PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA

The Colonial Advocate,

OR, THE FARMER, MANUFACTURER, MECHANIC AND FISHERMAN'S JOURNAL.

JOHN GILLIES, Esq., Editor.] "The universal agent in the creation of wealth is labour."—Adam Smith. [CHRISTOPHER SMILER, Publisher

Volume I. SAINT JOHN, N. B., MONDAY, JULY 14, 1845. Number 8.

The Colonial Advocate,

Is published every Monday afternoon, by Christopher Smiler, at the *Temperance Telegraph* Office, Dunn's Brick Building, Prince William Street, under the Patronage of the **Provincial Association** of New-Brunswick.

Terms.—10s. per annum, half in advance.

Any person forwarding the name of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

All letters, communications, &c., must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid; except at the option of the Editor.

Communications and suggestions from our friends will be gratefully received. When insertions are required by anonymous correspondents, the name of the writer must be given to the Editor, who pledges himself to secrecy. Even to those who may desire to oppose us our columns will be open, providing their language be moderate, and that it be clearly understood that we shall be at liberty, if we so please, to comment on their performances. We mean shortly to provide means of reaching us easily and privately.

☞ Advertisements inserted at the usual rates

Weekly Almanack.

July.		R. Sun.	s.	Moon	s.	H. W
15	Tuesday,	4 35	7 25	0	52	7 20
16	Wednesday,	4 36	7 24	1	45	8 39
17	Thursday,	4 37	7 23	2	47	9 45
18	Friday,	4 38	7 22	3	56	10 40
19	Saturday,	4 39	7 21	Rises.		11 28
20	Sunday,	4 39	7 21	7	50	eve.
21	Monday,	4 40	7 20	8	40	0 51

Full Moon, 19th day, 1h. 18m. morning.

POETRY.

SONG.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

I hate those wild spirits that either are crowning,
As if of the sun they had more than their share
More boisterous far than a norwester blowing,
Or sunk in the uttermost depths of despair.
Give me the firm nature that, tranquil and fearless,
Some hope 'mid the tide of misfortune can find,
Nor too sanguine to-day, nor to-morrow too cheerless,
But reason the rudder that governs the mind.

Those weather-cock-feelings that ever seem fated
To change their direction whatever winds draw,
One moment depress'd, in another elated—
Now led by a feather, now lost by a straw;
Give me the true heart upon which there's reliance,
Ere known what the hour's passing humor may plan,
One that laughs at slight cares, or can bid them defiance,
And bear his misfortunes erect, like a man.

SELECTED TALE.

THE ADVENTURES OF A HANDSOME COMMISSARY.

BY W. HENRY ESQ.

(*Concluded.*)

CHAPTER II.

"And will you pardon then," replied the youth,
"Your Henry's lov'd name and false attire,
I durst not,in this neighbourhood, in sooth,
The very fortunes of your house inquire,
Lest one that knew me might some tidings dire
Impart
"She laid upon his breast those eyes, beyond
Expression's power to paint, all languishingly fond" Gertrude of Wyoming.

All nature appeared to sympathize with the grief of parting lovers the morning we left Truxillo. The season was the middle of November, and although this month, so cheerless and gloomy to everybody but a sportsman in England, is usually very different in the south of Spain; yet on this occasion, the dark clouds, scudding through a cold and muddy atmosphere, the veiled sun and the ruffian winds were even more dismal than in the less genial climate, from being more uncommon and less expected.

On the second day of our march I observed a little way ahead, a woman closely veiled and cloaked, mounted en cavalier on a donkey, while a man, whose walk and figure were not unfamiliar to me, was urging on the animal by a touch of the whip now and then, which was rendered emphatic by the everlasting 'Pourro,' with the prefix of the Miesian inflection, 'Arrah Pourro.'

"In the name of St. Patrick Barty, who is the mounted lady?'

'Troth your honor, it's nobody but Margaritha the crathur, for she couldn't stay behind me.'

'But I hope you have behaved like an honest man in the business. Are you married, Barty?'

'Ogh sure, and that we are, sir. She's a decent woman, and divil a peg would she stir without me. So we were secretly spliced by the family clargee, and tight enough I warrant ye, for he was a thundering long time about it.'

'I'm glad to hear it Barty, and wish you much joy.'

'Then thank you kindly sir, and it's myself that hopes to do that same to your honor soon, let alone my good masthur.'

The bride was a good looking little brunette, blushing and timid, but nevertheless appearing very happy. No doubt she was under the impression that her beautiful mistress would soon be permitted to resume that then she would follow her example, and her old station. As for Senhor Bartholomeo, he trudged along as proud as a prince, though often up to the knees in mud; his master's baggage mules in front, and himself covering the rear of the column, with the donkey and Margaritha.'

On the fourth day we reached Merida, the Augusta emerita of the Romans, and here we halted a day. As I have before observed, this place is full of Roman remains, and a fine field for an antiquarian. The Roman citadel is yet in a state of fine preservation, and with a little labor would make a fine Tete du Ponte. The walls are strong and massy—there are some fine baths, with the granite ducts yet in existence, that let in the water of the river; and the numerous imperial busts in white marble, studded here and there in the wall, are ridiculously small; and at even a short distance look more like pins' heads than emperor's. Though neither my love-sick companion, the Commissary, nor myself, even in our sober senses had any black letter lore worth mentioning, we devoted nearly the whole of our halt to the exploration of those rich relics of Roman power and skill, under the guidance of a learned clerical cicerone.

Soon after our arrival in Elvas I parted from my friend Stanley, and marched to join my regiment, while he remained there. In consequence of the occupation of both banks of the Tagus by the enemy, and the excursions of the foraging parties down the left side, there was no correspondence between our Truxillo friends and ourselves during the winter. There were reports, indeed, that a Chef de Battallion of French Infantry in that town was quartered in Stanley's billet, and the jealous imagination of a lover, did not fail to paint him martial, handsome, and ardent, and making strong love to the fair Serafina.

At length such suspicions became absolute and insupportable torture to my sensitive friend, and he determined at whatever risk, to ascertain personally the state of affairs. He obtained three weeks leave of absence, under the pretence of private business at Estremoz; and, disguising himself as a Bapitraz, or chief of a small band of muleteers, set off boldly for Truxillo. He tinged his hands and his handsome face and neck with walnut juice, to give the true olive complexion; added a pair of black mustaches and a dark wig, and providing himself with a smart and appropriate dress, with some scores of silver buttons on his jacket and vest, he stood forth a good looking Spaniard. Mr. Barty also turned muleteer, and accompanied his master on this hazardous expedition, and at the head of four trusty Spanish muleteers, who had long been employed by the Commissariat, and were now promised ample payment for this particular service, our hero proceeded on his journey. He loaded his mules with salt at Merida—this prime necessary of life being in great request in the interior towns of this part of the country.

Everything favored the romantic enterprise, and having met with no obstruction in the way, for I believe the enemy pushed no lower down than Truxillo, the Capitraz at the head of his little band proceeded up the steep hill of that town, late in the evening of the sixth day, smoking his cigarito with the utmost nonchalance, while the muleteers were gaily singing a quartetto. Near the gate they were brought up by a sentry.

'Qui va la?'

'Amigo.'

'Halte la, amigo. You must see the Commandant. Es menester ver el Senhor Commandante.'

'Assuramente, Senhor solado—mas quien es el Commandante?'

'Le Colonel Dufresne. His quarter is in the Palace.'

'Vamos entonces, Senhor.'

'Non, non. You must wait till I am relieved.'

'Paceneia. Fuma usted, Senhor?'

'Merci. It is contrary to orders on my post.'

For a full half hour was the party detained; the Capitraz all the while smoking his cigar, chatting with his companions, or singing some old song of the Moorish wars. At last the relief came, and the corporal of the guard, having conducted the convoy to the guard house, left it there in charge of the sergeant, who directed him to escort Stanley to the quarters of Colonel Dufresne—his former well-known residence. In quitting his people, he managed to make a signal of caution and silence to Barty, pursuant to the plan agreed on, which was, that he should pretend to be deaf and dumb.

We may conceive what must have been our hero's emotion on entering the house of the Marquis de Santa Cruz, ascending the spacious and familiar stairs, and being ushered into the gear saloon where he had passed so many happy hours. He found it occupied by a middle-aged and martial looking man, with a stern expression of countenance; who, casting aside a letter he was reading, looked keenly at Stanley for an instant, and then addressed the corporal.

'Eh bien, Caporal Gauthier, who is this man?'

'A Capitraz of muleteers, mon Colonel, whom we stopped at the gate half an hour ago. He has ten mules laden with salt, from Merida, he says.'

The Colonel then asked the Capitraz.

'Parles-tu Francois ami?'

There was a negative shake of the head.

'You are a devilish good looking fellow for a muleteer.'

Another shake.

'Cueno amigo, what is your name?'

'Manoel Lopez, of Don Benito, at your Excellency's service.'

'And you have a convoy of salt—how many mule's loads?'

'Ten your Lordship, a servicio de sua Senhoria.'

'Mon, Lopez—I shall be generous and only take half.'

'My cargo is in a manner privileged please your Excellency. Both French and English allow it to pass freely, for the use of the population, who cannot exist without it. Besides, your Lordship is too high-minded to ruin a poor man, who trusted in your generosity.'

'You are a bold fellow, Senhor Lopez, and your language scarcely befits your station. There is a tinge of insolence in it not quite to my taste. You come from Merida?'

'Si, Senhor.'

'Any English in that neighbourhood?'

'No Senhor-gracias a Dios, none nearer than Badajoz.'

'Sacre! there are some thousands of them under the turf there at any rate. Phillippon gave them a tough job in the way of burying. Do you bring any news?'

'None but what your Excellency has probably heard already. It is currently reported that the English are despairing of success, and about to retreat to their ships.'

'En Terdade.'

'So it is said at Merida and Don Benito, your Excellency.'

'Well you may retire. I give you three days to sell your salt, but the garrison is in need of this article and must have one load at least.'

'Adios, Senhor Commandante, muchas gracias Viva sua Senhoria mil anos.'

The Corporal then received instructions to search the persons of the Capitraz and his band carefully—to examine the sacks of salt and the trappings of the mules, and if nothing wrong could be discovered, to let the party go, keeping one load of the salt. 'Mind Corporal Gauther, no violence, no pillage, I shall not suffer it,' said the Colonel when they left him.'

Carefully did Stanley scan the interior of the house, for some trace of the former inhabitants, but he could observe nothing; and quitting it with reluctance, he proceeded to the guard house with the Corporal. Here his fears were instantly excited by the appearance of Barty, surrounded by a group of soldiers, to whom he was gesticulating and making all kinds of strange grimaces; counterfeiting dumbness and idiotism, but at the same time unfortunately manifesting perfect auricular powers which appeared to excite some suspicion. And such was the love of fun and humour in this genuine son of the green sod, that confiding in the licence usually granted to persons of his assumed class, he could not avoid mimicking any peculiarity he observed among the French soldiers. When Stanley arrived, Mr. Barty was busy making faces at a grenadier with a Bardolph nose, to the great amusement of the muleteers and all the guard, except the object of his attack, who was beginning to get a little savage, and to look as if small additional provocation was wanted to make him crop Senhor Bartholomeo's nose.

'Peace Sanchez,' cried the Capitraz sternly—giving the grinning scaramouch a good cuff at the same time—'Peace idiot! He is a poor half-witted creature, Senhor Sargento, you will pardon the liberties he takes with the gentlemen under your command. Pobrecito! he lost both his senses and his speech by a fright from a mad bull when he was five years old.'

Then taking out his ample cigar case, and lifting the goat skin cover, he courteously presented it to the sergeant and the whole guard in their turn; commending at the same time his choice Seville cigarettes to their notice and approbation, and lighting his own with a brand from the fire. After the examination of their persons, to which the muleteers grumblingly submitted, and chatting amicably with the serjeant, the Capitraz lighted a fresh cigar, placed the remaining contents of the case in the sergeant's hands, left a sack of salt with him, and then conducted his band to a posada in a remote and obscure street.

It may well be imagined that our hero did not devote much of his time to the disposal of his merchandize. Knowing the inn-keeper to be trustworthy, he took him aside, frankly communicated his secret, and asked information respecting the family of the Marquis. Stanley's joy was great when he learned, that some time before the arrival of the French, the Marqueza and her daughter had disappeared, and it was generally believed they were secreted somewhere in the country; though the business had been so well managed, that nobody could tell where. To preserve his property from the French rapacity as well as might be, the Marquis himself continued to reside in his house in Truxillo. That same night, by the friendly assistance of Senhor Zambolo, the inn-keeper, an interview took place between Santa Cruz and Stanley; and possessed of the secret abode of his mistress, the Commissary procured another disguise, and set off in the course of the night to pay her a visit.

Our lovely Serafina, dressed in a rustic habit, had just arisen from bed, and entered the little cottage garden to enjoy the freshness of a fine morning and to collect some early flowers for her mother. Their abode was a remote and secluded hamlet, under the protection of two servants of the family and an old couple, in whose house they resided. The fair daughter was busily engaged with her bouquet, when a strange paysano approached, lifted the latch of the garden door, entered, and stood beside her. Serafina uttered a faint scream, dropped her flowers, and would have ran to the cottage, had not Stanley's well-known voice arrested her. Another moment and she was folded in his arms.

It is not necessary at this time of day to make a long parade of such truisms as the meetings of lovers after a long absence being the sweetest drop in life's cup—or the radiant points that lighten and embelish its long, and sometimes gloomy vista. I shall take all this for granted, and only say, that two days were passed in rapture by Stanley and his mistress; but on the morning of the third it behoved them to part. They separated, after exchanging endless vows of eternal love and devotion, as is customary in such cases, and arranging with the consent of the Marqueza, that so soon as the south of Spain should be free from the presence of the enemy—of which the extensive preparations now making by Lord Wellington gave promise—Stanley would repair to Truxillo, and openly claim his bride.

On returning to the posado, our hero saw by the clouded brow of his landlord, that something wrong had occurred in his absence and soon learned that the Commandant had been making inquiries respecting him, and had directed him to repair to his quarters immediately, expressing at the same time much displeasure at his absence. From this, and other circumstances, it appeared that a severe ordeal was yet before our friend, and that himself and his band might find much more difficulty in quitting Truxillo, than they had experienced in entering it.

The question now was, whether, having accomplished his object in visiting the place, he ought not to avoid running any farther risk, and immediately leave the town by stealth with his people. This would not have been difficult, permitting egress for man and beast at different places; in the darkness the sentries might be evaded, and as the French had no cavalry, pursuit was out of the question. But then the safety of Senhor Zambolo would be compromisad by his evasion—other innocent persons of loyal politics, and who were obnoxious to the French, might be injured, and serious mischief be the result of a proceeding rather of a dastardly character, and that implied guilt. My gallant friend therefore boldly resolved to run all hazards in preference, and go at once to the residence of the Commandant.

On his way to the Placa, he met his acquaintance the sergeant of the guard, with half a dozen soldiers, going in quest of him. Colonel Dufrense looked a little savage when he entered, and addressed him in rather a startling manner.

'You have been three days absent from Truxillo, neglecting the business which brought you here. This then was not your real business, but only a pretence. Par Dieu M. le Capitraz, I believe you are a spy, and I have a strong inclination to order you to be shot.'

'I have no fear your Excellency will do so unjust and cruel an act.'

'Sacre! tonnerre, you talk coolly. Where have you been? What have you been doing? Why have you not disposed of your merchandize?'

'My lord, I can answer your questions with all truth and frankness. I sold my whole cargo to the Senhor Zambolo, the Posadero in the Calle de Cadiz, the evening of our arrival; and I went early the next morning, disguised as a paysano, to visit a married sister, who lives at Jarracejo.'

'Disguised as a paysano—and for what reason?'

'To avoid detention, perhaps robbery on the road.'

'How am I certain that your present costume is not also a disguise?'

'Here I possess the evidence of several persons that know me, please your Excellency; and your own knowledge of the language may convince you, that I am what I appear, a true Spaniard.'

'I distrust you much, Senhor Capitraz. Your bearing and your appearance do not harmonize with your condition. Serjeant, bring hither Zambolo, landlord of the posado, where this person's band are lodged.'

The Posadero soon appeared, but having been previously well trained, he confirmed the Capitraz's story in all its parts, so that the commandant, though still suspicious, could yet find no evidence on which to inculpate our hero. After a long pause the Commandant said.

'Senhor Manoel Lopez, I have the strongest reason to believe that you are not what you appear; and I should feel quite justified in proceeding to extremities with you. I shall pardon you on one condition.'

'I have committed no offence your Excellency.'

'Tois toi! Leave your band here—I shall take care that they are not molested. Repair to Badajoz with a letter. Deliver it to a friend of ours there, and bring back an answer. You will then be free, and I shall reward your service.'

'My Lord, I am in an humble rank of life, but I am a honorable Spaniard of pure blood, who has never done a base thing.'

'You refuse then?'

'I shall never act the base part of a spy, your Excellency, even though the office were unattended with the great risk of detection and punishment from the English.'

'Listen hombre; that no evidence may be detected on your person, I shall entrust you with a verbal message, to which a similar answer will be returned.'

'I shall never be a spy, I repeat, my Lord, though death should follow the refusal.'

'Sacre Dieu! then M. le Capitraz I am sorry for you. You may see your confessor when you please. At nine to-morrow morning you shall be shot. Va-ten.'

'I am an innocent man, my Lord. You will deeply repent having shed my blood. God avert so great a crime.'

The Commandant then ordered Stanley to be conveyed to the guard house, and directed a party of eight men with loaded muskets to be ready in the morning.

In the meantime the affair got wind, and many of the leading persons in the town were entrusted by Zambolo with Stanley's secret; which they religiously kept—for a Spaniard's honor was always inviolate through the Peninsular struggle, when pledged to the English—the result was, that before the Commandant retired to rest, the head Alkaldi, the Marquis of Santa Cruz, and many of the chief inhabitants waited on him, and urgently implored pardon for the prisoner. He heard them with politeness, but dismissed them with an absolute refusal.

But our poor friend's days were not destined to be thus prematurely cut short. Colonel Dufrense, although a stern soldier, was not naturally a cruel man, and after a night's reflection, he again examined Zambolo, and the serjeant of the guard, who and first arrested the muleteers. The result was, that he staggered by the account he received of the natural though resolute deportment of the Capitraz; and when he bethought him of his fearless and gallant bearing in the near prospect of death, he could not refrain from admiration of that manly virtue, which with a Frenchman atone for a multitude of sins. Yielding to this generous impulse, he countermanded the order for Stanley's execution, and directed that he should be brought once more into his presence.

'Whoever and whatever you are, I cannot refuse you the merit of great intrepidity. I pardon you, you are free.'

'I thank your Excellency; but I never had any fears as to the result. No brave Frenchman is cruel by nature—still less can any gallant soldier be wantonly and profitlessly, unjust and cruel.

'Who the devil are you? Tell me, and I pledge the honor of a Frenchman to respect your secret, whatever it is. You are no common man.'

Two hours after this question was asked, the Spanish Capitraz of muleteers, and the French Commandant, were seen sitting down very amicably to breakfast, to the great astonishment of the servants. This was not diminished by observing their master embrace our hero warmly on departing with his band.

All being now happily ended, Stanley and his party proceeded joyously on their way.—Barty was in greater spirits than anybody—voluble as ever, even in his broken Spanish and sporting his wits and jokes without stint or measure.

'Well, Senhor Bartholomeo,' said his master, 'after all you are but a silly fellow—you don't know the risk we were all exposed to—and yourself particularly—by your nonsensical buffoonery with the guard.'

'Ogh, masthur dear, shure no one would suspect a natural, that hasn't God's blessed speech in him.'

'Yes, but you forgot that naturals, as you call them, or idiots who are born dumb, are always deaf.'

'Troth masthur, that same did'nt occur to me at all—but what matther—them ommadhawns wouldn't be cute in finding it out. Were'nt they too busy in laughing at the fun. And when I winked at the red-nosed grenadier, didn't they all twig the joke.'

'Aye but he did'nt. And I can tell you that a French grenadier is not to be trifled with; and that the saint gentleman with the lantern on his poop would think as little of blowing out your silly brains as I would of shooting a snipe.'

Mr. Stanley resumed his duties at Elvas; and gave me a long letter containing the preceding details. At this time Lord Wellington was busily engaged with those comprehensive arrangements that ushered in the Vittoria campaign. The months of February, March and April, and the beginning of May, were employed in improving the equipment of the army—providing tents—collecting magazines—clearing the hospitals in the rear—drilling recruits—organizing the Spanish troops—in fine, putting the whole allied army in a state of unprecedented strength and efficiency for taking the field.

In the first week of May, my friend accompanied by the faithful Barty, was once more en route to Truxillo, from which the enemy had retired, to make commissariat arrangements, in concert with the Spanish authorities, for establishing a depot of provisions for the subsistence of the Conde d'Abisbal's army of Andalusia, which was to pass to the Tagus by this route. The roads being still infested by robbers, both [illegible] travelled well armed.

Among the numerous contretemps in this world of cross purposes, few things try one's philosophy more than to be disturbed in the midst of great employment, or anticipation of enjoyment, by some coup of imminent danger. Toward the evening of the second day, when our travellers were passing through the cork tree forest of Atajadas, four leagues from Truxillo, and Stanley's glowing fancy was portraying the delights of the approaching meeting with his true love, without disguise or apprehension, and in the hallowed scene of the infancy of their passion—a bullet whistled sharply past his ear, and his servant's hat was knocked off by another! no enemy was seen, but two puffs of smoke were descried under two large trees, fifty yards from the road. Master and man, ignorant of the strength of the latent enemy, instinctively set spurs to their horses, and galloped on, pursued by six mounted robbers, who fired several shots at the fugitives, but luckily without effect.

The chase was long and doubtful: the horses of Stanley and his domestic being superior to those of their pursuers; but they were fatiguedby a long and rapid journey. After emerging from the wood into the open country, and coming within distant view of the high citadel of Truxillo, our friends still found themselves unrelentingly pursued; and made the unpleasant discovery, that the robbers, whom they had at first left a considerable way behind, were now fast gaining on them; and that, as no friendly house was to be seen and no aid in view, it was probable they would be shot or captured before they could reach the suburbs of the town. In a few minutes two of the foremost villains had come within a hundred yards, the certainty of being overtaken was manifest, and the question was, whether they would make a merit of surrendering at discretion, to insure less violent treatment, or turn at once on the two leading bandits, whose firearms had probably been discharged—take deliberate aim, and by bringing one, or both of them down, possibly intimidate and stop the rest.

In circumstances of great danger akin to the present, a fearless and daring line of conduct is generally the most prudent after all; and the sentiment, embodied as an adage in most languages, that 'fortune favors the brave,' must have been founded on universal conviction of this truth. Suddenly Stanley and his servant stopped, turned round their horses, rode full at the two foremost robbers, and each covering his man, discharged their pistols at them within six yards distance. Both ruffians were arrested by this bold act, and one instantly tottered and fell from his saddle. There was little time for observation, their danger being yet imminent; but in the hurried glance they caught of the wounded man, both Stanley and his companion recognised the well-known features of Don Ignacio Landriz.

They now urged their horses to the utmost speed, and were delighted to find, on looking back, that the whole band of their pursuers was arrested by the spectacle of their leader's dying agonies, thus permitting their intended victims to pursue their journey unmolested to Truxillo.

Stanley found the Marquis and his family once more established in their mansion in the Placa.

Eleven years after these transactions, I spent a happy day with my friend and his wife, at Oak Cottage, near Durham. They appeared to be in comfortable circumstances, and had then a family of three sons and two daughters, blooming and beautiful, and exemplifying in their persons and lineaments, the happiest physicial results of the mixture of good Saxon and Spanish blood. Their mother, six months before, had conformed to the religious faith of her husband; and thus, all that was wanting to perfect identity of sentiment on this important matter, as on all other points, was attained. She appeared a model of conjugal affection and maternal devotedness, and having left her own family, and friends, and country, and confided herself in a strange land to the tenderness of the object of her first and fervent affection, she was repaid by as large a measure of martial love as ever fell to the lot of woman.

I must not omit mentioning, that Senhor Bartholomeo and his Margaritta followed the fortunes of their master and mistress, and are I believe, still in their service. They have not been blessed with children; but this privation however deplored, has had one good effect in permitting them to continue in the discharge of their vocations as valet and lady's maid. I understand that when Mr. Barty gets tipsey, which is no more than three or four times a year, he maintains that it was his bullet that brought down the bandit chief, though he is not so confident in his sober senses, for he knows his master always was a capital shot.

A PUBLIC WALK IN A SPANISH CITY.

At about seven in the evening all the world assemble on the walk. The ladies at first occupying the upper benches, the gentlemen pacing up and down in the centre, and sunning themselves in the bright eyes of the sequed beauties; but very soon these latter become tired of their repose; the benches are abandoned, and the walk then becomes so densely thronged with promenaders of both sexes, that it is a matter of some difficulty to steer one's way clear through them. The costume of all these pretty loungers is the same—a black silk dress with short sleeves, and long net gloves, a black lace mantilla, a natural rose or carnation at one side of the head, and a large fan (never in repose) in the hand, form the simple and elegant costume in vogue. Some few white mantillas are to be seen, but they are not advantageous to complexions so dusky as those of the Gaditanas, and are not much in favor. Here and there a would-be French bonnet and shawl, of some incongruous mixture of colors, show glaringly in the dark mass of veiled heads, as though purposely to demonstrate that that the great secret of a Spanish woman's charm lies in her mantilla, and that dressed like other women her personal superiority no longer asserts itself; for it is as true that no Spanish woman knows how to put on a bonnet, as it is a undisputed fact that none but a Spanish woman knows how to wear a mantilla. Keep them to their natural dress of sable hue from head to foot, and they are the most elegant and distinguished looking race of women that can be imagined; but let them run riot among the bonnets, feathers and colors (which they have no idea of sorting judiciously) and they sink to the level of ill-dressed women of any country. There is one superiority, however, which they must maintain, let their dress be what it may, over the women of all other nations; and that is in their walk—that graceful swimming gait peculiar to themselves, which is happily free from the affected mincing wriggle of French women, as it is from the awkward, grenadier stride indulged in by my country women. There is nothing theatrical or affected—nothing of what Addison has termed 'recitative dancing'—in the demarche of the Spanish women; but it combines and inexpressible grace and harmony of movement, which imparts a charm to them beyond that of mere beauty—a something without which beauty is incomplete, and which Virgil has rendered full justice to, where he caused Æneas to recognise Venus—not by the superiority of her face and form, but by her walking:—

'And by her walk the Queen of Love is known.'
[Mrs. Romer's 'The Rhone,' &c.

Montaigne—This acute writer, in his chapter upon Divination, says:—

"This I have seen with my own eyes, that in times of public confusion, mankind, astounded with their fortune, with an excess of superstition, go and search from Heaven the causes, and the ancient threatenings of their calamities; and in this they have been so strangely happy in my times, that they have persuaded me, that it is an amusement of ardent and of idle minds, those persons who are endued with that subtlety of untying and unravelling matters, may find in my writing whatever what they wish to find in it. Everything indeed seems to assist them, the doubtful, fantastic, and obscure, prophetic jargon, which never gives any precise sense, so that posterity may give it what sense they may think fit. Diagoras, surnamed the Atheist, was once shown in the Temple of Neptune many votive tablets of those who were supposed to have been saved from shipwreck by the interposition of the God of the sea. 'Well, then,' said the Priest to him, 'what do you think now sir, who imagine that the Gods do not interpose in human affairs? what do you think now, seeing so many persons saved by their interposition?' 'Why,' replied he, 'those are not painted here who perished upon the sea, and they are in greater number.' So it is with prophecies of which Cicero says—'Quis est enim qui tot-um diem jaculans non aliquando collineat?'—'Can any man shoot his arrows for a whole day at a mark, and not sometimes hit it?'

Confidence is not always the growth of time; there are minds that meet each other with a species of affinity, and with promptitude and faith that only belongs to the pure essence of which they are composed.

PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA