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# THE PROVINCIAL.

HALIFAX, N. S., JULY, 1853.

POEMS.—BY A. SMITH.\*

THE unwilling conviction is forced upon the mind that delights in the pure and beautiful influences which touch the finer feelings of our nature, that the present age is one too busy and practical to be poetical. We look back upon the years which now alone belong to history, and as we recount the shining names that burn in the bright galaxy of the poets of the early part of the nineteenth century—Byron, Shelley, Southey, Coleridge, Campbell, Rogers, Moore, with a host of lesser lights, we ask, 'where are the kindred hearts to fill their vacant places? and mournfully respond to the truth of the cadence, as echo answers, 'where.' We look around and there is not one. Tennyson, perhaps, with his sentimentalism and extravagance, may find a few admirers among those who rejoice in the mysteries and darknesses with which metre can surround very commonplace assertions, and Mrs. Browning, with her occasional bursts of genuine and soul-stirring poetry, delights still more with her German mysticisms, and high sounding philosophy. With the exception of Longfellow, in America, and Mrs. Norton, in England, the present day, to our thinking, has not a single poet that all classes will read and all admire; because none have taken humanity for their theme, and human passions and feelings for their illustrations; speaking, though in song, the language of our common nature, and building up for themselves, by their very simplicity, an altar in the heart of every being, who has feeling to appreciate, and taste to admire. Such a poet as this, in his fullness and perfection, the present age requires. Nearly every day we see some new claimant to poetic distinction springing into being, but the claim is not a valid one; the title deeds are wanting for the glorious inheritance, and after a brief struggle, the aspirant gives up the pursuit and sinks into his first insignificance.

We have been induced to make these preliminary observations by the perusal of a new volume of poems, which has just issued from the London press. They are written by a Mr. Alexander Smith, and the greater part of them have appeared, at different intervals, in the columns of the London Critic,

\* POEMS by Alexander Smith. LONDON: David Bogue, 86 Fleet Street. 1853.

the Editors of which Journal seem to have taken the Author under their especial protection. Now while we are willing to accord to Mr. Smith the possession of a rich and exuberant fancy, great force of expression, with a deep reverence and love for the true spirit of song, we cannot yield to him the indiscriminate praise, which so many of his English admirers seem anxious to bestow upon him. We did not read Mr. Smith's poems in a critical or unworthy spirit, but took it up with the eager expectation of unsealing a fount of great beauty and sweetness, whose every drop would prove a gem, pure and unsullied. We must confess we were disappointed, instead of finding the work an eloquent and finished performance, we found it hurried and slovenly in composition, deficient in definiteness of idea, and wanting many of the characteristics which are required to constitute good poetry. All these defects might be overlooked or excused in one who gives his work to the press in a humble, modest spirit, but not in him who thunders his diction with the air of one who can enlighten and regenerate a world.

Mr. Smith's poetry has all the faults peculiar to the composition of young writers, there is a haste and want of finish about every paragraph, which is not complimentary to his readers, or a proof of his willingness to labor to please them. He might at least correct his careless fancies before he ushers them into the presence of a public, familiar with the lofty thoughts of the most mighty minds that ever swayed the pen of genius. But the Author of 'The Life Drama, and other poems,' is so far too reliant on his own powers; and judicious criticism, even if severe, coming from sources which his mind must respect, would be productive of great benefit to him in any future literary effort. His comparisons at times are very striking and powerful, at others they are overstrained and strangely unpoetical, as in the line:

"He was the sun, I was that squab the Earth."

Or again,

"Were she plain Night, I'd pack her with my stars."

which, savouring of originality, are also bordering on vulgarity. But he casts aside all the usual variety of imagery, with which other writers have adorned and illustrated their fancies, and rides one peculiar train of metaphor to very death. The moon and the stars,—those lesser, though beautiful lights of nature, are his illustrations for every idea, his point to every image. There is scarcely one page, in the compass of the two hundred and twenty-eight, which make up the volume, that has not some allusion to the moon and her attendant train of stars; he satiates us with their beauty, lonesomeness, and immensity; the very firmament falls upon us as we read; the old familiar lights we have loved from childhood, suddenly imbibe the disagreeable complexion which a friend will at times assume, when one whom we dislike is surrounding him with fulsome praise. His first allusion to the stars is certainly very novel and beautiful:

“ As when upon a racking night, the wind  
Draws the pale curtain of the vapoury clouds,  
And shews those wonderful mysterious voids,  
Throbbing with stars—like pulses.”

And as he first apostrophizes the moon, his strain has a lofty tone :

“ Sorrowful moon—seeming so drowned in woe,  
A queen whom some grand battle day has left  
Unkingdomed, and a widow, while the stars,  
Thy handmaidens are standing back in awe,  
Gazing in silence on thy mighty grief !  
All men have loved thee for thy beauty, moon !  
Adam has turned from Eve's fair face to thine,  
And drunk thy beauty with his serene eyes.  
Anthony once, when seated with his queen,  
Worth all the Earth, a moment gazed at thee.”

Then again comes a striking line :

“ Soul is a moon, love is its loveliest phase.”

And in quick succession, on the very same page, we have, in speaking of a scholar, the passage :

“ His soul was rich,  
And this his book unveils it as the night  
Her panting wealth of stars.”  
“ When the dark, dumb Earth,  
Lay on her back and watched the shining stars,  
A soul from its warm body shuddered out  
To the dim air, and trembled with the cold ;  
Through the waste air it passed, as swift and still  
As a dream passes through the land of sleep.”

In the next page, while describing the same student he again draws in his favorite simile, but in such bad taste that poetry and common sense fly back abashed :

“ Lady! he was as far 'bove common men  
As a SUN-STEED, WILD-EYED and METEOR MANED,  
NEIGHING THE REELING STARS, is 'bove a hack  
With sluggish veins of mud.”

And so on through a hundred windings and tortuous streams, the never ending theme of the stars and moon, with their train of suggestive thoughts, is brought forward until we feel, to say the least, the author is taking unwarrantable liberties with things far beyond his comprehension, and exhausting the patience of his readers with regard to himself and his vagaries.

It is not because we wish to throw discredit upon Mr. Smith's abilities, for we believe him to be a clever man, with a true poetic soul, that we dwell so long upon the faults which deface an otherwise beautiful composition, but to shew those in our own land, who, thinking themselves inspired because they can make 'breeze' and 'seas' rhyme, and therefore that every subject is within their comprehension and treatment, rush into manuscript, and from thence seek an entrance into the pages of the 'Provincial,' as distinguished lyrists of the New World, that poetry has a standard by which we will abide, and that however others may praise or detract we will still assert even while reviewing the productions of one who has had nerve to face the opinion of the literary tribunal of England, our appreciation of the true and beautiful, and our aversion of the false and unprofitable, come it from what quarter it may. Far be it from us to say that Mr. Smith has not conceived his drama in the true

spirit of poetry. It has essentially the life and essence of the pure soul. To read but the passionate invocation to the spirit of poesy with which the strain commences, is proof sufficient of this. Who but one that has thirsted for a nearer and better view of the inner power, could have written so noble an expression of poet-yearning as the following :

“There is a deadlier pang than that which bends  
 With chilly death-drops the o'er-tortured brow—  
 When one has a big heart and feeble hands,—  
 A heart to hew his name out upon time  
 As on a rock, then in immortality  
 To stand on time as on a pedestal ;  
 When hearts beat to this tune, and hands are weak,  
 We find our aspirations quenched in tears,  
 The tears of impotence and self-contempt—  
 That loathsome weed, up-springing in the heart  
 Like nightshade 'mong the ruins of a shrine.”

This is the true expression of poetry well and powerfully told, and it is passages such as these, that we build upon as promise for the future excellence of this writer—strong evidences of the light within, which, when time and labour have broken down the bars of vanity and false sentiment, may yet shine forth and irradiate a world. But we do not think Mr. Smith will ever be a poet in fullest sense of the word. He will not bind up the Mother's broken heart like him who tells her so beautifully :

“Oh ! not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
 The reaper came that day ;  
 'Twas an angel visited the green earth,  
 And took the flowers away.”

We see no such sweet and touching evidences of sympathy with his fellow sufferers, or trust and hope in a power above. He may like Byron lay bare some of the more desolate places in the dreary world of human suffering, but he will not like Byron speak to the world as to one great common heart, in words of pleading melancholy and heart-touching pathos, such as form the ‘Dream’—passages in ‘Child Harold,’ ‘Lara,’ ‘Corsair,’ and ‘The Prisoner of Chillon.’ Like the author of ‘Festus,’ Mr. Smith may electrify and dazzle—he will never speak to the heart and soften down its passion, or give an utterance to its agony and love, like Hemans or Norton, Byron, Longfellow or a host of others, whose names are like household words, because they have spoken through all time the language of humanity, and aided us in our hours of grief, and sorrow, by the words in which they have poured forth our feelings. The Author of the ‘Life Drama’ may yet be a powerful delineator of some scene of slaughter or martyrdom, some tale of crime or passion, whose very utterance will shock or startle : he has a soul for the turbulent in nature and in existence : his imagination is a rich realm of beauty and phantasy—we trust he will not allow it to run wanton, and involve him in a labyrinth of uncertainty and confusion. There are fine materials in the poems now before us, and we think Mr. Smith would be taking a judicious course were he to devote his time to their reconstruction. By pruning off all offensive expressions and unpleasant abbreviations, his fine thoughts will appear in their proper guise,

while, were the whole story of the 'Life Drama' remodelled, it would be a great improvement, as the thread of the story is by no means plain, and the crime hinted at so many times is perfectly mysterious to those who have followed it in its curious windings.

We must now take our leave of Mr. Smith and his writings, eager to hope that he will fulfil the predictions of the 'Critic' and be the poet which is to elevate and regenerate the age, but induced to fear that unless he eschews the path in which he has just trodden, he will never attain that distinction; and, while not abating one iota in freedom of spirit or loftiness of tone, we would counsel him to be more watchful of the rules of composition and pay greater deference to others than to his own judgment, however clear his conception may be as to the inner depths of poetry. With this feeling we bid him farewell, trusting we shall hear again of him soon, his eagle wings still soaring upward, only a few of the superabundant feathers clipped from the plumes which now tend to earth, and mar the beauty of the spreading pinions.

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## THE MATCH-MAKERS MATCHED.

A COMEDY.

ACT I.

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

*Enter Speedwell.*

SPEEDWELL.—This is certainly quite inexplicable, this conduct on Laura's part. Here have I had my wits to work these three days, in order to obtain a solution of the mystery; but all in vain. This reserve cannot proceed from indifference: I have too much faith in the constancy of my Laura, to entertain such an idea for a moment. That old aunt of her's too, with her soft, patronising manner, is something of a puzzle—very pleasant, certainly; but it is a confounded bad habit, that of always sticking herself between me and the one I love. This state of suspense is enough to try one's philosophy, faith. (*Enter Dennis*). Well Dennis, I hope you managed to have the note delivered safely?

DENNIS.—Faix thin, it's meself that's very sorry to say that same is safe in my pocket, and not delivered at all, at all.

SP.—Ah, what was the matter? Did you not see Miss Medwin?

D.—Troth an' I did; and it's my own opinion, I did'nt see her in the very best of company, ayther.

SP.—Indeed? I hope Miss Medwin is not in the habit of frequenting

company of a questionable character. Let us hear your reasons for this moral inference?

D.—Faith thin, she's been meandhering through the fields all the morning with Captain Dashley above stairs here—him that's suckin' the dollars out of Mr. Greeny, every night—Divil a less.

Sr.—Ha! Here is some new light. (*aside*)—Pooh! Is that all? Well?

D.—Well faix, I loithered about the big house, purtendin' that I was admirin' every thing in general. You see I was in hopes I'd get my eye on Miss Jemimy—betune ourselves, it's not a bad sort of a piece, that same—Arrah, an' it's Miss Jemimy wud—

Sr.—Never mind her now. Did you see Miss Medwin again?

D.—I beg your honour's pardon—troth an' I did. She kem up to the dour a hould of that whiskered Devil's arum, an' thin I made bould to walk up thinkin' I might give the note to herself while the Captain was looking t'other way. He was sthrivin' mighty hard to rade somebody's name on a tundherin' great thrunk that the neyger was carryin' past—more be token, the awkward divil had it upside-down, so he cud'nt make it out anyhow. Well, joost thin—oh, heaven purtect us! the neyger, puffin' an' blowin', like a great black porpoise, lets out on' to me, an' wants to know what I mane by prowlin' about the primises all the mornin'; an' thin, faix I stuffed the letther into my pocket agin quicker than ye'd be saying, 'Shtick,' an' mighty glad to get away too.

Sr.—You have certainly been very unnecessarily cautious, Dennis. Why did you not give the note to Miss Medwin at once?

D.—Ah, thin, sure ye wud'nt be wantin me to give her the billy-deuce right afore the Captain?

Sr.—*Billet doux*, you rascal. Who told you it was a *billet doux*?

D.—Faix thin, maybe I was decayved. But sure, yer honour, she's the jewel of a fine lady. Ah, did'nt I hear her, when I was turnin aff, telling that ould black-a-moor, in her own soft, swate purty voice, never to be spakin to anny one—that was me, you percaive—in that manner again! Och, Saint Patrick be with us! Little did my poor mother think—heaven rest her sowl in glory, amin—that iver the son that she rayred wud be insoltoed by a wully-headed haythen like that.

Sr.—Ha, ha, ha! Never mind, Dennis, man; these trifles must be borne. You can go now. I shall not want you again this morning.

D.—Thrifles, is it?

*Enter Captain Dashley.*

Och, to be bullied by a neyger! (*Exit.*)

CAPTAIN DASHLEY.—Hollo, Speedwell! Dem it, man, how are you? (*Throwing himself into a chair*) Phoo! I'm half dead—been out ruralizing all the mawning.

Sr.—Indeed! I was not aware of your partiality for pleasures of that kind

I will venture to say now, that there was some unusual attraction abroad in the fields, this morning.

CAPT. D.—You have hit it. You're up to a thing or too, I see. Ha, ha! you've been a sporting dog, Speedwell, as well as myself. Don't deny it now. I see it in your eye. By Jove, if there's anything I pique myself on, it's in telling what a man is, at once—just as soon as I clap my eye on him. Now, Speedwell, you are a lad of spirit—I see that plainly.

SP.—I must certainly compliment you upon such extraordinary powers of penetration. Perhaps, if I had the same stimulus which, I doubt not, you have, I should evince more spirit than I now do.

CAPT. D.—Well, the stimulus is not so slight either. She is a devilish fine looking craft, as the Sailors say; a daughter, or niece, or something or other, of old—Heavy-sides, up at the—what-d-ye-call-it Hall here. 'Cod she has a Heavenly ancle!

SP.—I congratulate you. I have, of course, no doubt of the success of your advances.

CAPT. D.—Ho! no danger on that score. Fact is, the girl is dying in love with me, and the old aunt pleased almost to death with the match. Ha, ha, ha, she's a queer old chap too—always calling me, 'my dear child,' and all that sort of thing. By Jove, I must have something to drink. What do you say? (*rings*).

SP.—I am not in the habit of drinking at this early hour.

*Enter Waiter.*

CAPT. D.—Bring some brandy—quick. (*Exit waiter*). Nor I, but the fact is, I have been mealy-mouthed so long this morning that my throat is quite parched. Ha, ha! Doing the sublime and beautiful with that girl—talking poetry, discussing the beauties of Nature, and all that sort of thing. Ha!—If there is anything I do pique myself on, it is discussing the poets. Have them all by heart, man—Shakspeare, Werter, Byron, Michael Angelo—the whole set.

*Enter Waiter with brandy, &c. and exit.*

Come, a bumper to Miss Medwin.

SP.—Oh, certainly. She must be such an angel according to your description, that I am induced to break through my ordinary rules.

CAPT. D.—That's right, old boy. (*They fill their glasses; Speedwell sips his; Captain Dashley drinks a bumper*). I must introduce you, Speedwell.

SP.—I shall be delighted—

CAPT. D.—By Jove, though, do'nt think of attempting any rivalry. I am quite serious in my intentions in that quarter. Fact is, it is time I was beginning to settle down in life. We military men are too fond of roving, I am sorry to say—wandering, as the poet says, like the bee, from flower to flower, and sucking sweets from every one. And then this poor girl is

passionately fond of me, and old Topton, I understand intends feathering her nest well. But then I need'nt be afraid of you. You are not a bad looking fellow, it is true; but, 'Cod, she could never make up her mind to fall in love with a man who has neither moustache, nor whiskers.

SP.—If Miss Medwin's predilections run that way, I should certainly hold but a very humble position in her affections, especially with such a killing moustache, and such undeniable whiskers as yours, arrayed against me.

CAPT. D.—Well I do rather pique myself on my whiskers. Ha! Speedwell, you ought to give some attention to those matters—dem it you ought. Believe me there's nothing twines itself round a woman's heart like a moustache. Yes, I believe I shall marry this time, and settle down.

*Enter Greenish.*

Mum!

GREENISH.—(*bowing very low*). Gentlemen, your most obedient.

CAPT. D.—There's antediluvian manners for you (*aside to Speedwell*). *Tittering*. Oh, Greenish, how do your prospects look, with regard to Miss Medwin—still inexorable, eh?

GR.—Ah now, Dashley, what will Mr. Speedwell think. (*aside to Capt. D.*)

CAPT. D.—Never mind Speedwell. I have been just telling him all about your unfortunate case. He thinks just as I do, that, if he were in your place, he would persevere. By Cupid, I'd never give it up so.

GR.—(*to Speedwell*). Oh, do you think there is hope? Heigho!

CAPT. D.—Come, man, keep your heart up. I have some good news for you myself. I saw her this morning. She spoke very complimentary of you. 'Mr. Greenish,' says she, 'has elegant manners—quite a second Chesterfield; and then he is so gallant, and has so many romantic ideas! Ah,' said she, 'how few young gentleman of that stamp we have now!' She did, 'pon honour.

GR.—Did she, did she?—Say I was gallant and romantic? Now, you are not deceiving me?

CAPT. D.—Deceive you! By Jove, Sir, do you accuse me of deceiving you?

GR.—Oh, no. I beg a thousand pardons—you have always been so friendly, I—I—could'nt think it. Well I always was very fond of romances. It is my nature. I can't help it. But, what a place this is! One can't get a book worth reading. (*to Speedwell*). Can you tell me where I can get 'The Children of the Abbey,' or 'The Romance of the Forest,' or 'Thaddeus of Warsaw,' or—or—any other good novels?

SP.—I am very sorry to say, Sir, that I do not.

GR.—Or any books of poetry? I do'nt mean your long, dreary poems; but short pieces—scraps of sweet, pretty verse?

CAPT. D.—'Cod, you had better send him to a confectioner's shop to buy a peck of sugar kisses. (*aside to Speedwell*).

SP.—Well Mr. Greenish, it will give me great pleasure to afford you any gratification which I can. Perhaps I may have something which may suit you. (*Looking over some books on a table*). Here are some sonnets of Shenstone's.

GR.—Oh, the very thing I wanted. (*seizing the book*).

CAPT. D.—Ha, ha, ha! What an appetite you must have for poetry. (*yawns*). What the Devil is a fellow to do with himself here, all the morning? Dreadfully dull! (*drinks*). By the bye, I must call on Younghusband and claim that bet.

SP.—What! Jack Younghusband? Is it possible this is where Jack has pitched his tent?

CAPT. D.—Yes, and a devilish fine tent it is too; and what is more a devilish pretty little wife in it to cheer up his declining years.

SP.—Jack Younghusband married? Truly, wonders never will cease. I must certainly find him out immediately. I feel curious to see Jack Younghusband's wife.

CAPT. D.—I shall be most happy to introduce you. You will find the coast clear there, old boy—at least, so far as I am concerned. She is a daughter, by the bye, of Mrs. Topton's, cousin of my friend Greenish's Lady love.

SP.—I feel extremely grateful for your kind proposal; but you quite mistake my motives. I have a few other calls to make this morning, and I can search out Jack's domicile on my return.

CAPT. D.—Ha! Speedwell, damme you're an old hand, I see that—ha, ha,—well, take your own way. (*Exit*).

SP.—Mr. Greenish, I beg that you will excuse me. I shall be under the necessity of leaving you. Here are a number of other books; and I hope you will find some of them to your taste.

GR.—Oh, thank you,—certainly, certainly. I do'nt mind being alone at all. Ah! then I can give full scope to the imagination, and have such sweet dreams about my dear Laura. Heigho!

SP.—His Laura too! Poor ninny! (*aside*).

GR.—Oh, my dear Sir, if you have ever felt your whole soul absorbed in a love of the most Heavenly being that ever the sun shone upon, you may know how to sympathize with me.

SP.—Well Sir, I fear I am too cold-hearted a mortal to appreciate your feelings. But I must leave you to your blissful solitude. Good morning—pleasant dreams—which, as you shall find, will be interpreted according to the old adage, by the rule of contraries. (*Exit*).

GR.—He appears to be a very civil sort of gentleman, this Speedwell. I think I shall make a confidant of him. Ah, sweet Laura—lovely angel! I wonder if that was the truth Dashley was telling. I feel almost inclined to doubt it. What business had he to see her this morning? I began to think

he loves her himself. I have half suspected it, for some time. But then he surely could'nt deceive me—he always appeared so friendly.

“ Ah, Love was never yet without  
The pang, the agony, the doubt—.”

I must write some verses and send to her. Ah, if I could only express my feelings in that way; but then, that is so difficult. I must try if I can't get some ideas from this book. Ah, heavenly Laura! (*Exit.*)

## THE MICMAC INDIANS: THEIR LEGENDS.

### GLOOSCAP, AND KOOL-PEE-JOAT.

THERE exists among our Indians a general belief in the existence of two very extraordinary personages. The name of one is Glooscap, and of the other Kool-pee-joat. Glooscap is the more important personage of the two, and must therefore be noticed first.

He is immortal and has inhabited this earth ever since it was habitable. The legend respecting him is, that an inhabitant of heaven came down to examine the works and wonders of earth, and lost his way, and was obliged to remain. Whereupon he endeavored to make the best of his condition and to do all the good in his power. He took home to his wigwam in after times, a poor helpless old woman, and rendered her vigorous and immortal, but she still continued ugly and old. She is his housekeeper. A small boy he also rendered immortal, and kept him for his servant—his ‘ valet de chambre.’

Glooscap exercised a patriarchal guardianship over all the Indians, calling them ‘ his children,’ and he also acted the part of a shepherd, watching over the beasts of the forests, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea. The moose and the cariboo came around his dwelling, as tame as cattle, and the bear and the wolf crouched harmlessly at his feet, and licked his hand.

He charmed them with his pipe. On some special occasions he would go out in the stillness of the evening and play upon his shrill-toned instrument. It could be heard at an immense distance. When seated on a rock at the mouth of Pictou Harbor, the music of his pipe would be distinctly heard at *Chebucto*, and all over *Epaygwite*, (P. E. Island). Charmed with the melody, all the animals within hearing would immediately set off for his dwelling. There they allowed themselves to be slaughtered without resistance. When a sufficient supply of venison had been obtained, he would make a signal for them to disperse, and the obsequious animals would immediately betake themselves again to their distant native haunts.

Glooscap had no fixed residence : 'twere strange if he had. Several places are, however, distinctly marked as his abode for a season. One of his wigwams was on the top of Cape Blomidou. The Basin of Minas was his Beaver pond. He cut open the passage at Cape Split. He was one day after a huge moose with his dogs in full cry, when the moose, not exactly relishing the idea of being taken, took to the water. In the middle of the Bay of Fundy the mighty hunter transfixed him to the earth, and he became an Island of a thousand acres, and remains until this day, the Isle of Haut: or, as the Indians call it, 'Mus-cwe-sect-kik. Many other Islands are pointed out as his work.

He had another beaver pond of huge dimensions in Oo-num-ah-gie, (Cape Breton). The Indians there will assure one with the greatest gravity imaginable, that they have ocular demonstration of the truth of the legend. They have actually picked up the huge bones and teeth of Glooscap's beavers. A tooth has been found *five inches* across, and bones in proportion. Some of these bones are said to have been deposited in the Museum connected with the Mechanics' Institute at Halifax. Whether the *Savans* coincide in judgment with the Indians respecting them, comes not within my province to enquire. I simply detail facts—the facts of the tradition, I mean, or, if you please, the *facts of the fiction*.

Glooscap cut open two channels of communication between his beaver pond (the Bras d'or lake, and the sea.) On the Point that runs out between those two entrances, he cut for himself a home in the rock. There it remains to this day, and the Indians pass it not without awe. Few have the hardihood to enter it. Some have done so. Taking a torch light in their hands, and buckling on all the extra courage they could command, they have attempted an exploration of the gloomy cave. But such sights have met their eyes, and such sounds have saluted their ears, as have filled them with fear and quaking, and they have been glad to make good their retreat.

'But why did Glooscap leave you?' I asked a respectable old Sachem one day. 'Because we had become so depraved and wicked,' was the reply. 'My children have become so lawless and sinful,' said he, 'that nothing but oppression, hardship and distress, will bring them to repentance. I will go and leave them. I will no longer admonish and protect them. They shall be given over into the hands of their enemies. They shall be oppressed and brought low, and in the time of their greatest calamity they will come to a better mind. Then I will return and be their chief, and they shall prosper again.'

'And do you really believe he will come back?' I enquired. 'Ahmooch eduh,' was the prompt reply; 'assuredly we do.'

'But where is he now?' 'Toowow,' 'we cannot tell, but somewhere in the far west.'

I confess the statement of the hoary headed chieftain saddened me. I don't believe in the theory that the Indians are the lost tribes of Israel; but my mind reverted instinctively to the declaration of the Most High, by the mouth of the prophet Hosea: 'I will go and return to my place till they acknowledge their offence and seek my face: in their affliction they will seek me early.' And I thought of the oppressed and persecuted Jew of the present day longing and waiting for his Messiah, chanting the lamentations of Jeremiah around the walls of Jerusalem now desolate, and saying, 'Wherefore dost thou forget us forever? and forsake us for so long time? Turn thou us unto thee, O Lord, and we shall be turned; renew our days, as of old.'

To what extent the belief in Glooscap exists among the different tribes of Indians, I have not ascertained. The *Maliseets*, however, who occupy the western portion of New Brunswick, and who speak a dialect quite different from the Miamaes, know all about him. One of them at Fredericton told me that a party of Indians, a few years ago went in quest of him, and actually found him. They were seven years, if memory serves me, in reaching his habitation. He was always at work making darts and arrows—preparing I suppose to arm 'his children' for a regular war of extermination, when their time comes. The party consisted of three men. They were kindly received, and hospitably entertained, and at the close of the interview they were allowed to make each one a request for some special favor. One desired to live long. Whereupon the old patriarch, taking him up by the hair of the head, carried him out of the wigwam, swung him round several times, and then placed his feet upon the ground, and lo! he became a cedar tree!! I forget what the others desired, nor did I ascertain the special object of the Mission. But they were only *three weeks* returning home. They came in a sort of aerial railroad, crossing lakes and rivers and all such obstructions, without touching them.

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KOOL-PEE-JOAT.

In order to understand the origin and history of this worthy, the reader must be apprised of the universal belief in necromancy prevailing among the Indians everywhere. Certain individuals, following a regular course of initiation, in time take the *degree*, and are looked up to with much superstitious reverence, and are supposed to be able to work miracles, and do all sorts of wonders. They are the 'Medicine Men' or *Physicians*,—the counsellors of the nation, and the most expert chieftains and warriors. The Miamaes, professing as they do, the Christian Religion, have, of course, no such characters among them now. But they do not question their existence in former times among their fore-fathers; and among other nations at the present time. They will tell you with the utmost sincerity of expression, that 'Argumou,' a chief of recent celebrity, 'died twice,' 'tah-boo-nepk.' That after having died, and after having been buried all winter, he took it into his head to revisit the

earth—that he arose from the dead, and came out of his grave, and, fought again in defence of his country's liberties. That 'Toonail' could face single-handed a whole army of Mohawks, and they could neither kill nor take him prisoner. That he could dive under the water, and remain below the surface as long as he chose—and a thousand other things as absurd and ridiculous, 'too numerous to mention.'

They also believe in the existence of *fairies*. And, strange to say, their account of these superhuman beings, agrees, in most particulars, with that of the Legends of our own ancestors. They live under the earth. Several caves in the rocks of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, are pointed out as the undoubted residence of the 'Wiggulladdum-moochkik.' They are invisible, except when they choose to show themselves to mortal eyes, like *our* fairies. Their size also corresponds. They often, too, assemble and spend the night in dancing and riot, and scamper away home as soon as the day dawns. They are immortal of course.

Sometimes they mingle with men. Glooscap is represented in one of their legends, which I have often heard, as entertaining a wedding party on their way home. He invites them to feast and dance at his residence. Little 'Martin' is despatched to invite his 'comrades' to join them. He soon returns leading a host of little men and women, of the size of *Tom Thumb*, dressed up in the most costly and splendid manner,—arrayed, as a matter of course, in the Indian costume. They feast and dance. Glooscap himself engaging in the same exercise—until morning. 'Wopk elmedahjik,' 'at day light they retire.'

As might be supposed this array of supernatural agency is not always supposed to be exercised for good. The guilty are not only punished for their crimes, but the innocent are often made to suffer. Thus instances are not infrequently introduced in their nonsensical tales, in which virtuous young women are disgraced, and become mothers, through supernatural agency, in revenge for some real or imaginary slight on their part, or that of their friends; while they themselves are perfectly innocent, and ignorant of the authors of their degradation and ruin.

The victim of such monstrous wickedness was the Mother of 'Kool-pee-joat.' (Sometimes he is called also *Egulupchoat*. Both words signify, 'Rolled with a handspike;' the reason for which name will appear anon). She was a beautiful girl, the daughter of an influential and powerful chief. They were not of the Micmac tribe, but belonged 'far west.' Several young men had sought her hand in marriage. Some of them had won her heart, but her parents refused their assent to the nuptials. One of them—a *boo-o-win*, a 'medicine man,'—a *necromancer*, vowed vengeance. When the poor innocent girl became aware of her situation, sad indeed and piteous was her state. She knew the fate that impended over her, and resolved if possible to hide her shame and

escape an ignominious and cruel death. In the lone woods, far from the village, on the banks of a brook, her babe was born. She had resolved to destroy it, but on seeing the helpless innocent, the yearnings of maternal affection withheld her hand. Like the Mother of Moses she finally committed it to the mercy of the stream, sheltered in an ark, not of 'bulrushes,' but of bark. A small canoe was prepared, the child placed carefully in it, and launched out upon the stream. The current bore it along rapidly; it reached the river, and was carried on towards the sea. And now it is nearing an Indian village. The wind is blowing, and the waters are agitated, but it remains unharmed. A woman is walking, like Pharaoh's daughter, by the side of the river. She discovers the *ark* and finds means to 'fetch it.' She takes the babe home, and having none of her own, she with her 'old man's' consent, adopts it for her own son.

The child thrives, and grows amazingly. Many days have not elapsed before he can speak and run about, exhibiting amazing strength. Soon the whole village is thrown into a state of great excitement and alarm. A fearful murder has been committed. Six little children have been killed in one night, and their tongues cut out. The author of so foul a crime cannot be discovered. Before a week elapses the same tragedy is acted over again, and again, and again, in spite of all the care and caution that can be taken, the same foul deed is repeated.

At length the foster-father of *Egullupchoat* suspects that he is the murderer. He watches him. He lies down as usual at the hour of rest, closes his eyes, but continues awake. When the little rascal supposes all are asleep, he quietly rises, retires for a short time, and then returns with a handful of little tongues. He roasts them on the coals and eats them. Then he lies down and goes to sleep.

Next morning he is accused, examined, tried, and condemned to death. They condemn him to be drowned. He is thrown into the river, but he floats and refuses to die. They discover that he is immortal. You cannot *kill* me, he tells them, but you can *bind* me. So like the Philistines with Samson, they betake them to the withs and ropes, and secure his han's, and arms, and legs. But even this does not prevent him from doing mischief. Not only does he possess supernatural strength of arm but he is uncommonly sharp sighted; so sharp are his eyes, that with their glance he cuts down every one who passes before him. To remedy this they blindfold him. There they keep him lying in his wigwam, but unable to rise or do any mischief. He soon grows up to manhood.

On one occasion they turned his prowess to good advantage. A hostile army was approaching the village to attack it. They carried him out, placed him in full view of the enemy, and took off the bandage. One glance of his eyes cut the whole army down, and saved the village.

Gloosecap visited the village where Eggulluphoat lay bound. The inhabitants consulted him, and enquired if he knew wherein his great strength lay; and whether he could be made weak like another man. He assured them he could manage him. So, possessing the greater *medicine*, Gloosecap deprived him—not of his hair—but of his *bones*. Every bone was extracted, and his eyes were put out. He is now a great chief.

‘Did you ever see this fellow?’ I enquired of a worthy old Indian one day.

‘No, me never see him, but me often hear of him, and once me saw old man who saw him, way in Canada.’

‘Then you are sure there is such a man?’

‘Ah-mooch edu,’ ‘certainly there is.’

‘What kind of people are they over whom he rules?’

‘Oh, they very bad, very cross, very cross, they Mohawks.’

‘Does he eat anything?’

‘Oh yes, certainly,’ and he proceeded to state that he was carefully attended and obeyed by all his tribe. He never rises from the ground—he lies a whole year on one side, and then he is turned over upon the other. This operation is performed by a number of men, so heavy and so strong is he still, and they are obliged to have recourse to the use of a *handspike*. Hence his name.

So long as the world stands, this personage, they say, will be deprived of his bones and eyes. They are *then* to be restored.

Finally, the legend goes, that when he is turned over there is found a plant growing in the place where he lay, which possesses great potency as ‘*medicine*.’ The Indians use it for poisoning their arrows. The arrow which has been just touched with it, will kill any man or animal, though it but just scratch his skin.

Such is the account, carefully preserved among the Micmacs of Nova Scotia, of these two fabulous personages. Whence the origin of such legends? A literal existence they cannot have. But may there not be some important historical truth couched under all this apparent nonsense? or some lesson in religion or morals? I have already hinted at the not very pointed resemblance between the account of Kool-pee-joat and that of Moses being drawn out of the water; and that of Samson with his amazing strength, finally bound, deprived of his eyes and his strength, and still living and exercising an influence. The comparison might be extended. Moses turned against the family and the nation that preserved him. So did our Nero. Connected with the history of Moses is the slaughter of a multitude of children. So it is here. Moses could not be taken or slain. Moses destroyed a mighty army, marching to attack his people, by supernatural agency. Samson did the same. So did Kool-pee-joat in the legend. It is no valid objection that the history of Moses and Samson would be commingled in this theory. Nothing is more common,

either in ancient or modern romance, than to seize upon separate and detached events, and to weave them into one story. However, I shall not philosophise farther at present. Let us collect all the *facts* in the case, and then it will be quite time to establish the 'theory.' Meanwhile, what has been here related may have a tendency to excite the curious to further investigation. Kind conversation with this interesting class of our fellow creatures, will be productive of mutual good will, and the developement of charitable emotions. And, finally, I contend that the history and the legends, the manners, customs, and language of the Miemaes, are an important portion of our Provincial History. To rescue them from oblivion is a work well worthy of the philosopher, the patriot, and the christian. To allow them to sink into oblivion with this much injured nation, whose lands we have taken away, and who are daily perishing in our midst, would be a foul blot upon our provincial and our national name. Such a stigma must not be permitted.

TERTIUS.

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#### A PILGRIMAGE TO PALESTINE—REVIEW.\*

A more concise volume of travel than the one now under notice it would be difficult to attain. The author, from the first page to the last, gives us facts, unsoftened by any display of sentiment—the stern hard matters of reality—the vicissitudes of time and travel, unbrightened by any of the influences of imagination. We go with him mechanically step by step from Beyroot to Damascus, while we catch from his daguerreotype-like pen the faithful reflection of all he has seen and encountered, but he gives it to us without any of the accessory influences that so much enhance the picture; we have it ungilt, unframed—nothing but the bare sketch—which cannot be uninteresting while it represents the manners and customs of the inhabitants of a country, whose many places of awe and sacredness, are so closely associated with our best and holiest feelings.

We did not think it possible, that there was so little egotism in the heart or brain of any one swaying the quill, as we have ascertained there can be on reading the three hundred and thirty pages contained in this very beautifully printed volume, the mechanical execution of which, in every point of view, makes it an attractive work for the library, as well as a most useful book of reference for the student or the traveller.

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\* A Pilgrimage to Palestine, with Notes and Observations on the present condition of the Holy Land—the Manners, Customs, and Institutions of the People—the Ruins of Ancient Cities and the Prospects of Missionary Enterprise. By F. V. C. SMITH, Editor of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal. Boston: David Clapp, 184 Washington Street; Gould & Lincoln, 59 Washington Street.

Dr. Smith has certainly shamed the vast majority of the tourists to the East, and though his book does seem very bald and nude, beside the glowing pictures and enthusiastic reveries with which the readers of books of Eastern travel have been favoured during the last few years, we cannot but say that the comparison is generally to his advantage. We lose our interest in the localities and legitimate course of the journey, when so often called upon to sympathize with the authors feelings at points where our enthusiasm may not have risen to so high a pitch; and more frequently than otherwise the incessant bringing in of self into the description of scenes which possess much more charm for the general reader, wearies and disgusts, and we lay down the book lamenting over the absurdity into which excessive vanity has plunged a really clever writer.

But the author of the 'Pilgrimage to Palestine' has perhaps erred on the other extreme, and we possibly from very opposition are disappointed that we have not made acquaintance with the author's feelings, as well as with his powers of writing. Though visiting the most interesting spots and localities in the world—Jerusalem—whose every foot of sod is hallowed ground, Nazareth, Bethany, Bethlehem, with other scenes of similar importance, he opens not the windows of the inner temple, he never shows us how the spirit sympathized with the outward objects; and yet we feel justified in believing that Dr. Smith is one who, figuratively speaking, 'would take his shoes from off his feet' when locality or history told him he was standing on 'holy ground,' but as he tells us in his brief preface, that the work is but 'a hasty abridgment of the manuscript which was originally prepared at the close of each day's journey,' and as he contemplates another visit to the East, of which a fuller and more perfect account will probably be published, we are fain to excuse the baldness we have censured, hoping that on another acquaintance with him in print, our objection will be surmounted, and that while he still preserves his singular simplicity of style, and total absence of vanity, he will yet embellish his book with some of those touches of feeling and pathos which every refined and intelligent mind must experience on visiting scenes and localities so closely connected with the pages of the holy volume and the earthly life of the Author of our salvation.

To give an idea of the curt, simple style employed in the work before us, we extract the opening paragraph, and believe that rarely has a publication of the importance and magnitude of the present introduced itself to the reader with so small a flourish of trumpets:

'A letter of credit from London should invariably be procured, by which money may be drawn from bankers and European merchants, who are settled in various sections of Syria. It is neither safe nor convenient to be carrying about the amount of specie which would be necessary to meet the expenses of a jaunt through Palestine; and besides it is more economical to use the cur-

rency of the country, than to be embarrassed with foreign coin of the value of which the people are entirely ignorant.

An American passport from the Secretary of State at Washington, is also necessary, it should be bound with a cover in the form of a pocket book, with a sufficient number of blank leaves, and carried about the person. Permissions for proceeding from one port to another and to different places from local governors, may require to be used, and therefore should be always at hand.'

Dr. Smith, who is an American, and editor of a popular medical journal in Boston, was accompanied in his journey by two American gentlemen, whose names we do not think are mentioned in the volume. Their first unpleasant experience was the being detained in quarantine at Beyroot, a most unnecessary proceeding, as there was no disease on board, and it was only enforced to swell the coffers of the rapacious Turks. With a brief geographical and historical account of Phœnicia and some other celebrated places, the author leads us on to the ascent of Mount Lebanon, and from thence through the usual route followed by visitors to the Holy Land. So many travellers have explored that country of late, and so much has been written and published familiarizing the minds of those who stay at home with its appearance, its people, and its customs, that really little remains to be said, which, for its novelty, can attract attention. But as every new traveller, if he cannot actually go through fresh scenes or bring back information others have not acquired, encounters diversified accidents and acquaintances on his pilgrimage, and gathers legends and observations which others have not yet heard, so it is very possible to go with a writer over the most familiar ground, and yet, from the occurrences he meets with and the characters he encounters, find the journey both pleasant and profitable. And the author of the 'Pilgrimage to Palestine' has given us many of those little incidents and pleasant facts which make up the charm of an agreeable book. In speaking of the women in Dier El Kamer, a Druse town on the other side of Mount Lebanon, he remarks: 'Every married woman, in addition to a face covering, is armed with the tantura or horn, from ten to eighteen inches in length; when once mounted, it is never taken off, even on retiring to bed. It is a distinction of a very honourable character, and as old as the first ages of society. It was a common custom when David wrote the Psalms, and is frequently alluded to in them. While some of these horns are of wood or a cow's horn gilded, the rich wear them of silver. However poor, the married women cannot and will not dispense with this prominent ensign of their social condition. I have seen one of them, tattered and torn in dress, but who carried her head with the air of a princess, and elevated or lowered her horn as suited her inclinations indicating the prevailing sentiments of her mind.'

We quote the above as a proof of how familiar are the illustrations used in Scripture to the inhabitants of Eastern lands, though puzzling us by the singularity of their expression.

In the course of his journey Dr. Smith passes Djouni, the residence of the eccentric and deceased Lady Hester Stanhope. This locality has long been an object of interest to travellers through Syria, but the mansion will not long remain to speak of its strange and extraordinary mistress, as Dr. Smith informs us that the house is now a perfect ruin and crumbling swiftly into decay.

Passing on through Sidon, Sarepta, Tyre, and other places famous in prophecy and history, the traveller at last arrived at Jerusalem, of which he remarks: 'A singular sensation was produced by gazing on a spot in which transactions occurred that have changed the condition of the whole world. There David, Solomon, and the prophets had resided, and within the mural enclosure before me the Saviour lived and died for our redemption.'

The scenes and inhabitants of the Holy City are described with minute exactness, but with these, from the writings of other travellers, we are so familiar that we need not pause to extract passages from the volume before us. We will only give a paragraph from the account of the visit to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, in corroboration of what we have asserted as to our belief that Dr. Smith feels strongly and with propriety, though he but rarely gives expression to what is passing in his heart.

'Exactly under the dome is a tasteful miniature marble house, as it were, perhaps ten feet wide by fifteen in length. Within, it is divided into two small rooms; the second is over the spot designated the Holy Sepulchre—the identical spot it is contended and universally believed where the Saviour was placed after he had 'yielded up the ghost;' it was the 'new tomb' of Joseph. The tomb is lined with white marble, and in it a row of golden lamps are perpetually burning. Watching an opportunity, as only one person can conveniently pass at a time, I succeeding in entering. Unconsciously, as it were, I fell upon my knees. The realization of the fact that I was actually in the very place where the crucified Jesus was laid, and from whence he arose to life, was perfectly overwhelming. Even now, on reflecting on the circumstances of my visit to the 'Sepulchre that was hewn in stone,' it appears like an indistinct dream. I have been on the mighty ruins of Philœ; gazed upon distant scenery from the summit of the pyramid of Cheops in Egypt; meditated over the ruins of the Coliseum at Rome; ranged through the spacious galleries of St. Sophia at Constantinople; and surveyed the fallen splendours of the Parthenon in Greece; but in retrospection they all fade away into insignificance in comparison with that sacred excavation where our Lord completed his divine mission to a sinful world.'

And such, we should suppose, would be the feelings of all intelligent christians, on visiting the tomb of Him who purchased heaven for us by his death, were it not for the vice and degradation, the strife and infamy, which surround the Holy Sepulchre. Mussulman, and Papist, and Greek, each disputing with the other of their right to the spot, until the soul turns sick at the disgusting scenes enacted at the very place where meekness stood its last test, and the body of him was laid, who, on his cross with his dying voice prayed

for forgiveness to his enemies. From the very spot where we would longest pause to offer up the homage of grateful praise, we turn away in sadness, grieved at the evil passions and hardened depravity that can even intrude on a scene like this.

We have not space to follow the author through all his wanderings, or quote more from a book that has pleased and interested us much. What, with the terse and graphic description, aided by the fine engravings with which the volume abounds, one almost feels as if they had seen the country with the visible instead of the mental eye. He gives a most interesting account of his visit to the River Jordan, the scene of our Saviour's baptism, and remarks it as a singular occurrence that five Americans should have been present together at a spot so far from their own country and kindred. Many other spots are described with a master's pen, but we must leave our readers to form their opinion of this work by a perusal. We can only take them to the threshold, and there we must leave them, hoping that very soon Dr. Smith will take his projected tour, when we shall be glad to accompany him in the narration of its events.

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## THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

### CHAPTER VI.

AFTER remaining a little more than three months at Jersey, we prepared to remove to the Island of Guernsey, intending to divide the winter between the two places. On announcing our intention much dissuasion was attempted, not that people cared so very much whether we went or remained, but because there is a jealousy between the two Islands. The Jerseyites regard their little spot of earth as the metropolis of the group, and consider Guernsey as a very inferior affair. The Guernsey people are not at all behind in appreciation of *themselves*. Fortunately, the Islands are perfectly separate and distinct in their political and internal affairs: each has its Lieutenant Governor and mimic regality, with legislative power and independent legal jurisdiction, so that the jealousy never proceeds farther than the curl of the lip or the disparaging remark; and if the natives find that the notion of superiority makes them comfortable—why God bless them—that's all. As they really are industrious and thriving, the belief in their superiority to their neighbours tends to foster the spirit of independence and self-reliance, so essential a requisite to the welfare of a people. Would that Nova Scotians had a little more of it! Would that they were really awake to the true greatness of their country, and would

devote themselves to opening up its resources. They want self-reliance, and are at the mercy of any adventurer who, by pretending to superior knowledge, carries them away to ruin. Were they awake to their own capabilities they would thrive. Placed in any other part of the world but their own home, they shake off the feeling of self-depreciation, become energetic, self-reliant, and thriving. Their talk with regard to an Industrial Exhibition is, 'oh what can *we* shew—we shall but exhibit the nakedness of the land.' Yet that land teems with wealth, and if its inhabitants would unite to develop that wealth themselves, instead of always trusting to Providence or pretenders, they would easily create an exhibition that would do credit to any part of the world.

So much for Bluenose—Sam Slick has said the same thing and much more forcibly. Now we will return to the Channel Islands. On mentioning to a tradesman that we intended to leave him soon for Guernsey, he positively wondered why we should think of going to Guernsey at that season of the year—we should find it very wretched—it was a dull place at best, but now, oh shocking! And then the voyage!—the winds were very high and the landing was troublesome, nay dangerous, for they've no pier there, sir—such an apology for a pier you never saw—such a thing—we shall soon see you back here again, sir! That was very startling. To commit one's-self and all that was near and dear to such a horrid country, at the risk of all our lives, was positively stunning—perhaps sinful. But then we had packed up—we had given up our lodgings, and a new party was ready to move in immediately upon our leaving. Here was a dilemma. But we strolled down to the pier, and while there, in came the steamer from Southampton, all tight, staunch, and strong, and it occurred to us that as this was a first rate sea boat, and had been running all through the winter, night and day, across the Channel without accident, and as no accounts ever reached us of the loss of life among the passengers who landed at Guernsey, it was possible that a morning trip of two hours and a half might be accomplished without any great risk, and without rendering one's-self justly liable to the charge of tempting Providence. So next morning at eight o'clock we found ourselves on board this same tight little steamer. There was a light breeze, and not much even of the swell from which an oceanic channel is never wholly free. At half-past ten we arrived at Guernsey, and were again fortunate, as the wind came behind the Island and the water was perfectly calm. The Jerseyite spoke truly when he said that the pier of St. Peter's port was not very grand. It is now rather old and somewhat rusty in appearance, besides being wanting in extent and accommodation suited to its increasing trade. About five hundred yards from the mouth of the pier stands a wide rock upon which is built Castle Cornet, a picturesque fort. At all but the lowest tide the rock is insulated from the main land. At the time of our arrival the tide was high and the steamer was enabled to run between

the castle and the pier, where she lay-to till we were disembarked. We thus had perfectly smooth and calm water for our perilous landing, which was fortunately accomplished without the smallest accident.

The Island of Guernsey is very different in appearance, in soil, and to a certain extent in climate, from Jersey. The latter Island is rather low and flat in some localities, almost too much so for drainage, consequently in many places there are marshes and swamps, and the air is unwholesomely damp. But Guernsey, on the contrary, is all hill. The soil is light, dry, and gravelly, and the atmosphere much less humid. My friend, Captain Bolton, of 'Hell and Hades' memory, told me that he 'niver wint to Jer-r-r-sey without taking could, but that he tuk a run up to Guer-r-r-nsey for a few days and it left him immadiately.' The town of St. Peter's, the metropolis of Guernsey, is built on a hill, and up a hill. The town has been laid out upwards, instead of longwise, and nobody but those who have lived in such towns have an idea what a bore it is. Halifax is built on a hill, but its main streets run lengthwise, and having ascended a few yards you have a level to your right and left as far as you choose to walk. But in St. Peter's it is all up hill. With the exception of a place called the Arcade, all the shops are on the slope. Having mounted about half a mile, you may then walk about a mile further on the level, and very handsome residences line the road. The shops are not as elegant as those of St. Heliers, nor is it as bustling, as large, or as convenient a town. The country, however, is much more open and commanding. In Jersey you may walk between hedgerows, pretty enough and sweetsmelling enough in themselves, but to see the surrounding country is in many places impossible. In Guernsey any reasonable walk into the interior keeps you continually ascending, and the country is continually expanding before you.

On a fine sunny day the pier was a delightful place to lounge. On the one side, in the distance, like a fog bank lay Jersey; in front lay Alderney, Serk, Herm, and other islets. The French Coast was also visible, and Guernsey appeared landlocked. From the pier there extends a pleasant road of some two or three miles to St. Sampson's port, whence large shipments of granite are made. At every half mile, as on the Jersey Coast, is a martello tower. This road is parapetted for nearly its whole extent on the seaward side, and on the other facing the water are some pleasant houses and a very fine hotel. It is said, however, that these residences, desirable as their situation seems, are unpleasant, owing to an odor, not of Araby the blest, that pervades them when the tide is out.

Guernsey is certainly not nearly so pleasant a place to live in as Jersey. Its hilliness is against it. St. Peter's is not nearly so large a town as St. Heliers, nor has it half the attractions for a stranger. The shops are not nearly so elegant, so numerous, or so well supplied, and things are considerably dearer—why, I know not. It has been said that the society of Jersey is

foolishly exclusive, but that of Guernsey is absolutely sublime in its absurdity. It is divided into two parties, styled the Sixties and Forties; from what source these *noms de guerre* are derived we never could ascertain. But the Sixties are the Nobs and the Forties are the Snobs. A stranger on arriving must be very particular in acquiring information as to the numerical standing of these to whom he has brought letters of introduction. He may perhaps find among these one addressed to a knight or even a baronet, and he may perhaps hear that this individual is a very worthy man, irreproachable and blameless in all his transactions. But let him not venture to present his letter until he has ascertained that this estimable man takes rank among the Sixties. If he should leave his card upon one who was but a Forty, he may put into the fire all those intended to open to him the drawing rooms of the Sixties, for not one of these haughty individuals will recognize the bow of any thing so low as the friend of a Forty. In former days, ere gas was introduced, when people used to return from parties in sedan chairs preceded by lanterns, the Sixties carried three lights in their lamps, while the Forties were entitled to but two, and if one of the latter, having presumed to hoist too many luminaries, should be met and recognized, his lights were incontinently smashed by the attendants of his lordly superior. Should a Sixty, impelled by the emptiness of his own purse and attracted by the fulness of that of a Forty, condescend to enter into holy wedlock with the inferior article, he could not elevate her to his own position—oh no! The sapient rule cannot be infringed. When *his* visitors call upon *him*, madam is expected to retreat to her bower; and when *she* is permitted to have a few of *her* friends to tea, his lordship enjoys himself in some manner more dignified than talking to his wife's acquaintances. It has occurred, I believe, that a Sixty lady, impoverished it is to be presumed, has condescended to wed the money bags of a Forty man. Is not his a state to be envied? Compelled to go into the kitchen and butter the toast for the sixty horse power flunkies that would not permit him to come up stairs into his own drawing room! Is not theirs an honorable pride? They can enjoy themselves at the expense of a Forty—they can condescend to make merry at his table—but to speak to him even in his own house! To touch him! Whoso should venture to do that same thing, would *ipso facto* become himself unclean—become a *Forty*!

It is a difficult thing to ascertain what constitutes a Sixty. My own opinion is that the original stock must have been a cargo of footmen who were wrecked on the Island, and by some means or other established their superiority, just as Beau Brummel succeeded for a time in dictating the law of fashion to the London coteries. Certainly there seems to be no other way of accounting for such thorough flunkeydom. That there should be ranks in society every one will admit; human nature suggests it and the experience of the world shews that under every form of Government man will rise above his fellows—talent

will give influence—wealth will give power—men of influence and power will create for themselves a higher rank—and that rank will become to a great extent hereditary. It is a stimulus to exertion to endeavor to elevate one's-self, or at least one's children to a higher condition than one was placed in by nature. But for a certain set of society who by adventitious circumstances or even meritorious services have once chanced to attain a high position, to draw a circle round a certain space, and to pronounce that no talents, no personal attainments, no services to the state, no godlike faculties of mind, shall henceforth ever admit within the charmed circumference any member of the community who shall not happen to have been born within the ring; and not only that, but that the mere interchange of social civilities with one of these excluded members shall degrade and excommunicate, does seem to argue a state of feeling almost too monstrous for belief. Nor is the society of the Sixties after all by any means purely aristocratic. Persons come over from England of no standing in society, and if they happen to know a Sixty, or to have a letter to one, they are admitted. Military and Navy men of course have the entree at Government House and by virtue of their commissions, without reference to the occupations the parents of any may have been engaged in, are at once enrolled in the highest rank. Any acquaintance of one of these, no matter what he may be elsewhere, goes with him into the visiting list of the Sixties. This being a garrison town, my readers will have no difficulty in understanding how a society partly composed of the acquaintances of some members of the military profession may be anything but aristocratic, although many highborn and thoroughbred men are to be found in it. The officers of the army, as a body, are aristocratic. But no one will pretend to say that there are not many who would have no right to turn up their noses at 'a Forty.' Any stranger has the opportunity of getting within the circle, and the whole force of the system seems to be brought to bear against a certain class of the natives. Members of this class may be accomplished, gentleman-like and wealthy, they may even have a title, but like the negro blood which a thousand years of freedom and intermarriage with the whites will not purify to the delicate senses of a Southerner, so the taint of Forty-ism is never washed out. The consequence of this state of things is that the chiefs of the Sixties are particularly stiff in the back, and I once heard it remarked that Guernsey was 'hilly and pompious.'

There is a good library in St. Peters kept by the inimitable Redstone, who always has everything before and better than other people, and who, though a little grotesque, is particularly civil and obliging. On paying my subscription to Mr. Redstone I asked for a receipt; he replied with a flourish: 'Ah, as you are a stranger you may ask for one—if you had lived here any time you would know such a thing was superfluous.' I asked for a catalogue: 'Ah, we have no regular catalogue—take the Times, sir, and look at all the books

advertized—that will be a very good catalogue of my library.’ A gentleman asked for a paper containing the Queen’s Speech: ‘Ah, yes,’ said Redstone, ‘it will be here to-day—that is, the paper—and the Speech if it was delivered in time for the mail.’ ‘But,’ said the gentleman, ‘the Speech is always sent to the papers before it is actually delivered.’ ‘Ah, yes—but sometimes there is great inaccuracy—the paper *we* shall give you will contain an exact copy—we always get the correct thing.’ A public reading room is much wanted. Redstone used to take a few of the London papers, but there is nothing at all to compare with the reading room in Jersey, which was abundantly supplied with all the London dailies and standard weeklies, besides all the periodicals. I was introduced to the Independent Club, as it is called, a ‘Sixty’ association, but found it nothing but a reading room. It was comfortable enough for a lounging place, but only those papers which pleased the taste of the members were taken in, and not a single magazine. Consequently, it was far inferior as a place of information to a public reading room, where one could see both sides of the question. The Forties also had their club or reading room, and it is very probable that though not so dignified, it was better supplied than its supercilious neighbour up the hill.

The Market House of Guernsey is still better even than that of Jersey. It occupies two sides and nearly a third of a large square, and is a solid two story building of freestone. The lower story is divided into shops in front, under an arcade, while in the rear are the fish and meat markets. The fish market is considered one of the finest in Europe. It is about two hundred feet in length by twenty in breadth, and upwards of forty in height. The stalls in which the fish are exposed are forty in number, formed of slabs of finely polished marble supported on six pillars. This market is lighted by means of windows at each end and skylights in the roof, and is thoroughly ventilated. It is abundantly supplied with fish. The meat market is convenient and airy, well lighted by skylights in the day time, and by gas lights at night. The shops are comfortably fitted up, and are distinct from each other. In addition to these an arcade is set apart for the country people, who are not butchers, but who bring their ready dressed pork and veal here for sale; the carcasses are hung up in the division to which they belong; the ten parishes having their names over their respective rows of hooks, so that every purchaser may know in what parish the meat was fed. The market place is devoted to vegetables, fruit, and flowers, of which there is a magnificent supply. In the arcade sit the egg-and-poultry-women, and over this are the assembly rooms, devoted to public balls, concerts, and exhibitions.

On Easter Monday a general inspection and drill of the Island Militia took place. I went to the drill ground of the 1st regiment; this consisted of eight companies of thirty-six men each. On the same ground were two companies of rifles, and a regiment of artillery with sixteen brass guns. The

militia men take a great interest and pride in their warriors' gear, and their bravery has been so often tried and proved that they have a right to be proud. Of course as they took an interest in their work they did it well. They were dressed precisely as regular troops, the wisdom of which may be doubted. Militia men can never come up to regular troops in discipline and machine-like movement, but in their own peculiar way they may do equally good service. Better to keep each arm of the service separate and distinct—having its own style of warfare and its own distinctive dress and equipment. At least such is my opinion. But if any respectable general officer, who has had an opportunity of judging, will tell me that I know nothing about it, I do not pledge myself to stand obstinately by what I have said.

What may be the number of the whole body of militia of the Channel Islands, I do not know, but it must very nearly correspond with the number of able bodied inhabitants. The following extract from an authority on the subject, shews that few are exempted from service :

‘The political constitution of Jersey, Guernsey, and the smaller Islands of the group, requires that every man from sixteen to sixty shall serve gratuitously either in a military or civil capacity, and frequently in both. Parochial officers are by this means supplied in easy and constant succession, and the recruiting of the militia becomes a mere automatic system, more comprehensive even than conscription, for registers of births furnish an inexhaustible supply of raw material for the manufacture of soldiers. None are exempt from personal service but persons affected with congenital or acquired infirmity ; and not even these until they have undergone the ordeal of a medical board composed of militia surgeons, all private practitioners, who are allowed the option of serving in their professional capacity or shouldering a musket—an alternative not allowed to their brethren in England by the provisions of the Militia Bill.’

The population of Guernsey is about 30,000. Its form is triangular. It is thirty miles in circumference ; its extreme length is about nine and a half miles, and its breadth about four miles. It is one hundred and twenty miles from Southampton, and twenty-eight from Jersey. It is almost entirely of granite formation, and it exports large quantities of this rock, which is of a superior quality. Guernsey shirts are no longer made in Guernsey. The shipping in 1839 consisted of one hundred vessels averaging a hundred tons each. The Royal Court of Guernsey has jurisdiction over all the other Islands except Jersey. The population of these small islets, however, does not probably amount to more than two thousand souls.

All around the coast of Guernsey the marine herb or algæ, called in all the Islands *vraic*, is very abundant. This seaweed, which is used both as fuel and manure is of the greatest value to the farmers, and of the utmost importance to the poor fishermen, who being unable to afford coal or wood for the winter, depend upon this for firing, and sell the ashes for manure. So important is this article in the Island, (and in Jersey also) that certain restrictions,

specified in the ordinances of the court, are laid upon the time and manner of its appropriation. Poor persons who possess neither horse nor cart are allowed to cut it during the first eight days of the first spring tide after Easter, 'provided they carry it on their backs to the beach.' Vraicing time is a season of gaiety and merriment: on the morning of the appointed day hundreds of country people assemble from all parts, two or three families joining company, some with carts, some with horses, having paniers slung on each side of them, they proceed to the beach, and as the tide ebbs they scatter themselves over the bays, the most active on foot or on horseback wading to the rocks as far out as possible. Some go in boats to detached rocks, even at a great distance, cut away the weed with small billhooks as fast as possible, and send it off in boatloads to the beach, where it is deposited in heaps, upon which a smooth stone is laid having the initials of the owner chalked upon it. The scene is very gay—both men and women presenting odd costumes, with trousers and petticoats tucked up for greater freedom of limb—the younger ones being adorned as for a holiday. A good deal of gallantry takes place of course between the young men and the maidens, and the seaweed being slippery, many falls naturally occur. At the close of the day, when the tide has risen to its height and the business is over, the whole party, men and women, go in bathing together—what? together? Yes, together. They all join hands and march in, *with their clothes on*, and duck each other heartily. This is an improvement on the English fashion: at any English watering place men and women bathe together, the men *in puris*, the women in bathing gowns, and it is considered that the sense of decency is preserved by the stretching of a rope from the shore out into the water to separate the sexes from each other.

There is also another kind of 'vraic,' which is washed on the coast and gathered after every spring tide. It is mostly gathered in rough weather, when the boisterous waves having torn it from the rocks, it is cast upon the beach, and the men drag it on shore with immense rakes beyond the reach of the sea. This employment is very laborious from the weight and strain of the heavy rakes, and it is sometimes attended with danger, as the instruments are often wrenched from the hands and brought violently back against the legs of the men, who thus run the risk of broken limbs. The value of the yearly collection of vraic on the coast of Guernsey is stated to be about £3000 sterling.

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## TALES OF OUR VILLAGE.—No. 8.

### CHAPTER II.

KATRINE was, however, very happy in her change of life; she regarded her husband with all the devotion and enthusiasm of woman's true and unwavering love. The early days of her married life were not marred by the shadow of a

cloud. The first act of her husband after their marriage was to purchase a commission, with a portion of her father's liberal gift, which his own limited resources had hitherto prevented. They lived in good style, both had expensive tastes, and only the most luxurious articles were admitted into their residence. Mr. T.—'s horses were splendid, their dinners and select parties the most sumptuous and *recherche*; and Katrine and her husband were as much admired, and their society as eagerly sought for, after their marriage as before. But while all was gaiety and festivity with them, at her father's once luxurious and happy home, things wore a strangely altered appearance. After his daughter's wedding, Mr. Schiller grew more careworn and morose, his manner irritable and at times reckless, he absented himself from society, and his wife and Louise at times feared for his reason. Soon, however, the real cause of his abstraction and anxiety transpired: his speculations were empty bubbles—his funds were exhausted—creditors rushed in with their demands, and the great firm whose business had been so extensive, and wealth apparently so inexhaustible, was now bankrupt and ruined. It was an irretrievable failure. The sale of house, furniture, plate, horses, &c., was barely a drop to meet the ocean of demands. From the most opulent of his class, Mr. Schiller was turned penniless upon the world, his wife and daughter totally unprovided for. It was a crushing blow to many, but to none did it come with such force and amazement as to Mr. T. Such an occurrence had never suggested itself to him. In marrying Katrine he fancied himself wealthy for life; but for this supposition he would never have encumbered himself with a wife, or given up the freedom of his bachelor existence. It were vain to attempt to describe his anger and mortification on the occasion. To be connected with a bankrupt was a severe blow to his pride, but to have a wife and be without money was a still greater one. Bitterly did he curse the day in which appearances so blinded his discernment, and from the day of her father's failure poor Katrine's sorrow commenced. It was a hard trial to her affectionate and sensitive heart, to see the father she loved so dearly ruined and disgraced, humiliated among his fellow merchants, and suffering all it is possible for the proud and high minded to bear. The poor old man never rallied from the blow; he whose credit had been so extensive and sure, to become a miserable and despised bankrupt, was more than his keen sense of honour could endure. He neither tried to compromise or improve. All attempts on the part of friends and advisers to induce him to rally and look the evil boldly in the face, were fruitless. He felt himself disgraced, and the feeling produced despair. The whole family removed, immediately after the failure of the firm, and sale of their house and furniture, to the residence of Mr. T., who, though unwilling to maintain further connection with those from whom he could expect nothing, was still bound for the sake of appearances, to extend all the hospitality and attention in his power to the family he had so lately entered. Katrine's care

and affection were unbounded, she would have done all that a generous and loving heart dictated, had she means or opportunities, but since the insolvency of her father, Mr. T. made a great profession of economy; but though it extended itself to the household arrangements as far as his wife and her visitors were concerned, his own comforts and pleasures suffered little diminution. Katrine had immediately suggested that the bridal gift of her father, amounting to some thousands, should be restored, to meet even though slightly some of the demands of the numerous creditors, but her husband angrily informed her that he had devoted the money to other uses, and would hardly be expected to consent to the payment of other creditors, when he himself had suffered more severely than any from the bankruptcy of her father. It was her first insight into the selfishness and cruelty of his heart, and that early lesson was a bitter trial to the poor girl. She had fancied her husband the personification of human excellence. Her own heart overflowed with kindness and generosity to all around her, and it was her chief pleasure to think that all their thoughts were in unison. It was then deeply humiliating to find that he was far, very far, inferior to all she had fancied him, and many a bitter tear fell over the rude dispersion of her loving illusion. He had also spoken unkindly to her—the young wife's first sorrow—when she hears harsh accents from the lips that have ever been attuned to love, at least to her, and even though it may be that her own waywardness and caprice have caused the censure, still it falls very hardly upon the sensitive heart. But poor Katrine had not this alone to bear—she would have forgiven, as woman always does, the hasty words of momentary anger, but the heartlessness and meanness displayed in his words gave the deepest wound to the heart that trusted and leaned on him so fondly. Hard is the first awakening to the demerits of those we love, but the arrow wounds not so deeply if we have been led on step by step to the consummation; but when the veil is torn away, rudely and at once, the lightness of the spirit departs, and the wings that bore us on so gaily, trail drooping and sorrowful in the dust. It was Katrine's first page in the volume of her sad history, and she read it with a failing and a fainting heart.

Mr. Schiller had not been an inmate of his son-in-law's house for many weeks before the hand of death released him from his earthly sorrows. Care and anxiety for months previous to his failure had done sad havoc upon his once strong frame, and the humiliating position in which that event placed him, was more than the already worn out form could endure. He lingered for a short time in an apathetic and moody state, disregarding the endearments of wife and children, turning away from remonstrance and advice, apparently communing with his own sad thoughts and brooding over the disappointments of the past. But human nature cannot long hold out against such continued warfare of spirit; so just when the quiet morning first glanced through the shadows of the night whispering the approach of bustle and sunshine, the pallid

face of the honest but unfortunate German merchant spoke to the distressed wife of the departure of the soul. Many were the tears shed over that inanimate form by those who had been nearest and dearest to his heart; yet still they rejoiced that he was now 'at home and at rest,' far, at last, from the strife of our work-a-day-world, 'where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.'

Madame Schiller and Louise were now left entirely dependant on Mr. T. for protection, if not support. These were tardily given, by the young man once so eager to fulfil every wish of the family from which he had taken, in their eyes, the best treasure. But so perfect an adept was he in concealing his real thoughts and feelings from all but the narrow circle in his household, that the world looked on pityingly and admiringly—pity that one so young and joyous should be encumbered with so large a family, and admiration for the spirit and courage with which the burden was apparently borne. He was still the favorite with his companions, and the welcome guest at the gay entertainment or the social gathering. He was always in demand, and as ready to respond. None marvelled that the husband of a few months, and the sharer and sympathizer of his wife's sorrow and bereavement, should leave his home and rightful place by her side, for the gaiety and amusement of the outer world; but all approved of the disposition that led the young soldier to rise superior to the ills of life, and turn from its adverse but unavoidable mischances to the pleasures that others enjoyed.

Mrs. T. had the usual measure of sympathy and kindness from her friends and admirers; yet her total seclusion affected them but little. The etiquette that enjoins retirement while the 'days of mourning' in outward apparel last, accounted for the non-admittance of visitors; and the mother and sister, now the constant inmates of her house, were deemed by all companions well fitted to atone for the frequent absence of her husband from a home where sorrow had usurped the place of cheerfulness and festivity. None dreamed of the young wife's loneliness of heart, of the poisoned arrows implanted there by that husband's hand. He still wore his mask to the world, frank and joyous in manner, kind in every minor particular, winning the sympathy of all whom he met in the outer-world—society. His conduct at home was judged by the same rule, and Mr. T. was accordingly esteemed and beloved. Months passed on in this way, every day depriving Katrine more and more of the companionship and kindness of her husband, at a time when she most needed it. Madame Schiller and Louise felt their dependant position most painfully. The trials incidental to the merchant's bankruptcy, the shame and sorrow of feeling that his memory was disgraced, while his numerous creditors remained unpaid, were sufficient in themselves to oppress very keenly their sensitive hearts, but when averted and cold looks were their portion, from their only rightful protector and friend, joined with the circumstance that this course of proceeding on

his part but added to the sorrow of their idolized Katrine, their position became nearly insupportable, and any situation would have been preferable, could they only have shielded her from additional discomfort. But at Gibraltar there was no opening or means whereby either could aid in procuring a livelihood, even had the pride or wish to stand fair in the world of Mr. T. allowed such a course. Often did they long for the quiet plain simplicity of their beloved Germany, for the friends who had witnessed Mr. Schiller's early life and his struggles for fortune, trusting that there they should not only escape the scorn and coldness of the fashionable world, but find some means of support by their own exertions. This, however, was impracticable, as neither means nor circumstances would admit of such a return, and when Louise once gently hinted her wish to Katrine of finding some way in which by her own endeavours she could provide for her mother and herself, the poor young girl, already so enfeebled by sorrow and illness, burst into tears, and passionately implored Louise never to mention it again, as she valued her reason or life. The subject was therefore prohibited, and the sorrowing family, though bound more closely than ever to each other, still lived on suffering but uncomplainingly.

A boy was soon added to the inmates of Mr. T——'s house, and although the natural affection of a parent was of course awakened in the father's heart, still his advent brought with it no joy, as he dreaded much an increase of family, and shrank from the attendant duties and responsibilities. Pleasure was his chief object and occupation in life, and though his profession was a source of pride and ambition, he loved it still better for its display, and the opportunities it afforded of mingling with the most distinguished and agreeable society. To be, and seem, young and untrammelled was then a natural wish, and the cares and duties of parentage sat heavily upon him. One circumstance, however, occurred at this time, of gratification to him. By the death of a senior officer he was promoted to the rank of Captain, and this success, for one so young, was very welcome to him, when oppressed as he imagined by so many distressing disadvantages.

Her child was to Katrine a gift fraught with innumerable blessings—the love which her husband had rudely thrown back was centred with additional strength on her boy—not the less dear because he wore his father's lineaments, and spoke of him in every glance. It seemed as if the old sunshine was returning to her heart, and a rainbow breaking through the gloom that stormily overhung her life, when her husband fondled and played with her little Arthur, speaking words of endearment long unheard from his lips by her. Had the boy been born heir to his grandsire's vast fortune, as once might have been the case, and Katrine the recipient of her father's favours and wealth, Captain T. would still have been an affectionate and devoted husband. His child, as the medium of wealth, would have been to his worldly heart his chief treasure, and in the smiles of prosperity Katrine might still have been a happy wife and

mother. But adversity, which strips the sails from the barque of fortune and the mask from human nature, had visited too rudely the Captain's heart. He had no strong high principle to fall back upon, to withstand the severe disappointment. Instead of sheltering himself in the strong security of household love, and turning from the heartless world to the inner beauty and wealth of home, he visited the sense of his misfortunes on those who had least offended him, thinking much of the instruments, and little of the creator.

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LETTERS FROM 'LINDEN HILL.'—No. 5.

*Most wise and critical of Modern Athenians* :—Small hope should I have of deluding you into the belief that you were once more reading a letter, if you were one of those—

“Lords of high emprise,  
Who war on women and on boys.”

Most fortunate is it for me, that like that renowned ‘Don of old,’ you will, in the cordial credulity of a knightly spirit, have sufficient faith in appearances, to take the ‘brazen basin’ for a helmet.

Shall I tell you first, that part of my story that will interest and sadden you most. You will not hear unmoved, that the good and upright man, of your own country and profession, whom only three years ago you called ‘that fine old Titan,’ is visible no more among us. He passed suddenly away, scarce missed from his accustomed ground, until his first and last conqueror laid an unrelenting hand upon him. Many griefs had swept and surged around him, but in passing through deepest waters the strong man lifted a brave head above them, nor when the floods were heaviest did they overflow him. A wife whose memory was dear as had been her living presence; two sons, and four fair daughters grown to sweet and cherished womanhood, vanished successively from his home; while he, their wise and tender guardian, watched and waited for each beloved one's doom, striving to delay what he could never avert, and hoping against hope, in the dignity of great and silent sorrow. In many ways did he grow familiar with bereavement, for independent of his closer sorrows, he lived to see some who were near to him stript of their dearest shield and blessing; and thinking of this, I put my hand into the old portfolio beside me, and turn to a page written not very long ago, which tells how—to use your own words—‘you ran across the Frith of Forth to see the young Nova Scotian bride, who was visiting her new friends in a beautiful sequestered spot in the heart of fair and famed Mid-Lothian.’ Little did you think then that the happy husband and superior man, of whose friendship you were

so justly proud, and in whose praise you never wearied, should soon be lying upon a strange and unloved shore, while—

“Rolling waters sweep between  
The willow and his grave.”

This was the last sad tale the family veteran lived to hear. In the wide sphere of his professional duty, he carried everywhere the comfort and confidence which his great experience, ability, and true manly feeling, were so well calculated to inspire. With many a story of household oppression and wrong was he familiar, nor did he ever fail the weak and helpless who made, perhaps, no audible appeal to his sympathy; but in a rare and noble exercise of strength invariably cast its influence around those who had but little of their own. Some called his stateliness cold, but I and many more have seen the stern old man lay a gentle touch upon suffering heads, and heard his deep firm voice quiver as he looked into weeping eyes, and strove to speak sustaining words. Many have a right to miss and mourn him, for all things great and good were revered and upheld by him, and shame and sorrow were safe and sacred in his honourable hands.

Nova Scotia may claim and count already not a few ‘honoured heads in grassy graves,’ and among these may well hold in warm remembrance the name and resting-place of D——r R——t H——e.

You say that occasionally a scrap of my rural experiences would be welcome, so if it suit your present mood, you may ramble about for a little time in our footsteps. Soon after you left us, we (you can imagine who composed the *we*) made an excursion into the diviner portion of the world, travelling for eight or ten days in surpassingly beautiful weather, through some of our inland countries. Sometimes journeying through lovely river scenery in the valleys, and again crossing the mountains, (of course you being a Scotsman would hold them in derision as hills) through forests splendid in their inimitable autumn colouring.

“And regally the gorgeous hills  
Surround the valley homes;  
And stretching down a thousand rills,  
The axe-spared glory comes;  
To stand like chosen guards beside  
The loveliest haunts of summer’s pride.”

Well, sir, we made our first stoppage at a small country town, of which mention was often made in your hearing. You know already that the ‘village proper’ is the most dismal little hole on earth, that nobody ever walks in its streets, or looks out of its windows, or conducts him, or herself, in the ordinary ways of humanity at all. The very dead do not behave as respectable civilized inhabitants of church-yards usually do, but elbow the living in a most unceremonious and startling manner. For example, miscellaneous groceries and dry-goods are dispensed under the name and authority of persons who were naturalized in the realm of ghosts years ago, the appellations by which they were known in this life looking into the streets as familiarly and confidently as of old.

These things, you will admit, are singular, and to a person of susceptible nerves, rather unpleasant than otherwise. But to atone for all this, you may turn anywhere and in a few moments bathe your eyes in almost unrivalled beauty. You may look at the swelling woodland, the luxuriant orchards, the verdant dyke-lands, and the soft river winding like 'Yarrow,' 'through the pomp of cultivated nature,' without leaving the level ground; but you will do better to climb some neighbouring eminence and gaze till your heart is filled with delight upon the valley below.

"The valley below—where quaint homesteads gray,  
Peep out from the flowering locust's spray;  
Or shadowy lie in the beautiful gloom  
Of old elm-branches and orchard bloom."

Worthy, indeed, of better songs than ours, is this nook of sweet garden land.

In this region also, you may drive at leisure past fertile meadows, sunny upland, tasteful cottage, and stately mansion, and asking successively 'to whom does this belong,' receive the invariable answer that will cause you to imagine yourself a fellow traveller of 'Puss in boots,' journeying through the domains of as extensive a landed proprietor as the famous 'Marquis of Carabas.'

A day or two later we turned our horses heads, and got by some inexplicable route among the eastern counties. We travelled many a mile through lonely lovely wilderness, and when the hares and partridges crossed almost under the horse's feet, which they did frequently, I discovered myself to be a skilful driver, while my companion, who had his gun with him, sprang out to shoot the beautiful woodlanders. I was not quite reconciled to that part of our proceedings, but am nevertheless compelled to acknowledge that my remorse was afterwards mingled with pride at finding that we two alone, of all our party, returned with trophies of war, which we might triumphantly display, fearless of game-law penalties.

Adversity came upon us once, however, in the course of our wanderings. A heavy storm overtook us, and we rested in disquiet through one unspeakably dismal day and night at a village famous for the beauty of its surroundings. The grey lowering sky and gusty rain swept all the charm from green grass, majestic trees, and bright running water. We knew that these things, in exquisite and almost unequalled combination, abounded in our vicinity, but were reluctantly forced to confess that we beheld their great and indisputable loveliness, as the unsuccessful sportsman saw the birds he had intended to shoot, with the eye of faith.

All our misfortunes came together, for after our dreary arrival upon that stormy evening, we, being persons of lively imaginations, had comforted ourselves with the expectation of that balm of Gilcad to weary womankind, a cup of the fragrant herb; but alas, for the frailty of our hopes—literally, the materials for a feast of good things soon covered the table, but we of the weaker vessel, who languished for tea, might sup with the Barmecides. There

was a great array of cups and spoons, and the kettle and teapot made a delusive show, but the waters of Tantalus were not more aggravating than our black and bitter draught. In our desperation it continually reached our lips, but though we 'made believe' a great deal, it went no further. At last we be-thought of an expedient for relief, and deputed a fair one of the party (who was fortunately endowed with a gift of stating powerful objections in a peculiarly meek and disarming manner) to proceed forthwith to the holding of an interview with our hostess upon some amicable pretence, and in the progress of a few elaborately arranged remarks, endeavour to insinuate delicately that we had been 'accustomed to good tea;' whereupon, one who had come unexpectedly and pleasantly among us, seriously damped our prospects by hinting that the lady might possibly reply that '*she had been*' accustomed to good manners. We were, however, in a direful strait, and in the bravery of despair our missionary did her duty, and during the remnant of our stormy stay in that 'bounteous T——o Vale' the obnoxious beverage disappeared, and we drank coffee fit for an Arab.

We did not, however, leave this soft lap of the hills, without a glimpse of the honored but now almost deserted mansion of one whose gracious manner, elegant wit, and captivating eloquence so long adorned the high places of our land; and in the unusual refinement and culture which marks society in this vicinity, we fancied that we could trace the influence of his persuasive and graceful genius.

Upon the following day we went gently onward, until we began to descend shortly before sunset a valley so calm and golden-green that we involuntarily recanted all former heterodox opinions of pastoral scenery, and felt, that let the morrow find us where it would, for that day and hour, 'we too were in Arcadia.' I never shall forget that lovely level plain and bright winding river, fringed with trees whose grace and beauty might recal the Hamadryads; and hold in my heart a cloudless vision of that gorgeous evening picture. I see still the broad unbroken meadows, brilliant with the young vivid after-grass, and picturesque with the peaceful herds, and—

Feathery elms, that grouping stand  
Across the green and pleasant land;

The distant swelling uplands, dotted with snowy sheep, and the grand old hills clothed in crimson, green, and gold, standing all around. Nor did the gentle and hospitable owners of the soil belie its promising aspect, as six hungry travellers amply testified at the close of the day, when they found themselves seated with a kind host and hostess around a table which abundantly proved them to be in a land flowing with milk and honey.

The next morning we drove up and down six miles of a mountain (now don't be absurd making abortive witticisms about Nova Scotia mountains) and began to shape our course along the banks of the 'chosen waters.' I think you know already that the Indian word Musquodoboit signifies the 'culled or

chosen water,' and as you journey gently down its romantic borders, coming suddenly upon spots where Titania and her fairy court might sleep or revel, you will not wonder that the wild and poetical people so distinguished this lovely and intricate river. And the trout, the delicious trout, that abounds in these transparent depths! We saw the beautiful creatures of some four or five pounds weight, with their brown shining backs and shell-pink breasts, bedropped with scarlet, come dripping from their clear cool home, and hungry heathens that we were, ate them afterward. I have heard, as you remember, of marvellous results from the exploits of certain amateur fishermen among the Highland Lochs, but am convinced these sportsmen would hold the memory of former spoils in small repute, could they fish in the blue pool of the Musquodoboit.

On our road homeward we encountered a rising genius, the transcendent polish of whose steel watch chain was clearly traceable to the agency of brick-dust, and who was of opinion that the St. M——y River, in our vicinage, fell into the Pacific Ocean. Feeling warranted, from these symptoms, in our belief that this attractive youth must be—

“The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.”

We made inquiries accordingly, and found that harmless as was his general appearance, he had not long previous been productive of a formidable disturbance among the fair of the district. It appeared upon reliable evidence that this lady-killer having a pervading sense of his own dignity, and instigated thereto by the desire of defining his importance in some marked and tangible manner, had devoted a portion of his leisure—a few small brass nails acting as auxiliaries—to the achievement of the initials of his name upon the heels of his boots, performing afterward—by the like instrumentality—with great success, an inscription around the same, illustrative of his daily life and conversation. Little, poor, persecuted youth, imagining, that from the fatal revelations imparted to the betraying snow by the biographical boots, he should be tracked by relentless spies to the rival houses of the settlement, and innocently create a war of women, such as the fiercest conflict of Guelf and Ghibelline never surpassed.

I have no doubt that you, who have looked at the Persian Rubies in London, and couched in the shadow of the tree-fern in sunny Polynesia, sustained a passage at arms with Comanche Indians, and dazzled your eyes with the snowy crown of Chimborazo, are beginning to laugh at my travels. He who has voyaged both to Lilliput and Brobdignag may well be careless of my easy-chair stories, so I finish my account of our ramblings by telling you that a day or two later we reached Linden Hill in safety, and found it looking as it looked upon many a lonely summer evening, when you sat within the shadow of its leaves, listening to the sunset concert of the birds in our neighbour's swampy grove.

You ask me, by the way, to tell you something of a learned and much-respected dignitary of that church without whose pale you and I are to be found. I know very well, that, stiff-necked Presbyterian as you are, you greatly admire him, and your enquiry is proof of your interest. In honour of this accomplished son of Erin, upon whose head the 'Nine' have laid bountiful hands, it is in my power to say but little, 'though I have all the will' to say much. But his late accession of professional rank, which deprives Halifax of his great eloquence, unrivalled social charm, and active beneficence, has not removed him from our memories. There are many who miss, when they gather their choicest guests around them, his unaffected urbane smile, and intellectual yet most natural and flowing converse; and there are many more who well and warmly remember the devoted priest, who, following faithfully the example of his holy master, was found day after day in the midst of famine and pestilence, healing and ministering, until the scourge he strove to alleviate for others, laid its fierce grasp upon himself, and held him hovering between life and death for many a weary hour. All praise and prosperity *to him*, while you and I, and many another 'heretic,' who with such proud complacency congratulate ourselves upon our heresies, may profitably emulate his noble example.

I deem it also creditable to your taste that you have not forgotten the lovely lady, the beauty of whose wondrous youth is still a familiar theme in Nova Scotia; nor you, nor I, saw her morning prime, but we have both seen her beautiful matronhood, and can easily believe all that our more fortunate predecessors can tell. Possibly, you do not know that a Californian sun shines upon her head, and could the warm rays convert the dust beneath her feet to gold, many a heart in her far-off native land would rejoice for her sake; just think of her as we can all remember; recal the slight erect figure, with its graceful airy movement, the tiny hands and feet, the perfect radiant face, whose—

"Brown eyes had looks like birds,  
Flying straightway to the light,"

Surrounded with the small, dark, drooping, ringy curls, and hope with us that the dews and sunlight of Acadia may fall upon her declining days. Some of our native emigrants to the deceiving shore have sent back tales of her gentle deeds; and if sympathy and tenderness from almost any hand be dear to us in our need, think what these blessings must be to the eyes of our home and heart-sick wanderers, when they look in to such a face as her's and find it that of a ministering angel. May the golden land prove to her, and all who are dear to her, an El-Dorado indeed.

I fancy I have nearly satisfied your late demands, as I find that the concluding desires of your last epistle refer to the 'present condition of the garden,' my estimate of a friend whom you know only by report, and the mental and physical well-being of a certain enslaver of the fair, whom I remember you were charitably desirous of seeing involved in an *instructive* flirtation, upon the

ground 'that it would do him good.' To dismiss the last mentioned, first, you wish to know whether your amiable design was ever carried into execution, and I must confess that it was neglected, not from lack of skill or inclination, but simply because there was not room for operations. I am willing to concede that 'John of Gaunt,' as you gracelessly styled him, had a miraculous gift of accommodating his dimensions to those of our parlours; but it was insupportable to find him perpetually tucking his incommodious figure out of reach; and the play of fancy, necessary to the accomplishment of your object, was entirely restricted by an irrepressible anxiety respecting the safety of his limbs. And the matter is hopeless now, for to speak from the mouth of his favorite Poet—

"He hath gone over the unfooted sea,"

And is more likely to fall in your way again than in ours. Should you encounter him, hand him over to some 'maid of the heather,' and let her deal with him as she lists. We wash our hands of him. But the other, of whom I just now spoke, who is here in these pleasant summer days, brings his most upright and kindly nature from the

"First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea."

The man of unusual talent and fine practical sense, great feeling, and little vanity, whose superiority may be unheeded by the coarse, the ostentatious, and the superficial, but who to other eyes needs only to show the faithful face that (reflecting every rising or passing feeling of the hour) betrays never the advent of a vile or poor emotion, to prove the truth of that grand saying of a grand Poet:

"An honest man 's the noblest work of God."

A truer or better heart beats not within the 'wooden walls of England,' and place its owner in any crisis of life, (I will risk my prophetic character upon the result,) and from the trial shall come forth the unstained gentleman.

And now, best and kindest, the garden, and good-bye. You who know the geography of Linden Hill as well as I, require few details. The leafy lines and pale syringas, the yellow honey-suckles and dazzling stranger, whose 'great scarlet clusters satin leaved' still glow beside the guelder rose, are all fresh and fair as they were in your day. The light-footed robin still crosses the flower-beds, or sits singing in the boughs; and amid all the wealth of shade and bloom, 'the cedar of Lebanon,' of which you had such hopes, is still the most disreputable looking tree in the garden, though its poverty is generously hidden by its more flourishing neighbours, while in very truth, by those who dwell within the shadow of the vines you loved—

Not unremembered are they, who crossed the ancient main,  
Leaving with us pleasant word and deed until they come again;  
The place they loved is vacant still, in the deep window side,  
And though new steps bring gayer smiles, the void is not supplied.  
We're lonely in the eventide, in paths the absent knew,  
Where pale and radiant roses are shining in the dew,  
And still the favorite woodbine is lovely as of old,  
When its scarlet trumpets open with a lining of pale gold.  
Still lends the moon her beauty to the waters blue below,  
When she spreads her regal presence o'er their untroubled flow;

Like the milky way that stretches its marvel through the skies,  
 (The wondrous golden alphabet of untaught mysteries)  
 The influence of whose glory is to wise and simple given,  
 When it casts its splendid silence across the distant heaven.

Of course you are vain enough to claim an interest in these rhymes, and may be permitted, I suppose, to feel reasonably flattered in the reading; and now, that all good and pleasant things may abound with you, is the hope and prayer of

MAUDE.

### OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

PROVINCIAL matters during the past month afford little that is interesting or eventful to record. The season has been unusually warm and pleasant, and the growth of vegetation proportionally rapid and vigorous. The fishing interests promise well, and as the result of the exertions of Admiral Sir George Seymour for their protection by the employment of armed steamers and other swift cruisers, much success is anticipated.

The latest novelty in Colonial literature is a new work by Judge Haliburton, under the designation of 'Sam Slick's Wise Saws and Modern Instances.' The work has met with high commendation from the English press, but as it will probably be reviewed in the 'Provincial' at an early period, we must reserve an opinion of its merits.

We must also notice a little publication having reference to Nova Scotia, it is entitled: 'A Treatise on the remains of a Reptile (*Dendropepon Acadianum*, Wyman and Owen) and of a Land Shell discovered in the interior of an erect Fossil Tree in the coal measures of Nova Scotia.' By Sir Charles Lyell and J. W. Dawson. It is illustrated with plates, and will be a valuable acquisition to the geologist and antiquarian.

We have again to record the death of a leading member of the medical faculty in Halifax, Dr. A. F. Sawers, on the 20th June, in his 49th year. He filled the position of Health Officer for the port of Halifax.

The corner stone of the new Halifax Market House was laid on the 29th June, with Masonic Honours, by his Worship the Mayor, Hon. A. Keith, Provincial Grand Master of the Masonic Fraternity.

Active railway preparations are proceeding in New Brunswick, both on the line from Shediac to the Bend of Pettiteodiac and on the St. Andrew's line. The Honbles. Messrs. Chandler, Hazen, Wilmot, Gray, Hayward, and Montgomery, have been appointed Government Directors in that Province for the European and North American Railway.

The Canadian Assembly was prorogued on the 14th June, after the transaction of much important business.

In Montreal and Quebec riotous proceedings have lately taken place, on the occasion of a lecture by the celebrated Italian Orator, Father Gavazzi. The police force being insufficient to preserve the peace, the troops were called out, and fired among the people, when about twenty persons were either killed or wounded. The Padre was thrown from the pulpit of the church, and together

with his Secretary Paoli, was violently assaulted with clubs and stones, but escaped without serious injury. The latter was severely beaten, but has since recovered from his wounds.

The steamer Admiral, plying between Toronto and Rochester, was burned on Lake Ontario on the 10th June.

The sum of sixty thousand pounds has been voted by the Canadian Assembly to build Houses of Parliament in Toronto.

The Ulster Mining Company of Lake Superior in driving down their shaft came unexpectedly into a spacious cavern, the extent of which is not yet discerned. This discovery, it is stated, enhances the value of the mines.

An order of the British Government, withdrawing the usual detachment of troops from P. E. Island, has elicited the earnest protest of the inhabitants of Charlottetown.

H. M. Frigate Leander (50), having on board Lord Ellesmere and the other representatives of Great Britain at the approaching Exhibition of Art and Industry at New York, arrived at that port on the 10th. The Leander will proceed to Halifax and remain there until her return to England.

Intelligence from Europe has been of a rather startling nature during the past month. The differences between Turkey and Russia are wearing a serious aspect, and may elicit the intervention of foreign powers. The question, however, as to peace or war between those two powerful nations is yet in great uncertainty. It is doubtful whether the Russian autocrat will attempt war when opposed to France and England, and supported as they may be by both Austria and Prussia. The latest intelligence informs us of warlike preparations in all quarters, without throwing any light on what will be the issue of the impending difficulties.

In England the Admiralty have ordered all serviceable vessels to the Mediterranean from the number stationed at Portsmouth, Plymouth and Devonport.

A government measure for amending the system of Government in India was the latest matter in discussion in the House of Commons.

Her Majesty is to visit Ireland during the summer.

The latest attempt in submarine engineering has been most successfully accomplished by the establishment of a wire telegraph between England and Holland. Wires having been carried from Orfordness, on the Coast of Suffolk, to Schevening on the Dutch Coast, a distance in a straight line of one hundred and fifteen miles.

Edinburgh is proposing to follow the example of Dublin, and to have an Exhibition of Scottish National Industry. Plans are already preparing, and architects employed to assist in carrying out the design.

France is quiet. The Emperor is about to visit the South of France, and troops have been sent to Pau to do duty during the stay of the imperial family of that place.

From the East we have nothing of importance. A reinforcement of troops is again required to strengthen several of the military stations.

