

all endeavours to find any traces of her husband or her Mother were vain; and that now every hope of their recovery was gone, and that Ellen Scott, her own maiden name, was lost in the appellation, widow Grhame. This recital introduces a discovery, by means of the Witch's Bible, that that old lady is Ellen's Grandmother, one of the personages so long sought for. This great step in the drama closes the second Canto.

The treasure pursued, when found, seemed to lose its importance, for we find that up to New Year's Eve, no visit had been paid Dame Scott by her newly discovered relatives. Ellen, most unnecessarily, seems also to relapse into a belief of the old woman's witchery.

We are now introduced to a merry meeting of village tradesmen and politicians, held at Dartmouth; which is suddenly disturbed by an attack of the Indians on the settlement. The Savages rout the inhabitants, and on next morning, appear collected with their captives on the shore of the bay. Among these are Ellen, her Mother and Grandmother. As deeds of cruelty are about to be committed, a ship appears in sight, with Indian emblems of peace displayed at the mast head. A boat puts off, and some English officers soon leap ashore, and interfere to prevent further hostilities. These officers are discovered to be, Ellen's Father and her Lover; recognition and consequent rejoicing, result, marriage in good time ensues, and so the tale ends.

We will not enumerate the many points which appear to us improbable, and badly wrought in this story; such as Ellen offering all her little treasure, love-tokens miniatures and all, to the Witch, as a reward for telling her fortune; and the Old Lady giving the most precious memorial of a lost daughter, to a young unknown Romp. This same Romp talking occasionally like a philosopher, and still being kept ignorant up to womanhood, of her mother's maiden name. The improbability of Mrs. Grhame telling a long story on a Nova-Scotian 26th of January, in her daughter's bedchamber before breakfast, and, as it would seem, without the comfortable appendage of artificial fire—even in this latter part of our present backward May, such an attempt would be anything but desirable. Neither will we dwell on such incongruities, as the personifying of Rumour and Slander, and then treating these abstract substantives as two real old women, behind whose sleigh Ellen jumps up, and whose gossiping she clandestinely and most indecorously listens to. These more subtle objections, might require some discussion before being finally settled; so we will merely point out a few minor inaccuracies, which cannot be gainsayed; which Mr. Shiels' good