





INDIRECT

**DOMESTIC INFLUENCES,**

OR

**NOVA SCOTIA AS IT WAS, AS IT IS, AND AS IT MAY BE.**

COMPRISING A GLANCE AT A NEW PAGE IN THE HISTORY OF

**THE BRITISH PROVINCES,**

WITH

RESEARCHES INTO THE

**FISHERY EXCITEMENT OF 1851.**

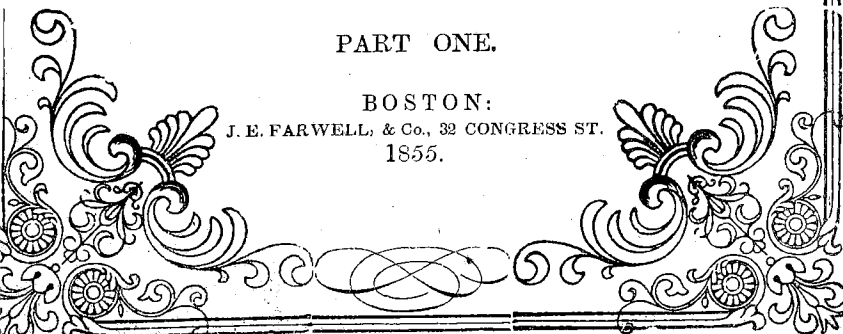
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**BY AN UNKNOWN AUTHORESS.**

PART ONE.

BOSTON:

J. E. FARWELL, & Co., 32 CONGRESS ST.  
1855.





# INDIRECT DOMESTIC INFLUENCE,

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## NOVA SCOTIA AS IT WAS, AS IT IS, AND AS IT MAY BE

COMPRISING

### A GLANCE AT A NEW PAGE IN THE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH AMERICAN PROVINCES,

AND COMBINING

### SKETCHES OF PROVINCIAL CHARACTER,

AS CONNECTED WITH THEIR SOCIAL ASPECT AMONG THE FIRST  
AND EARLY SETTLERS, TO THE PRESENT TIME;

*With Descriptions of Scenery and Local Incident,*

### BY A PROVINCIAL.

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These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,  
Through which our policy must make a breach;

How great events from small beginnings spring.

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BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY MISS S. M. GODFREY,  
At No. 32 Congress Street.

1855.

Fame, in the shape of "somebody,  
By this time all the parish know it,  
Had told that thereabouts there lurked  
A wicked imp they call a Poet,

Who prowled the country far and near,  
Bewitched the children of the peasants,  
Dried up the cows, and lam'd the deer,  
And suck'd the eggs and killed the pheasants.

His highness heard the joint petition,  
Swore by his coronet and ermine.  
He'd issue out his high commission,  
To rid the manor of such vermin.

GRAY.

In peaked hoods and mantles tarnished,  
Sour visages enough to scare ye,  
High dames of honor once that garnished  
The drawing room of good Queen Mary.

GRAY.

# INTRODUCTION.

The numerous disadvantages besetting the pathway of the Colonial author, some of which the following compilation undertakes to elucidate and depict, renders authorship an onerous and a wearisome task, rather than the light and pleasant effort.

None of the many incitements which allure the youthful Citizen of the American Republic, sustain the writer of the Colonial world in that competition for the palm which is the reward of those who elevate a country by revealing the value and the beauty thereof, or benefit society by exposing the lurking evils which it is calculated too frequently to gloss over, or to shelter, and leading on to a higher appreciation of moral as well as physical value.

Having been by untoward circumstances rebelliously drawn inkward, it becomes requisite in trespassing upon the "indulgent public," to state this fact in exculpation of the crime of inflecting upon the satiated reading community another book.

Irresistible contingencies may lead imperceptibly onward and accumulate an irrestrainable tide, and not having rushed madly "into print," being no rapid enthusiast, bent upon the promulgation of novel or abstruse dogmas, but a simple and straight forward Provincial, collecting, and amalgamating sketches of the day, and writing for the present time, the patience of the "mighty many headed monster" will undoubtedly be graciously and beneficently extended.

Newspaper critics and oppugners of a certain locality may undertake to confute this last assertion, thereby provoking the retort that had the really important portions of the work ever gained publicity in Nova Scotia, the press of the United States might assuredly have claimed a debt of gratitude, and those territories benefitted equally with the northern districts of the vast American Continent, if a concise and lucid explanation of peculiar incident be advantageous to three great nations, or provide for the protection, the comfort, or the well being of individuality.

It is a delicate subject to contrast the rapid advance of civilization with the lingering tinge of despotism, still hovering over the whole, and, by the irresistible chains of self-interest, aiding the reinstatement of that opacity, from which it has so lately emerged.

To behold this relic of past barbarism wrestling with the universality of the mighty engine advancing earth's progress in all holy and good things, which, like the sensitive cellular tissue of vegetable life, shrinks from partial injury, suffering none the less in the entirety—has awakened the energy of one of the weakest of her sex, and aroused that spirit of resistance to oppression which, self-experienced, has placed a woman in the anomalous position of pleading for the freedom of the press.

By little else can evil be suppressed, or good accomplished; by nothing else can be preserved intact, that rich heritage of British liberty, delegated by British sovereignty to the Colonies, and slight will be the security of the inhabitants of those Colonies, from religious intolerance, and a crushing anathema, if they contend not boldly for the pristine and permanent elevation of that instrument which may in so many ways be exercised for righteous, or iniquitous purposes, and which, like a sonorous and deep toned bell, reverberates at the touch of a pebble; and personal participation authorizes this decisive asseveration as previously observed.

The Colonial authorities who have trespassed upon public notice, are few and far between; therefore, must the present one plead guilty, that so weighty a matter be thrust upon them, rather than that which combines racy entertainment, or pithy and light amusement, but giving an utterance as it were to the voice of the people, assuming to be the medium of expressing the predominating tendency of mind, in one of its phases. Being in heart and life a Colonial subject of the British Empire, familiar with none other, and experiencing in common, the peculiar wants and expectations of such a position, the necessity of such a work as this now presented, and for the free expression of a gradually formed and accurate opinion, can best be approved by a quotation, not more ancient than classic learning may bestow; but from a volume far richer in aptitude, and glowing with heavenly sentiment. The poetical scintillations of which outvie, and the inculcated jurisprudence of which has been the precursor of human institutions, and is elevated far above that which aids, or assumes to do so, the public man for present day eminence too frequently severally misplaced.

*"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."*

# INDIRECT DOMESTIC INFLUENCE.

A NEW PAGE IN THE HISTORY OF NOVA SCOTIA.

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## CHAPTER I.

Though silver salmon gaily play,  
And glad our gilded seas,  
Though health on every breeze is ours,  
Heaven's blessings what are these.  
If Canada's rough hand be raised, in remembrance of her slain,  
If Nova Scotia break her heart against a grinding chain.  
We are rising! we are rising,  
In intellect's bold power;  
Simple means great things are working,  
The germ, the bud, the flower.  
We hear you calling Uncle Sam, your voice is on the hills,  
And we know religious tyranny has created bitter ills.

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Relations of facts and circumstances connected with, and relative of, the position assumed and advocated by the various circles and classes of social life, are unquestionably interesting. These are welcome to the careless and superficial, as well as to the philosophical reader. And to many they are the only history of their own times which is looked into or explored. Little of this style of reading has as yet emanated from Nova Scotia. It lies partially within the province of the daily newspaper, which lives by recording national or inter-provincial events, the boundaries of national polity, and general additions to local and scientific theories. And occasionally does the often issued pamphlet in furtherance of some pet provincial scheme of personal or territorial aggrandizement, so constantly scattered through a country, new or old, tend to show how such scheme enters the domain of private life, and works, perchance, incalculable evil, though unintentionally.

The romancer and the moral essayist must equally fail in such topic as this. It is a thing of life, of feeling, and of principle; and truth can be the only expositor. The expc-



sition of truth must of necessity create enmity, from which it is the natural tendency of the timid to shrink, and unless some strong, overpowering grievance arouse an entire country into resistance! Casual and domestic occurrences fail to impress very strongly, connected with real evils though they be, the man who boasts of high-toned moral principle, and whose position secures him from vicious acrimony, and surrounds him with powerful friends. This is more especially the case in the colonies, which seek for no great standard of public excellence, but are content to take the rough and the smooth of circumstances in humble imitation of their lofty and antique progenitor. Without possessing internally that rallying point of paramount importance around which may culminate the nobler tendencies of nature, high, progressive, and religious sociality; a star which of necessity *must* increase in lustre. The observation is trite and commonplace—that trifling circumstances create important events. There are few who would willingly acknowledge, however, their own accepted instrumentality, for human nature is ever willing to cast off the responsibility incumbent upon action. So gladly do we fling from us that spirituality, that elevation, of feeling, rendering life a link of eternity; something above a sensual and physical creation; a transient period of idle indulgence; a busy mart for the enterprising merchantman; a canvassing around wherein an eager placemen may search for constituents. *Leben ist leben*, says the solid, and stolid, and social-hearted German. *Leben ist leben* we repeat, whether with the wild man seated beneath the dew-gemmed spruce trees of Nova Scotia, making his old violin strike up a competition with the blue-bird's note, and stoically philosophizing upon city life, where "Work is work, and killing yourself all for nothing;" he remarks; "and when you die, you have got no more than me, dat never work wit anything." Life is still life, and nothing more; though the rich Southern planter lounges in the shade, and watches the curling odors of his delicate cigarette curving in the atmosphere, and schemes, and hurries, and drives, at times, that he may secure his thousands. Domestic life and home, with its varied associations, are they but the boiling of the tea-kettle in the pine forest upon the hemlock bough; the evening gossip and merry satire upon the white folks; or is it the united wealth of foreign

lands; the luxuries; the perquisites; the pageantry for which peace of mind and a hope of future and spiritual happiness may have been blindly and madly sacrificed. A simple flower, unattractive and unheeded, by the roadside, may become the medium of extensive influence; it needs not a mighty muscular energy to work out a pathway, for God's providence. It is around, about, and forever near.

Needles and thread, pens, ink, and paper, these are simple nouns, and in daily requisition, and with that sage reasoner, Thomas Carlyle, we echo, what would the world do without them? a reflection and a truism which every human being might as thoughtfully, and with as deep an amount of sagacity, repeat, and while regarding these little articles as one of the connecting links in the commercial intercourse of nations in more ways than one, we hear with amazement of the millions of human beings whose support is derived from their manufacture; for Nova Scotia stands alone as far as regards mechanical or textile articles, as also in the generous combination of purpose which must lead to such a consummation. Hitherto she has been a mere recipient of the intellectual efforts of more favored lands. A consumer, but not a producer.

Statistical accounts of the variety of branches of trade requisite to the formation of each individual article, whether it be a household appendage or an intricate piece of mechanism, attracts immediate attention; but those who are in the habit of doubting the value of trifles, will slowly acknowledge to how great an amount, and in how very many peculiar degrees, and variety of incidents, a very trifle may subserve the advancement of truth, the exposure of error.

We watch the old huckster woman beside her stall, surrounded by her nuts and candy, heedless of dust-besprinkled work, plying her ready steel upon the coarse attire, which will reward her industry with a few extra pence; and its glittering emblem traces for itself a course amid Brussels lace, and showers of glossy silk and glowing worsted, leaving bright chaplets of unfading flowers, budding, blooming, and expanding, without a seedling or a germ, dropped in their pristine bloom from hands that have, perchance, never ministered to the happiness of other than their owner.

An embroidered pin-cushion may work wondrous things,

however, and although modern perpetrators in this department of handiwork have wonderfully circumscribed the ancient system of proceedings, and fashion has ceased to suspend the arras of rich and vivid coloring upon the walls of parlor or saloon, enumerated upon which arose the martial deeds or hair-breadth escape of a father, a lover, or a brother, emblazoning each apartment with refreshing memorials, to be gazed upon for a life-time, and handed down to an admiring succession of imitators. The addiction to the elegantly idle task, however much decried by creations monarchs, is not, we are disposed to believe, altogether overlooked by them, nor is it probable that they altogether discard an interest in the art which has made so many sacrifices in doing homage to the vanity of their sex; and to which the romancers of past and present days owe so much of historical record, so much traditional and social incident.

In these money-seeking and practical times of ours, we idle not each minute in empty homage, or vapid boastfulness, or warlike enterprise. The wheels run swiftly, and much is unfinished, or but, as it were, scarcely commenced.— There seems to be an arising impression that the shadows are declining upon the dial-plate;— that the closing hour approaches. Wonderingly we inquire concerning the occupation of our progenitors in past times, and the philanthropist eagerly and anxiously seeks to amalgamate the dispersed particulars of useful enterprise, that the motto may be exemplified, whatsoever thine hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.

We write our history as we go, and the remembrances thereof spring up around us in no visionary shapes. Our imagery must be moral progress, for the signs of the horoscope are marked and strange; and overpowering excitements are working and seething beneath the surface for present and future participation. For now and then. Acquisitiveness is abroad, also, in the more enlarged and extended form, and much of future moral benefit must obtain endurance through the mighty workings of expediency, for each production of nature or of art is now valued, not by an intrinsic estimate, but according to what they "will bring."

The world, in one wild race commingling, scarcely now stops pantingly to study the proportions of statuary, or the glories of a painting, because, perchance, the very ideal of

the beautiful thereon still lingers. Neither will it pause before a tinted and blended specimen of ancient skill and honored genius, because thereby an abstract idea is conveyed to the mind. Even the embroidering a wreath of fruits or flowers must have a purpose, and what is the good of it? That good will it do, too frequently resounded upon all sides, reveals a mighty principle in the workings of society, which the hurry of the moment permits not the explication of.

Even now I may be tracing a destiny for those who little dream it, for the age of contention of physical strength has passed away, and calm, soul-searching, unprejudiced intellect has taken her place in the lists. Nations of the world, and the powers of hell, rush to the onset. But all heaven, and the hosts thereof, are the witnesses, and God above is the arbitrator. And will the result be uncertain? Does evil always have the pre-eminence? Whatever the earlier history of earth may reveal, the existing record of the last three centuries as strongly refute it. Three centuries! It is but an atom in the gloomy arena. And intellect perverted is fearful in the dominion, and remorseless in exercise. And pure and sacred principle must have its deadly foes. Weak is our faith. But God—the guider of this instrument, is Almighty.

Where is the youthful heart which does not bound at the mention of that magic and eastern-sounding cognomen, a bazaar? A bazaar! How delightful. See the multitude of nimble fingers had in requisition. See the heaps of silk, and nett, tinsel and beads, and velvet, and other feminine delights and vanities. But what miracles of dolls emerge from the combination. What gay pictures glitter also on the mental vision of gas-lit halls. Fresh flowers, gay music, ices in abundance, lots of pleasant sociability, and affability, and not a small degree of vanity, among the weaker portion of the assistants, when the “appearance behind the tables” is discussed. And in this complicated excitement how frequently is the working purport almost overlooked, or seen but indirectly, while the intricate influences may go on extending, and extensively urging, to do whatsoever thine hand findeth to do! for there is a time and a season, wherein by high and low tendencies, by human nature’s holiest, or most peurile passions, must the Kingdom of Heaven be erected and advanced upon earth.

What young girl, with head bent over a bead bag, with attention absorbed, the gas jet showering its rays around her, suffers her imagination to wander to the busy quay, beside which the tarry-breasted merchant-ship bounds up and down, making deep gulphs in the cold, blue waters, impatient for its flight, and nerved to meet the tempest? While carelessly tossed amid the bales of goods, the packages, the trunks, and the barrels, lie the strong, smooth deal boxes, directed to an agent in one of the colonial cities, revealing not to the idle gazer that the "Light which has lightened the Gentiles" is contained therein. That industrious hands and kindly hearts have been at work, and that the entire gathering and the dispersion has been, and is to be, effected by that combination of feminine skill, a bazaar. The childlike vanity, the glorying self-love, the delight in display, has been controlled by a governing hand. But the result is not yet.

Thunders roar and lightnings flash around the dark hull of the merchant-ship; and the too often as dark mind of the jaded and brine-soaked sailor. The light in the binnacle grows red and redder, and then seems quite extinguished; and then flickers so palely that it seems more a shadow in the distance than part and parcel of the ship. Just as the light contained in those white boxes shall glimmer and flicker over the wild plains of the country to which they are being conveyed, well nigh extinguished at times, but still clinging kindly to the creature it is sent to conduct, through the storms and billows of life, to the quiet port of heaven.

Many men have embarked their speculations of various value. The ship's cargo is rich, and rich will doubtless be the returns, when the Canadian pine board, and the New Brunswick hemlock and ash, are converted into gold. Truly, trade must change the face of nature. But what would be the position of traffic and civilization, were it not for the influences contained in those white boxes? By these are the little white church, the meeting house, the school house, the asylum for the aged, erected; and there, so snugly packed, they lie in the hold of the tarry merchant-ship. We know what the trade of ancient times has wrought. That its records are few and faint, and that one little volume has survived the wrecks of ages, strangely preserved by its greatest enemies.

Go, herald, go, no pageant thee awaits,  
 No flattery thy self-love elevates;  
 Weak hearts rejoice, oh teach the fallen to soar,  
 Thou art thy master's servant. Be no more.  
 Far through the forest hoar thy horse hoofs ring,  
 Breaks the calm grandeur of the stern frost-king.  
 Wide spreads the cabin door, 'neath green fir-trees,  
 Where anxious watchers thy glad coming sees.

The strife is over. Time with thee has fled.  
 And glory has another numbered.  
 High above thunders roar, the lightning's gleam,  
 Heaven is revealed, thy hope is not a dream,  
 Go thou encircled by the diadem,  
 Of saving mercy, and love's glorious gem.

The wide, white, snow waste of a new country lies around the pathway of the missionary. But his course is onward! or should be. Is he not civilization's honored herald? Night sets in. Still, still, only that bleak, white waste, stretching out before, behind, beside, the incident of a poorly settled country, so cheerless, so appalling to the denizen of the crowded city. But the message from God has to be delivered to the scattered flock, and some are even here.

Yonder point of land stretches far out into the tossing billows. The roaring sea proclaims an approaching storm. How welcome to the tired traveller is the fire-gleam from yonder dark, decaying hut. The small, square window is approached. The jaded horse partakes his master's gladness, and energetically plunges into the deep and pathless piles. Strong contrast to his former feeble efforts. Who would expect to hear the sound of the violin, the heavy tramp of fishermen's boots, in a real right down earnest jig upon such a floor as that? Who would be prepared for the piles of cards well thumb'd, half-worn? Who would expect to see the blue delf saucer of half pence? Or the heaps of barrels, and the kegs stowed among the old rafters? There is work here for a missionary! And plenty of room for *one* treasure of that tarry ship. And *one* volume may become an angel messenger. For the long, low bows outlined in the bay, force a conviction upon the mind of the missionary, that he is in the vicinity of the lawless trafficker. He has found a smuggler's den.

And here may the work of civilization commence. There is ready welcome for man and horse. And good-natured listeners, ready for anything, wherewith to "Help pass the time," and not unwilling recipients of good impressions. The present is one means of varying the struggle for subsistence. And among the changes of colonial life they may become farmers, householders, and respectable members of country villages. They are by no means bound down to crime, as are the poor of older countries. Yet is their crime not lessened by the fact, as some of them will frankly acknowledge. And when at day dawn the missionary and his audience separate, it is with mutual kindly wishes, with thanks for his warning, even his reproof. But they dread not the consequence of his discovery, for many a weary mile lies before him with a jaded horse, and the smugglers have the trackless ocean in which to choose a path.

But confidence has been reposed. The pearl of price has been deposited. And though the fruit be unrevealed until eternity shall gather in its harvest, the missionary knows that it will never altogether fail. For that by high and low, by the gold of kings, and by the farthing of the poor, by the wildest human passions, and the glorious outpourings of the spirit, the Creator shall be glorified. The Bibles gathered by the bazaar table shall do their work, whether they lie upon the rich scarlet cushion of the church chancel, or find a home in the camp of the Indian, battling there with the wild, demoniacal superstition so frequently uniting with Popish error. It is not in the crowded city, amid the whirl of wheels, and the rush of business that we expect the appalling fallacies of the heated mind, and warped brain, where traffic writes strong lines upon hard faces, where science lights her votaries to wealth, and all unite in pursuits calculated to elevate a country.

Human nature has a tendency to inertness, or to over-exertion, and we fondly think that superstition has been driven to lurk despised and disregarded among earth's dark and dismal places. Willingly would we forget that it is still a living principle, capable of being brought by able hands into the broad daylight and set to do its work. That the strong German mind has been so wrought upon by this poison, as to warp administration at the bar of justice in open courts. After enduring all that man could endure

and live of Papal persecution, and a domineeringly vicious, though religious faction, with resignation of long loved homes, of clustering associations, of venerated and almost adored usages, that it swept like a pestilence through liberty-loving England, while vain-glorious and pedantic, James the First celebrated his "wonderful and mighty deliverance" from Popish treason, to which he had been appointed, as a "sheep to the slaughter." We read a provincial writer's account of the strange blending of ignorance in our North American Micmac tribe of Indians, with ancient superstition and modern Romanism. How the one, grafted upon the other, they flourished together, a strong, and vigorous, and remarkable opponent of revelation. And we doubt not for a moment that it forms one of the many fangs of the greedy dragon opposing upon earth the kingdom of the Messiah with indomitable, undismayed perseverance, and an assurance which forbearance only increases.

It is this capacity of seizing upon one passion or faculty of the mind, and without casting the others into oblivion. Working with that—leading it on unsuspectingly to give an aid, for or against, sometimes with an apparent desire to gratify, when gratification is the object sought, and again, to repress, control or deter, when systematic action, governed by Scriptural principle, is to be subverted, that this power so admirable in its united viciousness, works! The perversion of perverted intellect. In the female mind the sentiment of fear may be easily excited and predominate. Its effect is the destruction of will and resolution. Men may be blinded, and prejudiced, and misled. It is the same tendency differently acted upon. But just as often avarice, dominancy and selfishness, are exercised for their purposes by those masters of human nature—Papal Priests.

How tenaciously the mind of the writer has been drawn to this subject, is exemplified in the following pages, the eager suppression of what was foolishly considered a love of authorship; a seeking notoriety by literary divertisement. A vain-glorious emulation. From whence was inferred, of necessity, a desire for pre-eminence which must obtain in a small community. And this with a connection of local subjects with Protestant principles, and the prompt extinction as the basis of the remedy sought for. These erroneous and incompatible proceedings are elucidated in a narration which



may appear egotistical. It is but a supposition of the motives of continuous aggression.

The decision to submit these facts to the public is strengthened by a sense of duty to society, to the cause of revelation and humanity, as well as a conviction that greater security lies in publicity than in silence. That which relates to the well-being of life, must be known, that it may be appreciated, and though strongly advised by the timid to desist from such a purpose, the very singularity and triviality of the circumstances gave redoubled strength to suspicion.

Weak advisers may deter; influential individuals may control and subvert; but the question still remains and becomes one of moment, that vice should ever be permitted the pre-eminence, while correct opinion, or that which is based upon Protestantism, must be forced back abashed and confounded.

Be it then distinctly and definitely understood, that though individuality may be substantiated, not a single individual is decisively convicted of an agency in a system of espionage calculated to set at defiance all human ties, all sacred bonds, by a controlling, subverting and established system. A system which has been the glory of dark and barbarous ages, which may be at any time revived, and which might, in a very transient period, totally change the tone of civilization.

A succession of peculiar or distressing vexations arising without any apparent reason, does not, though traced to the originators, necessarily convict of a lack of principle. Prejudiced and erroneous partizanship will ever disown collusion. The only remedy therefore must lie in an appeal to elevated and advanced principle, to display in the abstract the binding and extensive unity prevailing, the quiet endurance of which may be the precursor of mighty and unmitigated evils.

It may be about thirteen years ago that having visited a friend residing in the city of H. I remained the greater part of the summer of that year an inmate of her establishment, and an associate of many of her acquaintances. Being a distant connection of some branches of my mother's family, an intimate acquaintance had of course previously subsisted for many years. A gentleman who has by Roman Catholic liberal suffrage attained the highest civil position it is in the

gift of the Nova Scotian people to bestow, and who was also a relative of the person above alluded to, was together with his wife and her friends, a frequent visitor at the same house.

Having been long an inhabitant of a country village upon one of the sea-ports, distant from the city of H. some sixty miles, the change to varied bustle and a succession of amusements, was, of course, exceedingly delightful to one who had known much of monotonous seclusion and quiet attention to domestic duties, while the quickness of observation usually fostered by such a position, found endless occupation among the varied shades and diversities of character, with which it necessarily came in contact.

Whether or not a harsh, dogmatical tenor may not also be engrafted, is left for the reader to judge. It is very possible that a being so situated may possess the purest tone of patriotism, altogether free from selfishness, which humanity can ever possess or partake of, or association engender.

This phase of feeling has been the precursor of advancement in our neighbors across the tempestuous Bay of Fundy; it has neither been comprehended or sustained in the generalities of Colonial life, because their system has widely differed.

At that time I was as careless as are most other young women, of anything but passing affairs, and the amusements of the moment. And here I cannot but remark with regret, the pernicious nature of the system of female colonial education, having deeply and personally experienced it. The means of subsistence being attainable without much difficulty among the better and middling classes, a limited income almost procuring the luxuries of life, women have, for the most part, little cause for mental or physical exertion. Little mental cultivation is bestowed upon them, and nothing obtains favor beyond showy accomplishments, and the very merest smattering of intellectual pursuits; and a woman who evinces any desire, or a taste for literature, has been regarded as an anomaly, almost an absurdity in creation.

A vast amount of time then is thrown upon the hands to be frittered idly away; to be spent in empty chit-chat and frivolity; to be cut up into visits among elderly ladies, whose lives having been passed in a similar manner, they eagerly discourage any change or innovation in the junior members of society.

We know not how much cause political men in older countries have to dread female interference in their especial domain. There must be danger where a thing is so constantly decried. This one thing is certain, it must be a strong, singular, and extraordinary event which will draw a woman of Nova Scotia sufficiently forward to even give an opinion unreservedly, still less to undertake the responsibility of influencing others. Perhaps if it were not so, this country might, ere this, have attained a higher position; for there are many parts of a topic upon which a silent observer is capable of forming a correct opinion, just from the fact of being wholly and pecuniarily uninterested. But the powers of the mind being totally uncultivated, or left in rich but uncalled-for profusion. The habit of fascinating idleness, becomes positively habitual. The aversion to dwell for many minutes at a time upon serious subjects, is indulged irremediably. The entire errors of a life-time inculcation, are hard to overcome; and if ever the hour of action arrive, it is more than dreaded, it has been totally unprepared for. Of what use, then, is religious principle to such a person? Speaking of the young, they cannot bring it practically to bear upon practical life. It must fall back and expire. It must become inanition, and not the vital gem of hallowed hopes. It must shrink from collision with those very subjects which it is the most beautiful part of religion to elevate, to influence, even to control. The race must be left to the swift, and the battle to the strong, and those must and will stand aloof whose dearest interests are at stake. For the affairs of a country's advancement are not for a day alone. They spring from eternity, and go onward to meet one. It is not the struggle only of position, wealth, and authority, it is the contention of light with darkness; vice with holiness. We do not presume to say that religion should be taken from its own domestic sanctuary to be tossed into the ballot-box, but would not society be more generally improved if this bright star were permitted to govern it more, and to culminate?

My early training having been, then, upon the customary code above elucidated, I think the only powerful tendency of my mind was a warm, devoted, and admiring adherence to the Episcopal Protestant Church form of worship, and an intense admiration of the beauties of Nova Scotia scenery,

its traditionary legends, and its old settler stories; knowing nothing and caring less for the political position of that Church, such as she is in the British Colonies, and such as she has been. I was willing to take it for granted that as her tenets are pre-eminently Scriptural, so her ministers were devoted to truth, unconnected with predominance. That in her system so antique and courtly, there was entire security from every error, and reason for perfect reliance.

I had not been long resident in the city of H. at the house at which I was a visitor, without perceiving that this predilection excited marked notice among the connected circle already alluded to. But being perfectly heedless of, and utterly indifferent to, the various struggles for power going on in the Province, I heeded it very little, and no deep impression was at that time experienced.

## CHAPTER II.

There's nae luck about the huse !

There is nae luck at a',

When the auld hat blinks in the window's light,

And the chimney's stuffed wi' stra'.

Then its hey up the chimney pot, hey after you

In search of an ingle bra.

There is nae luck abou' the hus,

When the aul mon's eyes are blinkin' !

When the clerk an the parson die on the grate,

It shows that the times are o'er late ;

An that folks must tak to thinkin'

When the spark has died in the ingle nook,

Then it's hey and away, for another to look.

Religious intolerance will

"Put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes."—SHAK.

Nova Scotia being, as one of her most eminent and distinguished statemen has felicitiously observed, "just like the fingers of a hand," and occupying a peculiar and important place upon the verge of the blue Atlantic, it has been a matter of serious inquiry why, with so many varied facilities for traffic, commerce and intercourse, with the great human family ; so imperfect a knowledge of the internally working organism of its social life has supervened.

How frequently has the weary traveller, and the gaundised denizen of the burning possessions of the Eastern Continent paused upon her hill-sides, that his severed brow may be cooled by her encircling breezes, and his overstrained and too lavishly tasked energies be calmed and soothed by contemplating the exquisite scenery for which she has been so celebrated, said to be Italian, in its soft insinuating loveliness, its luscious reaction of clare obscure.

Is it then all in vain, that her wild promontaries stretch out far into the turbulent sea, that her rivers teeming with shining and joyous vitality, throw their silver tracery about, around, beyond, and through everything, that her capes and jutting peninsulas, and shady coves dotted with the birchen camp of the Indian, and fringed with drooping alder, in

the friendly covert of which the privateersman of some fifty years ago landed his ill-gotten wealth, and bestowed it in some mossy nook or buried it deep beneath the sod. And while these all speak loudly to the stranger and the sojourner of a day, are those whose home associations are part and parcel of the same, to continue the only spectators uninterested; and as each hill, and bay, and inlet, and grassy mound, and green island, "utters forth a glorious voice" of adoration to the beneficent Creator, "are the living 'to be alone,'" silent, and the wild romance which the literature of other lands eagerly seizes upon, and appropriates as a valued heir-loom, marking progression, and forming bright beacons upon the cliffs of time, to lie moulding in inertion, as do the many pleasing historical incidents of past provincial interest among the time-warped volumes of her absolete statutes.

Italy's classic recollections have given bright constellations to an admiring world; and the wild legends and rugged mountains of Germany, have been the household words of milder climes. A Goethe, a Mozart, a Handel, have aided the advance of civilization. The Ranz Des Vaches, of the Swiss Cowherd, has resounded through her fertile valleys, and among the snow-capped Alps, reverberating and repeated in the hacmatac shade of North America, and upon her rocky and storm-scathed coast. The songs of the mountain and the heather have received an indying tone from the stirring memories of a thousand years. And the meadows and rural way-side cottages of England have taught her children their well learned song of Home, Sweet Home.— But the bright skies, the blue lakes, the shady groves, the fragrant water-lillies, of Nova Scotia, are yet untold of, and unsung. Even the dashing, pushing, driving, go-ahead down-easter or south-wester in our contiguity pauses one moment in the rush onward, and while tuning his violin to yankee doodle relates, unweariedly, to untired audiences, the exploits of Bunker Hill, and the Battle of Orleans, while Nova Scotia claims for herself but small participation in nature's outpourings, meanwhile seeking, too humbly seeking, a share in her gifts to others.

If it be true that the scenery of a land calls the voice of poetry into being, that it creates and cultivates a literature, that this, blending with the daily event, the legislative decision, the municipal enactment becomes a nation's glory,

and her pride, the strong bulwark of philanthropic institutions; the safe conduct of a people, though the shoals and straits, invented by wily diplomatists, for the advance of aggression, then has home, sweet home, been indeed inculcated in multitudinous and multiplied, and yet beloved accentuation; and the mistress of the isle of the ocean has received the grateful incense of wayward generations.

Of a surety, such a task has been heaven-instilled, and the people who appreciate the mental acumen which may become great, even in their depreciation, who shrink not from the pure satire, treading upon the footprints of false judgment, upon the stringent sarcasm which, in a single paragraph, may affect, and bear down upon a desperate grievance, and administer at the same time, a remedy; in the terse and pithy epigram, or motto, by which the complete "*mulum in Parvo*" may be impressed or obtained, are of a sterling value in the same ratio with the author.

The incidents, the reference to which has been commenced in the preceding chapter, having transpired through the period of Provincial history, in which the question of responsible government began to be agitated, and the appointment of native, rather than British officials to public elevations, and civil control, it becomes necessary to enter into some explanatory relations as to the supposition influence which might have been brought into contact, had a free scope been permitted, the unfettered perceptions of a competent and judicious, but unenergetic community.

The system referred to may be the basis of a christian advancement. It may also be productive, in an unhallowed grasp, of the most vicious and infamous transactions, inasmuch as a thorough acquaintance with the generally existing order of things, and the circles, classes, divisions and degrees of men inhabiting a country, may be turned to vast account, particularly if the intimacy have subsisted for a lifetime. If business considerations or habitual sociality has erected a continuous intercourse, and "*individuality*" may thus become fatally a masonic symbol.

The detriment must obtain by that evidence which must already have been suggested to the mind of my reader — namely, denominational precedence. This fearful and encroaching evil which theological and dogmatical old England has many a time and oft rushed to the onset against, while

cherishing internally on, and violently entering the lists for the preservation of the liberties of the world. This overbalancing scourge which has impressed bloodshed and destitution in its pathway, and bestowed upon the glorious western world of America, — an intellectual and swaying multitude, vast as the sand of the sea in number, has taken a firm foothold upon the colonial soil unquestioned in priority, unheeded in position, because a “small community could not but flinch” from the expose of an indolent pliability.

Irish Catholic suffrages having increased so greatly, within the last few years, have rendered it a rather questionable thing, as to whether Nova Scotia is to be nothing more than a “delightful little tea garden,” or a continental watering-place, to the entire hemisphere, as some of our many very sanguine well-wishers, among the retired half-pay officer list have so egregiously fancied in which a delightful little circle of “just ourselves and two or three others” might be safely instituted, exactly as we do at home. “A sort of presiding coterie of domestic deities self-elected.”

The entire amount of marching and counter-marching of scheming and manœuvring needful to the obtaining the desired independence above referred to, was, it is to be believed, but inadequately comprehended by the masses, and but slowly acquiesced in, save by the immediate dispensers of the delegated boon, or the more expectant recipients of the benefit. 'Tis true, the columns of the weekly newspaper teemed with voluminous despatches to the mother country, combining the language of humility, with that of bravado, which, as a matter of necessity, ladies were in self-compassion, desirous of dispensing with lamenting, meanwhile the dereliction from the well beaten path of love and murder; stories upon the part of the publisher. But, “what all the fuss about nothing was to end in, or what it was all to come to after all,” we only cared to ask without troubling ourselves to wait for an answer. “Only hoping fervently, by way of consolation, that we should not be given up to those horrid creatures, ‘the Yankees,’ without being aware of the fact, until the deed was irretrievably accomplished.”

These ideas emanating from the wives and daughters of those who had swayed our “tea garden” for near half a century, of course, won a rapid currency, without any depreciation of the standard estimate, and as each year sped



onward, the grand desideratum became ultimately attained; and Responsible Government has been amalgamated with our now changing interests, and blended with our institutions. In some measure it was acknowledged as altogether embracing the requirements of a new country, but gradually, and at length definitely, the once ambiguous question became affirmatively responded to "may it not be rendered a great curse."

A handful of interested individuals upheld and controlled, by a denominational clique, may, by employing and enforcing pre-eminence, possessing no scriptural basis, or one which is liable to daily and hourly misconstruction, become the ineradicable originators and sustainers of a complete system of espionage, and at once, and together, be the death knell of Protestantism and freedom of conscience.

Bitter experience suggests these comments upon passing things; where defined division exists, not in the individual mind and conscience, there must be preponderating influence. Slight diversities are a very nonentity, a constant succession may be instituted as an understood thing, as a religious usage in fact, and if those who are interested in sustaining so corrupt a vehicle of injurious polity, take umbrage at such an unrestrained invasion of their securely guarded domain, let them not overlook the fact that endurance has its bounds, let them remember that the world, the wide spreading universe may be deeply concerned in such a subject, equally with the little territory which so firmly grasps the ocean at a given signal, for it involves that which is by all, but the barbarian, acknowledged as the only true standard of truth and peace, and is, by its unwearying assailants, technically termed the liberties of the people.

The vast and scarce developed countries, the wealth and resources of which have formed the subject of endless discussion and furnished material, for many works bearing upon statistics, upon physical characteristics, and great political controversies, are still in their denominational characterizations, which have, for a period of time extending far into the past, exercised an unsuspected impulsion upon other lands, proudly and boastingly sustaining it as the premised basis of loyalty. But in reference to an explicit comprehension of such a topic, the colonies are an intricate, a complicated, and a sealed volume.

There must be a cause for such an effect, for untiring watchfulness, for rigid surveillance, for continuous internal animosity, and a certain succession of events, which may, or may not rapidly progress, which may sooner or later attain a climax, may receive the doubtful cognomen of a denominational crisis. This crisis, if it transpire, will eventually change the tenor of local and general things, should of necessity, be gifted with a voice, but when every effort to facilitate an explication is at once crushed upon the native soil, it is but natural to seek new channels of intercourse with the outer world, and for necessity we turn to a land possessed of a more advanced and cultivated tone. A facility of utterance which the fates have denied these older countries of dealing with a university of hope and elevation of mind which the voice of the people, and an unrestrained press can alone elucidate.

When great occurrences transpire, and their origination is silenced, when a line, a sentence, a paragraph, is checked in the publication thereof, when a word is controled in the utterance, conclusion must be unfavorable as to the justice of the opposition, the national integrity existing but nominally, and the reliance of a people upon a system they have early learned, to reverence from attachment to usages which have become an heirloom, and cherished devotion to the fatherland, must be at times sorely shaken.

A dearth of local literature weakens the attachment of a people to their country, home vexations cannot be fairly dealt with, therefore arises discontent. The lower classes of society being thrown aside from competition, perfectly aware of their exigencies, but utterly unable to cope with, or overcome them, hastily renounce the herculean task, and wander away to seek life's sustenance, without a grievous contention for it elsewhere. And by such a stringent and vicious policy as this, has the United States of America become inundated by people from the lower colonies, where great resources lie dormant, and bound down by a chain of iron, twice blended.

It was at a time when the social elements of England, of the United States and the British Provinces were jarred by a shade of hostility upon a once genial horizon, that the writer of the present work was restrained from inserting in the Periodical of a certain locality, the following sentence, intended

as the commencement of a series of articles, tending to throw light upon the then absorbing topic of the day.

"It is not generally known that the late Fishery Disturbances were based upon a principle which more than two centuries ago, then a little band of heart-broken wanderers threw upon a foreign and inhospitable shore, there to endure privation, suffering, and death, rather than the grinding slavery of Religious intolerance and absolutism."

The whirlwind of excitement which followed the event above alluded to, is now numbered with the past, as also the faint counterpart accruing in the city of H—, where the originators of the scheme rejoiced with impunity. Stringent measures had undoubtedly been called for, yet, few knew why it so unexpectedly and violently arose, it becomes not a woman, nor is it consonant with her tendencies to trespass upon the subject of national traffic, her best interests, and those most congenial to her nature, are incident with local, domestic and religious sentiments. These are dear to the vast human family, and when grossly tampered with, it becomes a needful duty to step from privacy, and lay bare the connecting link which so extraordinarily reacts upon that individual comfort, and upon national greatness and intercourse, and by which the balance of power may be in a moment overthrown, and a way paved for aggression. and thus regarding the passing and local interests of that period in the light which should have been dispensed; but the falling rays of which scarcely glanced along the darkness, and only made it visible, the fact became but too glaring, that in the armed force which Nova Scotia sought, and obtained from the mother country, for the protection of her Fisheries, there was no proof of the providing care which should have guarded her interests, since her first settlement, but one of the most complete Papal aggressions which England has ever been the instrument of perpetrating against a free people and a holy principle.

The resentment of a conservative nation has been frequently aroused against the baleful influence which may yet work her own destruction, and has undoubtedly involved her in many vast and expensive wars, in this instance, an influence little suspected was brought to bear upon her very constitution, and desperate struggles might have supervened involving the happiness and well-being of the one-third of

the known world, and while every press in either interested portion of the hemisphere, teemed with allusions to the topic and expressions of irritation or wounded pride, that of Nova Scotia was alone and utterly silent.

But it is needful to return to the narration of the previous chapter. During the visit to my friends house, I found it a most unpleasant circumstance, that a tendency of mind, with regard to religious form of worship, should constantly provoke stricture and discussion, and that the Prayer Book of the Episcopal Church, so highly revered and deeply venerated, should be daily analysed and criticised, with the evident purpose of drawing forth argument and expressions of opinion, which were duly repeated to the gentleman to whom I have alluded, at each subsequent visit, to be received by comments from him, by concise and curt, and pointed rejoinder, it was also exceedingly unpleasant that a ready and quick observation of things, and people, and character, was daily and constantly registered. This *might* have been the kind attention of friendship, had it not been indubitably stamped by the most complete and rapid surveillance.

But I stood not alone in this subjected scrutiny, and many other persons, who little dreamed in which way their words were scanned, and misinterpreted, while absent, and which though carelessly and unheedingly uttered were treasured up, to be eagerly brought to bear against them at some future time. And those who have obtained a high position through the last few years, by liberal party patronage, have worked for it by the sacrifice of the most kindly feelings of humanity, by the outrage of holy principle, and the suppression of accurate statement. They have strangely worked for it by warped judgement and blighting injury to those nearest them, and drawn to them by the ties of consanguinity.

The Church Episcopal, was not the only one which appeared to be reprehensible to this rising clique, whose byword was, and is still Toryism, and, to an individual who habitually regards with reverence, every sectarian institution which is founded upon a pure revelation, it seemed an extraordinary circumstance, that individuius attacks should be so insparingly hurled at the Methodist body of the inhabitants, and the Baptist denomination brought forward, as a fitting [and right] object of stigma, After years explained all. There was a gradual division being effected

throughout the country, a gathering of the dry bones, in the valley of indecision, and the absolute need of reliable, capable and leading minds, was daily and hourly exciting a confidence wherever it might evidently be most securely reposed.

The City of Halifax, was at that time inundated, as it were by an arrival of the Roman Catholic Priests, and French gentlemen of noble birth, or of good family, whose stay was but cursory, and who seldom or never returned again. The seminary dedicated to, or known by the appellation of St. Mary, was getting fast into efficient operation, and aid was bestowed, and existed in connection with some of the most wealthy families in the country, and the projectors and sustainers of that institution. Frequent opportunity was afforded of forming conjectures as to the ultimate object sought by these people, as many of them resorted constantly to the house at which I was visiting, and several of the Priests concerned in carrying forward the project, and giving future efficiency to the establishment, resorted constantly to the house at which I was visiting, accompanied by students who were preparing to take orders in the Papal Church. They dropped in socially in the evening, and made informal and accidental calls in the morning, previous to the usual fashionable visiting hour, nor was this opportunity of gaining some insight into character, as it exists individually, in a class of persons who constantly attract the attention of the laity heedlessly disregarded.

Daily topics, and local interests, trifling chit chat, and gossip, mingled with playful gester or repartee, were but too evidently not the decidedly native forte of these men, and but little discrimination was requisite, leading to the inference that education had been lavishly bestowed upon a productive and fertile soil. They were men far above the customary standard to which we assimilate the Papal hierarchy, men of acute and vigorous intellect, possessed of subtle minds, familiar with every subject that was brought to their attention, and at home, as regarded each topic which chance or fancy might draw upon the tapis.

Thoroughly versed in the art of pleasing, courteous and courtly in manner, which wore no mere semblance of gloss or an adventitious polish, and was apparently the reflection of a sterling luster, the condescending familiarity so assumed which so frequently in other persons, immediately disen-

chants, was, in this instance, doubly enhanced, neither deteriorating the respect which we anxiously proffered them, or detracting an iota from their evidently great merit.

They likewise possessed an agreeable and momentary tact of drawing forth playful discussion, quite consonant with youthful propensities, and participating in the wishes or attainments of those who are frequently passed by in gay society, as being of a more sombre mood, and but slightly given to levity. Light conversation, however, invariably took a firmer tone, and assumed a graver import, and a species of argument, and fanciful controversy, which, while exciting reflection, seldom attained to definite or concise conclusions, leaving a vague and dissatisfied restlessness, a rambling of the faculties as it were, a desire for some tangible and determined end, a nervous doubtfulness, which was always ungratified, inasmuch as having elicited this state of mind, the conversation was always broken through suddenly by either of the gentlemen, suddenly recalling a pressing engagement at the other end of the city.

At other times we were indulged with delightful comments upon our country, leading gradually to allusion, respecting individual and native character, and particular persons, their names, their pursuits, their probable intentions, which was a marked proof of disinterested friendship, and also a remarkable one, supposing these gentlemen to have visited the city of H— upon their own private and particular business. Domestic life in all and every of its colonial phases, its intense destitution, its positive demands, was not forgotten, neither were circumstances of local domesticity, or general and political interest. Dissertations on character were to a great extent mingled with these, but an adroit checking of unguarded warmth, a ready capacity of changing the conversation, a facility for soothing and stifling irritation, if by any means it became excited, were additional reasons for a rejoicing in such acquisitions to our circle, equally with the fact that we were the envy of less favored mortals, in whose power an expensive entertainment, or a possibility of proffering an elegant reception, lay not.

These men were a new study for one of the uninitiated so guarded, yet so perfectly at ease, so profuse a cultivation of each power of the mind, will memory and judgment, So lavish a storing from valuable authors, and recondite speculators,

and while a marked resemblance most extraordinarily subsisted, there was yet an intense diversity, and still while exacting favor as it were, by main force, and eliciting unbounded gratification and gratulation, by the bestowal of their society upon us, a sensation of distrust and uneasiness was inculcated, by the zeal and officiousness in tracing out, and evidently very deeply sympathising in each predeliction of every chance visitor, or each inmate of the household, nor was my vanity at all gratified by the observation that this attention, while it was gratuitously bestowed upon the heads of the establishment, was as freely and unrestrainedly lavished upon myself.

The children of the family won by their insinuating address and benevolent smile, soon learned to repose confidence, respecting their simple troubles, while each of the domestics appeared to share in the same ratio with ourselves, this highly flattering condescension, nor was self-esteem to any extent soothed by the fact that general reading matter, and selections of books excited their observation. At that time the novel reading community was inordinately delighted by a perfect inundation of the very worst descriptions of light literature, which was poured in with unsparing hand, upon the general library to which the family had access. This is as a matter of course, stored with standard works; but few young ladies will devote much attention to such, while they are at liberty to weep or laugh over the imaginary joys or sorrows of visionary beings, or can amuse their waiting maids with a recital which will serve to keep them in a good humor, and dispose them to become more efficient and ready operatives.

This literary romance-mania, was frequently adverted to by our Papal annotators in an easy jocular vein of pleasant humor, which had the effect of eliciting additional information as regarded character, mental tendencies, and so forth, and a vast amount of incautiousness and sociality of feeling became quite imperceptibly inculcated, though several of the works of fiction brought from the circulating library through their hinted instigations, and upon which youthful heads in turn reposed upon at night for a week at the very least, were, most leniently speaking, unfit for waste paper.

Again, conversing with evident freedom upon the literature

of the day as it existed throughout the British Empire and the United States, from whence a quantity of tracts upon infidelity and in favor of open discussion of the subject had emanated the subverting effect of latitudinarian views, was loudly inveighed against, while the matter was brought home to ourselves quite gratulatorily that we possessed not so useless or pernicious a flood of originality as the source whence these emanated, and which must end in a total anarchy of moral and religious sentiment, as a matter "par necessite," and with the ever inquisitive newspaper, our love for our father land would remain undiminished, and our principles remain unimpaired.

However, when at times our wounded patriotism traced enviously the elevation which a native literature bestowed upon other lands, we were soothed by remarks to the effect that though Nova Scotia possessed as yet, no controlling mind, no swaying and reliable intellect capable of revealing to a sympathizing universe our wants and wishes, our anticipations and projects, our feelings or imperfections, we must hope for the best. The beam of the bright particular star, the envied advent of which was thus precursively announced by the denizens of a far-away-land, whose disinterested interest in the future fate of our country filled our hearts with gratitude inexpressible, was to be more than usually effulgent, and the rays thereof to be refracted and reflected in the meanest as well as the most exalted intellect, and that as such desperately rapid strides had been made into those regions of late years, we might yet take courage and lift up our heads, for it was settled beyond a doubt that either a Byron, a Scott, or a Burns, might drop from the clouds, or possibly a huge epitome of the distinguished trio might dash into the hearts of the people with a steam engine velocity, or a forty horse power, and not only our beloved native land, but each household, and every member of the same, down to the demure cat and the domestic but military old Newfoundlander would be handed down "will be well he" to a highly interested and truly grateful posterity.

That such conversations as these, left an indelible impression upon the mind of the writer, must be very perceptible. The vacuum of literature, and the innumerable deficiencies thereof existing in Nova Scotia, had been frequently remarked upon, and as frequently lamented, not only by chance



visitants, but by those who were highly capable, had the requisite unity, energy, and enterprise, been forthcoming of ameliorating our condition, and prospects. Considering the numerous and untouched resources, profusely scattered by beneficent nature, the rich fund of local incident and historical fact, that might be gathered from various sources throughout the country, the sylvan scenery, the then untouched natural history and botany, and recently explored geology, its extensive species of algæ, its lauded but sealed up coal fields, and yet more the physical position which leaves this province, while a participator of the natural history, the botany and the geology of the whole continent in what may be termed a distinct and original position, so that a literature for such a country, without discarding science altogether, needs but to be practical, and to the purpose, to be generally serviceable, and the vehicle of continuous benefit.

This not having been the case, is an incontrovertible proof that public interest wherever such had been positively independent and influential, had been diverted into shallow or pebbly channels, and a lurking exultation was at times glaringly evident, through the screen which policy drew around it, as though the default indefeasibly worked by reaction, while the laxity of principle at that time, combined with the abundant originality of the United States, while openly condemned, evidently met with an equal approval, as though it were considered the precursor, and contained the active agent of self-destruction.

I cannot say but that the new ideas thus presented had some effect at that time, as related to decisive action regarding personal things, but some specimens of rhyme, written and carelessly handed about, underwent the ordeal of a rigid and radical scrutiny, not in any degree pleasing to the author, or calculated to add to internal satisfaction.

It was at this epoch of our social life, that the slumbers of the Province were disturbed by a terrible vision of an interminable railroad prospectus, and the cabbage tree, around which our associations from early life had clustered, waxed pale and wan at the zephyr-breathed murmur which moaned through its crispy-curved leaves, that the very ground from whence its sustenance was elicited, might, in unmistakable and positive and unimaginative reality be turned upside

down by the ruthless ploughshare. But there is not a sorrow that hath not a balm, saith the poet, so in the midst of the general distress of mind, what should suddenly appear in our capacious harbor to gladden the drooping hearts of "our regime" than the fleur de lis of la belle France. Yes, positively and undeniably, the vital elements resumed their wonted course and a general smile of gratulation shed a refulgent glow upon the landscape, for in very deed and truth the French Prince answering to the title of De Joinville, was now honoring our poor country with his presence. His presence, did I say? Why one third of his shadow would have been a resuscitating anodyne; but his royal shoes left our rugged coast, without ever once being brought into contact with the coarse, vulgar element from whence we derive our existence. The human mind always flying off at a tangent, we highly lauded such a decision, doing extra homage to the shadow that could not probably endure to gaze upon such a miserable country as was ours, and preserved its sensibilities for some more worthy object.

It was an indubitable fact, which was at length grasped in the entirety thereof, that the banner of the Emperor floating from the masts of *le Bellepoule* or *le Bellerophon*, memory refuses to be taxed as to the exactitude of the cognomen, or whether the royal presence arrived not in both of these ships at once, each participating in the joyous burthen, and my chronology is often at fault on regal matters; but it was true, notwithstanding. The very insignia which had so often undertaken the humiliation of our sometime insubordinate old mother, was peacefully getting up to Chebucto basin somehow or other, without once going like a common vessel upon the rocks at Farquason's cove, or being decoyed by false lights into Prospect Bay.

It was to this joyous advent that we in a great measure owed the influx of curious looking gentlemen heretofore observed, and officers with blue and yellow badges stitched upon their coats, and who perambulated our streets at their pleasure, exhibiting countenances in which a mingled expression of melancholy and agony bore precedence, together with frowning and scowling brows, harsh eyes which impudently scanned every window of every domicile, and a perfect wilderness of unkempt tresses, with a heavy moustache, imperial, and all the other etceteras of French gentlemen, including

a clattering poignard, a perfumed mouchoir, a cigar and high heeled boots, and an atrociously enormous bouquet with snuff-box to match. Though the possibility of our country's ever attaining the tea-garden position prophesied by the retired navy list was yet in embryo, the certainty became instilled into our minds that an extensive celebrity as a "Bear garden," ranged by the most vicious of the species, was bestowed gratis, by foraging parties of these animals, disguised as above described, who wandered here, there, and everywhere, getting each other and all the "peaceful inhabitants" with whom accident or circumstances brought them in contact, into strange scrapes and unheard-of adventures, into unnecessary intrigues, and ruinous debts, and begetting a style of fashionable life which our weak minds anxious for universal equality grasped at as the ultimatum of quintessence. But whether the conjecture be a wild, unfounded fancy, that the conjoined presence of these various parties adverted to were the effect of accident, or a design efficiently acted upon, or the freemasonry which draws birds of a feather together, must be for subsequent events to determine.

Balls, fetes, dejeunes and luncheons followed each other in quick succession, and the railroad prospectus which had terrified, while delighting us, waxed thin and thinner, figuratively speaking, for while it now fell upon the lower classes, who eagerly grasped it as the embodiment of their saving hopes, it received a desperate handling from the exalted clique, who scanned it at their leisure, and laughed over it with the foreigners. But public courage revived upon the news transpiring throughout the country that "the gracious presence," while doing the honors in propria personæ at one of his most brilliant entertainments, had actually chosen as his partner in the "virling valtz" the honored daughter of a native of the soil, the first and only one said the gossiping coteries during his extended hospitalities. The public heart reverberated at the condescension, which however aroused a mystified uncertainty as to its now probably evolving destiny! For was not this the symbol of unity, and when after discussing the routine of "toasts" at the conclusion of the entertainment we fell upon those which over and yet again lauded the land of the Mayflower and Acadia's fair daughters, the most desperate introducers of "Yankee Notions," and American common-places amongst us, succumbed with-

out further argument and without one dissentient voice decided that our plain and distinct course was marked by the hand of Nature, and the best thing to be done by the way of progress, was to annex ourselves to France as speedily as possible, or throw ourselves at the foot of the throne and beg to be lifted up!

That such a state of general dissatisfaction prevailed throughout the Province has been, and is still well known. That it was behind the times, that it lacked progress, and lazily lagged in the rear when the advance called for its presence, the cause was unthought of, and the kernel reposed in the tough rhind, sufficient hardihood existed not, individually to chance upon the spines of the integument.

Some time after this thrilling incident of the royal presence was partially obliterated, being upon the eve of removing to a village situated upon the banks of the Chebucto and immediately opposite the city of H., I became aware that the gentlemen whose patriotic views have been already dealt with, and whose gigantic efforts in the cause of Responsible Government marked him as a king among his peers, had some how or other won round to the heirarchy, and was himself among the prophets, peering into astrology, and anxious to give a first and friendly welcome to the star upon the horizon, which did not take the trouble it seemed, to rise as fast as possible, or as might be expected. Literature, then was to be our saving clause from downright perdition among the nations. The strong reed by the deep waters. The papyrus with many volumes in the folding, and here was a self-elected general at issue ready to drag from hidden recesses the absconding traitor to the trust, or the wavering or hesitating recruit. Literature was the theme upon all sides, it was to be our mainstay, our beacon, our kindly philanthropist, to pick us up out of the gutter of despondency, and place us upon the dry bank by the busy mart side, that the sun of prosperity might bestow a thorough warming upon us.

Our Captain General worked day and night, at reasonable and unreasonable times, to convince, by speeches, exhortations, and alluring argument, the already satisfied community, that "somehow, something there always had been wanting," a fact which we could have readily, one and all, forestalled the acknowledgement of, had not a timid shirking of the question unfailingly deterred. He scoured

the <sup>low</sup> country in search of coadjutors, while he, as master of the ceremonies, introduced each fortunate wight who possessed the art of stringing a rhyme together into every tea party, or temperance demonstration, or political gathering of every description, into which they might be conveniently dragged as a future Byron, Burns, and Scott, done up in one.

By the instrumentality of this person, publications partaking the nature and style of periodicals, were soon started, with the desiderative full in view of fostering the timid genius and gracefully and beneficently framing the bold and cursory, and his paternal care soon lured into the field a collection of poetical competitors and productions, mediocre or otherwise, from pens, many of them wielded by female hands, which might then, had adequate interest been extended, have created a decided era in our social world, and not a fictitious or an absurd one.

The mania spread rapidly, literature was all we wanted to make us great, wise, wealthy and happy, but some how or other it seemed to take a downhill slide, and seldom came up to the point, that is to say, with a celebrated writer upon the other side of the Atlantic, it met not "things as they are," but modestly held back from giving notoriety to people or localities, and dealt in epitaphs, epigrams, and marriage epithaliums, or fraudulently appropriated confectionary mottoes, and threw them into the market as genuine. To be sure, we have all along been astounded and well nigh annihilated at times by the oratory of our statesmen; the rapid declamations of the leaders of multitudinous gatherings, and various societies, not to forget the long and oft-time threatening epistles to my Lord this, that, or the other, the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, or a petition to be carried at once to the foot of the throne, and compiled by the joint efforts of the entire Legislature, both sides taking their turn, and acting in unison, when any thing was to be got from the other.

But we diverge from the subject. These last lie not in the domain of that expression of thought, that combination of the mental powers, the judgment, memory and will, the originality which speaks in a new sense, opening up occult sources, of information, and displaying tangible purpose, so that while yet eagerly seizing upon news from "Home" by every arrival, and our own land teemed with interesting

material altogether untouched, for the very important need of skilful and cunning workmen.

And still the sun rose and set upon scenery as vividly beautiful as any in the known world, and the great railroad agitators kept their thousands in suspense and anxiety, while no evident obstacle existed in regard to the accomplishment thereof, this last allusion will be comprehended by those who have heard of the struggles and irritations by which the great project of the British Canadian steam route was ushered in.

But talent once waxed into the ascendant, and as a matter of course it soon took the priority, arrogating an unusual share of laudation, and every person now who possessed a brow of bold and lofty character, elevated it to the last extremity of breaking their necks, that it might be "clearly developed" to an admiring public, "who did not know what the world was coming to, it was going to be so clever." And poor ignorance, scanned by green spectacles, suddenly became fashionable, as bestowing a "Literary aspect," was fain to hide its blushes behind the wash tub, or the chopping knife, at "pig killing time." From whence it sent forth in its exuberance of health and animal spirits, jovial, but bitter and effective sarcasms, while exhibiting in the form of a substantial sausage, or clustering bunches of white flax thread, shining and lustrous, fresh from the "hacklen," indubitable evidence of physical capability, if the mental were altogether overlooked.

This was also *our age* of Phrenology, and nothing but heads were to do the work of the country. Indeed all the "Heady sciences" had a fine run among us at that time, owing to certain gracious pioneers from across the Bay of Fundy, undertaking to enlighten us, at one and three pence a piece. And everybody went about, staring everybody out of countenance, by way of establishing a claim to a knowledge of Physiognomy. All who ventured upon a clear and determined mind, and decision independent, adopted a military deportment. A dreamy elevated demeanor, quite lifted up, it was supposed above sublunary things, which exhibited the power of mind upon matters, in a striking degree.

This last was the perceptible and distinguishing trait of those whose names had been actually enrolled among the scintillating cluster of literature. Whom it was premised

with such a general in the van. Picking up the dejected, waiting for the meek, and even nourishing pencilled lines of favorites of the muse. Thus bestowing black leads upon an ungrateful country gratis, would not only enable it to rise even with the rest of the world, but make that world ashamed of itself, for leaving us so much to our own resources. — Neglected bantling that we were. But no fear of us, when we chose. Emulation thus fairly appealed to, arose to distinguish its own attributes, and assume its position with aristocratical superiority, and poetasters abounded for a time, blushing like the dawn at their own cleverness, upon which the eyes of the universe were fixed, and criticised each others productions with all the combined asperity of a years' Blackwood. We had evidently not yet arrived at the peculiar constellation by which future souls were to be moulded, but we were not far from it, and we revelled in the blissful anticipation and each hoping himself might be the favored of the muses; meanwhile tidings of this progressive nature of things reaching my retired abode in the country, in connection with the circle of friends whom I had been so nearly associated with some time previously, had a natural effect. I could not hear of literary parties without a sigh of discontent, at being among the absent, the outlawed ignorant, I could not see with patience, giant strided progress drawing up elevated taste, like the eastern gourd, which was to perfect its form by some innate vitality, as if at the bidding of necromancy it defied the laws of nature. And these combined impressions acting in consonance with the beautiful scenery around, and a deep interest just acquired in the History of Nova Scotia, by Halliburton, enabled me to overcome timidity, occasioned by the little encouragement ever given to the exercise of the talent, and the not pleasing notice elicited, as before related. And writing out the first chapter of what was intended as a poetical romance, illustrative of the local and traditional tales of the country, and nothing more. I despatched it to the captain of the band as I must designate the gentleman alluded to, but without affixing a signature. A condescending and kind notice from his pen however, was convincing evidence that he had traced it to the author, while a word of advice, respecting peculiarities of style showed that it had not been unnoticed.

Though native talent had never revealed any great poetical

acumen, all that was written was valued, and loudly lauded at this time, and a scholastic study of the art, in its various branches, had been instituted at the various seminaries.— But recurring to the past, the only attempt at any thing like poetry for the people, brought to the public cognisance, or with which I became acquainted in the days of childhood, when the topic was altogether slighted by the higher powers was promulgated by an aged itinerant, vending his own productions under the title of Cowdel's Poems, and the half mischievous merriment with which this deputy of Parnassus was universally hailed, together with "the charitable feelings" that gave "the miserable old man a six-pence for pity sake," and benevolently condescended to purchase his volumes for the purpose of getting rid of him, "and pitied the foolish fellow for not trying to get his living in some more business-like method." All this seemed so like the mocking gleam of sunlight upon half buried fir trees, when the fire has been extinguished from their green columns, by heavy rains, that my own ambition had incontestibly shrank from becoming that unfavored precent a poetess, and the more so as with the headings for the wooden tomb stones in the church-yard, a more than usually brilliant effusion was considered synonymous with madness, and would have immediately consigned the writer to a Bedlam, had capability been consonant with will.

So the old bard wandered up and down the land like Noah's dove, finding no rest for the sole of his foot, and not overburthened with six-pences. So much for local literature in the planting and nurturing thereof, yet, strange to say, we eagerly seized upon that of other lands, and hung with delight upon descriptions of scenery, which not one among a thousand might ever have an opportunity of seeing and local literature was not the guest of the day. For said we humilatively, "who would care to read stuff that we had made ourselves, out of our own heads, and carry it about like old Cowdel does." Not at all, we would never have the face to do it, and what was more, there would be no recipients forthcoming. No! we knew better than that, we had not the abominable and unheard of vanity to think so.

So that at this epoch, our poor poets, had there been any, might have died in pig sties, as well as garrets, if they had been sufficiently fortunate to gain the favor of one, as to



owning such a thing, the mines of Golconda were not further from their reach. It was not to be thought of, they did not deserve one.

The reception these poems received in the kitchen, also was not to be despised. As the strictures of the servants in a country establishment, form a very powerful criterion for children, whereby to arrive at practical conclusions, and in which, if simplicity be the test of truth, the mark is seldom overstepped. And, although one of the fugitive pieces entitled the "Hymn of the Indian in the wood" of which an extract, is subjoined, was rapturously received. The entire volume was too often discovered lurking in corners upon the kitchen dresser, or lying torn, defaced, and soiled in the course towel drawer, from whence it was roughly dragged forth, that more than its fly-leaves might be the support of some broken tallow candle, or serve to fill up the elaborate socket of a candlestick, under the not very flattering cognomen of a bit of old Cowdel's book. And from the length of time these piracies continued, I am led to think the volume must have been inexhaustible in size and contents, yet, the following lines were of a certainty duly appreciated :

In de dark wóod, no Ingín nigh,  
Den me look Heaven, and send up cry,  
Upon my knee so low,  
Dat God in Heaven wid shining face,  
See me on earth, dis little place.  
My priest he tell me so.

To say the truth, when we look back upon the past of our country, to the time when we became the undoubted part and parcel of a monarchy, here was much need for all the practical characteristics of humanity. Though not so great a scope for them as had our neighbors. People must work or starve. They had no time for poetry. And when at the close of the revolution, so many additions were made to our population, by refugees from the Republic, it may be doubted whether it was the dread of this last or the hope of less difficult maintenance in a country, the chief ports of which became the entre-pot of the British Army and Navy, scattering wealth around them, (or a circulation serving to retard self dependant advances.) And creating an easy reliance upon the mother country, injurious in every

respect. There being nothing like an established capital whereby to co-operate, or creating preponderation.

Those were the days when the wild, dreamy mania of hidden treasures lured many a penniless wretch to these shores who had no notion of digging, and was not at all ashamed to be idle. If he could only be favored by a vision of his great grand-father, guiding him to a strong box, under the spruce trees, where, by the friendly assistance of a pine torch, waved three times over the cherished spot, an independence was immediately to be realized.

But not withstanding these hallucinations, coast traffic, the West India trade, and rough living, seem to have been the order of the day, among the mass of the people, reserving those who held official positions. And there was little leisure for literary aspiration, beyond the elements of writing, (signing a cross perchance,) and arithmetic. Those were the days, when official gentry, revelling in the abundance of town life, and attending two or three lavish entertainments in one evening, became the wonder and glory of country folks, whom they did not condescend to regard very considerably, by all accounts, until they had failed in their efforts at a system of aristocracy, to have been instituted for their own peculiar benefit. So these last, in the meanwhile, devoted themselves of necessity, to be useful, practical, money making, and hard working. And even the females became familiar with every stage of buying, selling and bargain making. To be good house-keepers,—to shine in patch-work quilts, and frying fresknach, or “Fast Nacht” cakes, according to the proper pronunciation, to which singing school festivities, and the unmeasured indulgence of quilting parties, bestowed the criterion of a favorable opinion. ’Tis true, times were changing, as previously portrayed, but old impressions are in a new country, well nigh ineradicable, particularly, when these are the offshoots of the harsh old Conservative Toryism planted in the Colonies a century ago, and left to germinate at pleasure.

It’s well enough for rich folks to have lots of learnin’, said his wondering admirer, the dweller in the country district, them that gets their money home in England, straight from the King, and can sit down and do nothing, no more, not like us poor ones, who has to toil from *daylight till dark out in all weathers, and none the better for it.* “I got trew

te world vel enough mineself, mitout any grammer, an my gurls ken do de same," was the frequently quoted remark of an old German lady, whose peregrinations, in that expansive arena, the world, were limited, and the boundary delineated thus, no further than our back door, to tend the cattle, up on the pasture a bit, and back to the house.

So that in these dark and barbarous days of Tory Despotism, the hapless being who "set up to be learned" was as likely to pine away, and die, the deserved victim of public contempt, as was the wandering and desolate bard, whose audacity was equalled by his daring hardihood, and who, far from becoming the oracle of the evening circle, was wisely mortified into a corner, "out of the way."

To shut up all the "larnin" with the Parson, the Lawyer and the Doctor, of the country village, and extract it in costly atoms, at an exorbitant charge, had been the fashion of the time, when, to attend church in leather shoes, laying aside the weekly wooden ones, and the thick tresses adorned with a gay handkerchief head-dress, was the coveted luxury. The unsettled position of the commercial world, rendering textile fabrics from the towns of England, as difficult of attainment, to the provinces, as varied circumstances made them to our neighbors. The grey German linsey woolsey cloth, became the general costume, and unobtrusive industry twirled the time discolored wheel, beside the close stove, by daylight, or midnight hours, and the great hanks of yarn redolent of fish oil, depended from every country kitchen ceiling in the province.

Upon the whole, then our monarchists gradually found themselves no better off than they had been previous to the exudation from the struggles of the infant republic, but rather in the descent, as having forfeited all claim to independent purpose. But invincible energy, dormant or warped, as it might be, has certainly made the best of the bargain.

It was in those sylvan days, that sturdy young country lasses made light of trudging some twenty, thirty, or forty miles, to the nearest Church or Meeting House, when Meeting Houses began to be countenanced, and English goods being difficult of attainment, the two yards width dress of white muslin, was vainly paraded, for envious eyes to gaze upon. The crimson sash fluttered in the breeze, and

treasure of treasures, the shoes of leather, not too dainty in style, or too delicate in appearance, were carefully carried the entire distance, as rather impeding than aiding the progress of the wearer, and with the dress and sash bound into a bundle, for coarser clothing was needed in breaking a path among brushwood, thus parties of young lasses, their stalwart escort preceding to the most convenient tavern, speedily exchanged the russet cloth for the white muslin. The lounge-room, the most sheltered nook, formed by the hemlock, or the birch. The mirror, the nearest pellucid stream, in which duck-weed floated, or transparent tadpole disported, in the vicinity of the village Church, when the first bell frantically proclaimed the advent of Easter Sunday. And after the feet which bore the shoes, had dipped deeply as the tadpole, these indubitable evidences of wealth and gentility were sure to win a husband, if all other allurements were a failure.

There is a latent, though desperate energy, in the Nova Scotian, when not totally schooled down, disciplined and subdued, by ancient maxims, which the moment he has fallen upon an unprofitable disposition of affairs, sets him upon the most direct plan of rectifying them, with a kind of double-handed determination. But the idea once instilled into his mind by those he venerates, that a spirit of quiet unquestioning submission to the powers that be, is his greatest glory. The secret of slow growth is at once arrived at, to say of the trivial arrangements of a small country, "they are too deep for me, I have enough to do without troubling myself about politics," and this from men whose known capability marks them for publicity, argues not well for the position which every country must assume in relation to others, through intellectuality alone, while in the superabundant class of an opposite description, too ready to seize upon advantages. Space is left for aggression, and the means of giving it may be bestowed to an illimitable extent. This bias is the effect of that early laxity of improvement of the mental powers of which we have attempted an explanation, and these sketches of the "antique system" are requisite that the reader may have some clue in the elucidation of present things. It is very certain that the Provinces were not made ready grown up, but being supplied with the materials for a brilliant adolescence, the artificer is alone wanting the strong right hand that can wrest the untrained application. It is equally so that restraint has been perniciously exercised, for reasons previously explained, but the

expression was also wanting. A scrutinizing test was spreading abroad a literary ordeal which was far from genial in the tenor, or agreeable to become subservient to, so that the timid became less assured, the bold less brave.

After settling in the village of D, though so near the seat of learning, the Athens of the Province, where authors were not flung to the wild beasts—I did not very warmly renew my former friendships. Other influences than those of literature were at work and seething to the surface, and division, disunion and irritation, throughout the country, were deeply reflected in domestic circles. My mind was undergoing a change, and I sought more congenial companions than those previously associated with. The choice branch of the now culminating clique, whose pass-word was "literature," continued their visits to ourselves, but there were but two or three of the family relatives with whom I cared to exchange courtesies, so that life at D. gradually became a very concentrated and secluded sort of thing.

The literary mania taking a more subdued form, still went on, and one of the individual circle of ladies connected with the Captain-General, showed me parts of the composed poem which I had transcribed for his approval, and he had caused it to be inserted in a newspaper of which he was the editor. But the hesitation from various causes, and previously hinted at deterred from a candid arising acknowledgment of authenticity.

The idea of turning talent to account in the usual commonplace of novel writing, had been for some time entertained, while conscience urged some tangible object and matter of fact, or of moment, with the hope of doing good, and I hesitated between the position of the native Micmac and the great movement of temperance; which, at that time, made an exciting noise among us, and which, commencing with Roman Catholic manifestations and demonstrations and devotional developments, gradually swung round into an understood though secret index of annexation to the United States, and those who innocently regarded it as a simple opponent of dram-drinking were tacitly smiled down, or left to amuse themselves with the notion in their own way. Proof enough that while weak agents acted upon the outer surface, skillful hands controlled the wires, and the puppets did the bidding of a master hand. A restless love of out-door amusements, however, deterred from the heartless effort, and the constant occupation of gardening and taking long

walks into the country, and strolling upon the beautiful and breezy shores of Chebucto Basin. But the conviction was then painfully and indelibly impressed, that little aid would be bestowed, or even permitted, for necessary researches, unless the result were calculated to sustain party bias. And still the impression recurred that undeveloped resources demanded exertion, and yet more, that establishment of sound scriptural principle which it is the glory of literature to instill, with a decided conviction of the sad perversion thereof by a warping partizanship. I have sometimes thought that all the mental agony I afterwards endured was a just retribution for the indecision of that period.

Providence, meanwhile, was preparing a subject undreamed of, and hitherto unknown to the author. One which has shaken kingdoms and undermined principalities, one which has also ensured them a firm and christian foundation, one which is important in the deepest sense of the term to the peasant, and the sovereign, to the world enlightened diplomatist, and to the beggar-boy upon the way-side, who can only pray as his father has taught him, and knows no distinction of form, or sect, or creed. That subject is most truly vital which is dear to the veiled nun while counting her rosary, and the strolling mendicant who sees God in the clouds and hears him in the wind—who gazes upon the soil which gives not unto him a single foot, hold for a possession, and into the glowing blue expanse where the illimitable immensity of eternity is unveilingly displayed; and meekly says All, all is thine, and I am nothing.

This theme which must forever and forever remain the same, however protean it became, has been, though mingled with much human error, the foundation of the greatest living republic, marked upon the annals of earth's history, and its firm establishment will doubtless be the precursor of millennial glory. 'Tis but three hundred cycles since this subject has shaken the social system of the wide universe, and scattered abroad many an hidden seed of iniquity, and while revelation is the denizen of the human family, shall freedom of religious faith reach forward to eternal things.

Those alone who have personally experienced an infringement of this privilege of the christian or the pagan era, can form an adequate estimate of its value, nor can a conception of the bitter grief which accompanies it be otherwise understood. It becomes a crushing weight, an overpowering incubus, through which the mind is gradually wrought to a state of frenzy or des-

peration, or sinks down slowly, gradually, despairingly, into an utter extinction of power, a death like torpor. A cessation of every mental energy follows, the physical nature gradually succumbs, and the only refuge for the harassed being is the silent grave; where the wicked cease from troubling, the only hope for the jaded mind, the outraged spirituality is rest, rest, rest, rest, in the presence of its Maker.

## CHAPTER III.

Morn is breaking, morn is breaking,  
 The East is red and glorious,  
 Days of earth's millennial bliss,  
 Be thy harbinger victorious.  
 We hear you calling, Uncle Sam, your voice is on the hills,  
 And we know religious factions have created bitter ills.

We are bringing, we are bringing  
 Crushed hopes, but hopeful hearts;  
 Despotism again is felt,  
 But each must act their part.  
 The curse is hanging over us, 'tis written not in sand;  
 We won't endure the tyranny of a dark and secret band.

I trust some insight has been given to the reader in this cursory contour of the exact state of things in our Province, and some idea of the sort of people we are, has been engrafted upon the public mind, discussing these trifles. It is for writers with other objects in view to gather the oft-told anecdote of smuggling notoriety, to dwell upon the mental destitution, which is now openly acknowledged, and daily becoming self-evident, and point the way to a better system.

Yet did the ancient tory regime laud loudly its philanthropic efforts for the conversion of the heathen, and, sooth to say, they evidently did as well as they knew how. Those were not the most brilliant intellects which the hand of our mother threw amongst us, but it is to be supposed they were the best that could be spared, and they ruled the roast to an extent unparalleled in western history. But a glorious sunrise was preparing for our benighted vision, and the liberals now in the ascendant, did, in their profusion of promises, remind one of the old acme once so popular among children, which awards illimitable supplies of plum-pudding and roast goose to the pet daughter of some secluded old dame, as the means of enticing her from the paternal roof, and ends by an expose of cruelty which



makes one's heart bleed for her sorrows, fictitious though they were, for the unfortunate victim reveals to her petrified mamma that she has not only been fed upon mud and water out of the gutter, but an inhuman savage has actually compelled her to sleep upon pins and needles stuck upwards.

The pins and needles were the vision of that terrible railroad, which still pines for completion, though many, too many, of its early advocates are now mingled with the dust

Provincial life was, in its elements at that time, well-nigh shattered by such an expose of party excitement as an election surely brings. It seemed as if the weak, wavering, or conscientious principles implanted in the Colony, were now to be put to the issue, that they might bring forth fruit. The fruit of office. Between the two divided apparently, but in reality the one party beneath two semblances, that have nearly wrecked Protestantism, the Liberal and Conservative. Little else seems to have been gained. The old German quiescence has all along, either from apathy, a too ready shirking of responsibility, or an inertness to public things growing out of the struggles for the mere sustenance of life, in the old settler, (we dare not say a disregard of principle,) and inherited by his sons, and an almost abject reverence for book learning as it is connected with a lawyer's office, growing out of early privations and discomforts, and the practicable efficiency of that functionary in the business of title deeds, land boundaries, divisions and mortgages, giving him an impression that the most important affairs of the country were bound up in parchment, and tied with red tape, rather than the training and exercise of his own mental functions. At what can a country ever attain in which such a spirit is fostered? It is not the applicability of monarchical administration to Colonial life, which we question as much as the crushing, delegated influence accompanying it, and which here had an action altogether unrestrained by the cherished thought, and established governing literature of an older country. For the gentlemen of the long robe have been the presiding deity of Nova Scotia, and an union for interested purposes must create exclusiveness. Let it not be understood that learning in the abstract had not been well attended to. It had only not become a vitally diffusive element. Neither was the phase

of science unheeded, undeveloped, until these, our own times. Classical schools had been organized long since, and the name of Halliburton had been far dispersed in either hemisphere. But the desideratum was still unfilled. There was a guiding influence unexistent, therefore undisseminated. It remained to be proved that, if existing, there would be no restraining action. An indistinct recollection occurs upon this suggestion, contemporary with "Old Cowdel's book." Some very beautiful stanzas, emanating from King's College, Windsor, bearing upon local and ecclesiastical topics, suddenly left a space in the newspaper columns to be filled by more extraneous matter. Regretted for a time by those who were attracted by their novelty, or applicability, the more so as they were unfinished. And however brilliant our past periods may have been, I have been unable to trace any other occidental clusterings than the most primitive style of rhyme inscribed upon the lichen clustered and half-sunken tablets of old slate or granite, in the little burial ground of L., where, among the numerous mementos of Frau, Mann, and Kindlien, of the German ancestry, a loiterer may suddenly find himself face to face with a more modern and striking monument of poplar wood, whereupon the brush of the house-painter has inscribed in yellow letters upon a cerulean ground-work, "The address of a child to its parents;" which, from its peculiarity of composition, I am inclined to place among the originalities of the period. It runs thus; and speaks largely of simple and deep piety:

"Hark from the tomb a doleful sound,  
 Mine ears attend the cry;  
 Ye busy men come view the spot  
 Where ye must shortly lie.

Weep not for me, my parents' dear,  
 I am not dead, but sleeping here;  
 Till Christ shall rise, and bid me come,  
 And take us all together home."

There, in this little grave-yard, situated upon a hill over looking a large extent of bay, coast, inlet, green slope, and points of land, with distant islets dotting the intervening space, and in which rests a broken-hearted and injured man — my own father; — borne down by the intolerant parti-

zanship which is slowly, but undoubtedly, undermining all the sacred and social institutions of our land. Here I have often stood, and with an October sky, gilded and glowing in all the gorgeousness of carmine and deep orange, and the sea air, clear and reflective, gave back from far away in the distance the mingled voices of human beings with the bleating of sheep and the lowing of cows, wending their homeward way, while amid the windings of the black harbor or peninsula, (there are an interminable multiplicity of such,) and all do not possess very euphonious, if any, distinctive appellation, to the extent of four miles, including shelved point, jutting curve, and grassy eminence. Throughout this extent of the peninsula, I say, so intensely and vividly transparent has been that sweet October atmosphere, that the carolling of a country girl, and each word of the following old song, has been thrown back upon the echoes.

This song, I am positive, must be a native production, and of provincial origin, though it may have received accessories from country school-masters, or captains of gull's eggs schooners, sentimentally inclined. But seriously instituted researches among the farmers' daughters, guarantee the assertion that it was made by some of our folks. The undoubted authenticity thus warranted, I proceed to initiate the reader into some of its peculiar beauties and deep pathos. I would, also, if I could, help to dig a niche in the heart of posterity, for the express purpose of inserting the name of the author, that it might spring up and blossom to his endless praise. But alas! in the eager appropriation of the spoils, floral and sentimental, it has been totally overlooked.

"From the main-top high, to the cabin low,  
Your sailor-boy away must go!  
Now all young maids who dress in white,  
And all young men who walk so light,  
Forget your pride, forget your joy,  
Weep, weep, for the sailor-boy.

He ran the deck, he climbed the mast,  
His time is gone, his day is past,  
Down, down, where the sea-weeds grow,  
Your sailor-boy shall go, shall go."

The subject is a sailor-boy, who takes his first voyage ini-

tiatory to the West India ports, preparatory to engaging in the voyage of life with a "fair maid," who, by his untimely "fall overboard," is compelled to cease "dressing in white," and assume the habiliments of a more sombre hue. Upon the news of which sad catastrophe arriving, she calls in the language of affection upon all the youth's "compeers" to join in her lamentations, and for many a day has the simple conclusion of the ditty, ringing through the air, rising and swelling in the distance, and the fresh voice of that country maiden, come back to my memory in sad but pleasing unison.

This was, in my opinion, very expressive of the feelings of the early settlers, who, finding little employment for growing sons, in a country that presents few resources for young men, were compelled to sacrifice them, one after the other, to see them take to the water with the perversity of young crabs, and become the victims of fever in a tropical country. The song had a medley of interests, also, as it was in part connected with an island in the neighborhood, upon which dwelt, (so said tradition by the lips of a nurse girl,) a faithless and hard-hearted maiden, who had refused the addresses of a lover, and after he had "taken to the sea" in a fit of vengeance, she ruthlessly "combed her long tresses" before a glass each returning evening, (a sure way to get up a sea storm) said Granny Wisdom. And in a terrific gale aroused by this process, the lover "found his death." Upon which, for the purpose of making vengeance doubly sure, he takes the liberty of visiting his mistress in the form of a coal black dog, with fiery eyes, until terror and remorse place his victim in an early tomb.

By going into all this absurd detail, I may, perchance, give some inkling of the tenor of local minds, unswayed by elevation. To say truth, we are scarce yet beyond the era when six feet high young ladies rejoiced in the ability of carrying home a dead bear upon their shoulders, and did n't "want no larnin' to aid the difficulty." When such treasures as old Mrs. Rushticross stalked through our houses from basement to attic, if unimpeded in progress. Her old straw poke elevated high in the air, and her canvass bag rich in woodland wealth, displayed to our admiration in mixed hues, partridges and rolls of fresh butter, eggs and rabbits, and pride of our medley rivers, an early and first

captured salmon ; whose advent was proclaimed, and whose praises were extolled, with the sharp, exulting cries of " a solimaint, a nice vat, vresh solimaint. Here! ver are ye all? Toant yer vant a vresh solimaint, only tree shillins? Tut! dats noatten. Tittn't I ketch him mineshef?"

Ladies going to sociable entertainments in these times took a favorable opportunity of decrying the unheard-of absurdity of any woman but the " parson's wife troubling her head about books." She, to be sure, ought to, if she had time. Times were so different when we were girls, said the matrons ; the moment one took up a book she was called idle, careless, good-for-nothing. And no great prophetic prognostications were needed to convince society that such an one was in the road to destruction. Then there were mysterious gratulations that we had not arrived at the height of absurdity, with our neighbors across the bay, where the ladies actually studied all " the things with long names " and hard meanings, and took degrees at college just as gentlemen did. And I do not know but what, by the colloquies of the male oracles of these anti-literary societies. Becomingly dipping deeper in the argument, we were taught how much we were indebted to our stringent conservatism for relief from such impositions, the certain herald of infidelity, and the dear knows what all. Thus, by a summary process, indicting a multiplicity of evils, not quite specified.

However, good advice always acting in the contrary mood in young minds, set us all upon emulating the stigmatized proceedings, and gay young men while chanting at intervals, " dol, dol, dol, me, re, fa, sol," at the singing schools, simultaneously echoed the sentiment, " They're a wonderful people ; they're an astonishing people ; they're far before *us* ! " Yes ; they could not but be convinced that progress, in a new country, is conservative ; possesses a restraining, as well as a life-giving energy. Not the conservatism which elevated an Episcopal Bishop to the pedestal of a demi-god, but that of innate, self-governing, and well-directed energy. And this *we* are subsisting, and think we can continue to flourish without. We, in the Colonies, upon whom has been engrafted all the fashionable idleness and easy laxity of morality, inseparable from a garrison station.

It is not surprising, then, that we have acquired habits of

slurring over important events of local interest. That we have a natural aversion to investigate ; to think deeply ; to elevat principle, by permitting it to pervade, and counteract, to its fullest extent.

As the election progressed in the following year, and the climax was well nigh attained, as has been remarked, previous to this digression, the minds of the general populace seemed more than usually excited by all the causes and effects at work. Nothing else was, of course, the ruling topic of discussion, and, as usual, every newspaper teemed with accounts concerning it, but there was evidently an all-pervading influence, which, while it seemed to overlook the merits of this, or that party man, swayed and controlled, and started forward unblushingly, in the least suspected positions. Passing over all the vicious recriminations of the daily papers, and tracing the virulence to its origin, was a thing, however, not to be looked for, in the unanalyzing public. A notice, however, was no more than might be expected from persons who were mere spectators, whose opinion was unbiassed by personal interest relatively. Those who had neither father, husband or brother, to press for the palm of victory. And while speaking as freely as did others in the presence of visitors, friends of our literary leader, there might have been nothing in the circumstance of so doing, which in any other country would have been excitable of a recriminatory manifestation.

Thus the mind dwelling upon these things, it was not surprising that I should also write. It was the merest trifle, and it fell from a careless pen. Chancing to call upon a female connection of our literary Captain, the gentleman previously referred to, who was then deeply immersed in politics, bent upon rallying his forces, and gaining the day for his party. We fell into a long discussion upon the ability of the lower classes to think for themselves. The lady maintained that as they had to get their bread by hard labor, which occupied all their time, they should more submissively yield to the guidance of those who sacrificed their whole time and domestic peace, for the benefit of those under special consideration. That the presumption evident in the opposition of such persons was too palpable, in the present emergencies, and difficulties insurmountable, except by the indomitable energy of a statesman, were the result of it.

Attempting to modify these dangerous plausibilities, I urged that as all are gifted with an equality of intellect, or power--

which may be cultivated to an unbounded extent, and frequently exhibited in the lower classes, education should be equally dispensed, that each consequent trait might be permitted to display itself. People capable of forming accurate conclusions of events or principles at issue, should not be impeded in the power of doing so ; but that the too prevalent spirit of the times was in each peculiarity a convincing evidence that other literature than that which has been the Englishman's preservation, and is his proudest heritage in a new country, had been taking a firm hold of unestablished places. It was clear that the progression of the century was urging us on, and casting loose our coveted conservatism. We were willing to clutch at anything to aid the rescue. Old landmarks were removed, to clear the march of ultraism. Circumstances might in future times show the tendency of this last, and our advancing attainments.

I am never deeply interested in public things unless they elucidate some accepted theory, and seldom display a warm interest. Upon this occasion I spoke as I felt, and upon a subsequent visit I placed the following verses upon Freedom of Opinion, in the hands of this person, with an intimation that something more would be connected with it, provided I could secure the countenance of gentlemen interested in developing the literature of the country, and the one particularly and publicly concerned in it, as I very naturally supposed. The lines were these :—

Bright Nova Scotia, adored is thy name,  
 Thou art dearer to us than the land whence we came.  
 Though honored by all is the home of the Free,  
 Nova Scotia, our own, we're devoted to thee.  
 Ever my country, though bitter the strife,  
 Cherish thy liberty, e'en as thy life,  
 Ay, long as the Moose-deer shall bound from the brake,  
 Or the Lutea look from the translucent lake.  
 Lovely Acadia shall, error-arrayed,  
 In gorgeous apparel thine Idôl be made ?  
 Shall it always the land of the Mayflower disgrace,  
 Shall it ever be found amid power and place ?  
 Beautiful Acadie, ne'er be thy name  
 Dyed with a deep an indelible stain.  
 Alas for thy sons, though they ebb as the wave,  
 Opinion, though false, they would perish to save.  
 Beautiful country—the bonny spruce tree  
 Is the undying emblem of what thou wilt be,  
 When the tissue of folly, that error has cast  
 Around thy bright name, shall be thrown to the blast.

Beloved is the fir-tree, but dearer to thee  
 And to all of thy sons, is the bliss of the Free.  
 But oh be thy liberty worthy the name  
 Freedom from Error, from Crime and from Shame.

Had I but known the least iota of what I have experienced of the policy pursued by our leaders, my safest course would have been the destruction of these lines, the moment they were penned. But utter ignorance led me to imagine the liberalism so vaunted at that time to be a safe remove out of Roman Catholic predominance by a bond which would draw various denominations into a closer unity. An error I believe very common among the inexperienced among us. I anticipated nothing but a kindly notice and encouragement to proceed. Simple and inexperienced, with no guide but a too accurate observation. Truly saith the law "truth is a libel."

The lady had handed them to her friend, it appeared, but nothing more was said than that a man in his position could not be expected to notice every production thrown thus before him, as he was surrounded by cares and electoral responsibilities.

As I peruse them now, I can well comprehend how each word must have had the semblance of an indirect reproach. Not a line that does not seem directed at the very course that person had been pursuing, accompanied by able coadjutors and skilful veteran supporters. At that time half their applicability only was comprehended, and in requesting the opinion of the gentleman I was pleased with the ability of adding. They form part of a Romance which I mean to compose. People who write, have now so much encouragement, that I almost think I could venture on publishing.

Now let me ask, can a political editor be the supporter of literature, or what is the position literature should assume in a country? If it bound off into the regions of fiction, its mission is unaccomplished, if that mission be the elevation of society. If it deal with tangible evils, the subtle hand of the statesman, or the ambitious man, can be no longer its fostering protector!! Is it so? Is he then to check its advances, when the attempt to inculcate sentiments militating against his projects of personal aggrandisement is made? When he can no longer aid, must he then crush? If it attack an evil policy, must his especial faction be heeded, and all the claims of literature forgotten? Or must literature breathe the sentiment of language alone?

Be it again clearly understood, that I here criminate no indi-



vidual. I am but relating a succession of singular coincidences. Electoral sentiments had subsided; the feeling that had led to the inditing of these lines had passed away. The liberals had gained the day, and all the land rejoiced thereat. But it happened, that upon leaving the steamer, at the side of the harbor at which I resided, I found several ill-looking fellows apparently belonging to the lower class of Irish, who crossing at the same time, followed half the distance, calling in coarse, low language. Then seating themselves upon the rocks on the roadside, continued to do so, until I had advanced far upon the homeward path. The way was lonely, though much travelled and frequently there were no other persons walking that way but myself. The language was accompanied by loud and impudent merriment, too evidently jests, vulgar and insolent, and indicating personality.

The summer passed on, with frequent returns of the same description of annoyance. Endeavoring to persuade myself that it really was not an actual impertinence seriously intended, I resolved to assume a pretence of not noticing it, hoping that as it had commenced at the close of an election which had been fiercely contested, and excited a spirit of acrimony among all classes, it would perchance pass away when the effect of such a great struggle had subsided. But I had had no connection with political affairs, living retired and monotonously, without interest in either party, and being but one among the calm spectators of their struggles. However, matters continued in the same position, and became such a regularly recurring vexation, that I dreaded coming to the village of D. or crossing in the boat at all, as I had then no male relative at hand to interpose, and, though it might be noticed by a friend, I was at a loss as to the proper measures for restraining it, and for reasons to be mentioned hereafter, dreaded speaking of it to any person.

A year passed on, and the annoyance was continued, and resumed at intervals, long after the charitable allowance with reference to electoral agitation which I partly attributed it to, should have subsided. At all events, I thought no longer of it, and concluded that others were equally disinterested. Gross and obscene language, infamous oaths, and scurrilous expressions, became the almost constant attendants upon my daily walk.

Now not being at all inclined to sacrifice this chief entertainment of life at D., the amusement of watching the various de-

scriptions of persons bringing their saleable wares to the city; the petty traffic, and the constant variety presented thereby. The Preston trafficker in birch brooms, was to me then a novelty. The little unshod fisherman, with his basket of trout, or cucumber perfumed, and crisp little smelt, fresh from the scouppet, and entwreathed with moss. The market-woman, with her eggs and butter; the fresh air, and the change of scene, was all this to be foregone and constant seclusion, to lay the foundation of ill health, because three or four idle fellows were always loitering at hand with the evident purpose of exciting terror, and awakening alarm? The lower classes of Nova Scotia, are, without exception, remarkable for the kindly friendship they bear to those of an elevated class, and the social tone and kind interest manifested between persons occupying various positions, is, and always has been to myself truly delightful, though English residents generally, note the omission of the obsequiousness which is said to characterize individuals of inferior situation in their own aristocratical and title-bestowing country. And, we are quite happy in wanting the servility of the Irish peasant, though doubly amused with its piebald originality, from having no semblance of it amongst themselves, therefore was my astonishment increased at such an unwonted manifestation, and in the midst of intense and uncontrollable irritation, various suspicions, connected with rather trivial circumstances, dawned gradually, at first, inadmissible, but which time matured, and future transactions verified, and I resolved not to deviate from my usual habit, and to cross in the steamboat without any companion, that there might be no check upon my observations, and if any design of evil intentions had been suggested, and was to be carried out by this class of persons, I would, if possible, fathom, and brave it.

Of the grade of life to which the multiplicity of Irish immigrants belong in their own land, we, of course, can be guided only by conjecture. For a succession of years they have stepped upon our shores, and, unimpeded in their progress, have built for themselves homes. Their sick have been nurtured, their starving fed. But the peculiar benefit to the country bestowed by their presence, is yet undiscernible. By steady progress, they, in time, possess the property, and fill up the vacancies, which untoward circumstances, or too deep doings in politics, "the British, or anti-British scape-goat" leaves among our own inhabitants.

These people, in fact, become great and populous, but they are uneducated and controlled in their tendencies, and the Irish cartman might take a very prominent position, if required. It may not be always, altogether, a creditable one, social comfort and respectability considered, in the annals of Halifax.

Having beside me the detached portions of a Poem entitled "Protestant Union," and never venturing to exhibit it, the idea now occurred that if it were published, and the opinions expressed in it were known and disseminated as my composition, it would, being acknowledged as such, guarantee a future protection. It would have the semblance of an appeal to established principle, and, connected with local literature, would not pass unnoticed by the various gentlemen who were so deeply interested in its development, according to their own expressed assertions.

I passed the Poem partially prepared into the hands of a friend, without any intimation of reasons for publishing it. This was at the commencement of another winter. It appeared in a Baptist newspaper, was noticed, and though without signature, there was not a doubt that it was known and traced to the author, and upon the next Session of the Assembly, I was struck with amazement at observing in a newspaper, lengthy oratorical remarks adverse in character, but containing very succinct allusions to those lines from the great promoter, supporter, and chieftain of Provincial literature.

The uncomfortable sensation which accompanied this discovery, I even now remember. It was also with a presentiment of future evil, for the entire intention and meaning of the lines had been parodied, and various concise points and references convinced me that the author was surreptitiously maligned and ridiculed. I flung the paper from me disgusted, mortified, and as much perplexed and confounded as though detected and identified in the commission of a criminal transaction. There was no longer a doubt that a peculiar tendency in composition was reprehensible. The impression had not arisen in a fastidious sensitiveness, as I sometimes endeavored to satisfy myself by personal condemnation.

This poem upon Protestant Union, remains still in an unfinished state, I never having gained sufficient confidence, after such a rebuff to attempt the further completion of it. It will serve as a continuation of that phase of colonial society, which attributed all the backwardness of our local affairs to the old

conservative supineness. And the people were taught to look to the ultra liberalism rising in the horizon as the harbinger of plenty and progress. Under this administration were telegraphic wires and railroads to abound; school monopolies of land were to be done away with, and thus would be dissolved in oblivion one grand source of disputation.

There was no longer to be a coerciveness respecting religious opinions being inculcated in seminaries or schools. Those who wanted the Bible for an ancient study, connected with history, might have it, and those who did not, might do without it, and this latter system was recommended and acted upon, as exemplifying the theory that it is better to have no religion at all than to be always fighting about it, so that the least intimation at that time of a leaning to denominational preference, was generally regarded as placing a stumbling-block in the way of our advancement, though it is doubtful whether any one stopped to enquire what we expected to get to.

The somnolent reign of Toryism, very comfortably dispensed with the spirit of inquisitiveness, and we reposed so confidently in our loyalty, that I doubt whether persons in respectable circumstances ever gave a thought to the possibility, or need, of the country's making a progress of any description; and as to a spirit of rivalry, or competition with other countries, we never dreamed of such a thing. The blue horizon shutting in Nova Scotia, might have marked the boundaries of the world shutting out all other. I doubt whether we would have believed in its existence, had not the ocular and gustatorial evidence of sugar and molasses from Jamaica, and salt to cure our cod-fish awakened our credibility. I can answer for one who nourished such a fantasy, and am certain others might have been counted by thousands, who did so; not actual infidels, perhaps, in regard to such a fact, but our blue skies seemed to nourish a boundless spirit of contentment, which the positive want of a life's necessities could alone disseminate.

There was also another little occurrence connected with the luminous era of mental development, under consideration, to which personal experience, and participation, lent additional importance.

A public soiree had been appointed. The intention is not to the present purpose. The entire liberal coterie, and newly elected advocates for such principles, honored it in full conclave. As one of the chief speakers, at all events the most unexpected

and appreciated, appeared a Catholic Priest. This gentleman whom I shall hereafter allude to, was regarded as a person of much address and ability, and had been known to take a prominent part in the late election, and his oration, whatever might have been its tendency, was reverently listened to.

Among the other speakers, was a gentleman who held for some years a position as speaker of the assembly, and an important constituency had highly valued his kindly services. He discoursed voluminously upon the beauties of science and art, in general, their incalculable benefit to civilization, but gave the preference to literature. To the original mind which can control a country by a word, or a song, Burns was, of necessity, instanced, together with the local language of the age, guiding, progressive, and purifying in its influences. The needed aid of woman in this department, and her beneficence was also instanced, in her promotion of the cause of general education, and encouraging motives held forth why such a feeling should be exemplified in the women of Nova Scotia. In the exordium which of course concluded such observations, however, the passive serenity with which I heard all this was rather discomposed, by the ideas expressed in the very lines upon the Freedom of Conscience, which had been given in manuscript, being dexterously interwoven, for the purpose of working analogy. Well nigh the entire passage expressing our love for the land from whence we came, (by which, of course, I mean England, said the speaker,) being superceded by the lovely country in which our destiny had been cast. The value of a patriotic spirit, our admiration of our country's emblem, referring to the fir-tree, all worked so well into his own direct subject, that though the charge of speculation *may* be unfounded, I was far from being gratified that such expressed opinions were thus noted at a time when the state of the public mind was not at all conciliatory or complimentary. The ideas may have been native, but the language in which they were expressed, was but too familiar.

Now the Poem, on Protestant Union, was as far from tending to elevate any sect as the greatest Liberal could desire. It was not the Church of a Denomination I had desired to extol, but the Church Militant. Not the time-serving and venal Church of the Colonies, but the Apostolical; the holy in simplicity; the revived in youthful lustre, rising from the Reformation; the blood-drops of agony, yet resting upon her pallid and torture-wrung brow. When the newly established monarchy put forth

its strong right arm to aid her faltering steps, and the union became strength ; one elevating, one restraining, and each aiding the other, in the beautiful dissemination of holiness to the land of the pagan, and to the scattered sons of England. When by the establishment of Christian associations in every part of the world, she sought to alleviate the stringency of measures she had been compelled to adopt for her own internal preservation. The time is arriving, whether very subsistence as a Church, will depend upon a renewal of that renovation. Her lustre has become dim ; her wine mixed with water ; and by the very elements which wrought her conservation, is her humiliation becoming too apparent.

It is but the nature of humanity to retrograde in holiness. All the supports, all the aids to high attainments, may become perverted, and exhibit the fallaciousness of human institutions. Hence the value of a literature, which, while exhibiting error, also inculcates sacred and revealed truth. Hence also the depravity connected with all things, decries the spirit of such a dangerous capability, and would reward the daring author of such writings, not only with the destitution which is too often the lot of the well-intentioned, but with a comfortable abode in regions where the means of expressing opinion upon earthly topics are unattainable.

By consequence, then, the literature of the province has been for the most part vague and diffuse, dealing with subjects of phantasy. If error has been touched upon, it has been by the most complete partizanship. Our newspaper reading, has been just one continued strain of recrimination, with all the accompanying resources of attack and defence, and strategy, and traducement.

Thus grew up that latitudinarian ignorance, now being dispersed by a larger extension of periodical importations. A growth of reading tendencies which will gradually dissipate that disposition of exclusiveness and narrow-minded egotism, so blinding to those incapable of investigation, so subversive of all that is righteous. As a country can advance in nothing, while leaders, and their partizans, are alternately defending themselves. The adverse of this spirit has, by the bye, assumed a very ludicrous force of expression, in the old German language of the early settler, which thus self-acclaims, while arraigning the unhappy scholar placed in his vicinity, as a guider of his children's intellects, (pass over the much maligned nomenclature of country

schoolmaster,) and whom with triumphant viciousness, he thus momentarily attacks, upon the least glimpse of what appears to his criticising mind unjustifiable arrogance becoming discernible. "Yer needn't tink so much ev yerself kos yer got a little larnin, yer didn't get it yerself did yer? No; yer had ter get it tort. So I tinks jist every bit as much ev myself as you do, kos I aint got any; for ef I'd a bin tort, I'd a had it too; so you needn't ter be so proud, an stuck up.

Just so the Church of England assuming as Spiritual leader, upon her advocated dignity, her ancient honors, her monarchical heritage, and established supremacy, the precedence of all others in the Colonies, little heeded the growing force which silently sapped her foundation. Or where her laxity of active encouragement in the inculcation and advance of faith in distant localities became unavoidable, wondered when the vacuum was capably filled by dissenters, and bitterly lamented her wounded dignity.

That these allusions may be correctly corroborated, it is requisite to give some general explanation respecting the social position, and the religious liabilities of the country.

A large body of Episcopalians appointed officially by the British government had become established and influential. They had, since the settlement of Halifax, obtained all the most lucrative situations, and they received exorbitant salaries. Whether England sought to secure our loyalty, or to protect us from the insidiousness of papacy by the presence of a number of persons connected with the establishment, can only be surmised. Either way, the project was fallacious. The Episcopal Church, with its grants of land, and its Provincial endowment, soon became an obnoxious stumbling-stone to all parties. Provincial and civil offices were retained in families, and Nova Scotia was governed by a clique, who, under the name of High Church and Tory men, usurped all power, position and influence. That the benefit bestowed upon society by them, was not commensurate with the wealth they received, and squandered, the present backward position of the country evinces, and the firm hold of Papal Liberalism confirms. It was under their mild and somnolent occupation, that the sapling flourished, bloomed, and produced the fruit of which this country is even now partaking.

An English writer has said that Dissenters are the protectors of the liberties of a people.<sup>4</sup> It may be that the spirit of truth remains with simplicity. It is certain that truth is often over-

looked, while quietly gaining ground. It would be almost amusing, were it not blended with painful experiences at the present time, and sad presages for the future, to trace the innocent acquiescence of those old worthies, the Tories, of conscience matters for peace and office sake. There was a time when the native Indian taken under their shield, depended on their favor, and looked to them for cultivation. These first occupied their soil as promulgators of Protestantism, but in time the reserved seats at the Parish Churches were vacated, the schools deserted, and indifference unaccountable, succeeded previous warmth. Speaking of this to one of the descendants of those fortunate beings who had inherited position, he exclaimed with mingled terror and respect, and veneration, "Oh, we must let them alone; we must not think of getting up schools for them; we must do nothing with them." They belong to the Catholics. But the dissenting part of society arousing to a sense of injustice, have long ere this began to enquire in a firmer tone, and with a decisive determination to partake in and sustain the claim to equal privileges, whose are the Catholics, and in what is their much lauded power vested?

A great accession of Irish immigrants, gradually, and at length, flooded the territory. Loud complaints of suffering in the cause of unjust mother England, carried conviction to our hearts, and awakened the sympathies of every Nova Scotian. There was room enough and place for all who chose to take it, and of course it was taken, but the effect was yet to be seen, and a change of policy soon became perceptible.

A great and bitter cry against ecclesiastical monopoly arose. It was taken up, and reverberated on all sides. It was lifted aloft; it knew not where to fall; it hesitated, but at length it touched the right quarter, and, at the same time, the wrong one. Too much was attempted; it was hindered, and nothing was accomplished.

There were two ways of destroying ecclesiastical monopoly. An unity of Dissenters or a powerful majority, headed by an able agent and spokesman. By one step Papal power could come forward openly and level its shrinking opponent. No wonder, then, that Protestant union was scouted, aspersed and reviled, and that every supporter of such a scheme was marked for opprobrium. Dissenters, to whom this Episcopacy presented an aspect of intolerance, willingly acceded to the scheme for its submission, without reflecting on the consequences, or by whom



it was brought about, and all who expressed an attachment to the Church of England, were regarded as opponents of progress. My own father was one among the many who at that time became obnoxious to anxious claimants for change of system, and sank into an untimely grave, broken in heart, in health, and hope.

His open and boasted attachment to this Church, in connection with his position as Collector of Customs and Excise, in a little sea-port village, gave him great influence. It also gave him watchful enemies, with a double purpose of casting a slur upon the denomination of his attachment, while assuming that office, while his Englishman's abhorrence of dissent left him without advocates, when this disguised Romanism stepped forward, and by its agents, who happened to be his most cherished friends, then rising into power, as this work amply testifies, brought to his charge sundry malversations, whereby he was rendered liable for some hundreds of pounds. Strange and unfounded charges thus laid against him, he was compelled to succumb to, by reason of papers of value being secretly abstracted from his office desk, which would have substantiated his innocence, had they been forthcoming. With apparent devotedness, he was advised to make up the sum, hand it in to the Treasury, and say nothing about it. This first, was to him the simplest part of the business. The money was as dross, in comparison with his integrity of purpose, his life-long resolution never to owe unto any man. But why silence the affair? Why arrange every thing by two or three interested individuals with evidently deep designs? It was in vain that he protested that he was the victim of a plot. That he was surrounded by false friends. He was constrained to submission by different harrassing measures, and when years had passed away, again the same charges were preferred, the same procedure carried into effect, and he was a ruined man. The appointed delegates, after due assumption of form, assembled, but after a strict examination of the various statements of monetary transactions and accounts, could fasten no reliable evidence of criminating inadvertence. Too late, for the peace of their victim was it acknowledged, that general testimony conceded, in vindication, the remissness of individuals in other Ports of the Province, reflecting upon each department a fractional disarrangement. The charge of five hundred pounds defalcation, dwindled down to two; and one hundred, to seventy, and lastly, to fifty; with which sum, as being unsubstantiated as a

debt, he was kindly advised by one friend to present to the other, who had so disinterestedly taken the trouble of investigating the volume of shipping reports and official documents. Too ill and unnerved, to resist any proposition, however preposterous, he acceded; too happy to be spared by his tormentors, and escape further infliction of their pertinacious efforts to expose him to public censure. And fifty pounds was the reward of turning over volumes of statements, which the habitual accuracy of a correct arithmetician had left without an error.

Disgusted with his official position, and with his place of residence, he was not even permitted to resign and leave it. He was detained in the very spot of his trials, and his bitter humiliation, by this most remarkable and singular, at the same time, very suspicious assertion, "if you resign your office, and leave the place in which you reside, you will render yourself accountable for the entire original sum of money, the default of which has been laid to your charge."

This was from the most active agent in this strange transaction, giving the intention of his employers, but the two years which comprised the commencement and completion of it, had, by intense mental agony, of which only his own family were the partakers and witnesses, done their work. Again, removal from the scene of so much suffering, was implored. Restoration to health, even life, depended upon it, and while awaiting the tardy avowal which bound him for one year more, to public position, but only nominally so, or limited his choice of residence any where in the Province of Nova Scotia, exclusive of its metropolis. Paralysis supervened, and greedy aspirants eagerly watched for the last breath, which would, in its failing, bestow an occupancy.

Become utterly incapable, by the recurrence of the above-mentioned demoniacal manœuvres of official business, or of defending his name from malignant aspersion, it might have been supposed that his stern foes would relax, and withdraw their decision as to his choice of residence; but not until it became generally known that his injured circumstances prohibited this step, was the concession made.

The motives for such a course of proceeding, were never explicitly comprehended or explained. However, the tendency of it certainly finished the work, which the most admirable combination of duplicity and designing manœuvre had commenced, and a helpless family were deprived at the same time of a father,

and a large portion of their inheritance, thus unjustly and dishonorably disputed.

The singular coincidence of circumstances upon each occasion, was equally remarkable. The precise paper missing at the very period of requirement; the wearisome day of agony spent in searching it out; the piles of documents examined for that purpose, the opened drawers and desks; the slowly admitted confirmation of duplicity; the suspicious person who had idly loitered about the office the entire day previous to the discovered deficiency, with no apparent purpose but that of passing an unoccupied space of time in trivial conversation; the grasping at any evidence which might convict this person, and recover the missing document; and the knowledge that it could not have been useful to this man in any way, but as an instrument of impeachment, when inquiry was instituted by persons in authority. All the after years of broken health, and domestic derangement accruing, left too indelible an impression of tergiversation and chicanery, in controlling powers, that constant suspicion of the same system working in different ways, and by other means, could not ever be doubted, and outweighed the value of a thousand Colonial civil offices.

Was there not a more merciful method of dismissing a public servant than this? Was reputation to be assailed in its entire sensitiveness, and the victim to be thus compelled to a hated position and residence, until life was unendurable, to prevent all these facts becoming common topics, and casting a reflection of mal-administration? Or is this a system which is fast being established, that a necessary change cannot take place officially, without the aid of the blackest malignity, sweeping in its onward course, alike the friend or the rival, the relative and the stranger into untimely graves? Or by officious time-servers is denominational predominance thrown into the scale of advancement, and made the foundation of destruction!

Let Nova Scotia beware, and learn discernment by past experience. If the destruction of Christianity be not already wrought by overlooking such transactions, which have so multiplied, she is thus surely undermining all the bonds of society.

