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## ESSAY,

Delivered by Mr. JAMES HUTCHISON, Classical Master in the St. John Grammar School, before the Saint John Teachers' Institute, on

### THE HISTORY AND ETYMOLOGY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Language is the utterance of articulate sounds, for the expression and communication of thought. It is one of the distinguishing marks between man and the inferior creation. Brutes, no doubt, are capable of expressing their wants by sounds; but these sounds are more *vocal*, not *articulate*. In Homer's Iliad, Book I, the distinction is drawn, as it were, with one dash of the pen. He speaks of "*metropou anthropon*"—articulate speaking, or *speech-dividing* men. But little doubt is now entertained as to the origin of language: it is generally understood to be one of those gifts that Providence has so bountifully bestowed on mankind. There are not wanting, however, some vain babblers, who, delighting to get up something original or clever, deny that such is the case; but these, as a whole, are men whose abilities and attainments do not entitle them to be depended on, when compared with other men who have given their views to the world on the same subject. Listen to the words of William Von Humboldt on this point:—

"According to my fullest conviction, speech must be regarded as naturally inherent in man; for it is altogether inexplicable as a work of his understanding in its simple consciousness. We are none the better for allowing thousands and thousands of years for its invention. There could be no invention of language unless its type already existed in the human understanding. Man is man only by means of speech; but in order to invent speech, he must be already man."

Language is the liberator of the human soul. The words passing from the mouth of the speaker to the listening ear of the auditor, are the links of that electric chain, over which thought flies from mind to mind, and feeling from heart to heart; stirring up the emotions of the mind, and kindling the feelings of the heart, to a greater or less degree. We are told in the Book of Genesis, that "the whole earth was of one language;" and the truth of this remark is borne out by the affinity yet existing among languages. But although we might derive both pleasure and advantage by tracing that affinity, let us rather for the present confine ourselves to the English language, the one to us the most interesting of all.

Our tongue is spreading fast over the world, by British colonization and American settlement; the Christian missionary is spreading it wherever British rule exists; the schoolmaster is abroad;

commercial enterprise and military conquest, all tend to diffuse it over earth's surface. Other tongues and dialects are fast subsiding before it. And though other tongues, as the Greek for instance, have had almost world-wide dominion, and yet have yielded to that grey old conqueror, Time; we cannot think that such will be the lot of the English language. We believe that ages after this, Milton and Shakspeare, Macaulay and Scott, will be read with rapture on the banks of the St. Lawrence, the Hudson, and the Mississippi; yea, in southern latitudes, in far-off Australia and New Zealand, ours will, in all probability, be the language to which all others will succumb, and contribute their beauty and their strength. How truly prophetic are the words of our poet Daniel, who, almost three hundred years ago, sang thus of the English language:

“And who in time, knows whither we may vent  
The treasures of our tongue? To what strange shores  
This gain of our best glory shall be sent,  
T' enrich unknowing nations with our stores;  
What worlds in the yet unform'd occident,  
May 'come refined with th' accents that are ours.”

The English language is derived from many and varied sources, and contains nearly one hundred thousand words. Its groundwork is the Anglo-Saxon, a language now dead, but formerly used by the Anglo-Saxons, one of the tribes of that Saxon confederacy which, about the beginning of the sixth century, invaded Britain, and drove the Celts, the ancient inhabitants, and rightful owners of the soil, to the wilds and fastnesses of Wales and Scotland. In colloquial intercourse, and also in many of our eminent prose writers and poets, the Saxon element is closely adhered to. Ingram observes, that, at the lowest estimate, fifteen out of twenty words used on ordinary occasions are of Saxon origin. It is also worthy of comment, that of the fifty-eight words of which the Lord's Prayer is composed, fifty-five are immediately or originally derived from the Saxon.

The invasions of the Danes do not seem to have made any considerable change in the language, the two nations being of closely allied origin—both of them belonging to the great Gothic family. Words of Danish origin are employed chiefly in the N. of England, and the S. W. of Scotland.

In the year 1066, William, Duke of Normandy, having succeeded in bringing England into subjection, surrounded himself with men of his own country, and thereby introduced the Norman language, a compound of French and Gothic. Shortly after the conquest, the Normans attempted to extirpate the English tongue, and substitute the Norman. This experiment was carried on for nearly three hundred years, but to no effect; the vernacular had too firm a footing—it was the every-day language of the body of the people. The law, therefore, was repealed; and since that period, English has been the official, as well as the common language of the nation.

Only a few words purely Norman are now employed; and these are chiefly law terms. Take, for example, the phrase, "Puisne Judges," which denotes the inferior judges of the Court of Common Pleas. The word *puisne* is purely Norman. It would seem, from the paucity of Norman words, and especially of Norman proper names, that in course of time the Normans died off, or, as a race, had been absorbed by their dependants, the Saxons. The following quotation from *Ivanhoe*, shows us the debased condition in which the Saxons were held by the Normans, and at the same time illustrates to us words that are of every-day occurrence:

"Why, how call you those grunting brutes running about on their four legs?" demanded Wamba.

"Swine, fool, swine," said the herd; "every fool knows that."

"And swine is good Saxon," said the jester. "But how call you the sow, when she is flayed, and drawn, and quartered, and hung up by the heels like a traitor?"

"Pork," answered the swineherd.

"I am very glad every fool knows that too," said Wamba; "and pork, I think, is good Norman-French; and so when the brute lives, and is in charge of a Saxon slave, she goes by her Saxon name; but becomes a Norman, and is called *pork*, when she is carried to the castle hall, to feast among the nobles. What dost thou think of this doctrine, friend Gurth, ha?"

"It is but too true doctrine, friend Wamba, however it got into thy fool's pate."

"Nay, I can tell you more," said Wamba, in the same tone. "There is old Alderman *Ox*, continues to hold his Saxon epithet while he is under the charge of serfs and bondsmen such as thou; but becomes a fiery French gallant, when he arrives before the worshipful jaws that are destined to consume him. Mynheer Calf, too, becomes Monsieur de Veau (that is veal), in the like manner. He is Saxon, when he requires attendance; but takes a Norman name, when he becomes matter of enjoyment."

Since the Norman conquest, the English language has not suffered any shock from the intermixture of conquerors with the natives; but greater changes have taken place through the adoption of words from the Greek and Latin classics. On the revival of learning, Latin and Greek were so much used, that the native tongue was almost lost sight of. We may confidently state, that, had it not been for the people of the lower ranks—the "*vulgus profanum*"—holding on to their own tongue, and keeping it alive despite the learned men of these times, Saxon literature would long ere this have been submerged beneath the waves of a classic deluge; and its treasures of imagination, romance, and poetry, would have been forever lost to us, and to generations yet unborn, who will yet catch its inspiring themes, and rejoice with joy unspeakable at the gems of thought for them preserved.

It surely becomes us here assembled, as far as in us lies, to preserve the purity of our language; and let me say, and let it reverberate through the length and breadth of the land, that we Teachers hold in our hands the future destinies of this Province; that we

are, as it were, by law established, the *guardians*, not only of the youth of the land, but also of its language :

From Education, as the leading cause,  
The public character its colour draws;  
Thence the prevailing manners take their cast,  
Extravagant or sober, loose or chaste.

And when we take into consideration the influence that words exert on individuals and communities, we shall think it not merely a matter of interest in regard to critical investigation, to watch narrowly, and preserve scrupulously the purity of our dear old mother tongue. Higher reasons enter into the matter. "Many years ago," says Coleridge, "in conversing with a friend, I expressed my belief that in no instance had the false use of a word become current, without some practical ill consequence, of far greater moment than would, *primo aspectu*, have been thought possible. That friend, very lately referring to this remark, assured me that not a month had passed since then, without some instance, in proof of its truth, having occurred in his own experience; and added with a smile, that he had more than once amused himself with the thought of a *verbarian* attorney-general, authorised to bring information, *ex officio*, against the writer or editor of any work in extensive circulation, who, after due notice, should persevere in misusing a word."

Milton, in a letter written at Florence, in his early manhood, to one of his Italian friends, states in strong terms the mutual relation between a language and the thoughts and feelings of the people using it. He says that it should not be regarded as a matter of little importance, whether the language of a people be pure or corrupt, or what is the character of their daily speech; that it is his firm belief, that when a language becomes vicious and inaccurate, its degeneracy will very soon be followed by the downfall of the State; and that, on the other hand, there never was an Empire or State, that duly watched over and cultivated its language, but prospered in a greater or less degree.

Let it not be understood, from what I have said, that I disparage classical learning, or the use of words derived from the Classics. Far from it. The Saxon element of our tongue is incapable of supplying us with a sufficient stock of words to express our ideas with ease and precision on many, especially on scientific subjects. To write in a purely *Saxon* English manner, would cramp our style, repress the easy flow of thought and imagination, and embarrass and lay our minds in fetters, where the utmost freedom, and the greatest resources of the language, may be required.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THEE-KIS-HO; OR, THE WHITE SWALLOW.

[CONTINUED.]

They crossed the Rocky Mountains, here also strictly adhering to the trail of the Athapascows, and were at no great distance from the Coppermine River, when one night, at some distance on the plain, they saw a small, low, flickering light. Their own fire was composed of mere embers, but even these were hastily covered up. Matonaza cast his eyes around. Not a tree, not a bush was there to aid their approach, though the camp in the distance seemed to be near a dark object, which looked like a stunted grove of trees. This could not be, however, they having already passed, as they supposed, the region in which trees are found.

The three men looked to their rifles, stooped low, and began to crawl towards the distant fire on their hands and knees. The night was pitchy dark. The sky was lowering, and threatened rain. The low fire, scarcely distinguishable at times, was all that guided them. Presently, however, its glare became more evident, and Matonaza discovered that it was placed under the cover of some low trees, which grew on the borders of the Coppermine River. He could now clearly distinguish a party of men sitting round the small fire in the act of smoking; and leaving his companions and his rifle, advanced unarmed, bidding them slowly reach a bank within pistol-shot of the camp. He then began to writhe or slide along the ground instead of crawling, moving a yard or two, and then stopping to breathe or listen. In about ten minutes they saw him roll himself behind the bushes of the camp. They saw no more, for a strong ray of the moon peeped through a cloud, and they could no longer raise their heads above the ground. They fell behind the low bank agreed on, and waited.

Three-quarters of an hour passed, and then Matonaza rejoined them, using the same caution as before. He was out of breath with his hard labour, for such it is to crawl along the ground like a snake, never rising on the hand or knees. As soon as he could speak, he told his companions in a whisper that these were the Athapascows returning after a terrible foray among the Exquimaux. The White Swallow, however, was not with them. They spoke of her absence with regret, and as a severe disappointment, but how her absence was occasioned he could not tell. Matonaza spoke in a tone which was new to his white friend. He seemed husky, and his eyes glared like those of a panther. The fearful excitement he had endured, and his terrible awakening from a dream of happiness, all the greater from his half-European education, had almost driven every civilized idea out of his head.

"Roaming Panther," said he to the Indian runner, "is thy rifle ready?"

"What would my brother do?" asked Dalton hurriedly.

"Kill my enemies!" replied the warrior coldly.

"What! skulking behind a bank?"

“Warrior of the Pale Faces, hear my words! Does a bear show himself in the distance when lying in wait for his prey? Does a white warrior, when in ambush, give a signal? We are three: the Athapascow dogs are seven. Not one shall see the home of his fathers: their squaws shall find other husbands. They have robbed Matonaza of *his* squaw: they shall die!”

A double report followed; and then, as the Indians with a fearful cry rose in the air to lie down again in the dark, the Little Snake, as the handsome young chief was called, levelled and discharged the rifle of Dalton, who declined to shoot at the unprepared savages.

“I spit on ye, dogs of Athapascows!” yelled the Little Snake, as they returned fire at random. “A Dog-ribbed chief will leave your bones to bleach on the plains of the Icy Sea!”

With these words the three friends retreated, loading their rifles, and wading across the river, concealed themselves in a low hollow, and sought rest. Mark slept uneasily. The neighborhood of fierce and bloody enemies, roused to desperation by recent losses, was far from being pleasant; and he was little surprised when, on rising in the morning first amongst his party, a leaden bullet at once hit the bank near him. He dropped down, and in an instant the whole three were again prepared. The Athapascows, six in number—one had been killed—were near a bush on the other side of the river. They had just at daybreak tracked the Dog-ribbed Indians. These fired, nor was Mark behind-hand; and so fatal was their aim, that two warriors fell headlong into the river. The others, who were not aware of the nature of rifles, introduced only by the chief himself and Mark, flew to cover, astounded at the distance at which they had been struck. The friends loaded, and pursued. The Athapascows turned, and fled across the plain.

Matonaza gave vent to a low and scornful laugh. “Let them go and boast to their women that their brothers were killed in a terrible fight. They are squaws, and will tell of a battle with a hundred warriors in their war-paint.”

Mark at once added, that to follow them was to lose all trace of the White Swallow, who was either a prisoner among the Esquimaux, or hiding somewhere in the hollows of the hills, awaiting the departure of their enemies. Besides, no time is to be lost, for the winter was coming on, and all hope of finding her would vanish with that season.

Matonaza replied by turning his back on the river, and searching for the old trail of the party. They soon found the remains of a fire, with bones of animals—deer, &c.—which had been recently devoured, and thus continued their journey at some distance from the banks of the Coppermine River.

#### IV.—THE ESQUIMAUX VILLAGE.

We left the White Swallow advancing towards the village of the Esquimaux with her captors.

It was this unfortunate race who, from their helplessness and

weakness, had been selected as the fitting victims of the seven Athapascow warriors. In this the Red-Skins only acted in accordance with the true principles of war—to respect the strong, and prey upon the weak. The White Swallow remained behind on one occasion while two scouts went out to scour the banks of the stream in search of intelligence. They soon came back with the information, that about fifteen miles distant were five tents of Esquimaux, so placed as to be completely open to a surprise. It was then decided that the attack should take place the following night. Meanwhile they waded across the river, to be on the same side as their wretched victims. Here they halted to load their guns, furbish their lances, and prepare their shields.

Every man set to work to paint his buckler—one representing the sun, another the moon, others birds of prey and other animals, with imaginary beings, fantastic human creatures, and beasts of all kinds. They were all to serve as their protection during the combat, their shields being at once "medicine." Even the White Swallow, who was used to their Indian customs, was puzzled to know the meaning of half the rude drawings daubed with chalk and red clay, as not one had any resemblance to anything in heaven or upon earth. But, like the knights of chivalry, who scorned to write their own names, and seldom could ever read a love-letter, these Red-Skin paladins were quite satisfied that military glory was above all artistic merit. They were but of the general opinion of mankind, who admire far more the successful slayer of thousands, than the man who can achieve a splendid picture, a magnificent epic poem, or a great scientific discovery.

The shield-painting being over, the party advanced, still following the banks of the river—strictly avoiding all eminences, for fear of being seen, and all speech for fear of being heard. The way was arduous and painful in the extreme. They fell upon swampy marshes and muddy sloughs, in which they sank above their knees. But not a word was spoken, not a murmur or complaint given vent to. A tall youth had been selected as leader of the band, and no orchestra ever kept better time. They trod in each other's footsteps with the most praiseworthy unanimity; and might, from their silence, their gravity, their stiff, erect manner, have not inaptly been compared to moving mummies. The White Swallow carried in a bundle the whole of their provisions—no inconsiderable weight, as they desired not to halt an hour when their horrid surprise was effected.

About an hundred yards from where they first caught sight of the Esquimaux village they halted in council behind some rocks. It was now late at night, and yet these savage warriors, not satisfied with their martial air, now began to paint themselves anew. They daubed their faces with a horrid mixture of red and black—on one side with one colour, the other with the other; some tied their hair in knots, others cut it entirely off. Then they lightened themselves of every possible article of clothing, which they made

up in another bundle, and gave to the unfortunate girl to carry.

The moon now rose: it was midnight. The five tents of the Esquimaux were situated close to the water's edge, within a half-moon formed by some rocks that projected from a small eminence. Before the tents lay the placid waters of the river, in the midst of which was an island, or rather sand-bank, and in the distance another Esquimaux village, of larger dimensions than the present. The Indians gave an "Ugh" of delight, for here was a second massacre in view, and to these savage men nothing could afford a more charming prospect.

They advanced slowly along the banks of the river, and when within about twenty yards of the tents, halted; and having tied the feet of the White Swallow, in such a way as she could by no possibility untie herself, they rushed to their bloody work.

The Esquimaux, on hearing the wild outcry of the Red-Skins, started from their sleep, and rushed forth, men, women, and children, to escape; but their ruthless foes were at every issue, and spears and tomahawks did their bloody work. The groans of the wounded, the howls of the dying, the shrieks of the children, the shrill yells of the women, were answered by the Athapascow wacry. Not one raised his arm. Some wretched mothers covered their offspring with their bodies only to die first. One young girl, of singular beauty for an Esquimaux, caught the chief round the legs: had he been alone, he would have probably saved her, to take her to his wigwam. But the emulation of war was upon him; there were his companions to see him hesitate; and quick as lightning he ran his spear through her. But enough: I spare details more fearful still—details which haunted the first historian and eyewitness of this scene all his after-life.

The White Swallow no sooner found herself alone, than drawing the knife she had formerly secreted from her bosom, she cut her bonds, resolved as she was to lose no more time. This done, she acted with all the coolness and reflection which became the affianced bride of an Indian warrior. She watched the Red-Skins enter the camp, and even let them commence their massacre. A dozen and more dogs darted by, flying from the strangers. One of them passed close to the White Swallow, and smelt her packet of meat. She seized upon a leathern thong fastened round his neck, and throw him food. The dog devoured it eagerly. The girl at once resolved to appropriate the animal, for she knew his nature, having herself been born on the confines of the Esquimaux territory. She fastened on his back the bundle belonging to the Indians, and then gliding gently and noiselessly into the water, began to swim. The dog quietly followed her, attracted by her store of provisions. The girl was a good and powerful swimmer; but she proceeded slowly, though the noise of the sack of the village might have excused even want of caution. But Thee-kis-ho was too much of an Indian to neglect any precautions. Once landed on the opposite

bank, she lay down to watch the end of the scene; at some distance, however, from the shore, and well screened from view.

As soon as the Esquimaux village lay in the stillness of death, and not even an infant remained, the Athapascows ran down to the bank to fire at the men of the other village, who stood stupidly gazing from across the water at the massacre of their brethren. They did not even stir when the leaden bullets fell among them, until one of their party received a flesh wound, when all crowded round him, examined the place in amazement, and then leaping into their canoes, hurried to the distant island, which, being surrounded by deep water, could be easily defended against swimmers with hatchets and bows and arrows.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## PAPERS BY A RECLUSE.

No. 3.

I confess myself an egotist of the highest order. My thoughts centre chiefly on myself; and I know no one for whom I would more willingly do a good turn. I put myself to no inconvenience that I can properly avoid. I have never wept over the follies of others, however much I may have lamented my own. Moreover, I fear I am not charitably inclined. I do not know that I ever gave away a penny purely for the sake of giving. Before I became a confirmed recluse, I frequently disbursed considerable sums to various benevolent schemes; but I believe my motives were not always such as distinguish the truly charitable. At one time, I gave that I might not appear singular; at another, to get rid of some troublesome fellow, who would not be refused; at another, lest I should be considered "mean;" and at another, that I might be thought liberal. Of course I blush as I recall these follies of the past; but I fear my present reasons for giving will as poorly stand a close investigation. I am frequently wheedled out of sundry pennies, by those famished little itinerants who throng our doorsteps in search of "help;" and who, by their constant ringing of the door-bell, have become particularly obnoxious to all earnest, *i. e.* surly housemaids. The fact is, these estimable domestic individuals have been frequently deceived into a moderately prompt appearance at the door, by the genteel style of bell-ringing which has been acquired by many of these alms-seeking juveniles, in consequence of their alighting upon the important discovery, that the *diffident ring*, at one time customary with the tribe, generally fails to elicit attention. I have often reproved myself severely for squandering my means in this anonymous way, especially when I have reflected upon the melancholy destitution which prevails among the population of tropical countries, with respect to shoes, stockings, warm flannel clothing, and pocket handkerchiefs. I have frequently thought, too, how much better my money might be expended, if it must be expended for

the public good, in having my cerebral developments explored by Professor Prowler, should he kindly allow himself to be prevailed upon to visit us during the coming season. Who knows the amount of mental and moral capital which may be found lying unproductive and unknown in the various recesses of my cranium, and which, if properly invested, might prove of infinite service to the community? I deem it also of public utility, that I may know whether, if I were struck at, I would strike in return; whether I would take joyfully the spoiling of my goods; and whether, if I were tickled, I should laugh. Besides, I am by no means certain that those small beggars, which infest our city, invariably adhere strictly to truth in their lugubrious representations. How am I to know whether my alms will really be devoted to buying necessaries for the young infant whose father, I learn upon inquiry, died during the summer of the cholera (some five or six years ago)? These considerations generally have weight, until I behold some miserable little lump of humanity stand shivering at the door, the sight of whom produces within me such very uncomfortable sensations, that my selfishness alone is more than sufficient to prompt me to seek relief, by bribing, with a few half-pence, the wretched object from my presence. Upon the whole, I judge I am not destined to be immortalized as a benefactor of mankind.

But though I choose to attend to myself and my little affairs, instead of devoting my energies to the task of diffusing light and warmth throughout the world, I trust that I am not so entirely under Satanic influences, as to indulge in hatred of the sun, for its disinterestedness in these particulars. The fact is, I cherish a very high degree of admiration, not only for our great solar luminary, but also for those lesser, but still great lights, around which our various social organizations delight to revolve, and which would seem to hold their existence upon condition of expending it in showering blessings upon the heads of the members of their respective systems. I draw a deep breath, to assure myself of my own freedom from care, as I contemplate and applaud the duties incurred, and the labours performed, by those who generously allow themselves to be tortured into Social Suns. Is it a trifling thing to be dragged in twenty directions at one time—to be president of this, and chairman of that association—to be the mouth-piece of every polyglossal assembly—to be the director of every moral enterprise—to be secretary, treasurer, and convener of every benefit society? And is it wonderful, that the wretched individual—wretched, save in the glorious consciousness of having sacrificed himself for the good of mankind—who has been thus belaboured by an unthinking public, should in a few instances faint under his complicated burdens, and privately retire, for the benefit of his health, to some distant country, taking with him the contents of the several treasuries with which he had been burdened, lest there might arise an unseemly scramble for the monies left unguarded by his lamented withdrawal from office?

As I have never constituted a man, so my nature has ever prompted me to avoid becoming a satellite; for these also have duties to perform from which I shrink. But while I hesitate to imitate their conduct, it nevertheless, in many instances, calls forth my admiration. Though I do not enjoy the happiness of having my name recorded in any published list of benevolences, yet I cannot the more repress my enthusiasm, as I listen to the gratifying announcement, that Mr. Peter Skroggins, in aid of the society for promoting the science of astronomy among the Hottentots, has contributed the sum of one shilling and sixpence; Mrs. P. Skroggins, one shilling and three pence; Miss Skroggins, ninepence; Miss Maria Evelina Skroggins, sixpence; Miss Honora Amelia Virginia Skroggins, fourpence; and so forth, down to the infantile Master Edgar Theophilus Fitz Eustace Llewellyn Skroggins, whose engagement in certain dental operations, unfortunately compels him to forego the pleasure of attending to the announcement of the somewhat remarkable fact (he is not yet quite one year old), that he has generously given towards the object in question the sum of one penny halfpenny. As I listen to a statement of similar donations on the part of the interesting families of the Scrigginses and the Sprigginses, I am ready to empty my pockets on the spot, or do something equally magnanimous, and to stigmatise the musty old maxim, which inculcates the propriety of maintaining a mutual ignorance of certain matters between the members even of one's own body, as a rule utterly behind the present enlightened age; only I have acquired a troublesome habit of never acting upon first impulses, and by the time I have concluded my reflections upon the subject, the fit of enthusiasm with which I had been seized has gone off.

I have been equally astonished and delighted at the disinterestedness of mankind in various other matters. I have never meddled in Politics. My selfishness will not permit me to sacrifice myself for my country. I have never summoned sufficient patriotism to enable me to carry home a black eye or a broken head from an election in my life; nor have I ever patronized a hatter to the amount of a farthing in consequence of any galarical\* display of enthusiasm into which I may have been betrayed, during the triumph of the successful candidate. At political dinners I have too little regard for the welfare of the commonwealth to drink its health to an extent that prevents my going home without the aid of a friendly policeman. Nay, so little of true patriotism burns within my breast, that when the gentleman on my left, whose efforts to promote the sanatory condition of his country have rendered him almost incapable of maintaining the standing posture, has attempted to toast the British Co'sshush'n from an

\* I esteem myself particularly fortunate in being the first to introduce this sonorous and much-wanted word into the English language. For the sake of my unlearned readers, I may state that it is derived from *galerus*, a hat.—*The Recluse*.

inverted wineglass, I have incontinently retreated to a distant part of the table to avoid some little inconveniences that appeared imminent from the difficulty with which the patriotic individual resisted the influence of gravitation. As for hurrahing, I fear it is not my forte. I cannot even pronounce the word correctly. When alone, I have tried in succession all possible variations from *Hooray* down to *Hur-raw*, without being able to satisfy myself with the style of my performance. I have tried it with *z* instead of *r*, but with no better success. My attempts at a proper tone and pitch have likewise proved utter failures. I am confident that should I essay a public display, even amid the most vociferous cheering, an instant and universal pause of astonishment must ensue, leaving my miserable abortion to float, in all its native hideousness, companionless on the air. I am persuaded that my inability in this particular does not arise from any malformation of my vocal organs, but simply from a want of public spirit. I am happy however, to be able to state, that there is no evidence of a general degeneracy in this respect. A friend of mine, a physician, assures me that cases of bronchitis become most gratifyingly frequent about election times—arising, doubtless, from a too frequent use of the lungs in cheering.

The critical condition of my country has long beckoned me to aid in guiding her destinies in the Halls of Legislation; but my love of ease forbids me to receive the suffrages of the people and I hope force will not be employed to induce me to occupy a seat in Parliament. In such a position I should live in constant fear of being coerced into a Secretary-or Treasurer-ship, or lest Her Most Gracious Majesty should so far forget her royal attribute of mercy, as to inflict upon me the Governorship of some one of her numerous possessions. Is it then wonderful that I should regard, with a feeling little short of adoration, those heroic martyrs who voluntarily devote their shoulders to the burden of the State? Is it wonderful that I should esteem our country thrice and four times happy when I consider that of her numerous progeny of stalwart sons, there is scarcely one who does not feel himself fully capable of guiding her safely through all the accidents attendant upon Provincial existence? Is it wonderful that I should occasionally feel inclined to chide my sluggish nature when I reflect that there exist amongst us not a few magnanimous individuals whose bosoms glow with a patriotism so ardent that their repeated solicitations for an opportunity to sacrifice themselves upon the official altar of their country have become a source of no small annoyance to all political high-priests?

As in a previous paper, I have deprecated all attempts at the adoption of my peculiar system of ethics, so I here caution all imitators against trespassing upon the territory of my weaknesses, lest, failing to distinguish the *certi fines*, they unconsciously pass over into the region of the Vices. I should be sorry to learn that some adventurous follower, attempting to avoid the imputation of being

lavish of his money, should suddenly find himself in the disagreeable hands of a servant of the law, at the instance of his indignant and unpaid washerwoman; or, in his eagerness to show his aversion to the exercise of his civil rights, should be betrayed into the perpetration of such uncivil wrongs as may provide him with a free passage and a temporary residence "across the flats." R

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## BRITISH AMERICA.

### CHAPTER I.

### GEOGRAPHY OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

[CONCLUDED.]

16. Morally and intellectually New Brunswick stands high: the large grants to *education*, and the way in which, without rich national endowments as in older communities, *Churches* are supported on the voluntary system, and philanthropic institutions flourish: evidence the high regard paid to those vital elements of human happiness—religion and intelligence. The Province forms a Diocese of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Bishop residing at Fredericton. It also forms a Roman Catholic See, the Bishop residing at St. John. Each of these cities has a fine Cathedral. The sects, in order of numerical strength, are Baptists, Episcopalians, Methodists, Catholics, and Presbyterians, besides other smaller religious bodies. Beside King's College, Fredericton, and its Collegiate School; there is a Grammar School in each County, two Wesleyan Academies at Sackville, a Baptist Seminary at Fredericton, and Parish, Madras, and other Schools, in various parts,—about eight hundred teachers in all being employed, though the majority are but inadequately paid.

17. The chief *branches of industry* are lumbering, which may be called the staple employment at present, agriculture, mining, the fisheries, shipbuilding, commerce, and manufactures. Excellent potatoes and turnips are raised, and the soil is in most places adapted for the growth of hemp and flax. Maize, rye, and buckwheat are universal crops. Grass, however, is the most profitable staple. Only 1-28th of the whole area of the country is under cultivation. Some of the rural population in winter are employed in wool-combing, and domestic woollen manufactures, but most of them, at that season, are lumbering, or looking after the cattle, which are stall fed during that time. The best farms, perhaps, are those in Sussex Vale, on the intervale land along the North Shore, and up the valley of the St. John. The remnant of the French Acadians are settled on the lighter soils of the N. E. (Tracadie, &c.), N. W. (Madawaska and Temiscouata), and S. E. (Joliceœur, &c.), and are chiefly farmers and fishermen. They are cheerful, contented and gay; but mostly poor, ignorant and inactive. The chief *fisheries* on the coast, are the cod, pollock, hake, haddock, herring, and

mackerel; besides great quantities of salmon, gaspercaux, and shad, in St. John Harbor. Those on the east coast are the cod (from June to November), hake, herring, mackerel, bass, gaspercaux, eels, and salmon, and in the Rivers, the trout, perch, &c., beside the salmon. Of shellfish, there are the lobster, oyster, clam, crab, periwinkle, &c. *Mining* is an important branch of industry. A vein of iron, 70 feet thick, occurs near Woodstock, and this metal, doubtless, might be profitably mined in many places, were capital employed on it. Coal, of rich quality, is procured near Grand Lake, and a highly bituminous species, called *Albertite*, at the Albert Mines, in the S. E. of the Province, from which the *Paraffine* and *Albertine* oils are made. Oxides of manganese are found at Tattagouche river and Quaco; plumbago near St. John; lead in Campo Bello, Norton, and Tobique; granite above the Long Reach; gypsum at Hillsborough, to an immense extent, and also at Martin's Head, Sussex Vale, &c.; marble near St. John, at Musquash, and on Bay Chaleur; grindstones in Albert County; clay at the head of Grand Lake; bituminous shale, from which are distilled naphtha, hydro-carbon, &c.; and Iceland spar, iron pyrites, peat, quartz-crystal, &c., are abundant. *Shipbuilding* is pursued in all the chief harbors, but mostly at Saint John, Miramichi, and Sackville. The exports in ships, lumber, fish, &c., exceed in value £1,000,000, annually. The imports, which include manufactured goods of all kinds, flour, tropical produce, agricultural produce, coal, &c., are valued at about £1,500,000, annually. About 3,200 ships, of the aggregate burden of above 600,000 tons, and averaging eight men each, are employed in the trade.

18. The *chief towns* are SAINT JOHN, the *commercial capital*, situated in Lat. 45 deg. 15 min., N., Lon. 66 deg. 5 min., W. Its population, with the suburbs of Carleton, Portlaud and Indiantown, is above 35,000. With a capacious harbor, open all the year round, and an extensive commerce with the Mother Country, the West Indies, and the States, it bids fair to become one of the most important sea-ports of the British Empire. The *Government capital* is *Fredericton*, on the St. John River, 84 miles from its mouth. It has a population of about 6,000. At Government House, outside the town, the Governor resides. *St. Andrews*, (about 3,500 in population), *Woodstock*, (population about 2,000), *Moncton*, *Sackville*, and *Chatham*, which with *Newcastle*, *Nelson*, and *Douglastown*, may be said to form one town of over 4,000 souls, are rising towns. *St. George*, *Bathurst*, *Shediac*, and *Campo Bello*, are also places of some size and importance.\*

\*NOTE.—The writer is aware that his statistic information is both vague and meagre. This is because he was unwilling to rely on the results of the last census, now ten years old. Exception has been taken at the orthography of a few of the names, but the blame of this must be thrown on the new Provincial Map, which he naturally looked upon as being the most trustworthy reference. For *South Bay*, on page 15, read *Grand Bay*; and for *Oromocto* parish in the list, read *Burton*.

## CHAPTER II.

## GEOGRAPHY OF NOVA SCOTIA.

19. This Colony is a peninsula, extending S. W. from Chignecto Isthmus, (6 to 15 miles wide), where it joins New Brunswick. It lies between 61 deg. 8 min., and 66 deg. 10 min., W. Lon., and 43 deg. 28 min., N. Lat.; its greatest length, from Cape Canso to Yarmouth, being 260 miles, and its greatest breadth, from Bay Verte to Halifax Harbor, 100 miles. It has an area of 15,615 square miles, exclusive of Cape Breton, which will be noticed separately.

20. The *hydrography* of Nova Scotia is interesting. The coast is everywhere broken into harbors and inlets, which generally form good anchorage, particularly on the S. E. coast—no less than twelve ports between Cape Canso and Halifax, being fit to receive ships of the line. The chief *capes* are St. George, Canso, Sambro, Mount Aspatogan, 500 feet high, forming a bold landmark, LaHave, 107 feet high, Point Joli, Point Latour, the most south point, Cape Sable, on an islet near Cape Sable Island, the Black Rock, Capes St. Mary, Split and Blomedon, and Chignecto Point. There are twelve lights on the East coast, three on the North, and eight on the West, including the Basin of Minas. The chief *straits* are the Grand and Petite Passages, Digby Gut, in which the spring tide rises 37 feet, the Channel of Minas, and the Gut of Canso, only one mile wide, but deep and safe for the largest ships. The most important *inlets* are Tattamagouche Bay, Pictou Harbor, St. George's and Chedabucto Bays, Country, Sheet, Ship, Jeddore, and Halifax Harbors, Saint Margaret's and Mahone Bays, Shelburne Harbor, Townshend and St. Mary's Bays, the Basin of Minas, (at the head of which a sudden rise of the tide, called "the bore," raises the water 75 feet, being the highest known tidal rise in the world),\* Chignecto and Cobequid Bays, and Cumberland Basin. A vast number of *islands* skirt the coast; but, with the exception of Pictou, Cornwallis Island in Halifax Harbor, Sable Island, Cape Sable Island, the Seal Islands, Long Island, and Brier Island, they are mere rocks, Mahone Bay alone containing 200, and Townshend Bay 300. Cape Breton Island is a part of Nova Scotia politically. Sable Island, in 60 deg. W. Lon., and 43 deg. 55 min., N. Lat., is composed of sand hillocks, and is noted for its wild ponies the shipwrecks near it, and the excellent establishment for the relief of those who may be wrecked there. A great sand-bank extends thence S. W. Seal Island is sometimes called the elbow of the Bay of Fundy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

\* Average rise at Windsor, 25 feet; at flood-tide at Maitland, 50 feet.

## ADDRESS TO THE SEA.

In whose dull breast hath not old Ocean's roar, among the cliffs and inlets of  
the shore,  
Awaked, Eolian-like, devotion's voice, and soothed with awe and contem-  
plative joys?  
Who hath not felt, when gazing on its roll, a sympathetic pulsing of the soul,  
As, heaving in its huge unwieldy play, it leaps along on its resistless way?  
It bids the knee to bend before a God, and own the mandate of His ruling rod.

Thou type and mirror of infinity! the highest hymns of heav'n-winged poesy,  
Have poaned forth thy praise, deep-sounding Sea! Yet humble tho' my power,  
one lay from me—  
One simple tribute of my love for thee—shall added to thy worthier trophies be.  
Boundless engirdler of the island main! who hast for ages in thy cradle lain,  
A Titan infant in thy wilful moods—now, dimpling ripples wreathing o'er thy  
floods,  
Complacently thou smilest at the sky, as babe looks up into its mother's eye;  
Now filled with foamy rage at heaven's will—in every change thou'rt Titan-  
childlike still.  
Nature's vast pulse! that beats upon the shore, the minutes of Time's clock,  
and counts them o'er,  
Keeping thy record of the myriad hoard, to give exact account to Time's great  
Lord.  
Unsolved sublime! what shall be said of thee?—emblem of all-supernal majesty,  
All things that solemn, vast, or wondrous be, fit symbol find in thine infinity!

Dear have I held thee, Ocean! watched for hours thy glassy bosom, and the  
coral bowers  
Nestled beneath thy surface, and have strung thy shells in childish garlands,  
and have sung,  
Beside thy yellow marge, the happiest lays e'er born of wanton mirth and  
youthful days.  
I've seen thee in all tempers, stern or mild—have felt thy frown, and joyed when  
thou hast smiled;  
And when stern fortune destined me to roam, I took my last gaze at my island  
home,  
Mingling my prayers for her prosperity, with benisons upon her guardian sea.

Thou saw'st the time when the old coal-ferns grew; the mammoth's giant  
gambols thou didst view;  
Unstoried scenes of times pre-Adamite—age of the ichthyosaur and encrinite—  
These, in their wealth of majesty and awe, thine ancient billows witnessed in  
weird yore.  
And the long pageant line of eras dim, that since have lapsed, have heard thy  
ceaseless hymn,  
That March of Ages, whose wild symphonies, blend with the spherical music of  
the skies.  
Methinks I hear thy deep-voiced laugh, as man did first, with awe-stayed breath,  
thy surges scan;  
Methinks I see thy huge derisive joy, as he on thee his first frail craft  
did ploy;  
Methinks I list thy deep o'erwhelming roar, when, at behest of fiat-word  
Divine,  
Thy floods engulfed each prediluvian shore, and wrecked a world in thine  
avenging brine!  
O, when will come that halcyon age of peace, when thy long enmity with man  
will cease?  
When storms no more shall vex thine angry wave, and man no more shall find  
in thee a grave?—  
When earth her pristine innocence regain—then peace shall be proclaimed  
'twixt wave and plain—  
Virtue o'er earth and sea resume her sway, earth bask beneath the smile of  
heaven's day!

## THE CARIBOU.

There are two species of Reindeer, commonly called Caribou, in North America, confined in their geographical distribution to the eastern and northern portions of the Continent. One of these is very abundant in the summer season, in a tract of barren, treeless country, lying between the Churchill river and the chain of lakes which stretches to the north-west of British America. It is, from the circumstance of its being the only deer found in this desolate region, that it has derived its name—the Barren Ground Caribou. This is the deer so frequently mentioned by the hardy adventurers in search of the North-West Passage. The other reindeer is the Caribou of Lower Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, which has received the name of the Woodland Caribou, to distinguish it from its smaller and more northern relative. Its geographical range extends over Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, the northern part of the State of Maine, Lower Canada, upon both sides of the mouth of the St. Lawrence, thence westerly in the uninhabited country, north of Quebec, to the rear of Lake Superior.

The following is the description given by AUDUBON and BACHMAN, of an individual two years and a-half old: "Larger and less graceful than the common American deer, body stout and heavy, neck stout, hoofs thin, flattened, broad and spreading, excavated or concave beneath, accessory hoofs, large and thin, legs stout, no glandular opening, and scarcely a perceptible inner tuft on the hind legs, nose somewhat like that of a cow, but fully covered with soft hairs of a moderate length, no beard, but on the under side of the neck a line of hairs about four inches in length, which hang down in a longitudinal direction, ears small, short, and oval, thickly clothed with hair on both surfaces, horns one foot three and a-half inches in height, slender, one with two and the other with one prong, prongs about five inches long, hairs soft and woolly underneath the longer hairs, like those of the Antelope, crimped or waved, and about one to one and a-half inches long." As to the colour of the animal, the authors state that "at the roots the hairs are whitish, they become brownish-grey, and at the tips a light dun grey," varying slightly on different parts of the body. The length of this specimen, from the nose to the root of the tail, was six feet, and the height of its shoulder three feet and a-half. The full grown animal is four feet and a-half

high, and the weight of its carcase without the entrails, is three hundred pounds.

It appears to be an exceedingly shy animal, seldom frequenting the fields, but confining itself to the swamps or marshy plains in the winter, where there is an abundance of moss and small shrubs, upon which it feeds. It is famous for its swiftness, and has various gaits; walking, trotting or galloping, alike gracefully and rapidly. By many people this animal is, in fact, thought to be much fleetier than the Moose, and is said to take extraordinary leaps.

When pursued, the Caribou immediately makes for a swamp, and follows the margin, taking at times to the water, and again footing it over the firm ground; and, sometimes turning towards the nearest mountain; crosses it by another morass. When the snow is not deep, and the lakes are covered with ice only, the animal, if closely pursued, makes for one of them; and runs over the ice so fast that it is unable to stop if struck with alarm at any object presenting itself in front; and it then suddenly squats down on its haunches, and slides along in that ludicrous position, until the impetus being exhausted, it rises again and makes off in some other direction. When the Caribou takes to the ice, the hunter always gives up the chase. When overtaken, the Caribou stands at bay, and shows fight, and when thus brought to a stand still, offers a fair mark, and is easily shot. Sometimes fresh tracks are found, and the game is surprised whilst lying down, or browsing, and shot on the spot.

Forrester, in his *Game in its Seasons*, says: "As to its habits, while the Lapland Reindeer is the tamest and most docile of its genus, the American Caribou is the fiercest, fleetest, wildest and most untamable. So much so, that they are rarely pursued by white hunters, or shot by them, except through casual good luck; Indians alone having the patience and instinctive craft, which enables them to crawl on them unseen, unsmelt and unsuspected. Snowshoes against him alone avail little, for propped up on the broad, natural snowshoes of his long, elastic, pasterns and wide-cleft clacking hoofs, he shoots over the crust of the deepest drifts, unbroken; in which the lordly moose would soon flounder, shoulder deep, if hard pressed; and the graceful deer would fall despairing, and bleat in vain for mercy—but he, the ship of the winter wilderness, out-speeds the wind amongst his native pines and tamaracks

—even as that desert ship, the dromedary, out-strips the red simoon on the terrible Sahara. Therefore, by woodmen, whether white or red skinned, he is followed only on those rare occasions when snows of unusual depth are crusted over to the very point at which they will not quite support this fleet and powerful stag. Then the toil is too great even for his vast endurance, and he can be run down by the speed of men, inured to the sport, and to the hardships of the wilderness, but by them only.

“One man in a thousand can still-hunt, or stalk, Caribou in the summer season. He, when he has discovered a herd feeding up wind, at a leisure pace, and clearly unalarmed, stations a comrade in close ambush, well down wind, and to leeward of their upward track; and then himself, after closely observing their mood, motions, and line of course, strikes off in a wide circle, well to leeward, until he has got a mile or two ahead of the herd; when very slowly and guardedly, observing the profoundest silence, he cuts across their direction, and gives them *his wind*, as it is technically termed, dead ahead. This is the crisis of the affair; if he gives the wind too strongly, or too rashly, if he makes the slightest noise or motion,

they scatter in an instant, and are away. If he give it slightly, gradually and casually as it were, not fancying themselves pursued, but merely approached, they merely turn away from it, working their way *down-wind* to the deadly ambush, of which their keenest scent cannot, under such circumstances, inform them. If he succeed in this, inch by inch he crawls after them, never pressing them, or drawing in upon them, but preserving the same distance still, still giving them the same wind as at the first, so that he creates no panic or confusion; until at length, when close upon the hidden peril, his sudden whoop sends them headlong down the breeze upon the treacherous rifle. Of all wood-craft, none is so difficult, none requires so rare a combination as this, of quickness of sight, wariness of tread, every instinct of the craft, and perfection of judgment.

“When resorted to, and performed to the admiration even of woodmen, it does not succeed once in an hundred times—therefore, not by one man in a thousand is it ever resorted to at all, and by him rather in the wantonness of woodcraft, and by way of boastful experiment, than with any hope, much less expectation of success.”

## MAJOR TIFFIN, AND HIS MALAY CORD.

HAM.—“Hold you the watch to-night?”

“My Lord, we do.”

HAM.—“Armed, say you?”

“Armed, my Lord.”

HAM.—“From top to toe?”

“My Lord, from head to foot.”

*Hamlet, Act I., Scene 2.*

Jake Mullen was one of the most daring highwaymen that ever cursed the road. In the days of his glory, he was one of the most universally feared, and deeply respected of men. His depredations were carried on on a most princely scale. All the inns of the country in some way or other were under his control, and his spies seemed to be every where. These spies were secured to him partly by bribery, and partly by fear of him. He had acquired such an ascendancy over his followers, or rather servants, for he had no followers, that he was never betrayed by them in a single instance, and he at least could not complain that he was caught at last through treachery.

Jake always went alone. He never cared about dividing his spoils. Of what he did, he himself reaped the sole

benefit. It was this that made his exploits the more marvellous.

It is probable that he would have continued his exploits for the remainder of his natural life, had not old Major Tiffin put a complete stopper on the worthy highwayman's career.

Major Tiffin was an Indian officer, who had made his fortune in the East, and had retired from service. He had seen hard service, and had many stories to tell of dangers by flood and field, of perils in the chase and in battle. He had encountered dangers of every imaginable description, had been caught by Pindarces, held at a heavy ransom by Mahrattas, whom, however, he had given the slip, blockaded by thousands of frantic devotees at a religious festival, through whom he had to cut his way, and had actually been thrice captured by Thugs, and yet had lived to tell the tale. Major Tiffin bore not a scar upon his person. He had led a charmed life, and had emerged from a thousand perils a smiling, good looking, serene, jovial, well dressed, slightly foppish, yet lion-hearted old boy.

When the Major first came to live in our parts, where he had bought a snug property, all the talk was of Jake Mullen. It was noticed that the Major at first did not take the slightest interest in the highwayman, or any of his exploits, but, at length, he heard so much about him, that he was forced to express some opinion on the subject.

"Its my opinion," said the Major, "that it's deuced odd for all the gentlemen in two counties to let one man take their purses in this style."

"But, my dear Major, it's of no use—we can't catch the fellow."

"Tut, you've never tried."

"Tried? Why, we're on the look-out all the time. We offered heavy rewards—we've organized clubs—we've done everything."

"And you can't catch him?"

"Not a bit of it."

"Why don't you send for some professional thief takers?"

"We did; and this fellow actually robbed them, and stripped them of their clothes."

"He did, did he?" cried the Major—his eye brightening.

"And not only so, but he has robbed every magistrate in the county."

"Ah?" cried the Major, starting up.

"Yes, and the worst of it was, he did it in such a provoking manner."

"Provoking? How was that?"

"Why, he went through them in alphabetical order."

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! The man's a genius. Why the fellow's an original. I've a great mind to try him myself."

"You—Major—you?"

"I, yes. Isn't he worth the trouble? By Jove, I think he is. I thought all along he was one of your common foot-pads."

"Oh, no."

"Well, sir, I'll go after him myself, to-night."

"Ha! ha! What—you'll swell the triumph of his train. Well, I hope he may catch you, if only to make you sympathise with us."

"Catch me!" laughed the Major.

"That would be rather odd, too. Oh, that isn't my idea. Just come here about this time to-morrow. It's now two o'clock, p. m. Well, give notice to all your friends, that to-morrow, at two, p. m., Jake Mullen will be exhibited in my parlor. Bring all the ladies. Don't be afraid to give notice. Placard it on the streets if you like. I want Mullen to know it, as it will considerably lessen my work."

The visitor laughed, and went off to spread the news, that the Major was going to sell himself most beautifully.

[TO BE CONTINUED.] E.

## REVIEWS.

*Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron.* By E. J. Trelawney. Second Edition. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

To relate the incidents in the lives of the departed great—to tell the foibles open to the eyes of acquaintances—or to recount the various scandals that during their lifetimes were received in society, and exerted influence on their works, may be not only justifiable, but necessary, from their very greatness. Boswell's famous life of Johnson, indeed, owes its position as first of Biographies to the minuteness and variety of its descriptions of the personal eccentricities of the "literary whale." There is a point, however, at which this becomes treachery; and although society is generally ready enough to accept the information of the eaves-dropper or spy, eaves-dropping and spying are no less obnoxious and disgraceful. When a book comes forth, as the work of an intimate friend of the illustrious deceased, proposing to sketch the men as

they were seen in every-day life, and that life near its close, we expect no ordinary treat, especially when two such men as Shelley and Byron are in one group. We have here Mr. Trelawney, the boating friend of Shelley when in Italy, who by mere accident was not cruising with him in the Gulf of Spezzia when the "*Don Juan*" went down, giving us his account of the doings and undings of that remarkable pair. To Shelley he is partial. The reason seems to be, that Shelley allowed him to manage everything of a business kind, whereas Byron merely made use of him when convenient. He makes us much more familiar than heretofore with the wayward author of "*Queen Mab*," that poem which has been described as "his glory as a poet, and disgrace as a man." His first interview is well worth room:—

"Swiftly gliding in, blushing like a girl, a tall, thin stripling held out both his hands; and although I could hardly believe, as I looked at his flushed,

feminine, and artless face, that it could be the poet, I returned his warm pressure. After the ordinary greetings and courtesies, he sat down and listened. I was silent from astonishment. Was it possible this mild-looking, beardless boy could be the veritable monster, at war with all the world?—excommunicated by the fathers of the church, deprived of his civil rights by the fiat of a grim Lord Chancellor, discarded by every member of his family, and denounced by the rival sages of our literature as the founder of a satanic school. I could not believe it; it must be a hoax. He was habited like a boy, in a black jacket and trousers, which he seemed to have outgrown, or his tailor, as is the custom, had most shamefully stinted him in his 'sizings.'

A poem of Calderon's having been introduced, in conversation, he goes on:—

"Shoved off from the shore of commonplace incidents that could not interest him, and fairly launched on a theme that did, he instantly became oblivious of everything but the book in his hand. The masterly manner in which he analysed the genius of the author, his lucid interpretation of the story, and the ease with which he translated into our language the most subtle and imaginative passages of the Spanish poet, were as marvellous, as was his command of the two languages. After this touch of his quality, I no longer doubted his identity."

He describes the housekeeping and habits of Shelley minutely, and contrasts them with Byron's, much to the discredit of the latter. He dwells with much prolixity upon the circumstances of the funeral pyre, and the troubles he had with the sanitary police concerning it.

After Shelley's decease, he seems to have been used by Byron in various ways, and at last went to Greece with him. There they were separated, having joined different factions. He managed, however, to see Byron's corpse, and was guilty of a very little trick to get Fletcher, the faithful valet, to leave the room, so that he might have the opportunity to uncover the poet's remains in order to scrutinize his bodily defects. He makes a strong point of the fact, that both feet were deformed, and the legs withered to the knees, and mentions, evidently without feeling the rebuke, that Fletcher, on coming in, instantly covered his master's remains with care and trepidation. This act, and his publishing it after the lapse of forty-four years, places him beneath the meanness even of Boswell. The

fact of Byron's being lame, and feeling his lameness so morbidly, was so well-known, that minutely to inspect his dead body to be able to circumstantiate it, and to verify the extent, is a degree and kind of toadying on greatness that is revolting. The book will be read, and that largely, and deserves to be so, but the author will be decidedly condemned. Byron's whole treatment of Trelawney is well put, and the strictures upon the poet's character and actions, set Byron before us in another point of view. It is one of these phenomena, a book admired, while its author is despised.

In our present isolated state, our supplies of periodical literature are unluckily cut off at this season of the year, when we have most time and inclination to attend to it. The *Atlantic*, for February, however, has straggled thus far northwards. As usual, it is a good one, though there is more than the ordinary proportion of lighter reading in it, which is, we think, to be regretted. The present instalment of Holmes' new story should be peculiarly attractive to teachers. By the by, how the *physician* crops out in all his writings. Here is an instance:—

"His limbs were not very large, nor his shoulders remarkable broad; but if you knew as much of the muscles as all persons who look at statues and pictures with a critical eye ought to have learned,—if you knew the *trapezius*, lying diamond-shaped over the back and shoulders like a monk's cowl,—or the *deltoid*, which caps the shoulders like an epaulet,—or the *triceps*, which furnishes the *calf* of the upper arm,—or the hard-knotted *biceps*,—any of the great sculptural landmarks, in fact,—you would have said there was a pretty show of them, beneath the white satiny skin of Mr. Bernard Langdon."

And again:—

"The Apollinean Institute, or Institut, as it was more commonly called, was, in the language of its Prospectus, a 'first class Educational Establishment.' It employed a considerable corps of instructors to rough out and finish the hundred young lady scholars it sheltered beneath its roof. First, Mr. and Mrs. Peckham, the Principal and the Matron of the school. Silas Peckham was a thorough Yankee, born on a windy part of the coast, and reared chiefly on salt fish. Everybody knows the type of Yankee produced by this climate and diet: thin, as if he had been split and dried; with an ashen kind of complexion, like the tint of the food

he is made of; and about as sharp, tough, juiceless, and biting to deal with as the other is to the taste. Silas Peckham kept a young ladies' school exactly as he would have kept a hundred head of cattle,—for the simple unadorned purpose of making just as much money in just as few years as could be safely done. Of course the great problem was to feed these hundred hungry misses at the cheapest practicable rate, precisely as it would be with the cattle. So that Mr. Peckham gave very little personal attention to the department of instruction, but was always busy with contracts for flour and potatoes, beef and pork, and other nutritive staples, the amount of which required for such an establishment was enough to frighten a quartermaster. Mrs. Peckham was from the West, raised on Indian corn and pork, which gave fuller outline, and a more humid temperament, but may, perhaps, be thought to render people a little coarse-fibred. Her speciality was to look after the feathering, cackling, roosting, rising and general behaviour of these hundred chicks. An honest, ignorant woman, she could not have passed an examination in the youngest class. So that this distinguished institution was under the charge of a commissary and a house-keeper, and its real business was feeding girls to gain, roots, and meats, under cover, and making money by it."

The article on Rome is almost wholly taken up with modern Roman gambling—not an attractive subject. That on "Counting and Measuring" is excellent, but too short. One good feature about the *Atlantic* is, that it does not use the term *United States* as a synonym for the whole world, or even this new world, as if the United States stretched from Point Barrow to Cape Horn. The last number kindly noticed a *British America*, (long may it continue so); some time ago there were good articles on Guatemalan, Venezuelan and La Plata politics; and the present number devotes a goodly space to Jamaica and Mexico. This is as it should be. One scrap, a perfect bijou, we must give:—

"THE POET'S FRIENDS.

"The Robin sings in the elm;  
The cattle stand beneath,  
Sedate and grave, with great brown  
eyes,  
And fragrant meadow-breath.

"They listen to the flattered bird,  
The wise-looking, stupid things!  
And they never understand a word  
Of all the Robin sings."

*The Boyhood of Great Men.* Illustrated. Published by Harper, New York.

*Men who have Risen.* Illustrated. Published by W. A. Townsend & Co., New York.

That the young should get tired of reading the mawkish good boy books is not to be wondered at, but rather to be expected and met by judicious selections of books of a higher and more practical stamp. It is too frequently the case, that proper and palatable food for the mind is not to be had, and boys are compelled, as it were, to resort to the light and loose literature which is scattered broadcast over the land, and which, it is allowed by all, has a tendency to weaken the mind, and to cause much evil, by encouraging the prurient imagination to run riot. With pleasure, then, we see such books as these before us, written lucidly, replete with information, suggestive of advancement in every field of practical exertion, while as interesting as any novel that exults in the title of the "Broken Spear," or the "Rover's Bride." The first is by the world famed "Russell, the *Times* Crimean correspondent," and contains sketches of the boyhood of forty of those who have made their mark in the world. The other seems to be a compilation, as some of the papers have been issued in another form. One in particular, "The Rise of the Pea Family," is a most interesting paper, quite dramatic, though true. It was first published amongst "Chambers' Papers for the People."

*Suggestions on the Improvement of our Schools.*

Two years ago Mr. Inspector Duval, then master of the Provincial Training School, issued a pamphlet with the above caption. The time was opportune for such advice, and the man was qualified from experience to give it. Some of the suggestions were acted on in the framing of the present school law, and its partial success results from the adoption of plans recommended in it, and in the Chief Superintendent's Reports of previous years. There are, however, many other subjects which have not as yet been touched by legislation, and which are treated of in this paper. The possible connection between the Normal School and King's College, is one which will most likely attract attention before long, and to those, wishing the progress and advancement of Common School Education, is a subject well worth deep consideration. The present constitution of

the Provincial Board of Education is also questioned and that rightly.—Whether mere politicians, of whatever side, are the proper parties to consti-

tute that important body, or not, is a question that may be answered now and again in their favour, but will be ultimately decided otherwise.

## SCHOLASTIC.

### TEACHING COMMON THINGS.

"I do not require you to remit in the slightest degree your attention to the mechanical arts of writing and reading, or the practice of arithmetic; but I do ask you to turn your attention and the attention of your scholars to the acquirement, at the same time, of other principles of knowledge which will continue fruitful of improvement, as reading and writing are fruitful of improvement, in after life.

"I ask you to show, not only by your lessons in school, but still more powerfully by your example out of school, how the garden can best be cultivated; how the dwelling may be most efficiently and economically warmed and ventilated; upon what principles food and clothing should be selected; how chronic ailments may be averted by timely attention to premonitory symptoms, and recourse to the physician. You can teach the measurement of work, the use of the lever, the pulley and the windlass; you can, in short, expound those methods suggested by ever advancing science, by which toil may be lightened, and subsistence economized. All this is capable of being taught, and well taught.

"Why is one mother of a family a better economist than another? Why can one live in abundance, where another starves? Why, in similar dwellings, are the children of one parent healthy, of the other puny and ailing? Why can this laborer do with ease a task which would kill his fellow? It is not luck or chance that decides these differences; it is the patient observation of nature that has suggested to some gifted minds rules for their guidance which have escaped the heedlessness of others.

"Why should not these rules, systematized by science, illustrated by your didactic powers, why should not they be imparted to the pupils of your schools, to enable youth to start at once with the experience of age; or, if this be not in every case possible, why should not all be taught betimes to read those lessons in the book of nature from which some have derived such unquestionable advantage?

"For example: the child sees the fire kindled by his mother at the bottom

of the grate, and asks why. She cannot tell it why, but you can; you can do more,—you can not only explain why fire spreads upwards rather than downwards, but having done so, you light, by way of further illustration of the principle, a strip of paper; you hold it with the flame downwards, and show how instantaneously the whole is consumed. You light another, and throw it on its side; it scarcely burns. You then proceed, upon these facts witnessed and understood, to build up other kindred facts, hitherto unobserved, but good for use and improving to the intelligence. You show how, if a girl's frock catches fire, she should at once, in obedience to this same principle, be like the paper shred, laid flat; and then you might further show how, in conformity with a second principle illustrated by the way in which a candle is put out by an extinguisher, the air might be excluded from the burning frock, by throwing a cloak or mat over it, and the flame extinguished. Take another case. As the flame of the candle uses up the air confined under the extinguisher, and went out for want of more, so we also, sitting in large numbers in a small room, use up rapidly the vital part of the air, and sicken for want of more, and would absolutely die were the doors and windows altogether air-tight.

"Again: water is brought in for breakfast. The child has pumped it. He has seen the pump repaired, and witnessed how his father strained to pull up the very same sucker by hand, which, by the help of the pump handle, he has been working up and down with ease. This is one familiar fact whereon to rest the knowledge of the lever. The use of the spade presents another, when it enables the child to tear up a block of clay from its adherence to the soil beneath, which block he would vainly attempt to lift afterwards one inch with his hands. The water is put into the kettle, of which the bottom is purposely left unclean, on the plea that the water will on that account boil the more quickly. You confirm the fact; you explain why this is the case, and you show that two principles are involved; one principle teaches, also, that paint exposed to the sun should be of a light color, in

order to stand without blistering; the other principle leads to the further result, that a bright metal teapot will retain its heat longer, and, therefore, make better tea, than one of crockery, black and unglazed.

“Again: the water boils in the Kettle by the same law which diffuses the warmth of the fire in the room, and creates the draught in the chimney. By this law the cause of smoky and ill-ventilated rooms may be explained, and the proper remedies suggested. \* \* \*

“Social questions are more difficult, not because it is less easy to explain them, but because the minds of children are less interested by their discussion. The child understands when and why nuts are cheap. It would be no difficult task to extend the results of superfluity on price to the effect of over population in the New Forest,\* where numbers, exceeding the demand for their labor, have been attracted by the prospect of enjoying for their pigs, and geese, and ponies, unstinted rights of common. Again, the child knows by hard experience that the family must go on half rations when bread falls short on Friday night, and the shop gives no more credit. But ask it what England must do when there is but half a crop. Ask it who will do for England what their mother did for them, when she prevented them from consuming all they had at one meal. You may, perhaps, lead them, step by step, to see at last that the rise of price is our only safeguard against famine, and that this rise of price is not the work of any one man,

\* Hampshire, England.

or any set of men, but that it originates in the expectation of those who hold corn that they will sell dearer if they sell later. You may perhaps succeed in shewing, further, that God has not left the many to be preyed upon by the avarice of the few; that, on the contrary, he has ordered things in this case, and indeed in all other cases, so to make it the interest of the few to consult the interest of the many, and to visit with actual loss those of the few who, out of ignorance, act in opposition to the interests of the many. If, for example, Farmer Styles holds back his supplies in spring, and, by refusing to sell at the price then offered, raises prices to such an extent as to prevent the spring from having its full share of the year's supply, the part of that share which has been unconsumed will be added to the share of the summer, and prices will then fall, when Farmer Styles expects to sell at an enhanced price.

“You may thus go on founding the unknown upon that which is known and familiar, gratifying and exciting, but never satiating the natural appetite for knowledge, inculcating what once, heard and understood, will never be forgotten, at the same time that you cultivate those faculties which distinguish the man from the brute; and you impart an elevation, a self-reliance to his character, which will tend more than anything to raise him above sensual pleasure. By such training as this you will give him more than mere information,—you will give him habits of observing, reflecting, and acting for himself.—*Lord Ashburton.*”

## GLEANNINGS.

One of the keenest rebukes to pride and selfishness we have heard of, was the following. Sir G. Rose, then Speaker of the House of Commons, refused to contribute to the support of his sister. She hired a small cottage in the avenue leading to his mansion, and set up this sign-board:—

MARGARET ROSE,

SISTER OF SIR GEORGE ROSE,  
TAKES IN WASHING HERE.

It soon had the expected effect, and she was offered a maintenance if she would remove it; but preferring to punish him, and to earn her own bread, rather than owe it to the charity of her unnatural brother, she let it remain, and worked on at her humble occupation.

## SONG.

BY REV. C. KINGSLEY.

The world goes up and the world goes  
down,  
And the sunshine follows the rain;  
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's  
frown,  
Can never come over again,  
Sweet wife—  
Can never come over again.

For woman is warm though man be  
cold,  
And the night will hallow the day;  
Till the heart which at even was weary  
and cold,  
Will rise in the morning gay,  
Sweet wife—  
To its work in the morning gay.

## POEM—FROM THE POLISH.

Some months since a young lady was much surprised at receiving from the Captain of a Whaler, a blank sheet of paper, folded in the form of a letter, and duly sealed. At last, recollecting the nature of the sympathetic ink, she placed the missile on a toasting fork, and after holding it to the fire for a minute or two succeeded in thawing out the following verses:—

From seventy-two North latitude,  
Dear Kitty, I indite;  
But first I'd have you understand  
How hard it is to write.

Of thoughts that breathe and words  
that burp,  
My Kitty do not think—  
Before I wrote those very lines,  
I had to melt my ink.

Of mutual flames and lover's warmth,  
You must not be too nice;  
The sheet that I am writing on  
Was once a sheet of ice!

For opodeldoc I would kneel,  
My chilblains to anoint;  
O Kate, the needle of the north  
Has got a freezing point.

Our food *is* solids—ere we put  
Our meat into our crops,  
We take sledge-hammers to our steaks,  
And hatchets to our chops.

So very bitter is the blast,  
So cutting is the air,  
I never have been warm but once,  
When hugging with a bear.

One thing I know you'll like to hear,  
Th' effect of Polar snows,  
I've left off snuff—one pinching day—  
From leaving off my nose.

I have no ear for music now;  
My ears both left together;  
And as for dancing, I have cut  
My toes—it's cutting weather.

I've said that you should have my hand  
Some happy day to come;  
But, Kate, you only now can wed  
A finger and a thumb.

To think upon the Bridge of Kew,  
To me a bridge of sighs;  
O, Kate, a pair of icicles  
Are standing in my eyes!

God knows if I shall e'er return,  
In comfort to be lulled;  
But if I do get back to port,  
Pray let me have it mulled.

T. Hood.

This is funny, but not much better after all, as a real joke, than the following, which we take from a Scotch paper:—

"SOMETHING LIKE A FROST.—The cold is terrible severe during the winter nights, in our American colonies. The sentinels, we read, are frequently obliged to be relieved every half hour, and the officers, so long as they are beardless, may enjoy horizontal refreshment in peace; but when they obtain those manly appendages, yeelp whiskers, they find that turning in bed becomes hopeless, and, by being 'brought up by a round turn,' discover that they are frozen to the sheets; and we were told that families have been awakened by their houses becoming roofless, owing to the intensity of the frost extracting the nails by which the shingles were fastened to the rafters. Provisions are brought into Saint John frozen hard, and they will keep perfectly well so long as the frost lasts. It is ludicrous enough to see pigs, hares, and large codfish, frozen stiff, and carried by a leg or tail over a man's shoulder like a musket."

## DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Said Stiggins to his wife one day—  
"We've nothing left to eat;  
If things go on in this queer way,  
We sha'n't make *both ends meet*."

The dame replied in words discreet—  
"We're not so badly fed;  
If we can make but *one end meat*,  
And make the other *bread*."

## POEM—BY WHO-KNOWS.

Knows he who never takes a pinch,  
Nosey! the pleasure thence which  
flows?

Knows he the titillating joy  
Which my nose knows.

Oh nose! I am as fond of thee  
As any mountain of its snows!  
I gaze on thee, and feel that pride  
A Roman knows.