jonathan Edwards, we cannot think of a person whose reputation was much more than local. When we reach that divine, we have found one whose ability was equal to that of his European cotemporaries in the same walk. McIntosh in his history of philosophy, speaks of him as one of the acutest thinkers that ever lived. Chalmers was wont to mention him in terms even less measured, and to name him the greatest of created minds. He that could elicit deep admiration from two writers of such admitted talent, could not have been an ordinary person. His was one of the metaphysical minds that have applied themselves to the elucidation of the Calvinistic system. He had not that inventive disposition that could have increased the domain of theology by adding new topics. Neither was he one of those who accepting what had been already ascertained, rendered it more attractive by the ornaments and illustrations which he drew around it. His forte consisted in arguing up to the tenets admitted in his creed. Perhaps the best example



of this is his work on Original Sin, which is a reply to the Arian Taylor. To that numerous class which considers that theology is a science, whose principles have been evolved, the character of Edwards' mind will seem of the highest. Speaking without hyperbole, and we suppose without prejudice, we have in this instance a mind that had a distinct perception of the dogmas that compose the Calvinistic creed, and a talent for putting the truths in vindication of them into logical order. Like most of the older theologians, his exposition is tedious, because of the many subdivisions which he introduces. His treatise on Original Sin is certainly a compact defence of the orthodox view. His history of redemption is succinct and clear. The essay on the freedom of the will abounds in close reasoning, yet we suspect that the praise which is bestowed upon it belongs more properly to the details than to the general theorem. Whatever be the amount of merit that appertains to the order of mind, that by preference deals with high moral questions, draws them out into propositions, frees them of adventitious matters, responds in the most regular order and the most cogent manner to all ideas of a contrary nature, detects a sophism even when it is most cunningly brought in, refuses to be involved in consequences that do not necessarily flow from the premises; whatever be the measure of admiration that can properly be accorded to such a thinker, belongs to Edwards, for probably there has been no one that has done this sort of work better than he. Edwards, precise and stringent as he was, may be regarded as the parent of a system that is not founded on severe analysis. The idea of large multitudes convening at irregular intervals to exhibit or to court the presence of spiritual influence, if not introduced by him was commended by his authority. In his district we behold those *revivals* that attracted so much notice at the time, and became the warrant for much of the same thing in other parts of the world. The professed theory of such events is that religious doctrine after having been sown for a time bursts forth at irregular intervals, and by strong sentimental symptoms glorifies God, and tells of the deep convictions that have been acting on the interior of the nature. Dwight, the son-in-law, we believe, of Edwards, has written in a copious and elegant manner on theological subjects; not so rigorous or so sound as his predecessor, the long approbation bestowed on him shews that he has been regarded as a considerable personage. Speaking from impressions somewhat old, our idea is that he has those clear and popular modes of exposition, that gave such vogue to writers of the class of Blair, Logan and Porteous.

It was at and about the time of the revolution that the genius of America began to show itself with considerable splendour. The affairs of Britain were so weakly managed, that her foes in exulting in victory, seem rather absurdly to forget the real puniness of the assaults against which they prevailed. We pretend *not* to have been carried away by anything that we have read or heard in connection with this topic; our sympathies are on the whole rather with

the republicans than their antagonists, still we cannot concur with all the mock heroics that have been vented in reference to this era. The men who gave character to it were judicious persons, and in one or two instances may be said to have possessed genius. The impression given by the groupe that struggled for independence, and that framed the constitution, is, that they were energetic and reasonable men, who were distinguished more by solid than by brilliant qualities. They have received credit for more than this; they have been estimated as if they were opposed to skilful antagonists. We do not know but that the best commanders which Britain could then afford were sent them, but we are persuaded that there was nothing eminent notwithstanding. Generals who cannot by a rapid glance take in the peculiarities of the ground, and other circumstances, may be brave but cannot be formidable. We do not hear that amongst the British leaders there was one that had the sort of capacity that could allow for the peculiarities of situation, and therefore we consider that they were very ordinary men. Had there been one such character, with sense enough to know the difference between bush-fighting and open warfare, and to take his measures accordingly, there would have been room for exultation in vanquishing such a foe; but to the best of our recollection there was no such person. Tame men of routine, capable of acting according to a few rules already laid down, wholly unable to devise methods for themselves, such we believe were the British leaders. Considering the nature of the country and climate, we imagine that it could scarcely be possible to have put down a revolt in which the majority of the inhabitants participated; as it was, the methods that were actually followed seem to have been as foolish and unsuitable as could have been suggested, by the extreme of military pedantry. We allow to the American leaders great good sense, and when asked to admit more, we own the pedantic stupidity of their antagonists. When we cast the eye over that series of events that led to the declaration of independence, we do not feel as if we surveyed the doings of persons capable of the concentrations of the highest genius. Shrewd sense on the one side, Prussian-like starched stupidity by rule on the other; such is the idea that we form. In the American army we discern a Quintus, Fabius, Constator, but on neither side was there a Hannibal, a Cæsar, a Bonaparte. The present generation have been taught from the days of their primer to hear and say stilted things about Washington. In regard to him and Wellington, we labour under an inability to rise to the normal height of admiration and marvel. There is a similarity between the two commanders, in this degree at least, that they can be described more easily by negative than by positive truths. War being set on foot, they could watch its events, take advantage of circumstances, and by their prudence gain the victory; war being finished, the one could superintend his tobacco plantations, the other spend forty years in attending levees and reviewing single regiments. Neither was cast in that impassioned mould that Byron portrays

so well in the Corsair, and that would have prompted him in the absence of an assailant to develop the qualities of the soldier. There have been persons at different times whose energy and love of action was a passion of so different a sort, that thousands were infected by it. These, starting up ready made, led their cohorts wild or civilised over wide regions, subjugating all whom they encountered. Such were Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar; such were Tamerlane, Mahomet, Charlemagne; such were Charles V., Charles XII., Frederic the Great, and Napoleon. Washington does not belong to this list; he had the energy that could resist, not that which would prompt to assail. If the question, as is very usual, be shifted, and if instead of a matter of *strategy* it be turned into one of *ethics*, if it be very politely and morally asked, is not this last sort of character much more desirable than the other? We bow to the pulpit.

[Conclusion in next number.]

#### CARBONDALE TOWN HALL.

*Ladies and Gentlemen*,—The town hall of Carbondale has been completed, and it is with much pleasure that I rise to give the inaugural address; not that I should feel any repugnance to address you upon any specific subject, but because I think I can point out to you many of the advantages to be derived from the establishment of a Mechanics' Institute in our town, as well as the mode in which you may all, or nearly all, assist in rendering the lectures to be given interesting and instructive to your audiences, as well as improving to yourselves.

We are the nucleus of a society, at present small, but daily increasing; and one which I may compare, to a Republic of the olden time; for we have the Land Agent of the absent Proprietors of the soil representing the Dictator chosen only for a time and for a specific purpose; and in a small way ruling as his own judgment dictates; the minister represents the priesthood, the store keepers we will class as the merchant princes; the doctor must answer for the learned societies for fortunately we have not as yet any lawyers among us; the magistrates and constables will be equivalent to the consuls and their officers; while the labourers and mechanics as they always have, and always will do, must represent, though not the wealthiest, yet the most populous and energetic portions of society.

Now then to come to the main object of the meeting: How are we to get a sufficient number of lectures to keep up the vitality of the society; and upon what subjects shall so small a number of persons of limited resources as well as education be able to prepare discourses, which shall have intrinsic merit in

themselves, as well as the garb of freshness wherewith to fix the attention of an audience.

If you ask a man to give you a lecture, he will perhaps reply like a young lady on being asked to sing : by saying that he has got a cold, or he does not know anything that would be interesting enough, or that had not been told a hundred times.

Now I will tell you how I would treat such people, and their excuses ; by asking them, What is their trade or profession ? and adding that any one can give interest by explaining the details of his branch of business ; and there are but few men, if they will only try, who cannot speak upon any subject with which they are practically acquainted. In illustration let us take the carpenter ; he may if he likes commence with the story of his predecessor in *Æsop's* fables, who went into the woods, asked a tree liberty to cut off one branch to make a handle for his axe, but having got it he took advantage of the misplaced generosity and cut down the whole forest. What a boundless field is open to his research and inquiry as regards the different natures and durabilities of wood, the gradual improvement in the construction of buildings, from the first rude attempt when perpendicular piles were driven into the ground and horizontal poles laid across upon their tips for a roof ; to the magnificent roof (the largest in the world) of Westminster Hall ; where though covering an area of 19,980 feet, there is not a beam in the whole structure. I will not, however, forestall our friend Wilson in his lecture, which I have no doubt will be *plain and level* to the capacity of the youngest apprentice.

Again there is the tailor, how interesting it would be for all to know which is the most economical to wear ; the Homespun of the country, or the Broadcloth of Great Britain ; besides he could shew the increased duration as well as improved appearance of a coat cut upon true geometrical principles, over another which sets like a 'sack upon a pitchfork.' If he has a poetical turn of mind he may take 'Moses and Son' for a *pattern* ; and in flowing verse describe the mysteries of the needle and the goose. Or if his fort lie in the antique, I think he might write a very forcible essay to prove that Joseph's Coat of many colors, was not a patchwork coat, but a true woven Scotch plaid, and I leave it to his own genius to decide which of the clans wears the appropriate colors. Should he wish to refute the calumny that it takes 'nine tailors to make a man,' he may proudly refer to History where it is written how Sir John Hawkwood an apprenticed tailor distinguished himself at the battle of Poitiers ; Thomas Woodman was the first who suggested the idea of abolishing the Slave trade ; John Stow was a celebrated antiquary ; and John Speed ranks high as an Historian.

Having thus *suit'd* the tailor, one naturally turns to the shoemaker though many may think he ought to be kept to the *last* ; as 'ne sutor ultra cupidam' is an old adage. However, he has a wide field before him, and by St. Crispin

ought to make the most of it. If he be inclined to give shoes the precedence of boots, he may quote the Royal Psalmist as an authority for their antiquity: 'Over Edom will I cast out my shoe.' If he favor boots, Homer tells him that Chryses in his pathetic appeal to King Agamemnon and his army to restore his daughter, addresses them thus:—'Ye sons of Athens, and ye other well-booted Greeks.' As in this country both branches of the trade, cobblers and shoemakers, are exercised by the same person, he will no doubt be able to tell you why the cobbler or *mender* takes precedence in all processions of the shoemaker, and bears a boot surmounted by an imperial crown as his coat of arms; if he cannot, at our next meeting I will, should you be curious in the matter. He may describe the square toes, round toes, and pointed toes; the high heels, the low heels, and the high-lows, and their respective merits. Or he might give a lecture on 'Pedology!' Could he not draw conclusions on the character of mankind from the shape of the foot? Contrast the high instep of the Arab maid with the long heel of the negro, or the deformed foot of the Chinese; and who would not at once conclude the *understanding* of each class to be very different? Also, by observing the tempers of his friends and acquaintance, he might learn whether the long foot, the broad foot, or narrow foot, belonged to the best members of society; just as an irritable temper would be represented by a gouty shoe.

Our neighbour, the storekeeper, is not likely to tell the poor man why it is to his advantage to buy sugar in dry weather, and flannel and cloths in wet weather, so I will: it is because the moisture in the atmosphere shrinks the one, and by being absorbed adds to the weight of the other. I have no doubt, however, that he will paint in glowing terms and much to the delight of the female part of his audience, the 'ventum tetilem' of his fabrics suitable for the summer months, as well as the durability and comfort of his blankets and broadcloth, adapted to the cold, searching, but invigorating winds of winter, and many may perhaps think he is trying to 'draw wool over their eyes' when he tells them that it is the same wool only of different degrees of fineness and prepared by a different process that constitutes the articles of such dissimilar properties. Or he may give us his views upon the proper limit (if any) of credit, that ought to be given in carrying on the commercial relations of the mercantile world; for if credit had never been given, commerce could never have existed; or the producer have profitably employed his talents and labor, if the raw material had not in the first instance been trusted to him.

I know it is not considered orthodox to dictate to the ministers what course they should pursue, but I believe it is not unusual to give them a text sometimes, and leave it to their own judgment how they will handle the subject afterwards. I therefore propose that Hebrew Poetry be the subject of one of the lectures out of the many that I hope to hear read by our minister, for as Humbolt so happily expresses: 'It is a characteristic of the poetry of the Hebrews that as

a reflex of monotheism it always embraces the universe in its unity, comprising both terrestrial life and the luminous realms of space. It dwells but rarely on the individuality of phenomena, preferring the contemplation of great masses. The Hebrew poet does not depict nature as a self-dependent object, glorious in its individual beauty, but always as in relation and subjection to a higher spiritual power. Nature is to him a work of creation and order, the living expression of the omnipresence of the divinity in the visible world.' 'It might almost be said that one single psalm (104th) represents the image of the whole world ;' while the Book of Ruth presents us a charming and exquisitely simple picture of nature ; and where can we find the phenomena of nature described with more vigor and grandeur than in the Book of Job? They are subjects that leave a deep impression upon the mind of every one who thinks at all about the matter.

But I must leave the fair and luxuriant fields of poetry, and descend to the level of the earth ; certainly not clothed with the evergreen mantle of the sunny south, yet ever ready to yield an abundant crop to every one who judiciously tills the soil. Here then is matter for numerous essays from our farmers, and how can they be better employed than in recording the facts which they observe as the results of their different modes of culture or qualities of soil. A pint of observation is worth a sack of theory. Why does a garden produce more than a field ? The reason is obvious ; it is better cultivated ! The spade is a more perfect instrument, when properly used, for pulverizing the ground than the plough is ; and the regularity in the plantation of crops with frequent hoeings and freedom from weeds in the garden causes a yield that far excels anything that can be got from a field sowed broadcast, and then left to take care of itself. How interesting it would be, as well as instructive, if each farmer would measure the ground as well as the quantity of the different kinds of grain sowed, the dates of sowing and reaping, and also the yield per acre as well as per bushel. Observations regarding the dryness or wetness of the several months would also be useful for drawing conclusions as to the capabilities of this Province, for becoming a good farming country ; and although the winters are long, much work may be done in them, and the rapidity of vegetation compensates in a great measure for the shortness of the summer season ; and, I believe, that when facts of the above nature have been collected for a few years, that Nova Scotia will be found to yield crops equal to any other part of the world.

The clerk in the counting-house might give an instructive essay upon 'Double Entry,' and the way in which Hudson, the Railroad King, and other interested parties, used to 'cook the accounts,' so as to declare dividends when in fact there were none ; and though he never appeared to have a surfeit, yet the bona fide shareholders were constantly complaining of indigestion ; or from the abuse of arithmetical knowledge he might turn his researches to the spring,

from whose source the comprehensive digits of notation have issued forth, commonly called the Arabic numerals, but which in fact they learned from the Persians who were revenue collectors in India in the ninth century. He might illustrate the system by the Abarus where the indicators, whether horizontally or perpendicularly placed, gradually superseded the use of the group signs. The Romans, though styled the masters of the world, were lamentably deficient in raising up men at all celebrated as mathematicians; their system of using letters or symbols of calculation was quite unenviable for carrying out lengthened calculations. It would be something to exercise the patience of our schoolmasters, as well as their scholars, to multiply MXDCCCLXXVII by MIXCLXXXVIII, using the Roman numerals all through the process; while any child who had been but a very little time at school would be able to give the answer directly by using the Arabic numerals.

Our cyclopean friend the blacksmith, whitesmith, and bell-hanger, has in iron an inexhaustible theme open before him, whether as regarded in its commercial or agricultural importance. Its use has been known from the earliest ages, and though bountifully spread over all parts of the globe, yet nowhere found in a state fit for the manufacturer, but has to be purified in the fire before it can be put to general use. He is, no doubt, acquainted with the texture of iron, and of its various kinds, and though he may not be acquainted with the theory of Fuchs, yet by breaking pieces of different kinds of iron and shewing their fracture through a magnifying glass, he might shew that it is capable of resuming two different crystalline forms, the *teperal* and *rhombohedral*. Malleable iron belongs to the former and cast iron to the latter. Fuchs supposes that the rhombohedral variety predominates in hard steel, and the *teperal* iron approaches closely to cast iron. The two kinds of iron in steel may be regarded in a constant mutual polarity, which is possibly the cause why steel retains imparted magnetism while soft iron does not. With regard to the alteration which malleable iron sustains when exposed to prolonged vibration, percussion, or torsion, causing it to assume a granular fracture, Fuchs supposes that it consists in the passage of the iron from the fibrous crystalline to a granular crystalline state, an alteration in the mode of aggregation, not an essential metamorphosis. When iron passes from the fibrous to the granular state the molecular cohesion is diminished and by the aggregation of the atoms into rounded groups, a heap of distinct particles is produced resembling what mineralogists call granular minerals. The cohesion of the mass is thus to some extent destroyed, and the greater the number and size of these particles the greater is the decrease in tenacity. The original condition of iron thus altered cannot be restored by heating to redness and forging, but only by exposure to a *welding* heat. I have entered the more fully into this classification, as I consider it accounts satisfactorily for the brittleness produced in chains when they have been used for any length of time in hoisting heavy weights by cranes

or drawing coals from deep shafts, and which at the present day are not considered as safe as ropes for such purposes; and also to caution you that the popular idea of merely heating the chain to redness is not sufficient to restore the original degree of tenacity. To shew the unlimited extent to which iron machinery is now carried, we need only refer to Condie's steam-hammer, lately put up for Fulton and Neilson in Glasgow, where the huge mass that falls six feet high and weighs six tons is under perfect control, and then ask the speculative arithmetician, what must be the value of the machinery made in Glasgow annually when Condie's hammer cost £5000 sterling?

The trades of mason and bricklayer are usually united in the same person in this Province, although perfectly distinct in principle; their worthy representative in our community should therefore give us his experience in each branch, and shew whether the American, British, or Nova Scotia made brick is the best adapted to stand the severity of the climate; also, which kind of freestone is easiest worked, keeps its colour best, or resists the most perfectly the action of the weather. But the most important part upon which to impart information is the best mode of making and using mortars, cements, stuccos, and concretes. Mortar does not appear to have been known to the Assyrians or Babylonians, while the Egyptians used it in the construction of the pyramids, and the Romans considered it necessary to keep it for three years in a plastic state under water; and Pliny states that it was owing to this regulation that their buildings were not disfigured by cracks or crevices. Limes are classed as either rich, poor, or hydrate, and I believe there is scarcely any one in this community who knows to which class the lime that he is constantly using belongs. The three methods of slacking lime are either by immersion or maceration, secondly by sprinkling with small quantities of water, and thirdly by allowing the lime to slack spontaneously by absorbing the moisture of the atmosphere. Rich limes will increase four times their bulk in a state of mortar, hydrates not more than two and a half, while poor limes will scarcely increase at all in bulk.

This Province abounds with a great variety of limes and gypsums; how important is it then that it should be known to which of the above classes each kind belongs, for the rich limes will bear a large quantity of sand and gravel to be mixed with them, while the hydrates will bear very little. A mixture of lime and sand made into mortar diminishes as a general rule about three fourths of their collective volumes. Under ground, in the water and damp places less sand should be applied than in the open air, where it is exposed to the changes of the atmosphere. It is often a matter of importance to know the power of resistance of mortars, but as they differ within a very large range, it is not easy to state it precisely; we may, however, safely calculate for all practical purposes upon a resistance of 14 lbs. per inch superficial to a force acting in a direction to tear asunder—an effort of longitudinal traction. Of



42 lbs. to a crushing force, and 54 lbs. per inch superficial to a force tending to make the particles slide upon one another. A common way of comparing the strength of different mortars is to stick bricks one against another on the *side* of a wall, and see how many will be supported by the mortar before it tears apart. Large and expensive buildings and works requiring lime will no doubt be required all along the line of the Halifax and Quebec Railroad, and in which the best materials ought to be used; and persons having limestone on their properties in the supposed vicinity of the railroad, cannot do better than have their limes analysed, for those which are really good will be sure to fetch a good price. This naturally leads me to think of the engineers and other scientific men who will be employed upon that line, and some of whom we may shortly expect to see located in this neighbourhood; and I would suggest that we make them honorary members of our society, and ask them to favor us with lectures upon the different branches of their profession. How interesting it would be to have models of bridges commented upon, and particularly those lately invented, made of 'tubular iron,' and shewing their powers of resisting forces applied either by a crushing or tearing asunder strain. A cylinder of iron is the strongest form into which to employ that metal with the least weight of material; and though nature has shewn it to be so from the earliest ages in the stems of grains, grasses, &c., yet it is only latterly that man has adopted it in the gigantic undertakings of Britain. They might also elucidate the advantage of having moveable axles upon the waggons to enable them to go round curves of small radius in safety, for the generally received opinion that the same object is obtained by having the tires of the wheels of conical form is an error; as may be easily shewn by a carriage having wheels fixed on the axles so that the axles revolve with them, and if at the same time the axles be fixed *square* with the carriage, *such a carriage will be found to be incapable of moving in a curve notwithstanding the inequality of the wheels.*

The Doctor might give us a course of lectures upon 'Health,' which would be of advantage to all, and I trust more particularly interesting to the ladies, as on them devolves the duty of providing for the sustenance of man. 'What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander,' is not true in practice, and all stomachs have not the same digestive powers. The greatest per centage of nourishment is contained in a *nut*, which is almost entirely composed of oil; while a potatoe has eighty-eight parts of wasted matter to twelve of nutriment; yet the latter imparts far more nourishment than the former. The gases hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, would any one of them destroy human life, and even when the two last are mixed in the atmosphere they will not support life in that form. We may mix them in various ways and not be more successful. Carbon combines with oxygen to form carbonic acid, hydrogen combines with nitrogen to form ammonia, and these two compounds unite together to form common smelling salts; but common smelling salts though they con-

tain *all* the organic elements will not serve for human food ; but what is not food for man is nourishment for plants ; and it is from these two bodies that the vegetable kingdom elaborates all the secretions which give to plants elegance of form, beauty of color, deliciousness of perfume, deadliness as poisons and nutritiousness as food. The plant stands between the mineral and animal kingdoms, and without vegetables we could not exist ; there is no instance of an animal living direct upon minerals.

Political Economy is the science which treats of the management and regulations of a nation's resources, and productive property and labor. The results of industry comprise the only subjects that come within the scope of the enquiries of the political economist : this may be therefore said to be the science of *Values*, or of the circumstances which determine the distribution of products possessed of exchangeable value, or which will be received as an equivalent for something else which it has taken some labor to produce or obtain. Some practical illustrations, therefore, from any of the producers or laborers who reside among us, of the means by which they turn their labor to account, or the value they receive for the crops they grow, would be interesting as well as no doubt instructive. Many a workman receiving the same wages as his fellow laborer, but ignorant of *economy* or a proper management of his available funds, wonders how the other lives so much better than himself, and also keeps out of debt. This is the sort of knowledge which would be appreciated here, and I hope the following hints may assist some of you in elucidating the subject. In the first instance you must be particular in distinguishing between the *value in use* and the *value in exchange*. Water and air are good illustrations of the first, they are indispensable for supporting life, but are so bountifully supplied throughout most parts of the world as to be of little *value in exchange*. Gold, on the contrary, is of comparative little utility, but as it is found only in limited quantities, and requires a great deal of *labor* in its production, it is of high *exchangeable value*. Thus labor is the true source of wealth, for as Adam Smith observes, 'labor was the first price, the original purchase money that was paid for all things.' Coal is an object of utility, because it furnishes heat and light ; but this utility being a free gift of nature adds nothing to its value, which is regulated by the labor expended in its production, and the cost of carrying it to the consumers. The enhancement in value of iron from labor is almost incredible ; for instance, £1 worth of cast iron made into shirt buttons becomes worth £5896, and £1 worth of bar iron made into balance springs of watches is worth £50,000 !

A proper division of labor will improve the skill of the laborer, and enable each laborer to become more expert in the particular branch he follows, and consequently enable him to earn more wages. The relative value of a man's labor in different countries must not be judged from the nominal sum he receives, but from its comparative value as regards the purchase of the neces-

saries of life; and as they generally are in a certain ratio one to the other, if we know the price of one we may estimate the price of the rest. Let us take wheat for instance; in the fourteenth century a carpenter got two pence a day while wheat was nine pence per bushel, consequently he could earn a bushel of wheat in four days; in the sixteenth century wages were doubled, they had four pence per diem, but wheat had advanced to two shillings and eight pence per bushel, consequently the man had to work eight days for a bushel of wheat, or in fact only received half as much for his labor, while nominally his wages had been doubled. At the present day a laborer earns about one shilling and six pence, while a bushel of wheat costs six shillings; therefore a common laborer is as well off now as a carpenter was in the fourteenth century. In this Province a laborer gets about three shillings daily, and a bushel of wheat costs six shillings; he therefore earns it by two days labor, and is twice as well off, as regards the necessaries of life, than he would be in England, besides many other advantages which an intelligent and observing man would be able to point out.

The gentlemen who have no particular profession or trade to elucidate, may lecture upon any of the more general subjects of science; take for instance, 'Water a Paradox,' heat it, it expands, and freeze it, it contracts; in the former case heated to 510 degrees an inch of water would have a force equal to 50 atmospheres of 750 lbs., but in the latter case an inch of frozen water has a bursting force equal to 27,000 lbs. It is so easily divisible that a feather may be passed through it without difficulty, and yet it is so incompressible that a cannon ball will rebound from its surface. As weak as water is a common adage, and when left to itself it has no cohesive power to retain any shape, but mix it with limes and many other cements it changes their nature and they become as hard as rock. Water has been defined: a simple molecule of oxygen and hydrogen, whose atomic weight is one, an octahedral dodecahedron. Decompose it into its component parts and its bulk is increased 2000 times; this may be done by electricity, and the gases thus produced give a brilliant flame; but until lately it was considered too dangerous to use them upon a large scale, now it is said that gas made from water is 'un fait accompli,' and the gas so produced does not cost more than three pence per 1000 cubic feet; if so, to set the 'Thames on fire' will not be any longer considered impossible, or the attempted work of a wild visionary; but rather that the waters of our globe are the magazines already charged with the combustibles by which this earth is to be destroyed, and only waiting for the electric stroke of the lightning from heaven to come forth, and cause the destruction of all as foretold by Peter, 3rd chapter of 2nd book and 10th verse.

There are many more trades and professions practised among you, but it would take up too much time to particularise them all, I shall therefore conclude with the schoolmaster, who I hope will be *at home* for many evenings;

and I would suggest to him that he should reverse the usual mode of instruction, which presumes upon the ignorance of the scholars upon every branch of science which is brought before them. When a little boy who has five marbles is playing with another who has six, and can tell upon being asked that they have eleven between them, he will feel pleasure and no doubt be at once able to apply the rule, when told that he has thus practically performed the rule of arithmetic called addition; and if he know that he has one marble less than his playmate, that he has worked out the rule of 'subtraction,' his pleasure will be increased to find that he *knows* two rules; and a desire to know and *apply* more rules will be generated. If they have a mechanical turn of mind they will be interested in learning that when playing at see-saw the log across which their board is placed is the fulcrum and each is alternately the moving power or the weight lifted; and that the heavier boy may be balanced by the lighter one by the latter being at a greater distance proportionably to their respective weights; and so on by familiar illustrations may all the mechanical powers be explained. Girls might be shewn how much they practically know of chemistry by scientifically explaining the changes which take place in cooking, churning, baking, or washing; under the latter head he might explain why the morning's dew, when applied to the skin, improves the complexion; and I doubt not such information would interest older girls than those who 'go round the gooseberry bush so early in the morning.'

The carpenter who opens his two foot rule to seventeen inches between the points, finds that the two sides form a right-angle, or enable him to cut off the end of a board *square*; he may be surprised to learn that he has practically applied the well known proposition of Euclid called the 'Pons Asinorum,' viz: the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the square of the two sides of a right angle triangle,  $17 \times 17 = 289$  and  $12 \times 12 + 12 \times 12 = 288$ , which is near enough for all practical purposes. The military man who uses the multiples of 3, 4, and 5, for placing troops in squares, adopts the same principle.

I must, however, stop my illustrations, and would recommend his reviewing the descriptions of Goble's trigonal water-power; hypotenular windmills, and multipotent propeller to shew our mechanics who are more advanced in scientific knowledge the advances that have been lately made in the laws of propulsion, which have all along existed in the operations of nature.

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## TALES OF OUR VILLAGE.—No. 8.

### CHAPTER V.

THE Royal Engineers were at last ordered to leave Ceylon, but previous to this intimation Major T. had attained the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. He

was beginning to tire of military life and its tedious routine of duty and care, and now contemplated retiring from the service. Government had bestowed on him in common with other officers a large tract of land in Ceylon, but though it was rather a valuable possession the Colonel did not fancy spending the remainder of his life in the East. He was now too far advanced in years to care much for the pleasures and festivities he had so largely indulged in, and like most men of a certain age, began to long for the quiet and comfort of private life. Intelligence had just reached him of his daughter's marriage with a gentleman in London, and the embarkation of his son with his regiment for a distant garrison. His daughter's letter gave an account of a visit she had paid to her mother previous to her marriage, and the information she imparted with regard to her was by no means gratifying to the Colonel or his housekeeper. The letter stated that her health was good, while her mind was tranquil, and though memory was still very imperfect, she took enjoyment in her present life, was fond of reading and the society of those around her, and was by no means an uninteresting companion. Julia had contemplated the idea of removing her mother to her own home, but her husband naturally was averse to such a course, and counselled her remaining where she was until again beneath the protection of Colonel T. Julia's letter warmly recommended her father's retiring from military life and settling in England, when he might try how the experiment succeeded of restoring her mother to domestic life and duties. This advice met with anything but response from Colonel T.; he had no wish to undertake the task again of guardian to the wife he had been so long parted from. Mary Taylor had acquired too great an influence over him to allow him to think of spending the remainder of his life in any society but her own, and he had arrived at that period in a course of error and dissimulation, when every proposition and question on the part of others gave a conscience twinge, and caused him to resort to equivocation as a means of setting the matter at rest. Such was the course he pursued in answer to his daughter's proposal, while his mind was undergoing in common parlance the process of 'making up' as to his future proceedings.

He left Ceylon in command of his regiment, and on his arrival in England decided on retiring from the service. He accordingly disposed of his commission, and was now free to reside where he pleased. He paid his daughter a brief visit, and parried her enquiries as to his future residence with vague and uncertain generalities, not much calculated to impart any definite idea of his proceedings.

After remaining a month or two in London, he yielded to his housekeeper's persuasions and accepted a post he had been offered in Belfast, Ireland; her reasons for inducing him to accept this invitation were that her birthplace was in the suburbs of that city, and she longed to shew her relatives the magnificence she had attained as the wife of a Colonel in the army, for such a dignity

the weak misguided man had promised to bestow upon her in name, at the first place he was not known by person or repute.

Accordingly, on their arrival at Belfast, the *soi-disant* housekeeper was installed into the rights and appurtenances of Mrs. T., and from that hour the Colonel was a lost man—the poor slave of a bold vicious woman, who was determined to keep him in subjection, and rule over his person, possessions, and will. While at Belfast they were visited by persons of the highest respectability, for the Colonel's rank, to say nothing of his urbane and gentlemanly deportment, was of course a passport to the best society. Many marvelled that in choosing a wife he should have taken one so far his inferior in education and refinement, but people soon grow accustomed to such disparities, and after a few days they forgot to wonder. But Colonel T. found that the sum for which he had sold his commission, with the addition of the income derived from his patrimony and his official situation, were insufficient to sustain the extravagance his new wife was importunate to indulge in, and meet the expenses of their increasing family. He looked around to discover a plan whereby he might retrench, and yet meet the requirements of his absolute mistress. While keeping aloof from her poor and ignorant relatives, she was yet determined in her vulgar pride to astonish them by her display of wealth and luxury, consequently no expense was too extravagant, if it only impressed her once familiar though now scorned associates with an idea of her extraordinary magnificence and power.

Matters proceeded in this way for nearly two years, in continuous conflict with the lady's wishes and her means, until the Colonel having received in answer to an application, a grant of a tract of wild land in Nova Scotia, he determined to emigrate with his family, and afar from past and recent associations, spend the remainder of his life in as much ease and quiet comfort as the upbraidings of memory and conscience would allow. But the usurper never could feel herself altogether secure of her place and position, while the rightful occupant was still alive. The recollection of her was a perpetual thorn in the cup of power and enjoyment, and the hardened woman concocted a scheme whereby she might rid herself of this only stumbling block to her security. While the rightful Mrs. T. lived she knew that she would be debarred presentation to any of the Colonel's former friends, as they had positive proof in their possession of his falsehood; while were she once able to prove that his real wife was no more, by virtue of a legal marriage she and her children might associate in consideration of the Colonel's claims with his earliest and best friends. She knew it was because Colonel T. had a personal acquaintance in almost every town in England, that he was compelled to emigrate to America, where he ran little risk of having his imposition discovered and could dwell in comparative safety. But the lady was not willing that this state of suspense should continue, and she determined to end it by a bold stroke of

policy—rather crime. She therefore proposed to the Colonel that as a saving of expense they should remove the long forgotten Katrine from the safe keeping of the asylum, and take her with them to Nova Scotia. Colonel T. was startled and indignant when this proposal was first mentioned to him. Every feeling of his nature rose in array against it. That the woman who had never wilfully offended him by thought or deed, should be placed in the power of one who was usurping her rights and filling her place was indignantly refused by the first manly emotion of his heart. But principle and honour were not long familiar friends of the Colonel, and the next feeling which disputed the adoption of the proposition was a coward shrinking—an unwillingness to meet the upbraiding eye and live beneath the same roof with the wife he had injured and forsaken. He felt as if it was more than he could do, for the conscience which makes ‘cowards of us all’ had left the once brave and daring soldier, a timid vacillating wreck. But his mistress knew her power too well to relinquish her attack at the first refusal, so she returned to it again, until by dint of threats and persuasion she induced him to consent; but when he at last did so it was with a dark foreboding of evil. He felt himself to be in the power of a cruel and vindictive woman, and his native humanity shrank from placing his helpless wife in the same condition. But he stifled as he always did every warning of conscience or experience, and consoling himself with the idea that nothing serious could occur as he would always be near to protect and withstand; he admitted that he saw the propriety of the course his housekeeper had pointed out and made arrangements for the removal of his wife from her peaceful asylum.

They met at last that long parted husband and wife, years had passed over them since they looked upon each other, but time had not brought half the change to the afflicted but serene Katrine, that it had to her how much more unhappy husband. He looked now an old and careworn man, no trace of the joyousness and elasticity for which his youth was so distinguished, nothing but marks traced by the evil touch of bad passions and consequent remorse. But changed as he was, both in the inner spirit, and outward appearance, the true fond heart of Katrine, clouded as it was by the mists of early sorrow, knew him through all and broke forth in rejoicing to see him once again. Even the alienated heart of her husband was melted at her fond expressions and delighted caresses for the moment he longed to shake off the new ties he had formed and in the midst of the friends of his youth by care and affection to brighten and sustain the future life of the woman, whose love for him, no time or change or injury had obliterated. But he soon remembered how impossible now such a design would be, and while he returned his wife’s demonstration of affection, he felt a guilty and a humbled man.

On hearing that she was to reside with him once more, her joy was so excessive that her physician feared for the effect the reaction might have on

her mind, but in a little while the emotion subsided and she appeared so tranquil and happy that the friends she had made in her quiet abode anticipated the best results. Her physician's last advice to Colonel T. as he removed his wife from the asylum which had been a safe shelter to her for a number of years, was to deal very gently with her, not to allow her to witness anything which might awaken painful memories or feelings; to guard her carefully from everything that might grieve or annoy her, and to surround her only with the most cheerful scenes and occupations, until her mind gathered firmness by care and tenderness to meet the duties of life.

Colonel T. promised faithfully to attend to all the counsel urged by the physician, though while he promised he knew he would not fulfil, his first act being to place her in the power of a woman she had always disliked, and whose re-appearance would occasion her great annoyance. She was spared, however, this infliction during the few first days of her re-union with her husband, as he insisted upon his assumed wife remaining in country lodgings while he took Katrine to visit her daughter. They found Julia surrounded with all the luxury that wealth could give and the comfort and enjoyment which affection could bestow. Her mother, without evincing many tokens of recognition, was very happy in her society, and Julia urged her father to forego his intention of proceeding to America and remain with herself and husband. But the Colonel met her plea with various objections, assuring her that the change would be of benefit to her mother, that he was anxious for new scenes and pursuits himself, that his undertaking in the end would prove very advantageous, with a host of other reasons, which at last succeeded in convincing his daughter that his voyage was one of necessity. She was still, however, very anxious as to her mother's health and comfort, and feared that she would not be able to bear the fatigues of the voyage, but would suffer from a want of competent attendance. When the Colonel informed her that her old nurse, Mary Taylor, was to be her attendant, his daughter's anxiety was removed, as all her recollections of that faithful servant, as she styled her, were grateful and pleasant; she felt her mother could not be in better hands, and only regretted that her father had not brought her to London, that she might have had an opportunity of seeing again one from whom she had received so much kindness in her West Indian home.

Matters were thus smoothed over and made plain to all who took any interest in Colonel T.'s proceedings. Old friends crowded around him, and kind faces smiled out welcome and interest wherever he moved, so that for a few days he experienced all the charm of friendly companionship, unblighted by the rude voice that had intimidated him for so many years. Katrine, in the society of her husband and daughter, improved in cheerfulness and rationality daily, and while the Colonel repined in secret over the apparent improvement, his friends were continually congratulating him on it, thus adding another thorn to the already unbearable stings of conscience.



The furlough, however, was now at an end, for the would-be Mrs. T. in her country lodgings grew impatient at the Colonel's prolonged absence, and the post brought daily letters urging his immediate return, and the propriety of embarking for their North American home as speedily as possible. She bore for a few days the pleas and excuses with which her remonstrances were met, but at last her tyrannical spirit could brook the delay no longer, for with the suspicion which conscious unworthiness ever entertains, she feared the influence his friends might exert on his mind, so one evening her letter informed him that unless she heard of his immediate return on the following day, she should seek him at his daughter's in London, and ascertain the cause of his delay in person. This intimation acted like a spur upon the timid soul of the Colonel, and tidings were despatched by the morrow's mail that he would be with her on the succeeding day. Matters were accordingly arranged for their immediate departure, despite the remonstrances and entreaties of Julia, who so long separated from her parents was now most unwilling to relinquish their society, after so brief an enjoyment of it. But her father represented the case as urgent, stating that he had heard of a ship in Liverpool that was to sail for Nova Scotia in a few days, and as it offered every facility for conveying himself and family to their destined home, he must proceed immediately to that city to make arrangements for his passage.

Julia bade farewell to her parents with saddened feelings, she had never approved of her father's determination to emigrate to America; she feared, accustomed as he had been to society, that the change would prove a dreary one, while she felt confident that in his native land, with his children and among his early friends, he would be better able to find the repose and quiet he professed himself in need of, while she was sure it was the only place in which her mother's health would be materially benefitted. She expressed to her father the dread she felt in the contemplation of bad tidings from them in their distant home, but the Colonel smiled at her fears, and told her he would send for her yet to visit him in his wigwam, in the wild land of which she had such a horror. His gaiety served to reassure her, but she parted from them tearfully, and begged her father as she embraced him for the last time, to guard over and protect from every trial her poor mother, who clung to him so fondly, careless of every other friend. He promised to be everything that husband and friend could be, and so at last they parted, never again to meet in this world of sin and separation.

Mrs. Taylor received the Colonel with more of scolding than caressing, which he found rather hard to brook after his late companionship with affectionate and refined friends, but she soon tamed him to his usual submission, and after a sufficient number of excuses and apologies, she submitted to a reconciliation and condescended to be mollified. Her next act was to enquire after 'that mad thing,' as she styled poor Katrine, and signified her intention of proceed-

ing to look after her. Colonel T. endeavoured to prevent their meeting as long as possible, but at last it was inevitable. He was startled to see the shuddering and loathing expressed by Katrine when Mary Taylor was first admitted to her presence. With that instinctive abhorrence which makes even a child turn from an enemy, she shrank from her approach, clinging to the Colonel and beseeching him to send that woman away. Nor could all the persuasion of her husband reconcile her to the fact that she was to be her nurse and attendant. 'Oh send her away, send her away,' was all the response he received from the shuddering and unhappy woman, who recoiled from the touch of Mrs. Taylor as she would have done from that of a serpent. Her presence had such an effect upon the weakened and unsteady mind of his wife, that Colonel T. had to put an end to the interview by counselling his housekeeper to leave the room, while he remained to quiet and soothe into compliance the feelings of the injured Katrine. But this was a course that could only be allowed once by the tyrannical despot. She informed the Colonel in private that such means would not answer—that she must be reconciled to her presence, and when he urged in objection that the physicians had strictly forbidden anything like annoyance or distress, as most injurious to Katrine in her present state of mind, she succeded at their opinion, and told him if he was going to yield to every whim of a deranged woman, he had better have left her with those who were willing to indulge her in them. For the first time Colonel T. met her with her own weapons, and giving way to the violence of his temper informed her in plain terms that he would not be dictated to in the matter, that his wife should have free liberty of action, and that if she would not yield obedience to his wishes he should dismiss her from his protection. It was then he discovered that a woman has even worse weapons than her tongue, and that the hand which caresses can give battle on occasion. The result of the recontre was a number of marks upon his physiognomy which spoke strongly of *nails*. He was worsted in the war of blows as well as of words, and the lady came off as usual, the conqueror.

Poor Katrine was therefore doomed. Mary Taylor was her constant attendant, and much as she might shrink from her presence, it was inflicted on her daily and hourly, until from the perpetual discomfort and trial it occasioned, her mind relapsed into its former imbecility, and in a few days her answers were as incoherent and her tones and expressions as sad as when at first placed beneath the influence of her oppressor.

The Colonel had been subdued into submission, and his mistress saw now a firm continuance of her power. Matters progressed as she wished, and in obedience to her request Colonel T. proceeded at once to Liverpool, to wait the departure of a ship for Nova Scotia. While there, intelligence arrived of the alarming illness of his daughter, with an urgent request for his immediate presence in London. It was some time before Mary Taylor would consent to

his return, but nature was strong in the father's heart, and she saw that longer opposition at such a time would be fruitless. He accordingly, committing Katrine to her care and attendance, started for London, but only arrived in time to behold the lifeless form of his daughter. She had died the day previous to his coming, and lay in her narrow coffin with her tiny infant by her side. Her distracted husband wrung her father's hand in silence, and they mingled their tears over her silent form. Poor Julia! in her sad forebodings when she parted with her parents, she dreamed not that a termination would so soon be put to her own happy life. In the full enjoyment of everything that makes existence joyous, she had laid it down in the spring-time of her life, leaving a bright home darkened and fond hearts desolate. Her husband was inconsolable at so unlooked for a sorrow, and Colonel T. had no words of consolation to bestow, for the dead face of his daughter looked up at him with unceasing power, and the remorse of conscience haunted him as he looked upon the pale peaceful countenance of her he had deceived by false promises and hollow protestations. He thought of all she had counselled and urged with regard to her mother, and of how wantonly he had deceived her, and as he thought of that unhappy mother in the power of a coarse cruel woman, he turned away from the resting place of his innocent child and wept tears which none but the guilty can weep. He remained in London until the last sad offices were performed for his daughter, and then with a heavy heart retraced his steps and sought once more the woman who had been to him the stumbling block in life. And as he asked himself what was there in her character that should make him renounce the claims of truth and honour and link himself to her, while reason could not adduce a single argument, the weak mind of the conquered man shrank from investigating the subject further, and he returned alienated from her in a measure in feeling, but kind and conciliating as ever. Katrine shewed little joy at his coming, and less sorrow as he told her of her daughter's death; human feelings seemed again forgotten, and as she grew less and less companionable and sane, Colonel T. ceased to regret having placed her under the guardianship of his mistress, though conscience spoke at times, he found in her increasing imbecility a plea for his conduct.

A passage being secured in a ship bound for Nova Scotia, the Colonel with his two wives and two children embarked for their new land of promise. The passage was tedious and stormy, and either the sea did not agree with the mental placidity of Colonel T. and the *soi-disant* Mrs. Taylor or other matters interfered to mar their harmony, but their quarrels were loud and frequent during the passage, so much so as to make the Captain of the vessel regret having taken them on board. The sailors drew back in alarm at the mournful expressions, spoken in a foreign language—by the deranged lady, while the frequent outbreaks on the part of the Colonel and his reputed wife,

annoyed the Captain and the other passengers in no small degree. They quarrelled on every point, their children, their deranged aunt (for such was the title they conferred on the deposed Katrine) all were causes of dissension and bickering. To such an extent did this warfare arrive, that the other inmates of the ship at last were induced to believe that they both were addicted to intemperance and while under such influence gave way to those outbreaks of temper which alarmed and annoyed all who came in collision with them. Such, in reality, was to some extent the case; sorrow and remorse had weakened the Colonel's mind, and to escape from their tormenting upbraidings, he resorted to wine as a solace in his extremity. On board ship, life was irksome to him, he disliked the sea, and the want of companions and books, of which he had omitted to bring a supply, made him more prone to drown the voice of memory, which would make itself heard in solitude. Thus while not an intemperate man, he indulged at this time so far as to forget the courtesy and caution which ever marks the gentleman, and when assailed by Mary Taylor (who with a growing love for strong drinks often mixed a potation for herself) he was not very choice in the language with which he answered her attacks, and by this means adding provocation to her already violent temper, the contest was prolonged, and often ended in blows on her part, which on the next day made the Colonel but a sorry object to beholders. Such was the manner in which they passed their time during their tedious passage, and when at last they landed in Halifax, it was no less to their own relief than to the thankfulness of the other passengers, who fervently hoped they might never make another voyage with such stormy companions.

Once fairly landed in the country which had been the goal of the Colonel's thoughts for so long a period, his first object was to procure lodgings for his family and then to set out for the interior, to explore the locality of the tract of land which had been apportioned to him by government.

Their stay, however, was prolonged in Halifax beyond the time contemplated, and during the interval a little girl, born to them since their return to England and which Mary Taylor to gratify the Colonel had called Julia in remembrance of his lost daughter, sickened and died. Hardened and cruel as she was even to her children, she had still warm and passionate feeling and her lamentation for her child was violent in the extreme. Colonel T. who had learned to love little children, was also much grieved, and in the indulgence of a mutual sorrow, his feelings again softened towards the woman he had chosen as his companion, and Katrine was forgotten.

Mary Taylor decided to accompany him in his journey, so leaving Katrine at the hotel under the guardianship of a servant they had brought with them, they set out together to investigate the merits of their unknown property. On arriving at its location, they discovered to their chagrin that it was a lot of wilderness land, far removed from any habitation, and consequently not a place that would be chosen as a residence, as it would require large means and

much labor before a house could be erected, or the situation made suitable for a habitation. They were consequently forced to return to Halifax, and consider what should be the next step in their proceedings. The Colonel was perfectly nonplussed and had a half confused idea of returning immediately to England, but Mrs. T. was determined to remain in Nova Scotia, it was the land in which she had resolved to rid herself of the drawback to her future dignity, where she felt she would reign undisturbed by any feeling of the Colonel's which might be awakened by a rencontre with his former friends. He had indeed told her that in the far woods of America no one could possibly recognise or annoy him. But here the Colonel reckoned without his host. For an officer who wished to live retired and unknown, to come to a garrison town was the height of absurdity. He had only been a few days in the city when two of his brother officers who had known him intimately both in the West and East Indies called upon him, enquiring for Mrs. T., and asking permission for their wives to call upon her. Here was a dilemma for one who had everything to conceal, and who dreaded exposure so much as Colonel T. In the confusion of the moment, he stammered out an excuse for his wife, informing them that she was unable to see company, that her mind was in the same state as when they had last seen her, and consequently that she must be kept very quiet. The gentlemen left perfectly satisfied of the truth of his assertion, as they had no reason to doubt his word, but his answers on this occasion rose up against him at a subsequent day, accusers of no insignificant importance.

His first thought now was to escape from Halifax, and hearing of a vacant farm in the vicinity of *Our Village*, after a short preliminary negotiation, he concluded the purchase, and in a few days moved his establishment to the place. It was a fair and retired spot, suitable for the residence of innocence and festivity, embowered by old green woods, while in the front laughed out a lake of sunny beauty, in which the bright lilies revelled in the glad summer time. Hither came the man who had wasted life in selfish pursuits and false pleasures, bringing with him a woman destitute of principle and kindness as his absolute mistress, and installing her in authority over the gentle and unhappy being whom he had made his wife in earlier and brighter years, and whom he had so injured and betrayed.

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## THE MATCH-MAKERS MATCHED.

A COMEDY.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—An open place in a grove, skirting a garden wall, in which is a small gate.  
Time: twilight.

*Enter Speedwell.*

SPEEDWELL.—This must be the place—the grove behind the garden. What

a sweet place for the whisperings of love—for the sweet commune of hearts so devoted to each other as my Laura's and my own! Now, my anxieties will be soothed, and, I trust, forever.

*Enter Laura.*

Ah, my angel! ever true—ever faithful.

LAURA.—My own Harry! (*Throws herself into his arms.*) How long have I been scheming, how impatiently have I waited, for this interview! Oh, do not blame me—but I know you will not—for the coldness I have lately shewn towards you. You do not know how I have been situated.

SP.—Blame you? Never, for a moment, has such an idea crossed my mind. (*Leading her to a rustic seat.*) I have felt that reserve—Heaven only can tell how deeply; yet I knew it was not real. I have judged your heart by my own, and, with that test, I could never, for one moment, doubt your constancy. But my Laura has been unhappy. Tell me all. I am already aware that there are obstacles to our union—that I learned from your cousin, this morning; but of the nature of those obstacles I know nothing.

L.—Has Mrs. Younghusband then spoken to you of this in confidence?

SP.—She has; but for reasons which she refused to give, and which I could not guess, refrained from entering into particulars.

L.—Poor, unfortunate Mary! She had indeed good reasons for not being more particular. It is her own mother's whims which form such a barrier to our union; and she herself is a victim of that same caprice.

MR. SP.—That explains it. I have been in utter amazement, ever since I saw your cousin, at the idea of Younghusband's having such a wife. Heavens, what a mother must Mrs. Younghusband be, to sacrifice her daughter thus, by forcing her into such a union!

L.—My aunt does not force marriages. At least, she herself would repel such an accusation with scorn. She heartily despises the tactics of all ordinary match-makers.—So far, I can perfectly agree with her. She pretends to have reduced match-making to a science; and considers that, as an art, she has worked it up to a point of perfection far beyond the reach of any of her contemporaries. In short, she has set herself up as a sort of female Napoleon in the tactics of this gentle warfare.

SP.—And pray, what are the fundamental principles of this new science which your aunt has unfolded to the world?

L.—Oh, according to her theory, no young couple can be found who have not some feelings and tastes in common; or rather, both must have some qualities which tend to draw them together—somewhat on the principle of the doctrine of affinities, as I have heard it explained in some lectures on chemistry. Her tactics consist in drawing out by conversation, or any other means, manifestations of these qualities, and in placing her subjects in such situations as will naturally call them into prominent view, in order to make a mutual im-

pression. The low, contemptible artifices which she employs for this purpose, are, to a person who can see through her schemes, both extremely ludicrous and utterly disgusting.

SP.—And do you suppose that a person who can be led away by such vagaries as these, is capable of following up a firm resolve? May I not, possibly, have sufficient tact to overcome, in time, your aunt's antipathy, and obtain her consent to our union?

L.—Ah, my dear Speedwell, do not attempt it. You know not whom you would have to deal with. She has no antipathy to you; neither are you in her good graces. She does not suspect our attachment; she has no designs in which you are to act a part; consequently, you are nothing in her estimation.

SP.—Very flattering to my vanity, certainly.

L.—Although my aunt has no other motives for her designs than mere caprice, I am convinced that she will never be persuaded to alter her determination. That would be confessing that she had erred in her judgment, forsooth, that she did not know, from the beginning, the husband whom nature had intended for me. Oh no, everything favours my union with Captain Dashley. She can see nothing between Laura Medwin and the grave, except Captain Dashley's wife. I can assure you, I have been a most rebellious subject. I have openly ridiculed her schemes. I have scarcely treated her dear Captain, as she calls him, with ordinary civility; yet my obstinacy, forsooth, only seems to add strength to her perseverance. I have been not a little amused at this petty warfare; yet it annoys me—sometimes absolutely tortures me, for I see no prospect of a speedy termination.

SP.—What, none? Can my own Laura suppose, for a moment, that I will allow her to remain any longer under such a system of persecution?

L.—But how prevent it? Ah, cruel fortune!

SP.—The Goddess favours us. We need wait no longer for the tardy proceeds of my professional labours. An unexpected legacy has lately come to my aid—one sufficient to secure us, for a time, a moderate competence.

L.—Is it possible? Oh, Speedwell!

SP.—Yes, and you shall be mine. I will demand your hand as my right.

L.—Never, never! Mr. Topton is my guardian. I do not know the extent of that power; but it would be made a sufficient excuse for subjecting me to every species of persecution. And although my aunt's schemes are whimsical and ludicrous enough, I would not dare take such a step in open defiance of her authority. I know we should be thwarted, and Heaven only knows what her cruel determination might then lead to.

SP.—There is but one other recourse.

L.—That is—

SP.—An elopement.

L.—And yet I loathe the idea even of that. The notoriety of such a step. To be pointed out as the very romantic young lady who eloped, &c.

SP.—What! Can my own Laura—my future wife—be turned by the frowns or the sneers of the world from a course which her own conscience does not forbid? Ah, think again. The atmosphere of this place surely cannot have changed you so much—our thoughts—our feelings, still are one.

L.—Changed? Never can I change in anything towards you. I regret that circumstances render such a step necessary. To be romantic, has become the affectation of half the brainless young misses in the country; an elopement, the very pinnacle of their wishes. One of these romantic ladies will mope, talk of melancholy, quote from garbled addresses to the moon, until she imagines herself in love, and imagines all the world opposed to her wishes. She then elopes with a fool who wears no cravat, and repents of it all the rest of her life.

SP.—And do you fear, then, this consequence—

L.—Ah, you smile at my silly sensitiveness. True, it is very foolish. I will not be influenced by the opinion of any—no, none but you, and my own conscience.

SP.—And may your own conscience and your husband's will never clash! That is the most sincere prayer of my soul; for well I know, that in the intensity of that prayer, lies the grand secret of real, lasting, connubial happiness.

L.—Happiness! Heaven grant that our fond hopes may not be crushed!

SP.—Oh, they shall not be. I have come here now to receive your hand. I cannot—will not return until you are my wife. We will not look at the dark side of the picture. Let us believe—let us determine, that all shall be as we wish.

L.—It shall be so. (*A rustling among the leaves.*) Heavens! There is some person coming this way. I dare not stay a moment longer. I shall certainly be missed—my aunt is on the alert. Good night. We shall soon meet here again.

SP.—Good night, my angel. (*Exit Laura by the gate.*) Ah yes, this will, henceforth, be to me a sacred spot. But I trust, there will soon be an end to these stolen interviews. Yes, Laura, angel, you will soon be mine—mine alone. (*Exit.*)

*Enter Nero.*

NERO.—Ha! Some blasphemy going on here. I don't deprove of these improprieties. No, I don't approve of them at all. (*Walking up and down and gesticulating violently.*) I don't believe in these things. I won't believe in nobody, that's the fact of it. The world's a mass of rottenness and improprieties. And what's the reason of all this, eh? Just prejudice against colour. Nothing else. The arts and sciences all going to the devil—just for that account. The prejudice of that Missa Topton is—is—oh Lord! May be that's him now. (*Conceals himself among the foliage.*)



*Enter Dennis and Jemima.*

DENNIS.—Och, that baste of a branch! Did it switch yer purty face? Divil take the hard heart of that same—sure, darlint, let me kiss the spot that's hurt.

JEMIMA.—La, now, Mr. Dennis, don't. (*Dennis kisses her.*) Quit! You shall not. There now, you didn't kiss the place, after all.

D.—Be me sowl, thin, but yer lips looked so purty and so swate, I could'n't get past thim. I'll thry agin.

J.—Indeed you shall not. (*Bursting away.*)

D.—Ah now, is it goin' ye are? When 'll I see yer swate person agin? Divil a smile 'll iver crass my face till that time.

J.—There, now—I just expeet nothing else but your making fun of me. You men are so deceitful.

D.—Makin' fun o' yes? Decateful? Oh, holy mother! An' didn't yer two eyes go right through my heart, afore I was awaur, the first time I ever saw yes? An' has'nt the poor sowl been conshumed out o' me body iver since? An' is'nt it meself that cud have been married last winter—aye, afore iver I saw the face o' yes—to the widdy Ryan, up the lakes, that hes tin milch cows and a bull, besides lots o' bed and heddin'—an' it is for yes to say that I'm makin' foon o' yes afther all that? Decateful, is it? *Ma conscience!* Sure, wud yes be wantin' a poor man to go an' dhrown himself; an' all for to demonstrhate that he 's ready to die for yes?

J.—Lord a merey! Mr. Dennis, how you talk! I didn't mean that. I didn't say that you was deceitful. Merey on me!—No, I never thought of such a thing.

D.—Arrah, jewel, that's yer own self agin. Ah, that's the sweet music. (*Kissing her.*)

J.—Now, do quit! There—I can't stay a moment longer.

D.—Och, but this partin' 's dhridful! An' sure thin, honey, ye won't let me go across the garden with yes?

J.—Mercy on us! No—somebody might—

D.—Ah, thin, when I make yes Misses Dinnis O'Flaherty, it's ourselves 'll be walkin' together in our little praty patch joost as often as we plase. Oh, stop a moment if ye plase, my jewel. I have a bit of a lethier here—wud yes joost give till the young leddy within? (*Searches his pocket.*) The big divil fly away with the villian of a tailor that made this throwser! Aye, faix it's gone. There 's a great hole I might lose my fisht through, if I'd put it in. Niver mind, dear—good night.

J.—Good night, Mister Dennis. (*Exit.*)

D.—Blast the ould throwser, an' the neygar to boot. What 'll I do now? Faix, I can't conceayve. I don't like to be withoulding the swate young lady from her rights. (*Exit.*)

N.—(*Advancing.*) Ha! more improprieties. Yes, she'll let that ignorant Irishman kiss her; but, lord! she'll hardly speak to me. This comes o' prejudice against colour. Yes, that 'trocious wretch knows no more of the arts and sciences than my hat—and call me neyger too, eh? Oh, the regratitude of this world to men of letters is—is—past all condurance. But there's a dreadful day of reckonin' comin'! (*Exit.*)

SCENE II.—*A room at Mr. Topton's.*

*Enter Mrs. Silkie.*

MRS. SILKIE.—Well, I must say Mrs. Meddlesome has stumbled upon a fortunate idea, in my case. Oh, if the attractions of his fortune are only equal to those of his person! What a noble bearing! Ha! What a conquest! My return to town will be a triumph. He is mine, that is certain. Ha, ha, Mrs. Topton, talk to me of address! I am not to be taught by her in such matters. A show of confidence—that is the thing to take with these men. But that little flood of tears did the business for him. Ha, nothing melts your romantic youth like a tear. I am much obliged to Mrs. Topton for informing me of his *penchant* for the romantic.

*Enter Mrs. Topton.*

Oh, Mrs. Topton, I must give you my warmest thanks for remembering my widowhood, and for your superior judgment in the selection of one to fill up the void in my heart—but oh, there is so much disinterested kindness in your nature, and your insight into human character is always so keen!

MRS. TOPTON.—Ha, you have seen him then? Yes, I flattered myself I could not err in finding a match to suit any person of sense. If my poor niece could only see as well what is for her own interest. Very romantic, is he not? Just your own temperament—so passionate—so imaginative—so open and candid.

MRS. S.—Ah, is he? I had despaired of meeting such a one in this chilly northern clime. Heigho! I should have been born under a more sunny sky than this. But tell me: is he wealthy? What are his circumstances? Not that I could be influenced by any such sordid considerations; but I always think one ought not to make objection to a husband on account of his riches.

MRS. T.—Rich? Immensely so. His father was a very wealthy man, and died a few years since, leaving him an only sc. He is heir to all the old gentleman's property.

MRS. S.—Indeed? Ha! I shall be able, next winter, to repay Mrs. Highfier's slight, with interest. We shall see whose parties will be most sought after.

MRS. T.—Next winter? So soon? I thought you were averse to anything further, at present, than securing the prize.

Mrs. S.—Next winter, did I say? Yes—oh, yes—next winter—why not? You do not know, my dear friend, how desolate the world appears to one who, like myself, is alone in the midst of its bustle. Ah, you have never felt that loneliness—and besides men are so faithless. I put no trust in these long engagements. Do you think he will keep a carriage? Are his habits expensive?

Mrs. T.—Oh, you can make him do anything.

*Enter Mr. Topton.*

Oh, Mr. Topton, congratulate us—we may expect to have a wedding soon. Julia and Mr. Greenish.

Mrs. S.—Mr. Greenish?

Mr. T.—Yes, so I understand. Don't blush so, child.

Mrs. S.—Mr. Greenish?

Mrs. T.—Oh, never mind Mr. Topton, my dear.

Mrs. S.—I fear there is some mistake. Is not Mr. Speedwell the person who—

Mr. T.—How? What's this?

Mrs. T.—Speedwell? The young man whom I left you with, this morning? Merciful Heavens, no!

Mrs. S.—Merciful Heavens, I say. Greenish! Oh Lord, I shall faint.

Mr. T.—Mrs. Topton, is it possible you were not aware of this before?

Mrs. T.—I aware of it? What do you mean, sir?

Mr. T.—I meant to ask if you were so short-sighted, as not to have seen this before. That was the nature of my interrogatory. I tell you, woman, that I saw it in her countenance as soon as I entered the room. I took cognizance of it at once.

Mrs. T.—I short-sighted! You saw it! How ridiculous!

Mr. T.—Madam?

Mrs. T.—Well?

Mr. T.—Pshaw! I shall take my own course. (*Retiring.*) Dictate to me? I would like to see the person who would have the hardihood to do it. Where is that dark villain—that abortion of nature?—Nero! (*Exit calling.*)

Mrs. T.—And now, Julia, I trust you have not been led, by this unfortunate mistake, to give that fellow, Speedwell, any encouragement.

Mrs. S.—Fellow Speedwell! Heavens, you do not pretend to compare him with that poor, whimpering spoon, Greenish?

Mrs. T.—Such epithets applied to Mr. Greenish?

Mrs. S.—Oh, I have seen him. Laura and I, in our walk, this afternoon, encountered the creature sighing, on the skirts of a grove, over a dead robin; and we were bored with his awkward attentions, his idiotic raptures, and his doggrel poetry, until our return home. He is your romantic, sentimental youth! His sentimentalism is quite too excessive for my fancy.

Mrs. T.—Mrs. Silkie, this from you? Oh, the ingratitude of this world! Were you young and inexperienced, as my niece, I should think it advisable to use a little address; but, as it is, I think it my duty to speak out candidly. The idea of rejecting a young gentleman of Mr. Greenish's standing—so amiable—so wealthy—to say nothing of the gross insult to my better judgment. And who is his rival, pray? Speedwell! Why the fellow, for aught I know to the contrary, may be as poor as a church mouse.

Mrs. S.—Pardon my haste, dear Mrs. Topton—do, I beg. I must of course yield to your better judgment; but do you not think, on reviewing the case, that Mr. Speedwell would be a more eligible match? Perhaps he is not so poor as you suppose. But even if he were, I would not make that an objection. I received the addresses of my former husband, on account of his supposed wealth. He married me for mine. We were both deceived, and you know some of the results.

Mrs. T.—Julia, are you seeking occasion to insult me? Have I brought an adder into my house—

Mrs. S.—Again, I beg that you will pardon me. Say not another word. I trust my fate wholly to your hands. I have every confidence in your judgment.

Mrs. T.—I commend your discretion. Yes, you may put every confidence in me. I flatter myself that, with a little clever manœuvring on my part, all may be well yet. If I thought that young man had been led to entertain any hopes, I would certainly forbid him the house immediately.

Mrs. S.—Oh, do not, I beg. The notoriety of such a step. You may be sure I did not give him any reason to hope. He could see my widow's weeds too.

Mrs. T.—Well, I will not do so, trusting to your prudence in future. And now I trust you will exert yourself to erase any false impressions you may have made on Mr. Greenish's mind—dear young man!

Mrs. S.—Oh, I will certainly do so.

Mrs. T.—Very well; you have only to use a little address. And now, my dear, I must bid you good night.

Mrs. S.—Good night. (*Exit Mrs. Topton.*) How very patronising! Ha, ha! use a little address indeed? I certainly shall. What if he is not very wealthy! Faugh! That poor ninny Greenish. Oh, Speedwell! He is mine—there is already a little secret between us. What an enviable faculty it is to be able to shed tears just to suit the occasion. I don't believe that he is poor. What a figure we shall cut in a ball-room! Yes, Mrs. Topton, your dear Julia will save you the trouble of arranging this little affair. (*Exit.*)

SCENE III.—*Laura's Dressing Room.*

*Laura, Solus.*

LAURA.—Oh, the degradation of living in such a state! To have any human being suppose that I can be moved as a mere automaton!—to have a

price set upon me, like a lapdog—to be put into the market, like a horse, for a jockeying dame to speculate upon! But no, my aunt's conduct is even less pardonable. Were she openly to offer me for sale, like a Turkish slave, I might find some excuse for the act in an uncontrollable cupidity; but to be disposed of to a tawdry, flaunting, brainless fop, without one quality to recommend him to any person—unless, indeed, impudence is a virtue—is downright, wanton cruelty. And yet she will think,—and smile too so self-complacently at the thought—that I can be led to receive favourably the addresses of this swaggering ape. It is an insult to every better feeling of my nature, to every principle of common sense—it would be an insult to me if I were an idiot. And—what is worse than all—I must use dissimulation to free myself from her snares. I must pretend to favour the suit of my aunt, on behalf of this thing in whiskers.

*Enter Jemima.*

Oh, my Speedwell!

JEMIMA.—Mr. Speedwell? Yes, it is from him. (*Searching her pocket.*)

L.—What is it, Jemima? What do you mean?

J.—The letter that Mr. Dennis gave me. Oh, dear me! I forgot—he did not give it to me after all—he said it was lost. It was very strange in Mr. Dennis too; he appears to be quite an affable, sociable, talkative sort of a young man, does Mr. Dennis.

L.—Dennis? Oh, that is Mr. Speedwell's servant. I am afraid, Jemima that Mr. Dennis, has lost his heart, as well as the letter.

J.—Oh, Luddy soul now, how you do talk! I am sure I never thought of the like.

L.—Ha, ha! Why, Jemima, I was not speaking of the nature of your thoughts; but I will now dare to say, judging from present appearances, that you soon must think of the like.

J.—Oh, mercy on me!

L.—Well, never mind that now. I want to speak a few words to you of other matters. I have always found you pretty faithful to me, Jemima—I wish to trust you a little further. I will be plain with you at once. My aunt wants me to marry Captain Dashley; but I wish Mr. Speedwell to be my husband. As the easiest way of evading Mrs. Topton's schemes, we are going to clope.

J.—Oh! Goodness—mercy! Slope with Mr. Speedwell?

L.—Yes, and as it cannot be done very well without your knowledge, I trust you will keep our secret, and, if necessary, assist us.

J.—Deary me, yes. That Captain is such a brute of a man! What do you think? Now it's too bad to tell—the ugly monster tried to kiss me, the other day. Mercy! Just think of it. I'm sure if Mr. Dennis know'd—

L.—Well?

J.—He'd—he'd never do the like. And Mr. Speedwell is such a nice, handsome man! La, Miss Medwin, could'nt you take me with you? I should like to go so much—if Mr. Dennis was'nt living with him. But then people might make a talk.

L.—Very well, Jemima, I think you will be able, in time to overcome that scruple. If I succeed in my plans, I do not think it at all probable that you will be suffered to remain here. If you wish, you can follow me.

J.—Well, I'm sure that's so obliging—just, for all the world, like Mr. Den——. Oh, mercy! (*Exeunt.*)

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LINES SUGGESTED BY A SCENE IN BUTESHIRE, SCOTLAND.

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DESCRIPTIVE.

WHAT a resplendant scene! The sun is high  
 In Heaven, and not a speck obscures his rays,  
 But like a flood his radiance lies on earth  
 And ocean! All around seems bathed in light,  
 And blended with its settlement! How calm,  
 How like a thing ethereal sleeps the sea!  
 'Tis even as an ether far diffused;  
 One with the upper air, which like a veil  
 Of silvery tissue hangs above. That isle,  
 How glorious! What splendid forms! What might  
 Blended with placid beauty! Such repose  
 With majesty combined! These lofty peaks—  
 That shoot into the air, like pinnacles  
 Over the lower buildings of a city;  
 How they transcend the thought, or lift it high  
 To their own eminence! Loved Arran Isle!  
 It is on thee I gaze, and gaze unwearied.  
 Still let me fix my look on thee, until  
 Thy majesty and beauty have been stamped  
 Upon my very soul, no more to fade!  
 I would be one with thee! How should I live  
 And mingle with thy being! In thy calm  
 Or tempest, when the sun was on thee, or,  
 When storm had wrapt thee in his darkest gloom!  
 When morning's prime saluted all thy crags,  
 Or evening's shadows thickly lay around thee!  
 And when stern winter's reign hushed every voice  
 In earth and air—when down thy glens the streams  
 No longer poured, touch'd by mysterious power:  
 When from thy sides the flocks withdrawn were still:  
 Not even the sea bird's clang was heard to break  
 The silence. How should I exult in thee  
 As with thy snows around thee thou did'st seem  
 Some wondrous island of another world!  
 But have those scenes which all around invite

The eye, no charm to please, or more than please?  
 Yes, all is beautiful, and in this nook  
 Retired so far from busy strife, where quiet  
 Settles on every leaf, where peace has come  
 And made her home, how much attracts the eye!  
 That bank of wild flowers breathing fragrance round;  
 That stream meandering in its summer course—  
 That grove of trees that lifts their foliage  
 Midst thinnest air, all motionless and still:  
 These have a charm which fills the inmost soul.

Here do I stand upon the dust of man!  
 And there the relic of an ancient shrine,  
 Where worshippers, though erring, bowed the knee  
 To God, direct the mind to him whose fame  
 Is all around. Yes! 'twas an erring faith!  
 But still though tinged the light, the beacon shone:  
 Though flickering across the gloom, it led  
 Some wandering barks into the home of peace.

### THE PEARL AND THE PERI.

WHAT beams so brilliant 'neath the azure flow,  
 And strews the bottom with a varying glow?  
 From Unsing's Cape, past Tawi Tawi lands,  
 And Sulo's port, to where Baselan stands,  
 Is one vast jewel bed, one boundless mine,  
 Where oysters 'neath a thousand miles of brine,  
 Are treasuries of fair pearls, which alone  
 Tellus might girdle with a lucid zone.

The ocean-sprites, the Peris of the wave,  
 That sing in shells and haunt the coral cave,  
 Of life enjoy a long long happy day,  
 And die dissolving even while they play.  
 No future state they know, no heaven, no hell:  
 The elements that bound annul the spell,  
 Its own the sea reclaims, the earth, the cloud,  
 And boundless nature is the Peri's shroud—  
 But all removes not from the longing sight,  
 See, where the cliffs on Albion's coast are white,  
 Beneath the tide, in yon high vaulted hall  
 A thousand Peris range the shining wall  
 With shevelled tresses, with unwonted weeds,  
 The eye that moistens and the tear that breeds.  
 Flowers deck an altar, where the cavern ends;  
 A pearl the flowers. The Queen above it bends;  
 She slowly elevates her drooping head,  
 And chaunts the answered requiem for the dead.  
 From out the rows the loveliest Peris come,  
 And lift the flower-girt pearl, and leave the dome  
 Forever chaunting, as they onward go  
 O'er miles on miles, the sweetly sounding woe,  
 Until the coast of Borneo appears:

There, mid the dead of many thousand years,  
That pearl they bury in a mother-pearl tomb,  
And sigh to think that such shall be their doom;  
For well they know, their forms to nature part,  
And if a pearl remain—it is their heart.

Oh, I have overleant the vessel's side,  
Winging her wondrous way o'er ocean wide,  
And to that ocean's sweet and melting song,  
Sweet, low, half melancholy, listened long,  
And to the music, which the breezes made  
With sail, and spar, and rope. And when hath played  
Through ocean's bosom, far beneath its swell,  
A troop of dolphins, colored passing well,  
I've loved to fancy, 'twas sad Peris chaunting,  
That with sweet sounding woe my ears were haunting;  
And they who, dolphin-like, beneath the waves  
Went by me from some Peri-palace bearing  
A dead one to the land of Peri graves,  
A heart—a pearl. It may, my glances snaring,  
Yet on my sweet-heart's neck or forehead rest,  
And be, if stones may feel, supremely blest.

A. ARREM.

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PAGE FOR PASTIME.—(Continued from Page 118.)

**Charade—No. 36.**

My **FIRST** is a substance adhesive and dark,  
It shelters the cottage, adds strength to the barque;  
'Fore closely it clings than the vine to the tree,  
Yet sometimes you find it cross over the sea.  
My **SECOND** is wrought by the Sun's summer rays,  
Till the lilies of beauty are veiled by its haze;  
While the skillful mechanic prepares by its aid  
The texture in which hands and feet are arrayed.  
My **WHOLE** is a substance that's chequered and bright,  
A mixture of hues, and a nation's delight!

**No. 37.—Conundrum for Scholars.**

Why does the letter y resemble a multiplier?

**No. 38.—Conundrum for Constables.**

When a criminal is taken and escapes from the Officers of Justice what does he get?

**No. 39.—Conundrum for Cooks.**

Why are people who buy on credit like poultry?

**No. 40.—Conundrum for Bakers.**

Why cannot a baker refrain from making flour into bread?

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OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

On the 1st of the past month His Excellency the Governor General, while en route for England, held a Levee in the Province Building, which was attended by the officers of the army and navy, and a portion of the citizens of



Halifax. An address was also presented to His Excellency by the members of the executive and others, to which his lordship returned a suitable reply.

On the 2nd the Governor General and family embarked on board the Royal Mail Steamer America. He was attended by a guard of honour at the wharf, and salutes were fired on the occasion from the Flag Ship and Citadel.

A murder occurred in a house in Barrack Street on the night of the 7th. A sailor belonging to H. M. Ship Cumberland was found lying dead at the door step of the house. A Coroner's Inquest was held on view of the body, and a verdict of wilful murder returned against six persons, occupants of the house in question. An attack was anticipated from the shipmates of the deceased on the houses in the vicinity of the murder, which induced the authorities to have special constables sworn in for the protection of the city. No riot, however, or disturbance occurred.

A great demonstration took place in the City of St. John on the 14th, to celebrate the turning of the first sod of the European and North American Railway in New Brunswick. An immense concourse of persons assembled from the Provinces and the United States, and the proceedings of the day were of an interesting character. A procession two miles in length passed through the streets, comprising the various trades in the city attired in appropriate uniform, and accompanied by their several trade emblems. Full rigged ships, mills, &c., and a printing press in full operation. The first sods were turned by Lady Head and His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor. A sumptuous lunch was served at three o'clock, of which about six hundred persons partook. Speeches were made by His Excellency, Mr. Jackson, M.P. Mr. Johnston, M. P. P., John A. Poor, Esq., and others. In the evening there was a brilliant display of fireworks, and the day terminated with a ball, which was given on a most extensive scale. An accident occurred near the close of the entertainment by the fall of the orchestra. Several persons standing beneath it were injured, and the death of one ensued on the 24th.

The remaining portion of 'Table Rock' at Niagara was swept away on the morning of the 9th inst.

The scourge of yellow fever has swept over New Orleans; the city was almost deserted, whole families, including a number of the principal literary and official persons, have fallen victims to the disease.

By the arrival of the mail boat from Bermuda, we learn that the Islands are also visited with yellow fever. A number of cases have occurred at St. George's and several deaths have ensued.

From Europe we have little of interest to record.

The Queen and Royal Family have paid a visit to Ireland, for the purpose of being present at the Exhibition of Art and Industry at Dublin. She was received with great demonstrations of welcome, and expressed herself much pleased with her visit. Among other acts of gracious condescension on her part, we notice her visit to Wm. Dargan, the principal projector and commissioner of the Dublin Industrial Exhibition. This is said to be the first instance on record of such an honour being paid by the Sovereign to an untitled subject. Mr. Dargan had previously declined the honor of Knighthood.

In the obituary list we notice the names of General Sir Charles Napier, Sir Neil Douglas, and Admiral Sir George Cockburn.

Matters are still in abeyance between Turkey and Russia.

The strength of the insurgents in China is increasing and they are rapidly gaining the ascendancy.