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THE PROVINCIAL.

HALIFAX, JUNE, 1852.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

IN resuming our notice of Correspondents, we first give insertion to a communication from Annapolis above the signature F. and regret that the writer has not gone more fully into the subject. Articles descriptive of the natural endowments and peculiarities of the Provinces are acceptable to our pages, as "The Provincial" is devoted to all that can promote a more intimate acquaintance with the beauties, the resources, and the capabilities of the North American Colonies:

It is something like twenty years since I first heard of what is now generally called *the natural causeway*, situated in the midst of the forests in the South Eastern portion of the County of Digby and the adjacent County of Annapolis. It was then described to me by those who had tracked the wild Moose upon its surface—as extending from N. E. to S. W. about ten miles in length; in appearance similar to our best turnpikes—but more rounded in the centre; destitute of every thing like trees, except here and there a few shrubs; its general breadth about fifty feet, or a little wider than our Mail Roads; smooth on its surface through its whole extent—however diversified or uneven the land on either side.

I have frequently heard conjectures respecting its origin, whether or not it had been formed by a portion of the Acadian French who had retired, upon their expulsion from their cultivated lands, to the thick forests—as many of them did—and in erecting it had rolled from the surface of the causeway every rock or stone larger than a bird's egg—leaving it as a monument of their natural industry: but the gradual discovery of the greater extent of the road dispelled those conjectures—and its more minute inspection recently has led to very different conclusions respecting its origin. It is now known to extend a much greater distance East and West than was formerly believed—throughout its whole extent—it approximates much nearer to a level than the lands through which it runs; where it passes through a valley it is much higher, and over hills much lower, than the land on either side—retaining continuously its turnpike shape. A person who travelled upon it for miles some few years since, described it thus: he says, "we followed it until we arrived at the margin of a Lake—and here we were much astonished to perceive that it retained its peculiar turnpike shape and North East course at the bottom of the Lake which we could plainly perceive through its tranquil and transparent waters." It has another remarkable quality which adds much to its interest: the materials of

which it is formed are generally distinguished from the neighboring soil through its whole extent—being composed near and upon the surface principally of a very coarse gravel—altogether different from the soil on either side. It has every appearance of having been formed by some convulsion of nature, causing at first a fissure extending in the direction described—and then by compression having forced the soil from beneath the surface to ooze or rise through the orifice.

I have long expected to see some notice of this interesting natural curiosity in the Newspapers—and should like much to have it examined and described by some competent Geologist and Mineralogist. Speculation upon its features and properties to such a person could not fail to be interesting.

About three years since some persons who had been hunting in the locality, brought home with them small quantities of a bright and glittering dust; soon afterwards it was circulated that a California had been discovered in the “natural causeway”—and numbers of persons from beyond even the boundaries of the Counties, set out for this *Eldorado*. I had the following account from two intelligent persons who had just returned from thence. “We left” said they “Bear River in the morning about sunrise and arrived at the turnpike about noon; we found about two hundred persons present in parties of from three or four to seven—all were provided with implements for digging, and were at work upon the road—we followed suit and commenced digging about halfway between the centre and side; at the depth of three or four feet we came to a light sand mixed with a fine glittering yellow substance; having filled our small bag with it, taken our luncheon and had a smoke, we set out for home. We were then South of Bear River bridge about 12 or 14 miles, and were informed by those we found there that numbers had followed the turnpike to the Westward.” Large quantities of the substance described was sent to Boston and other places for chemical analysis. I have heard that it was pronounced to be *mica*; and thus vanished the golden dreams of many—but the features of this natural curiosity must remain for ever, and I earnestly hope that e'er long it will be visited by some scientific person to describe it as it should be. F.

We next give place to some lines on *SPRING*, more because they are seasonable than for their poetical merit. The ideas are, however, pleasing, and the language occasionally harmonious:

Once more, oh, Spring! we hail thy coming joy
 And boding thought of Summer fresh and fair;
 And where, of late, the blighting snow drift lay,
 Thine earliest gems appear—adorning well
 The tomb of former flowers, and with them bring
 To man the knowledge that he yet may joy—
 As memory speaks, and ever kindly tells,
 That this true emblem of his youth shall cheer
 His life, and cherish hope, while life remains.
 Welcome, the soothing winds, the noiseless dew,
 Which wooeth forth the annual birth which springs
 From nature's bosom; longingly we seek
 Forsaken bowers, whose sighing boughs and twigs
 Smiling betake the emerald robe, and change
 The note of winter, for the pleasing song
 Of new existence when it freedom finds.
 Contrast, how happy, yet how sweetly, chord
 These passive murmurings with the lively shout,
 And tuneful strain of Spring's own choristers;

Joyous they sing amid the clustering leaves,
 Warbling their loves; their ærial arbours build;
 Their beauteous young comes forth where flowers spring.
 And kindred nature most of favor shows.
 Morn's earliest breath bears on its balmy wings
 Their sweetest note, where latest slumbers keep
 Their soft embrace, and with our ling'ring dreams
 Enchantment mingles: and throughout the day
 With merry chirping they pursue their toil,
 Till waning light directs their early rest.
 The Spring is ever fair; she plants her flowers
 And hangs her garlands on the rugged rocks;
 Her tenderest green, makes fresh the mountain dell,
 And bleakest spot where winter revelled free.
 The streamlet, now uncurbed, seeks out the plain,
 And gladly skips where pebbles scarce impede
 Its lucid wave; anon it rolls along
 With movement slow and gentle, and the ray
 Of noon shows all within its bosom pure;
 And as it flows it to the earth repays
 The beauty which it found supplied erewhile.
 Along its banks spring shrub and flower, which bend
 Their graceful foliage to be mirrored there,
 And with abundance stoop to kiss the stream,
 And weep their odors in the dews of morn.

S. K.

Pictou, 1852.

Another correspondent sends us some verses headed by the question—what is life? The subject is so hackneyed—almost every poetaster having tried his hand at the solution—that one grows weary of the enigma and its thousand answers. In the lines before us we have nothing fresh or original in manner or treatment, and can only insert a limited extract:

What is life? 'Tis but a vapour thin—
 That vanisheth away;
 A ripple o'er the waters blue—
 A span—a dream—a day!

'Tis as the summer foliage
 That was so bright and green
 And now in vain we look for it
 'Tis nowhere to be seen.

Lines for an Album, though probably well suited to the occasion by which they were elicited and acceptable to the person for whom they were written, do not possess sufficient general interest to be laid before our readers. The verses answering a child's question, "What is love?" possess but little poetic attraction and are therefore respectfully declined. Several other papers received and not noticed in this place, will have insertion hereafter. We conclude at present with the letter of a Correspondent, prefacing a narrative with which we have been kindly furnished, descriptive of a voyage to Europe:

"Having received by the last Steamer from a very old friend, long resident in Britain, the enclosed manuscript, I at once decided to place it in your hands, although it was originally never intended for publication.

From having passed many of his early years in this country, my friend still continues, in heart and affection, a true Nova Scotian, interested in our improvement and rejoicing in our progress.

His allusions to "The Provincial" are couched in the most flattering terms. he is so much pleased with it, and determined to increase the circle of its friends, that I am induced to add a few extracts from his letter by way of stimulus to your literary efforts—they run thus:

'Many thanks for the first numbers of "The Provincial;" a more acceptable token of your remembrance you could scarcely have sent me. Place my name forthwith on the list of its subscribers, and rest assured that no exertions of mine shall be spared to make it known on this side of the water.

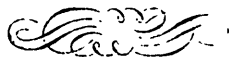
'The reminiscences it affords me of former times are peculiarly interesting, while it combines a neatness of arrangement and mechanical execution, creditable alike to the taste and talent of your city.

'That Nova Scotia possesses rich stores of Mineral wealth, and valuable natural productions has long been known, and their value justly appreciated. Happily you have now struck an intellectual vein, and exhibited some choice specimens. Like the celebrated Asphalt mines of Prince Albert, may it prove broader, deeper, and richer, as you continue to explore it.

'A safe depository for many interesting events of your early history has long been wanting: "The Provincial" supplies it. Then rescue from oblivion the manly deeds of your forefathers—whose unflinching resolution in the hour of trial and conflicts surmounted hardships unknown to our days—these furnish to posterity, bright examples, worthy of all imitation; entrust them no longer to the frail records of tradition.

'You tell me our good old sailor friend has departed for that better land "where the weary are at rest"; peace to his ashes—his was a kind true heart. Never shall I forget the stormy night we passed with him, during which he related the events of that fearful gale, or tale of a tropical hurricane as he termed it, which visited Nova Scotia in November '98, when he thought his humble cot lifted from its foundations would have been hurled across the water; how the sea rushed in, and in one mighty wave filling the harbour, tearing from their anchorage every vessel, and driving them ashore in heaps of wreck and confusion. What thunder and lightning he told of; how deeply boomed the minute guns, while the blue lights burned and the cry of the sailor was heard in the awful pauses of the gale. We realized the scene from his animated description. Seldom had I noticed the old man's expression more calm, though serious and thoughtful, than on that night; his mind seemed absorbed in the recollection of some similar scene of former days, at which I hinted, when he at once acknowledged it was so—and shortly after related the following tale, which having committed to writing, I have since carefully preserved.

'Nature, you well know, in distributing her favors, has dealt out to me but a very limited share either of taste, imagination, or invention, otherwise they should have been most cheerfully placed at your disposal, and devoted to the service of your infant periodical. But in proof of the sincerity of my desire to lend it a helping hand I send you the story alluded to, under the title of "My First Voyage to Europe," and desire you to use it or refuse it as you please; I may at least place it with a *carte blanche* in your hands.'



MY FIRST VOYAGE TO EUROPE.

A few short sketches of my earlier days may not prove uninteresting to you, my young friends, and serve in some degree as an introduction to the sea-going story I have undertaken to relate.

I first saw the light in one of those small villages, bordering on the Atlantic or what is usually termed the Iron bound coast of Nova Scotia—from infancy familiar with the ocean, its very turbulence had charms for me, and even to this day as I listen to its voice on a calm summer evening, its hollow murmurs re-echoing against the cliffs or reverberating among the western hills, while its hoarse tones are subdued and mellowed by distance, no music more sweetly harmonizes with my feelings.

Thus early destiny seemed to point me to the Ocean as the field of my future labors; the theatre whereon I was to play my part, in the great game of life; to incur the hazards, to struggle and contend for my share of its rewards and prizes.

To persons in my station at that period, the first elements of education only were attainable; Colleges and Academies were among the dreams of the future; the supply of our physical wants was continually pressing; while necessity compelled us to forego the few chances for mental cultivation. In the village School I applied all my energies and perseverance in acquiring such knowledge as my teacher could impart, early exhausting all his little stock, indeed leaving him far astern in a very short period.

My friends deeming it advisable that I should acquire some knowledge of business, and the general principles and rules of Commerce, next placed me in a Counting House, where for several years I devoted my attention to its various duties, and prepared myself for the more active pursuits in which I was about to engage. As soon as I was thought qualified I made my *debut* as supercargo of a fine ship, bound for the West Indies. The voyage proving successful, in addition to my own experience I gained the confidence of my employers. In her insular position Nova Scotia presents some remarkable features—her deep bays, and sheltered harbors, her boundless fisheries, vast forests and hardy population, braced and nerved by a rigid clime, furnish all the appliances for an extensive commerce: thus it is scarcely to be wondered at that her sons naturally make choice of a sea-faring life. Besides from constant intercourse with old sailors, listening with avidity to their “thrice told tales,” their young imaginations become easily excited, fancy decks the storm and shipwreck in brilliant and romantic colors, rejecting the shades which too often cloud the picture. I myself had not escaped those influences.

Having thus cast my bread on the waters, and fairly embarked on the unstable element, I was eager to take all chances; but bright sunshine, smooth seas, were seldom mine: rough and rugged was my path.

About the period of my second voyage, the ancient feuds of France and England, ripened into open hostilities; and America soon after declared war on her own account. The conflict was fierce and sanguinary, the usual paths of the ocean were interrupted, and every scheme of commercial enterprize rendered uncertain and precarious. In many voyages to the West Indies, and Brazils, along our own Coasts, Newfoundland, and the "bleak and barren coast of stormy Labrador," trading or fighting with the rude Esquimaux, I experienced the sad consequences of national quarrels. One day I was rich, the next a beggar; disease, starvation, and shipwreck, alternately swelled the catalogue of my trials, to which at times were added the horrors of a French Prison, and the cruel robbery of all I possessed, leaving me helpless and naked, and, at times almost in despair.

Fortune wearied of persecution at length smiled on me. In a fine ship deeply laden with provisions, and rendered desperate by former reverses, on a dark and stormy night I boldly pushed through the blockading fleet of the enemy, and reached my port of destination in safety, relieving its inhabitants from the starvation and misery of a beleaguered city. Where gold is plenty and bread scarce, how readily are they convertible—here I replenished my coffers, redeemed my fortunes, and made a vow to trust the fickle goddess no more. I fortunately reached home, and thus ended the second chapter of my history.

After devoting some time to reflection and a review of the precarious tenure of both life and fortune, consequent on a cause such as I had hitherto been engaged in, I finally concluded to establish myself in some quiet and regular pursuit on shore, less exposed to sudden vicissitudes, and where I might at least retain, if not increase my means, and place myself beyond the influence of the smiles or frowns of fortune.

A short period served to close my connections with the sea, to dispose of my ship, wind up my foreign correspondence, and purchase an establishment on shore. I entered on a new line of life, and soon after sought in the union with a young lady, to whom I had been long attached, a companion for future years, and a partner in my fortunes, whether good or ill.

For many years my affairs prospered; a young family sprang up around me, adding to the comfort and happiness of my fireside. Hostilities had ceased, and as industry and enterprize had received a new impetus, and were fairly rewarded, the community were in general, contented, happy and united.

Under such circumstances it might reasonably be supposed that I should have been well content, and reconciled to my position. I had experienced the rough and troubled paths of life; I was now in the enjoyment of its more smooth and tranquil pleasures, competent to estimate the difference, and to mark the contrast so decidedly favorable to the latter.

You will, doubtless, be surprised that I should feel any desire for another change—having reached a position so enviable—and even to this day I acknow-

ledge the difficulty in accounting for it—but I suppose it must be attributed to that unaccountable perversity inherent in the heart of every human being, to a certain extent, which forbids us to be content with our present condition, be it what it may. Prosperous or adverse, an uneasiness, a desire of change, will forever intrude. I have heard of those who deny this influence, but have never met one individual in all my experience, free from it.

To this natural propensity was added, an ardent curiosity—a positive determination to visit England, which in all my former wandering, I had had no opportunity of doing. Books had made me familiar with the details of her early history; ships were daily arriving with cargoes of precious Merchandise, the products of her industry, the fruits of her skill in art and science—while numerous visitors, fresh from the far famed Isle, related wonderful effects of her power and influence abroad, her wealth and magnificence at home. These stimulated my anxiety for a personal inspection, or caused me to feel a degree of painful humiliation, in finding myself merely a listener.

As those feelings acquired strength, so also did my arguments for the propriety and necessity of such a voyage. The claims of those depending on my exertions, were increasing—so also was the desire of increasing my means: to effect this, my correspondence and the field of my Mercantile operations must, of necessity, become more enlarged. My views were concurred in by those around me, even though I had failed to reconcile them to their ideas of its benefit or expediency.

Having thus finally decided, I made the necessary preparations and was not long in finding an opportunity of carrying into effect my intentions. Becoming the owner of a small Vessel soon after, I determined to fit and provide her for the voyage—though I had strong and frequent misgivings as to her qualifications for such an expedition, and a tolerable idea of the risk I was about to undertake.

These ideas were however dismissed or silenced in the occupation of providing a suitable cargo, lading and equipping, in which I spent an active and busy week. She was no sooner ready for sea, than my difficulties began. I could get no one willing to join me: they liked the voyage little and the vessel less. Many an able seaman shook his head, and with a doubtful smile declined the honor of accompanying me—a single glance of Jack's experienced eye told him the truth and caused him to sheer off. "She was not the craft for his money—he would not trust his old shoes in her—Davy Jones had a mortgage on her," with many other short and expressive terms, familiar to the old tar who has seen service.

The arrival however, of a shipwrecked crew about that time, supplied my wants; they were anxious to get home, and with the usual heedlessness of inexperience speedily closed with my offers.

Having selected a Captain, Mate, and four men calling themselves seamen,

and set them to work to make all ready for sea, I soon discovered their inefficiency; indeed, with the exception of the Mate, the only able seaman among them, they proved but a motley crew. But this I kept to myself, well knowing it was "Hobson's choice" with me: these or none.

Behold me then with my frail bark, Schooner rigged, and sails hoisted, colors flying, every preparation completed, and all ready for a start, on a long voyage and at an inclement season. It blew a stiff breeze on the day I left, from N. W., the sky was dark and overcast, heavy squalls of sleet and snow filled the atmosphere, giving additional gloom to the usual obscurity of a November day. The moment now arrived when I must say farewell, perhaps forever, to those most near and dear to me. Painful indeed was the trial—it was accomplished in broken and tremulous tones, exposing the deep agitation of my feelings. I had been frequently advised to abandon the enterprize; my mind was disturbed with doubts of its prudence, and the incapacity of my vessel was not forgotten. At times, I hesitated, felt disposed to back out and relinquish the voyage altogether. But again, my crew would leave me, and serious loss and detention must ensue—but above all, how could I endure the jeers and jokes of my companions, whose taunts and jests at my exhibition of the "white feather" would be perpetual—this last decided me, live or die, to take my chance.

On reaching the wharf, at Halifax, where many friends had assembled, to take leave, one in particular, an old master mariner, who had weathered many a hard gale—and whose experience was unquestioned—exclaimed, after a rapid survey of my vessel, "What! is this the craft in which you intend to cross the ocean, or to risk your life in for a winter's voyage? Don't try it: she can never do it;—she'll founder before she reaches the Banks;—she's too deep—your rigging's too small—your spars too slight;—'tis folly,—madness. I've had some experience, you'll observe, in these matters." His remarks, I felt too keenly, were true—a moment's hesitation, and my voyage was ended ere it had begun, and I should have become a lasting butt for the shafts of ridicule. With feelings excited to desperation, I could bear no more; so springing on board, I gave orders to cast off—let go all—and shot into the stream amidst the farewell cheers of those present.

Thus I overcame once more, one of those chief obstacles which had occasionally presented themselves in the course of my career—which, marked as the turning places and finger posts of life, stand forth in high relief from the canvas, as memory traces the picture.

Proceeding rapidly down the Harbour, passing the Islands and fortifications, the rugged cliffs of York Redoubt, and the long low beach, forming the entrance gates of the noble harbour, we rounded Thrump Cap Shoals—where in former days the ill-fated Tribune Frigate first struck, and soon after perished with nearly all on board—and then standing off the land, we steered our course to the eastward.

(To be continued.)

LINES FOR THE PROVINCIAL.

Yon Sun now setting in the western sky,
 Spreading his bright effulgence o'er the wave,
 And tinging all the clouds with crimson dye,
 As he goes slowly to his western grave;
 E'en while he sets and fades beneath our eye,
 Seeming his path with liquid gold to pave:
Is rising on another world beyond,
 Upon a newer and a brighter land.

So this poor child upon her couch of pain,
 In whose pale cheek the hand of death we trace:
 Will from the sleep of death awake again,
 To find a fairer, brighter, resting place.
 A home of splendour that can know no wane,
 A Heaven of love and never ceasing grace.
 A long eternal, holy, happy day,
 That cannot weary, cannot pass away. D. S.

MEASURES OF TIME.

THE CALENDAR.

(Continued from page 151.)

PERPETUAL CALENDAR.—Of the second class of measures of time, we named the Lunar Cycle, the Solar Cycle, and the Dionysian Period.

The Lunar Cycle is a period of 19 years. Its length is determined by the relation with the earth's revolution in its orbit bears to the moon's revolution in its orbit. One revolution of the moon occupies 29 days, 12 hours, 44 minutes; twelve revolutions of the moon rather more than 354 days, while one revolution of the earth in its orbit occupies 365 days and a fraction. Hence, if new moon corresponds with the beginning of one year it cannot correspond with the beginning of the next. By the end of the year twelve revolutions and a portion of a thirteenth, have been run, and new moon will not again correspond with the beginning of the year for a lengthened term. That term is 19 years. In this period, while 19 revolutions of the earth have been completed, 235 revolutions of the moon have also been completed, and 1 hour and a half remains over. This gives us the Cycle of 19 years, in each of which the relative positions of the Sun and Moon to the earth are different from those of any other years in the Cycle, but after this the same order commences anew. The Golden Numbers set down in the Church of England Book of Common Prayer, and also in ordinary almanacs, point to the particular year in this Cycle. Thus the Golden Number of 1852 is 10, which means that this is the 10th year of the present Lunar Cycle, the Cycle having commenced in 1843. *The first Lunar Cycle in the christian Era commenced the year before that*

from which this Era is reckoned. Hence as a general rule to find the Golden Number, or year of the Cycle, add 1 to the number of the year, and divide the sum by 19; the quotient is the number of Cycles passed and the remainder the year of the current Cycle. Thus:

$$\begin{array}{r}
 1852 \text{ is the present year,} \\
 \text{add} \quad 1 \\
 \hline
 \text{divide by } 19 \quad 1853 \text{ (97 the number of Cycles passed)} \\
 \quad \quad \quad 171 \\
 \hline
 \quad \quad \quad 143 \\
 \quad \quad \quad 133 \\
 \hline
 \end{array}$$

10 the golden number, indicating that 1852 is the 10th year of the present or 98th Cycle.

The Solar Cycle* is a period of 28 years. Its length is determined by the relation which the week has to the year. A week is a period of seven days, a year of 365½ days, (omitting smaller fractions) the year thus contains 52 weeks, 1½ days, or in other words the ordinary year has 52 weeks, and 1 day, the leap year has 52 weeks and 2 days. An ordinary year has thus each day of the week recurring 52 times, and one day over, the same of course as that on which the year commenced. Hence the ordinary year commences and ends with the same day of the week, and the next year begins with the next day. If this length, 365 days, or 52 weeks 1 day, were uniform, in seven years we should have a Cycle, in which the seven days of the week would respectively begin and end the several years; and the next seven would be a similar series, or a repetition of this. As it is, however, the leap years interrupt this succession, and therefore, if the first three of a series commence and end with Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday respectively, the fourth will commence with Wednesday, but end with Thursday. The fifth will commence with Friday, the sixth with Saturday, and so on, and a series be formed which requires the lapse of seven leap years, or 28 years to bring the days round in the same order again.

The Dionysian Period is determined in length by the relation which the Lunar Cycle bears to the Solar. It is 19×28 , or 532 years. The theory of this period is, that at the end of it the changes of the moon occur on the same days of the *week and year* as before. We say, the theory, for in fact they do not quite correspond, but are modified by two circumstances. The first of these is the difference of 1½ hours in the time of year at which each Lunar Cycle commences. The Lunar Cycle is properly 19 years, less 1½ hours. Practically it is regarded as 19 years. This error amounts to a day in 310 years,

*This period might also be viewed as a multiple of a smaller Cycle of 4 years, or three common and one leap year. It is seven times this period, and while this number seven is determined by the length of the week, this period might rank in the third class, the week being independent of astronomical revolutions.

therefore to more than a day in one Dionysian period. The second circumstance is the recurrence of three years in 400 which by the Gregorian style are reckoned common years, while by the Julian they would have been counted as leap years. This circumstance counteracts the other, but creates an error the other way.

Of the third class of measures, or what we called multiple measures of time, it will not be necessary to say much. The week is a period of seven days, the number being fixed by divine appointment. The Roman Indiction is a period of fifteen years, the number being fixed by imperial mandate, and the first is reckoned from the year 312. The Julian period is 15 times the Dionysian period or $19 \times 28 \times 15$ years, that is, 7980 years. This period began about 700 years before the common Era of the creation, or 4713 years before the Christian Era. Hence to find the year of the Indiction, add 312 to the year of Christ, and divide by 15; the quotient is the number of Indictions passed, the remainder is the year of the current Indiction. To find the year of the Julian period, add 4713 to the year of Christ. Thus the present year of this period is found by adding 1852 and 4713, to be the 6565th.

Calendars for a single year note the days of the year with the corresponding days of the week, and the changes of the moon. They tell us to what days of the year Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, &c. respectively correspond, and to what days new moon, full moon, &c. correspond. Ten minutes study of an ordinary calendar will give more acquaintance with their use than a lengthened description. But two principal problems which they solve may be said to be the finding of the days of the year, corresponding to the several days of the week, and to the several changes of the moon, or reducing these to their simplest statement, on what days the week commences, and on what days it is new moon. To solve the same problems for a more lengthened period is more difficult, and ordinary calendars give us very little assistance in this. To the Calendar in the Prayer Book of the Church of England, tables are annexed, to a certain extent answering this purpose; but being adapted specially for Ecclesiastical Calculations, they are of comparatively little service to the ordinary reader for determining these two seemingly simple problems. The latter we defer for the present, but to assist in answering the former and kindred questions, beg to submit the following tables, which so far may be viewed as contributions to what may be called a perpetual Calendar.

Table 1 is constructed for one hundred years, and with Tables 2 and 3, is all that is necessary for solving the problem for the present century. We shall first explain the use of these three tables, and then proceed to make a few remarks upon the others.

Tables 1, 2, and 3 enable us to determine—

1. *The day of the week on which each year in the century commences, and its relation to each year.* This is seen at a glance by tracing the line in which

the year is named, in Table 1, to the right or left. The leap years are printed in full, as 1812, 1816, &c., and indicated by italic letters.

Thus 1852 commences on Thursday, and is leap year. 1825 commenced on Saturday, and was the first year after leap year.

2. *The day of the week on which each month in a given year of the century commences.* Having found, as above, the day on which the year commences, and observed whether it is printed in Roman characters or italics, look for the same day, and *in the same character*, in the first line of Table 2, In the column at the head of which that stands will be found the day of the week on which each month commences, opposite the name of the month.

Thus January, 1801, commenced on Thursday, February on Sunday, March on Sunday, April on Wednesday, &c. January, 1852, commenced on *Thursday*, February on Sunday, March on Monday, April on Thursday, &c.

3. *The day of the week corresponding to a given date in the century.* Having found, as before, the day of the week on which the month commences, look for this day in the first line of Table 3, and in the same column in a line with the day of the month, will be found the required week-day.

Thus, Queen Victoria was born 24th May, 1819. To find the day of the week, Table 1, shews that 1819 began upon a Friday. Table 2 shews, under F., that May began upon a Saturday. Table 3, shews under St., in a line with 24, that Monday was the day of the week.

4. *The years in which a given day of a particular month, falls on a given day of the week.* Look in Table 3, for the day of the month, and in a line with it for the given day of the week. At the head of the column in which this stands, will be found the day of the week on which the month commences. Look for this day opposite the name of the month in Table 2, and at the head of the column will be found two days. That in Roman type, is the day on which an ordinary year, answering the problem, would commence. That in Italics, is the day commencing the corresponding leap year. Looking for these days in Table 1, the required years will be found in a line with them.

Thus—the battle of Waterloo was fought on Sunday the 18th June, and in some year between 1810 and 1820, to find the year. By Table 3, we find that the month must have commenced on Thursday. Looking for this day in Table 2, and in a line with June, we find it in two places, under S., and under St., indicating that the required year, if an ordinary one, must have commenced on Sunday, if a leap year, on *Saturday*. Looking in Table 1 for S. we find it opposite three lines of figures, and St. opposite one, and taking off the several dates, we find them to be 1809, 1815, 1820, 1826, 1837, 1843, 1848, 1854, 1865, 1871, 1876, 1882, 1893, 1899. 1815 is the required year, being the only one between 1810 and 1820.

Tables 4, 5, and 6, along with 2 and 3, enable us to solve the same or

similar problems for any date from the commencement of the Christian Era, to the year 4000†. Thus to find—

1. *The day of the week on which any century commences.* For the first 18 centuries, look in Table 4, and for the 19th and following ones, in Table 5, for the first year of the century, and in a line with that, and to the right or left will be found the required day. Thus—the Union between Great Britain and Ireland, took place on the first day of the present century; to find the day of the week, Table 5, shows that 1801 began on Thursday, which is accordingly the required day.

2. *The day of the week on which a given year in any of these centuries commenced.* For any century but the 18th, find as before, the day of the week on which the century commenced. Look for the same day in the first line of Table 6, and in the column at the head of which that stands, and in a line with the given year of the century, will be found the required day.

For the first 52 years of the 18th century, proceed as above, taking the commencement of the century from Table 4. For the remainder of the century, proceed in like manner, taking the commencement from Table 5.‡

3. *The day of the week corresponding to a given date in any of these centuries.* For any year but 1752, find as above, the day on which the year commences, and proceed with Tables 2 and 3, as for the present century, remembering that all the hundredth years up to 1700, are counted as leap years; and above that, only those whose number is divisible by 4; namely, 2000, 2400, 2800, &c. &c. For any date in 1752, up to 2nd September, make the calculations from Table 4, and for the rest of the year, from Table 5.‡

Thus, Magna Charta was signed 19th June, 1215; to find the day of the week, Table 4 shows that 1201 began upon Monday. Table 6 shows under M., and in a line with 15, that 1215 must have begun upon a Thursday. Table 2 shows under Th., and in a line with June, that this month must have begun upon Monday. And Table 3 shows under M., and in a line with 19, that the 19th June, 1215 must have been a Friday.

Again, the Hon. Edward Cornwallis, and British Settlers, landed at Halifax on the 8th of June, 1749. Suppose it is required to find the day of the week. The date is in the 18th century, and before 2nd September, 1752. Therefore, look to Table 4 for 1701, which gives Wednesday for the first day of the

† We have not extended the Table beyond the end of the 40th century, because first, it would be of no practical utility for later dates; and secondly, the Gregorian year is too long by nearly one day in 4000 years, so that for an extended Table, a day should be dropped in that period, which would affect the calculations according to the point of time at which the omission occurred. See page 151.

‡ The reason why the rule must be modified for the 18th century, and particularly for the year 1752, arises from the change from the old style to the new, having been made in England in September 1752, the 3rd day of the month being reckoned as the 14th. Dates previous to this, are therefore to be reckoned old style, and to this Table 4 is constructed. Dates after this, are to be reckoned new style; and to this Table 5 is constructed; the day opposite 1701 in this Table, being that on which the century would have commenced, had the new style been adopted from the beginning, and which must therefore be used as the first day of the century, in calculating dates after the change was effected.

TABLE 4.

St	1	701	1401
F	101	801	1501
Th	201	901	1601
W	301	1001	1701
T	401	1101
M	501	1201
S	601	1301

TABLE 5.

St	1701	2101	2501	2901	3301	3701	St
Th	1801	2201	2601	3001	3401	3801	Th
T	1901	2301	2701	3101	3501	3901	T
M	2001	2401	2801	3201	3601	M

TABLE 6.

S	M	T	W	Th	F	St	-01	-29	-57	-85
M	T	W	Th	F	St	S	02	30	58	86
T	W	Th	F	St	S	M	03	31	59	87
W	Th	F	St	S	M	T	04	32	60	88
F	St	S	M	T	W	Th	05	33	61	89
St	S	M	T	W	Th	F	06	34	62	90
S	M	T	W	Th	F	St	07	35	63	91
W	T	W	Th	F	St	S	08	36	64	92
Th	Th	F	St	S	M	T	09	37	65	93
F	St	S	M	T	W	Th	10	38	66	94
St	F	St	S	M	T	W	11	39	67	95
M	T	W	Th	F	St	S	12	40	68	96
T	W	Th	F	St	S	M	13	41	69	97
W	Th	F	St	S	M	T	14	42	70	98
Th	F	St	S	M	T	W	15	43	71	99
St	S	M	T	W	Th	F	16	44	72	00
S	M	T	W	Th	F	St	17	45	73	...
W	Th	F	St	S	M	T	18	46	74	...
Th	F	St	S	M	T	W	19	47	75	...
St	S	M	T	W	Th	F	20	48	76	...
F	St	S	M	T	W	Th	21	49	77	...
St	S	M	T	W	Th	F	22	50	78	...
T	W	Th	F	St	S	M	23	51	79	...
W	Th	F	St	S	M	T	24	52	80	...
Th	F	St	S	M	T	W	25	53	81	...
St	S	M	T	W	Th	F	26	54	82	...
F	St	S	M	T	W	Th	27	55	83	...
St	S	M	T	W	Th	F	28	56	84	...

TALES OF OUR VILLAGE, NO. 3.

SURROUNDED by the forest trees of the country, which as yet waved leafless in the still spring wind, stood the log hut of a Nova Scotian settler. Its low roof was thatched with rough bark, and the apertures between the logs on all

sides filled with moss and remnants of worn out apparel. Rude and rough it seemed in the bright sunlight of an April morning; but the merry voices of young children resounded from it, and as the mother joined in their gambols or fondled them on her knee, one felt that those little ones were her treasures, making her home and her happiness.

It was a pleasant day for the season; the Spring usually late in Nova Scotia, this year gave promise of an earlier visit—already the Mayflower was glancing up from its mossy dells, while here and there, some hardy blades of grass were gleaming in the sunshine. The first robin sang merrily his morning hymn, among the budding trees; while the chain of ice that for months had held the streams in its embrace, was growing weaker, as the softened wind passed over them. The little children already were seeking the teaberries, growing in such crimson luxuriance, around the rugged stones that emerged from the snow which every day wasted still more, till now it was only observable by the sides of fences in the lone valleys, and far away in the silent forest.

Spring, indeed, seemed commencing in real earnest, and the farmer's voice grew more cheery as he harnessed his team for the woods, or repaired his fences for the protection of the crops of the coming season. After a long and tedious North American winter, the first glimpses of a warmer period are hailed with delight; out door pleasures so long forgotten, are resumed before there is comfort or enjoyment in the renewal, beyond that which change gives. The children so long confined to the house, rush eagerly to the woods and highways, bent upon discovering the first promise of Spring, in the shape of a Mayflower, hardy butterfly or venturesome clover leaf. Anticipation of pleasures like these, doubtless, induced two of the young children belonging to the dwelling we have just described, to forsake their playthings by the fireside, and try the less agreeable atmosphere of the forest so contiguous to their home. Little ones indeed were they to brave cold and tempest, the oldest being but seven years, and the youngest five; but the children of Nova Scotia are a hardy race, and Jane and Margaret Meagher were accustomed oft to the keen north wind and frosty ground. It was early afternoon when they left their home, and accustomed as their parents were, to their wood rambles, their absence excited no surprise or uneasiness. Sickness, moreover, had lately been in their home. The elder members of the family were weak and debilitated from recent confinement, and apprehending no danger, were less likely from their own enfeebled state, to take much notice of the little truants' movements, while the bright sun streamed in at the window, making all joyous and hopeful; but as day wore on, and the colours of sunset first gleamed, and then faded on the still waters of Lake Loon near the wood, and twilight gathered round the cottage, the anxieties of the parents were roused, for the little ones were still absent; and as there were no other play-

mates with whom they might have strayed, and no house near to shelter or detain them; they began to fear they had lost the path in the woods, and had wandered too far from home. Several hours passed before the sad conviction was forced upon their minds; and now it was night, and yet no sign of their approach.

The little girls had entered the forest, thoughtless of danger, and careless of distance; some early Mayflowers had induced their farther search, or it may be, they were led on in chase of the mischievous squirrel, who gambled so tauntingly on the branches before them. The unusual warmth of the day had rendered them regardless of home, until they had wandered from the familiar paths, and in endeavouring to regain them, they had only strayed still farther from home.

Their parents at length, rushed to the woods, and shouted loudly the names of the little ones, but no answer met their anxious call. The elder children were then sent to their nearest neighbours, and some few men gathered to assist the agonized parents in their search. Torches were lit, and horns sounded, only to be answered by the hollow echoes. Much of the forest was travelled during that long anxious night, but all in vain; the children were far distant from the sound of their voices—and the poor mother went frantic for her lost ones. The morning dawned at last, keen, bright and frosty, and with the sunshine came a gleam of hope that all might yet be well, and the children return uninjured.

The sad story flew through the little hamlet, and some of the kind neighbours resumed the hitherto unsuccessful search of the previous night. Rumours were spread, and imaginings reported as to where they had been seen or heard; but nothing more definite was ascertained with regard to their course, until a colored labourer, suddenly recollected that while cutting wood, some distance from the Meaghers' house, he had heard what appeared to him at the time, the voices of children crying; he called again and again, but obtaining no answer, he grew frightened, and instead of trying to discover where the sound originated, went to his own house completely terrified. The voices, doubtless, were those of the little girls, who had wandered a distance of some miles, and were then quite bewildered and frightened in the thick, dark woods. It was near sunset when the man heard their first sobs of despair, and probably, they mistook his voice for a signal of fear, instead of help, and fearfully held their breath lest they should be overtaken, by what might have seemed to their infant terrors, the growl of the brown bear, often met with in the forests as the Spring opens.

There was much to distress, but still something for hope, in the tardy account of the African; it gave them a starting point for their search; and the wood in the immediate vicinity of the house, was no longer the scene for inquiry. But a new danger presented itself; the lake which extended some

distance up the wood, had to be crossed before they could have been heard at the spot described by Brown the coloured man. The run, or outlet of the lake was open, and it was feared that in retracing their steps, they might have fallen into the water, and been carried down by the current. Another thought of agony for the poor mother's heart, and one which could not be dismissed. But no traces of their footsteps could be seen near the place indicated, and the search was extended still further into the lonely forest : but day wore away, and night stole on again, and no tidings of the lost ones ; while anxious, but hopeful hearts waited wistfully for the morning, trusting with its close to restore them.

It was on Monday afternoon, when the children left home, and now on Wednesday they were not discovered, each day, more searchers were added to the numbers in pursuit of them ; the excitement was intense ; fathers looked on their own little ones, and repaired to the wilderness with fresh strength for the struggle. The news reached the Towns of Dartmouth and Halifax, some miles distant ; and many of the mechanics, merchants, and professional men betook themselves to haunts unknown to them until now. The old woods echoed back a multitude of tones where human voices had seldom or never been heard before. Fatigue was disregarded—cold unfelt ; all was forgotten in the anxious eagerness to discover the lost children ; occasionally as a nestling was heard among the thick trees, hope grew triumphant, but it died away in despair when in place of those they sought, the wild Moose was seen fleeing away from his imaginary pursuers, or the tameless Cariboo rushing with the Reindeer's speed, to the still more solitary haunts where he might rest secure from the approach of man. The sun gleamed brightly on the snow. The robin chirruped a merry hymn, the squirrel bounded joyously on the woodland path, the fragrant Mayflower smiled on the softening air, all the denizens of the forest were abroad and to be found, but the poor children, the objects of so much anxious search, of so much agony at home and so much interest around were not to be seen. Many felt the truth of the Indian's beautiful remark when at the close of the third day, as they returned weary and disheartened from the forest, and repeating again and again " how strange, how very strange we have not found them," he said " Maybe God put his hand between you and them," and so of a truth it was, their Father had decreed the veil should not be withdrawn until they were at home in the green pastures, with that bright band of little ones, of whom his own Son declared " that of such were the kingdom of heaven."

Despair now took the place of trembling hope ; they now felt that if ever found it would not be in life—the nights had been keen and frosty, and cold and hunger had surely done their work upon those helpless little ones, so far from a parent's protecting care. All felt they were in a safer fold, with him who carries the young lambs, that they faint not. With night all grew sad and dreary, but

when the day dawned, hope revived again, and once more the same paths were taken, the same measures agreed upon with only an increased number. Words can convey but a faint idea of the excitement that prevailed in their own and surrounding settlements. That sympathy that had been felt for the children themselves, now deemed unavailing for them, was only more centred on the unhappy parents, whose anguish was nearly insupportable. All who know the depths of a mother's heart can imagine what she felt, as night after night the travellers returned with no tidings of her children. All felt sympathy and distress for the poor little sufferers—hers was from the depths of a mother's love, and grievously the chastisement fell. Thursday was a dull, cloudy and tempestuous day, the search was extended still further than before, and many points as yet unexamined, were now visited. At last the faint traces of their footsteps were discovered in the light snow fast disappearing by the sunshine of the week. Fresh hopes were aroused, fainting hearts grew strong again, they almost dared to believe they were yet alive, but soon it was too surely felt that days had passed since those footsteps were impressed upon the snow. Still they gave hope of discovering the children, as they must now without doubt be on the track, and the feeling gave fresh energy to all. The parties separated, each taking a course direct from the footmarks, all hoping to be rewarded by the objects of their search, ere the day was over. Still further on a piece of cotton cloth was found, which on being shown to the poor father was recognised as a part of their clothing; they had been here then without doubt and must surely be lying near at hand. But alas for the hope pursued with such avidity, again the day sank into darkness, and again they all returned unsuccessful as before. Be it said to the honour of humanity throughout the wide world, the fatigue and delay increased rather than slackened their zeal. Morning came again only to find them still more devoted to the search, and with numbers increasing hourly. A slight fall of snow had occurred through the night, but still enough to efface all traces of the lost ones that might have existed, and enough to quench the last glimmer of hope as to their being alive. Still the excitement gained strength; each new difficulty only added ardour to the pursuit, and the sympathy was universal; crowds of every creed, class, and description, were seen treading the forest, all intent on one object, led thither by sympathy, that great bond of universal brotherhood, that binds the world together. Each doubtless thought of his own home, and how it would be were his hearthstone so desolated, his own blossoms so exposed—there might be seen the hardy Indian side by side with the man of wealth, the Farmer and Mechanic with the Physician and Lawyer, making common cause in the sad task before them. The Governor of the Province, that nothing should be wanting, had offered a reward for their discovery; all that could be was done; tears and prayers went up to heaven from the mothers and children at home, and a shadow of sorrow settled upon all. And now trusty dogs scouted the

forest ; the old pioneers, the land surveyors, men of science and skill, the woodsman and the native, all were eager and determined ; still the children " were not." It was now become matter of surprise as well as sorrow ; it seemed as though the whole forest had been searched ; miles and miles of land were traversed but in vain, and often the dark suspicion would flit across the mind—can they have been devoured by some wild beast of the wilderness. The wonder grew intense, the doubt was agonizing ; whatever had been their fate, the dark woods kept it locked in silence. The pine threw its graceful shadows on the snow, the spruce and fir trees towered up in majesty, the budding maples with the beech, birch, and here and there a solitary oak tree, waved in the sunshine, but they kept their secrets to themselves, nor could man gather from their depths a tidings of suffering or violence. Friday's Sun sank to rest as those of the preceding days, night warned the wanderers from the forest, and they returned with downcast looks and sorrowful hearts, for those they sought were still among the lost. Again with another day was the search resumed and still with the same result—the woods were retrdden again and again, till they almost seemed familiar places.

Meagher and his wife were now nearly frantic ; hope had left even their hearts, as to seeing their children alive again ; but the agonizing yearning to possess them once more, to hold what yet remained of them, was almost more than mortal strength could bear, and as Saturday night closed on them, and still their children were far away, they sank in the agony of deep despair. The Sabbath rose and a glorious Sabbath morning it was. The Sun streamed brightly on vale and hillside ; the sky had a Summer softness, and the Spring birds chanted a merry carol. It was one of those bright, hopeful Spring days when man and nature alike feel new life, and the heart would gladly put on raiment, fresh and green as the earth—and with such a day did the feelings of interest and sympathy with the parents of the lost ones flow forth afresh—all were released from their avocations. The Sabbath had come with its rest from labor, and all were free to join in the search so long and fruitlessly prosecuted. From city and country miles and miles away, crowds were seen taking their way to Meagher's, and from thence to the depths of the lonely forest. Lonely indeed no longer, for nearly three thousand men had assembled in its vast shade, determined to bear away from its hiding place the little ones allured to destruction. On his own day their father withdrew his hand. A shepherd dog drew the attention of some of the party to the fatal spot, and there at the foot of a high hill, where in summer the huckleberry, box berry and wild heather grew in abundance, lay clasped in each others arms, the dead children ; the protecting hand of the elder sister, had drawn her own scanty clothing round the form of the younger, she had pillowed her little head on her bosom, and with all the self sacrificing love, of woman shining so brightly in the young child, she had exposed herself to the blast of the wintry air to screen her sister from its terrors—it was a touching sight, and one never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

There the sweet unselfishness of human nature was brightly portrayed though but in the inanimate body of an infant child—but oh the expression of that young face—young no longer; care and agony had traced deep furrows on the fair forehead; one could have fancied they were gazing on the face of the dead whose pilgrimage was spent by age; the fixed and open eye told how she had loved and how she had suffered, it spoke of days of cold, hunger, and terror, of suffering for herself, and the little one she clasped in her arms, whose fair face, still wore the smile of infant rest and beauty, undisturbed by ought that so marred her elder sister's countenance, which looked so touching in its upturned sadness. She had early shewn the strength of woman's love, when it is her fate to suffer for those she loves. Draw the mantle round her and let no vain tears fall on her tomb! the little spirit is glorified among its sister angels, for earth take no care, "She hath lived, she hath loved, her task is done,"

A loud shout and a hurried musket shot, called the searching parties from their different routes, and in a little while there were gathered thousands around the dead children. It was a time of joy and sadness, joy that they were found, sadness that they were no more. Many a tear drop fell from manly eyes that did no discredit to manly hearts, and many a cheek glowed with the intensity of quick sympathy—there was a deep silence for a long time, each felt unable to move and then the poor heart broken father, lifted one of the little ones in his arms to bear her home, but his strength failed him and he burst into tears—a kind neighbour did the sad office he had vainly essayed to do; another followed the example and the whole party left in silence and proceeded with sad hearts to the cottage home of the children. They were restored to their mother and she wept over them in speechless grief, but the tale of human sorrow is alike in every land "Rachael weeping for her children, and will not be comforted because they are not," so we will not dwell upon the parents' grief. The little ones were laid in the same coffin, in the attitude in which they were found, and many of the young and the old went to look on them ere they were consigned to their silent home; the link was broken that had bound so many to the same thought, but, memory was still there. The poets of their Country commemorated their death in many a stanza, while surer proofs of sympathy were contributed by philanthropic neighbours for the support of the bereaved family. The lost children now rest in a quiet churchyard beneath the green trees they loved so well to ramble under in life, a simple granite column marks their tomb and records the time and circumstance of their death. And often in the still evening will little children yet cluster round their mothers' knee and listen again and again with wet eyes and aching hearts to the sad story of Jane and Margaret Meagher.

THE BIRTH OF THE FLOWERS.

The snow wreath from the mountain flies,
 With noiseless pace away ;
 The streams that from its summits flow,
 Run "riot mad" with play ;
 The buds upon the forest boughs,
 Their green leaves issuing,
 Are heralding with joy and hope,
 The advent of the Spring ;
 While merry minstrels cheer with song
 The day-lights beaming hours ;
 And tender vocal with their notes,
 Their native, sylvan bowers.

All nature seems to smile with joy,
 As it beholds the birth,
 Of FLORA'S blooming children here,
 Upon the teeming earth ;
 The sunbeams dancing from the skies,
 More golden seem and gay,
 As they—to kiss the new-born flowers—
 Their rapid footsteps stay ;
 The zephyr, too, seems milder far,
 And gentler, as it sings
 Its song of love and lullaby,
 Amid these precious things.

The rain-drops, too, more gently seem,
 Upon the earth to fall,
 When flow'rets on its surface hold
 Their joyous Carnival.
 And dew-drops, by an instinct led,
 A thousand petals fill
 And silently and lovingly
 Their nectar there distil :
 And, oh ! how beautiful to scan,
 At early morning's hour,
 The meeting of the sunny beams,
 With dew-drop and with flower !

The verdure of the fields and groves,
 Seem greener to the view ;
 The glorious skies that hang on high,
 Are more serenely blue ;
 The waters of the babbling brook
 Dance merrier, as along
 Their banks, they see the varied charms
 Their pathway lies among ;
 And e'en the mighty river wears
 A more benignant mien,
 When flowers' reflected images,
 Within its depths are seen !

The tuneful birds, with sweeter notes,
 And more melodious strains,
 Give welcome to the Floral crowds,
 That grace the hills and plains ;

And odours, borne by gentle winds,
 Distil a fresh perfume,
 As they are swept from field to field,
 Above their priceless bloom:
 Oh! greet we then with favour, too,
 These fairest ones of earth;
 And hail with joyous heart, the hour,
 That gives their being birth!

For should not MAN, too, feel within
 A thrill of pleasurè rise,
 When earth seems half a paradise
 Before his wond'ring eyes?
 Should MAN alone insensate prove
 Amid the general joy,
 Nor in the universal praise
 His voice and heart employ?
 Forbid it great Creator! thou
 By whom these gifts were given:
 "Forbid it Gratitude and Love,
 Forbid it Earth and Heaven!"

W. A. C.

Oakland Cottage, Wilmot, 1852.

REVIEW—FAR OFF.*

THIS little work is a compilation of facts, from the writings of different travellers through the distant East, containing much valuable information for children (to whom it is addressed) and useful as a book of reference, to more learned and experienced readers. Brief descriptions of the appearance of those interesting countries: The Holy Land, Syria, Arabia, Persia, China, Hindostan, Burmah, Australia, &c., are given, with an account of the government, religion, manners and customs of their inhabitants; interspersed with many pleasing traits and anecdotes, characteristic of the people with whom the author endeavours to familiarize us.

The style employed is very simple; too much so, indeed, as but few children require such minute explanation and simplification of language; but as this appears to be the principal objection, (and one very natural to fall into) we can willingly pardon the Editor, and thank him for the vast amount of information given in so small a compendium. It is well adapted for the school room; the descriptions being concise, and easy of access, from the classification of subjects. The volume has several engravings, all illustrating the scenery and customs peculiar to those distant lands, which enterprising travellers have rendered familiar to us.

* Far Off: or Asia and Australia described, with anecdotes and illustrations. By the Author of "The Peep of Day." New York, Carter & Brothers; E. G. Fuller, Halifax, N. S. 1852.

To give an idea of the literary merit of the book, in the style and language used, we extract a portion of the chapter on Burmah, a country now occupying much attention, from the hostile attitude it has lately assumed with regard to Great Britain; and with which it is important our young people should be acquainted.

"Of all the Kings of Asia, the King of Burmah is the greatest, next to the Emperor of China. He has not indeed, so large a kingdom, or as many subjects as that Emperor; but like him, he is worshipped by his people. He is called "Lord of life and death," and the "Owner of the sword;" for instead of holding a *sceptre* in his hand, he holds a golden sheathed *sword*. A sword indeed, suits him well, for he is very cruel to his subjects. Nowhere are such severe punishments inflicted.

Every one is much afraid of offending this cruel King. The people tremble at the sound of his name; and when they see him they fall down with their heads in the dust. The King makes any one a lord whom he pleases, yet he treats even his lords very rudely. When displeased with them, he will hunt them out of his room with his drawn sword. Once he made forty of his lords lie upon their faces for several hours, beneath a broiling sun, with a great beam over them to keep them still. Yet the King is so much revered, that when he dies, instead of saying "He is dead," the people say "He is gone to the heavenly regions to amuse himself.

The Burmese are a blunt and rough people; they are not like the Chinese and Hindoos, ready to pay compliments to strangers. When a Burmese has finished a visit, he says "I am going" and his friend replies "go." This is very blunt behaviour; but all blunt people are not sincere. The Burmese are very deceitful, and tell lies on every occasion, indeed they are not ashamed of their falsehoods. They are also very proud, because they fancy they were so good before they came into this world. All the kind actions they do, are in the hope of getting more merit, and this bad motive spoils all they do. The Burmese resemble the Chinese in respect to their parents. They are better than the Chinese in their treatment of their children, for they are kind to the girls, as well as to the boys; neither do they destroy any of their infants. They are temperate also, not drinking wine—having only two meals in the day, and then not eating too much. In these points they are to be approved. They are, however very violent in their tempers; it is true they are not very easily provoked, but when they are angry they use very abusive language. Thus you see, they are by no means an amiable people.

Burmah is a pleasanter country than Hindostan, for it is not so hot, and yet it is as fruitful. The people live chiefly upon rice; but when they cannot get enough, they find abundance of leaves and roots to satisfy their hunger.

The Burmese build their houses on posts, so that there is an empty space under the floors. Dogs and crows may often be seen walking under the houses, eating whatever has fallen through the cracks of the floor.

The King allows none but the nobles to build houses of brick and stone; the rest build them of bamboos. This law is unpleasant, but there is another law which is a great comfort to the poor. It is *this*; any one may have and that wishes it. A man has only to cultivate a piece of spare land, and it is counted his *long* as he continues to cultivate it: therefore, all industrious people have gardens of their own."

REMINISCENCES OF A SOLITAIRE.

A LEARNED DISSERTATION ON GHOSTS AND ALDERMEN,
WITH NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

"I've heard, but not believed, the spirits of the dead
May walk again."—*Winter's Tale*.

It was my lot as a young man to inhabit lodgings in a quiet dusky street in the good old city of ——. It was a retired nook, an eddy from the great stream of commercial and manufacturing activity, that flowed ceaselessly along the thoroughfares of that noisy town. The people that lived there partook (I thought) of the spirit of the place. The children seemed more quiet and subdued in their mirth, youth verged nearer to age, and age to decay, than in the more busy haunts of men. Though the representatives of almost every class and character could be seen stealing to their sequestered abode, the atmosphere appeared most congenial to animals of nocturnal habits or pursuits, as it was the rendezvous for numbers of bats, lawyers' clerks and rakish tom-cats.

There was an air of quiet repose, of dusty cob-webbed antiquity about the old house, in which I resided, that was soothing to the eye of any one, who like myself, had grown weary of the perpetual and fatiguing appearance of newness in every part and place of America. Even the aspect of decay is not displeasing, after the glaring monotony of green and white paint, by which the gaudy retreats of our citizens are adorned. There it stood toppling aloft, unknown storics high, leaning confidentially towards its antiquated neighbor over the way, as if, relying on the friendship of ages, they were putting their heads together to discuss the secrets of by-gone centuries. It was a perfect elysium for the lover of the marvellous, and it was very evident that if that respectable and well behaved class, commonly yeleft ghosts, which have been pronounced to be extinct in America, have not shared the same fate elsewhere, this must be their head quarters.

By the way, as it is no unimportant subject to us, what think you, gentle reader, of the strange theory of many modern philosophers, that Yankees have no ghosts? We read in Homer of the ghost of an Ajax, in Virgil, equally respectable authority, of that of Dido, and in Seneca (a no less credible writer) a minute description of the Manes of Laius. To be convinced that they have frequently appeared in high heeled boots and cocked hats, you have only to see Washington Irving *passim* (i. e. look till you find it.) Tradition and the poets mention among other illustrious spirits, Miss Baillie and Giles Seroggin, and a host of equally distinguished and well known personages; but who ever heard of the ghost of a Yankee? Imagine if you can a calculating ghost! a ghost chewing tobacco, and talking through his nose of dollars and cents. The idea is monstrous and absurd. They are too aristocratic and respectable a class, to find any "kindred spirits" from the great republic. Report (but,

remember, only report) whispers that a yankee judge may be seen once a year (as if to commemorate the anniversary of the misfortune) to hunt for a sixpence, which he had lost, when a boy, through the cracks of the floor; but it rests on such doubtful authority, that any future impartial historian will have to reject it, as unworthy of credit. If this theory be correct, the present lamentable scarcity contrasts sadly with the super-abundance of ghosts and witches, that honored this quarter of the globe in the palmy days of the pilgrims.*

Leaving, however, this interesting question unsolved, and thereby magnanimously resigning this road to immortality, to all the youthful aspirants for fame, I shall return to the old world, where their existence is a matter of history, and to their probable rendezvous—the dusky street, and the antique boarding house.

Every thing in and about it—the crazy shutter, the dark winding staircases, the interminable entries, and the half effaced clumsy ornaments of departed opulence bore their testimony to its age and respectability; while, what may be uninteresting to the general reader, but was not so to a young man of rather limited means, the moderate rent, induced me to select it as my future abode. My room was a remarkably airy one, in fact too much so for any thing but a salamander. The fireplace might have been intended to roast oxen whole, in those good old days, when fuel and provisions were so plenty, and consumers so few; but the scanty faggots that graced it of evenings, seemed almost lost in its immensity, and wasted all their heat in vain attempt to warm it. The dark and curiously carved panelling, suggested ideas of secret closets and hidden treasures; and I may here inform the reader, that it is not impossible, nay, very probable, that these depositaries, and their contents, might have been discovered and produced to the astonished world, had not the ignorant and unlettered hostess perceived the marks on the walls of my experimental philosophy, and, in a most gothic mood, forbade all further researches of science. The ceiling bore evident indications of the weather. The rain had traced with a skilful hand the divisions of land and sea of a *terra incognita* which some enthusiastic selenographer may some day pounce upon as a wonderful chart of the moon, the production of an unknown philosopher, the wisdom of by-gone ages. The grotesque heads of satyrs, by which the cornices were adorned, and which, by the glimmering light of the fire, appeared to emerge from their corners to grin at me, and as suddenly retreat, seemed to guard the four quarters of that mysterious world.

* If there be any true lover of ghosts among us, let him read and digest the journal of the venerable Winthrop, formerly Governor of Massachusetts Bay, who showed very surprising discernment in discovering them, and being familiar with the dead languages, could hold edifying converse with them when they were visible to none else. Nor would his time be mispent if he were carefully to study the book of the pious Mather (a very Nimrod among ghosts) commonly called his "Magaalia," which his enemies, doubtless incited thereto by the powers of darkness, have interpreted "great works writ about nothing,"—one of the most wicked terming it a "*parum in multo*." May not his persecuted class have fed our Provinces through fear of his numerous descendants who, in the matter of Temperance Societies, show that they have inherited his praiseworthy antipathy to Spirits?

In my exploring forays, I discovered that but a small portion of the house was inhabited. The long rambling entry, which ramified off in almost every direction, seemed to have been for generations, the prescriptive domicile of spiders and of mice. The few doors that were unlocked, opened unwillingly with a faint shriek, as if they were bewailing that the solitude of years should be thus ruthlessly broken by an inquisitive biped from the antipodes. I was suddenly induced to limit my explorations in this quarter, by the rather startling fall of one of the massive doors from its decayed hinges, which I in vain endeavoured to replace; and, having selected a huge, tarnished shoe-buckle* from a heap of antique, though not very savory rubbish, I roamed off in another direction to prosecute my researches. The cause of the accident and of the noise was, however, never ascertained by the worthy hostess, whose belief in ghosts was so firm and unhesitating, that, next day, when I anxiously enquired the cause of the sound, which I had heard, she merely replied with a sigh, that *they were getting much more boisterous than when she was a girl.*

The house had been built by an Alderman—there could be no doubt of it. Let a very Sadducee but glance at the cellar—at the deep wine vaults handsomely fitted up with a groined roof, as if in honor of their choice contents, and his scepticism would be changed into certainty: owned perhaps, for all we may know, (Historians are strangely silent on this point) by a contemporary and rival of the veritable Whittington.

Whether that honorable office contains peculiar virtues which can convert the old or young and the lean and abstemious into the pot bellied votaries of gastronomy, or whether the fortunate possession of this qualification is essentially requisite for a candidate, is a mysterious secret of that worthy fraternity, or of nature, which it would be impious in me to endeavor to fathom and explain. But the fact is clear, that a thin Alderman would be as great a *lusus nature*, as a well fed bittern; and it is so apparent, that, in common parlance, a *member of a Corporation*, and the *possessor of a corporation*, are, what would be called in dialectics, convertible terms. But let the youthful and ardent students among my readers, take good heed to testify their gratitude at this second act of generosity in my refusing to monopolize and exhaust this important branch of science.

Time after time, I used to steal down into these rambling vaults, and once in a pleasing revery, fancied myself seated, like Rip Van Winkle, among the boon spirits of a by-gone age, whose portly figures showed that they had fared well upon earth, whatever may have been the treatment, which they have subsequently received. Exhilarated by the scene of plenty and profusion around me, I unconsciously exclaimed, in the words of the poet—

"I can call spirits from the vasty deep."

When I was suddenly awakened to the sad reality, by the scampering in every

* If there be any antiquarian among the citizens he has only to find my name and address in the directory and hunt me out. I hope he may be gratified by the sight of it.

direction, of droves of rats, who evinced astonishment and even annoyance at this beautiful passage from the bard of Avon, herein betraying their lamentable ignorance and bad taste. If the charitable reader should here feel any doubt as to my general sobriety and respectability, from my partaking *con amore* in those innocent libations, let him first reflect that the study of the law is dry, and that it tends greatly to aggravate, as well as excuse the thirsty soul.

But unfortunately, this inexpensive, though very unsubstantial amusement, like every thing earthly, must have an end; and I felt painfully convinced of the truth of the Heathen poet's* remark (and it is very creditable to him, and would not have disgraced even a christian)

" Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angat."

After a long season of harmless dissipation with these civic functionaries, I began to feel rather *blase*, and withal to experience the "*amari aliquid*," in the form of an unpleasant rheumatic twinge, for which, doubtless, the dampness of the vaults is answerable. Whether it is an invariable rule, that every one who may wish to enjoy the pleasures of the imagination, should necessarily have an *aching sidet*, with my usual forbearance, I leave with the discreet reader. It was, however, full time for me to reform, for my worthy old landlady began to think that her solitary, roaming lodger was either meditating a second *Gu. Fawkes'* plot, or must be slightly daft—so I was at length compelled to turn for amusement from the inanimate and spiritual objects, to the living curiosities of the place.

SKETCHES OF DARTMOUTH.

BY M. B. D.

(Continued from page 99.)

THE next subject for consideration, is the Shubenacadie Canal. It may easily be imagined that before the dawning of the present Century, and after a settlement of scarcely fifty years, the great highways of the country, were not in such a state,—at least, when contrasted with the advantages now enjoyed—as to afford to the Farmer, an easy conveyance of his commodities to the

* Lucretius resembles greatly those persons (and there be many of them) who can assist in building other men's fortunes, but cannot make their own. He has supplied Horace and Virgil plentifully with his verses and ideas, and in latter days, Byron—the above line being one instance. The writer would, however, exceedingly regret if this note should consign these (in many points, praiseworthy) authors to oblivion, as his only intent was, that the comparatively obscure Lucretius by having his name recorded here, might obtain the immortality he deserves. The reader is here, as in many other instances, greatly indebted to the suggestions of the judicious and erudite Professor Syntax, of Fogville University.

† See Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination.

principal market of the Province. The magnificent lakes, which form an almost unbroken chain, from Dartmouth to the Shubenacadie, naturally suggested the convenience and profit of opening up, by means of a suitable Canal, a navigation, by which farm produce and other articles might be transported to Halifax, with less trouble, and a diminished sacrifice of time and expense. The projectors of this scheme must therefore have considered it as one calculated in a great degree to promote the prosperity of the Province, and promising to realise for Dartmouth, and its vicinity, the most beneficial results. That these would have been the leading effects of its completion, no reasonable doubt can be entertained. If the work had been accomplished, carriers would not, as is now the case, be obliged to exhaust two days in journeying from Truro to Halifax, with moderate loads, and after deducting the expenses attending a long absence from home, receive but a paltry pittance, as a return for their toil.

The principal part of the following information, has been extracted from papers kindly furnished by C. W. Fairbanks, Esq., Civil Engineer.

The matter was first introduced to the notice of the Provincial Legislature, in the year 1797, and after due consideration, a survey of a route was ordered to be paid for out of the public funds. Mr. Hildreth, who is said to have been an Engineer of celebrity, was chosen to perform this duty, with the assistance of Mr. T. Chamberlain. The survey was proceeded with, and Mr. Hildreth's estimate for establishing a navigation for vessels of sixty feet keel, sixteen feet beam, and drawing from four to five feet of water, amounted to £24,002 17s. 6d. Halifax Currency.

Subsequent to the above measures being taken, the subject rested until the year 1814, when it was again recommended to the consideration of Parliament, by Sir John Sherbrooke, then Lieutenant Governor of the Province, and a sum of money was voted by the House, for a re-examination of the line. At this period it was deemed that a communication could be had, between Lake William, and the Harbor *via* Bedford Basin, but Mr. Gill, who was duly authorised to examine this line, disapproved of it, and reported that, in his opinion, the route originally proposed was more advisable. A long interval again occurred, nothing further being done until in the year 1824 a grant was made to defray the expense of another survey, and an act was passed, to incorporate a company.

The services of Mr. Francis Hall, an Engineer, then resident in Canada, were engaged in 1825. In his report dated in June of that year, he stated the cost of a Canal, of four feet depth of Water, at £44,136. 18s. 5d., and of eight feet depth, at £55,344 17s. 5d. currency.

An association was now organized at Halifax, to prosecute the enterprise, and a sum of about £18,000 was subscribed towards the expense. The Legislature also granted £15,000, payable on the completion of certain portions of the work. It was soon ascertained that the amount of capital required, could not be

obtained in the Province. The original plan was accordingly modified, and it was determined to proceed with the funds in hand, and adapt the Canal to sea going vessels, of one hundred tons burthen. A charter having been procured, a Board of Directors was appointed, Mr. Hall employed as Engineer in charge, and notice requiring Tenders, published, and by the intervention of a Jury, the company were invested with a title to such lands, as it became expedient to use for Canal purposes.

Mr. Hall, having made his preliminary arrangements in 1826, and the locks necessary to be constructed at Port Wallace, and Reeve's section being considered the most difficult and extensive, it was decided that these should be built first; the Contract for which was entered into by Mr. Hoard, and Mr. Kidd.

It requires no stretch of the imagination, to conceive how anxiously all parties looked forward to the time when, it was believed, a great step was to be made in promoting the well being of the country. The-twenty fifth day of July, 1826, having been fixed for the actual commencement of the work, all classes, from the highest functionary of the land, to the poor and lowly peasant, prepared to witness the interesting ceremony; their countenances, in all probability beaming with satisfaction, and bespeaking those kindly and finer feelings of the heart, the exercise of which, measures, tending largely to increase the general good, invariably call forth, but which unfortunately, in too many instances, disappear with the causes which give them birth.

The first ground was solemnly broken at Port Wallace, near the Red Bridge, on the day last mentioned, by the Earl of Dalhousie, then Governor General of the Provinces, in presence of Sir James Kempt, Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia; Sir Howard Douglas, Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick; Major General Sir John Keane, Commander of the Forces at Jamaica; Rear Admiral Leake, and all the principal Military and Naval Officers, and inhabitants of whom the warmest interest was manifested in the undertaking, thus auspiciously commenced.

A difficulty was experienced by the Company, in procuring laborers, and a vessel called the Corsair, was chartered by Mr. Kidd, who proceeded to Scotland, and returned in the Spring of 1827, with about 40 stone cutters, and masons, with their families, and also a quantity of free stone. These men, began working at the locks before described, in 1827 and 1828. The sound of the hammer was soon heard, and signs of industry gave evidence that a proper spirit had been infused into Nova Scotians, who manifested a determination to give their Country the benefit of works, which in other places had been found necessary aids to advancement.

One of the Contractors becoming embarrassed in his circumstances, tenders were accepted by the Company for the lock at Fletcher's Lake, and that at the south end of the first Dartmouth lake, and afterwards for the one at the Grand

Lake, the estimated cost of which several locks, with water wears, and embankments, reached the sum of £11,800. 14s. 0d. currency.

In 1829 the funds of the Company, had so far decreased, that it was thought advisable to send the Secretary, (the late Honorable Charles R. Fairbanks,) on a mission to England, in order to raise an additional sum. The fruit of this mission, was an agreement by the British Government, to loan £20,000, sterling, at four per cent interest, so soon as the assent of Parliament should be procured, and to receive as a security therefor, a Mortgage of the Canal, its tolls, and profits, with authority to carry on the works, and in the event of the same being neglected by the Company, to finish them. A sale of shares in the capital stock, was made in England by the zealous and indefatigable Secretary, to the extent of £27,000 sterling.

During his absence, a change was made in the route of the Canal, on the Dartmouth section, in order that the entrance to the Harbor might be effected at the head of the Mill Cove, instead of eastward of the Mill, where land had been acquired for its site. The reason for this alteration, was that the latter place was too much exposed to the prevailing winds, from the South West, and by their operation would be liable to be filled with sand.

Many changes were subsequently made in places where the walls had not been properly built. The Company had hitherto been enabled to keep the wages of the workmen regularly paid up, but the standing funds together with advances made by several gentlemen, to a large extent, being exhausted, and the Contractors representing themselves as perfectly destitute, and considerable violence being shewn by the persons employed—the labors of the Company were suspended; and so soon as those portions of the work which had been erected, were secured against the winter, all further operations were abandoned.

While the Canal was in progress, quite an increase was made in the amount of business transacted in Dartmouth, and money circulated freely. But at this crisis, a sudden reverse was experienced, and many persons who had embarked in the enterprise, were consigned to bankruptcy and ruin.

The work has never been re-commenced, and its repose has been disturbed only by those persons, who from time to time have made common property of the iron and other things appertaining to it. Its broken gates and crumbling walls speak its history, and tell in unmistakable language, that a lavish expenditure of funds is the principal thing which has as yet arisen from its inception. The stones are in many places covered with moss, and the streams, over which vessels were expected to wend their way, laden with merchandize and the necessaries of life, have at intervals become filled with an accumulation of soil and rubbish.

Great exertions have been made, for several years past, by C. W. Fairbanks Esq., to have the Canal put into effective operation. This gentleman has occupied much time in preparing plans, imparting information, and endeavoring

to have a Company formed for this purpose. The rights and privileges enjoyed by the British Government, have been released, and the entire work having been purchased by the local Government, is now the property of the Province.

The labors of Mr. Fairbanks have been so far successful, that petitions numerously signed by respectable and influential inhabitants of Halifax, Dartmouth, and Shubenacadie, praying for a transfer of the works to a private Company, for the sum paid by the Government, were presented to the House of Assembly during the last Session. A Committee was appointed, by whom several gentlemen of standing were examined, and the subject fully investigated. A report favorable to the prayer of the petitioners, was introduced by the Chairman. A Charter of Incorporation was submitted, when it was moved in amendment, that it be deferred for three months, by which it was lost, a large majority voting against it. From the haste in which the public business was considered towards the close of the Session, this, with other highly important subjects, was thus postponed till the next year.

It is to be hoped that those Members of the Legislature, who thought it right to oppose the measure when last brought to their notice, will, in view of the great benefits to be derived from its adoption, and in the exercise of a fair spirit, be prepared at their next meeting, to give to it their warm advocacy and support.

When the requisite steps are taken, the Canal may be resumed under more favorable auspices. The inhabitants of Dartmouth especially, would have reason to rejoice in the completion of the work, as the place would rapidly grow into a large and flourishing Town, and realise to some extent, the golden dreams of those, who entered at first with so much spirit into the undertaking.

THE WALTON CLUB.

FRANK LINDSAY'S FIRST ATTEMPT AT FLY FISHING.

(Continued from page 187.)

WHEN Nelson met the boys he looked rather chop fallen, as if conscious that he had not cut a very creditable figure in running away; but as there was no time to be lost, they went in quest of the fish, determined to deal with him in a summary manner. "Did't Peter tell us to thrust the finger and thumb of the right hand firmly into the eyes, and hold him thus, and that he could not bite?" said Charley! I'll measure my strength with him—here's the line, he can't be far off—hallo! gone! as I am a sinner, he exclaimed, with a look of

the blankest disappointment, there is all we have got of him, half an inch of the side of his head, left upon the hook." "Why," said Randolph, pettishly, "it is nothing but misfortune from beginning to end; I think we had better pack up and go home at once." "Let us at least take home the fragment of the pike's jaw, as *opimas polia*," said Frank, "a proof that we actually had the monster; for just as surely as Cuvier determined the size and character of an antedeluvian Mastodon from a single bone, so surely will Peter determine the size of our prize, from this precious remnant." "Ah Nelson," said Charley, half seriously, "it was too bad, after all we did for you yesterday—to serve us so scurvy a trick to-day; but look, upon my honor, the poor brute's tail is bleeding, he has been bitten severely." And so indeed he was; the sharp teeth of the pike had sunk deeply into the flesh and made several ugly wounds, so that instead of rebuke poor Nelson received sympathy and attention.

It now began to rain, or rather drizzle; a thick Scotch mist was falling, sufficient to wet one to the skin in half an hour. It was agreed on all hands that there was no use in remaining any longer, and accordingly they wound up their tackle and returned to the Sannox. Old Donald Campbell heard their story with open mouthed admiration, said it was an *unco pity* he got haud o' the doug, but they were vicious beyond description, and that it was shust as weel that he got awa. This was not very comfortable reasoning, but Donald assured them that they would get some fine trouts in the afternoon if they would go out with him and try their luck in the Airy. The Airy is a dark rapid stream running from loch Awe into loch Fine, and the spirits of the boys were as full of glee and hope as ever, as they discussed their prospects over an excellent and substantial highland breakfast. The Sannox, it ought to have been mentioned, was a farm house of rather small dimensions, consisting of two apartments, "a but and aben," thatched with heather, which heather was kept from blowing away, by large stones being placed upon it. The kitchen had no chimney, but a hole made in the roof, so that the smoke first of all filled the room and afterwards made the best of its way out by the door and the aperture above mentioned. It was dingy and sad enough, but it was something new, and the boys, had they had their choice, would certainly have preferred it to the drawing room at Clyde Bank, for the nonce.

Towards the afternoon it cleared up, and Donald made preparations to take his young friends where they would get plenty of trout. His fishing rod was a very rude one: simply a long straight branch tapering to the end, a piece of common twine, and a hook dressed in the coarsest manner. All the city fishing rods had been broken, but he kindly told them that they should catch fish about with his—so that it was not much matter. Provided with a few worms they set out for the Airy, and Donald without loss of time set to work. The second throw he hooked a large fish, and led it quietly and deliberately down stream, observing that it was, always best to play a fish by drawing him down the

current. The stream thus assists you in exhausting him and soon drowns the fish. Never be in a hurry—be cool but quick—strike him in a moment, and he is afterwards pretty safe. The trout was landed and turned out a fine fish about two and a half pounds weight. “Now try, sir,” said Donald, turning to Frank, “and take time, throw the line out well, and stand off the bank—a trout has a quick eye.” Frank took the rod and threw out pretty well, and was rewarded by a hungry dash at the bait, and a miss. “Tak time, rather let him swallow the bait than strike too soon, tak more time.” Another trial and another, and at last a fine fellow was secured, and Frank with trembling hand guided him down stream, according to directions. He was a splendid salmon trout, shewing capital sport, and was at length pulled to the shore by main strength.

The string and the rod did great execution that afternoon, and the evening found them in possession of more than a dozen beautiful trouts; and as they looked upon their bright speckled sides, they reflected with gratified pride that they would have something to show on their return. They determined to set out for home on the following afternoon. They were pleased—they were delighted—most grateful to their Highland friend, for the valuable lesson he had given them, but were now anxious to report their success. Both Randolph and Charley thought on the pleasure they would give their stepmother by presenting her with such fine fish, caught by themselves. While Frank was equally proud to think that he too would surprise his mother with the abundant produce of a Highland stream. The evening was spent very happily.

Old Donald Campbell had a son, a Benjamin, the pride of his old age, and his mother told the young gentlemen how that he had been learning Latin at the Parish School, and what a good boy he was. Frank delighted her heart by hearing him read a lesson; and declared his entire satisfaction with his talents and progress; and when he said, with perfect truth that he was superior to many boys he knew in the High School, the old lady actually wept for joy. What can exceed the depth of a mother’s love? and how hard and thoughtless must be that heart which could give a moment’s pain to the best friend we can have on earth!

On the following morning the boys bade a kind adieu to their obliging friends at the Sannox. Frank promised to send some books to the young Highland scholar, and no entreaty could induce these honest people to accept any compensation for the trouble they had been put to. But Frank kept his word, and the old people received besides, from another source, what we have no doubt they accepted with gratitude. Early in the morning they crossed Loch Fine in a small boat with the intention of travelling twenty miles, and passing the night with an old bachelor clergyman, who was in the habit every summer of spending a few days at the house of Frank’s father. The day was very sultry, the road was hard and rocky, and long before they reached

the end of their journey, their feet were blistered. They were very tired, and had concluded over and over again, that a Highland mile must be at least as long as three ordinary ones. The minister's house at last came in sight, and Frank walked in without ceremony, introducing his young friends. There was more surprise than pleasure in the countenance of the old parson, though he said that he was glad to see them. This old man had, for the long space of forty years, been the minister of Strachan, and though his income had never been over £120 per annum, he had amassed more than £3000. He was a sad miser, denying himself the merest necessities of life, and therefore it was no wonder, though the boys wondered at it, when he told them how comfortable they would find themselves at the little Inn. This was rather a broad hint which they were not slow to take, consigning the miserable parson to the dark side of the Styx. The *Inn* to which he recommended them, was a small way-side public house, and, when they went to it they found it occupied by a number of Highland drovers. But the further adventures of our young heroes we must reserve for another chapter.

SKETCHES—DESCRIPTIVE, REFLECTIVE, AND IMAGINATIVE.

BY NED BRENTON.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE ART OF WRITING.

How sure and with the veriest ease fathom we the train of thought sweeping through the mind of Edward Lytton Bulwer, on the occasion of that exclamation—which the more we scan the more we are convinced is the result of long and earnest scrutiny of the subject:—

"Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
The Pen is mightier than the sword."

'Tis true!—'tis true, moreover, that no fair contrast can be maintained for a moment between the two. The sword had its empire: it appealed to the fears of men, and its effects were cloven heads, and lacerated faces, and the ashes and dust of the red War God—and homes and hearts made desolate. Yet, marry, the time was when that empire of the sword was a mighty one—and exerted a vast sway over the iron-clad and lion-hearted adventurers of the middle ages;—but necessarily it came to an end, because its empire was over *matter*, and not *mind*, and its rewards were as inadequate to gratify the human heart as was the punishment it inflicted to restrain wrong. What were the victor's car, and the laurel wreath, and the prophet-warrior turban, and

the cross of knighthood at the breast, to fill the yawning *chasm* in the hearts of men, once these things were won? Verily, the very mockery of childhood, which charm but in anticipation.

To fill the void, the prize sought for must elude the grasp; it must be one continued struggle to achieve, and one continued disappointment; but under that disappointment the spirit faints not, neither does the iris-eyed Hope cease "to spring triumphant in the breast." In that struggle the mind becomes enlarged, and its capabilities to achieve increase, as the object to be attained fades dimly in the distance, and becomes more difficult to attain. This is the search for knowledge,—for the perfection of intellect,—for the magic word and sign which will cause the revelation of all hidden things.

But how vain would have been this search—how beastly the condition of man, had he not discovered a method to record and communicate his thoughts, and transmit them to posterity!—so that the ideas springing forth from the human mind, and once born in the world of intellect, should die no more—but animate other minds, when its originators had ceased to think forever.

What, then, do we not owe to the Art of Writing? With that discovery the mind of man was RE-CREATED; and that hour when the grand idea burst upon the giant soul of the first inventor is imperishable, while the ages of old time are noted by human ken. The hour before its invention, man's voice, exerted to its most extreme pitch, could be heard but by a few thousands, and that but for an hour or two, when it must become silent from exhaustion. The hour after that invention, and man could impress his immaterial thought in living and imperishable characters on material matter, giving to it a tongue and a mind which would speak for him and be heard in every home and lamlet of an empire, and be re-echoed to posterity far down the tide of time, even when the mind which gave it birth had returned to its Maker.

The day before this invention, the spirit of one country was estranged from the spirit of all other countries, and for almost all the purposes of intercourse, the families of man might as well not have belonged to one race. The day after—and wisdom was endowed with the gift of a tireless tongue and spake, through her interpreters, to all the tribes of the earth,—to all the children of Adam. The day before its invention, and nothing but a faint and fading tradition of all that had been spoken by the wisest and best of men, could be preserved by the over-burdened memory. The day after—and thought became imperishable; it sprang up in *that* hour to an earthly immortality; it seized its new-found instruments of record and commemoration, and, deserting the body as it sank with its weak organs into the dust, it carved on its very gravestone—"Henceforth the mind of man shall live forever."

Till that moment the proud eloquence of the orator, and the calm wisdom of the sage, and the triumphant minstrel's song, died in echoes on the air, as the words were uttered by the lips and were remembered no more. But in that

hour, stamped with the indestructibility of undying Art, human thought became immortal; and once born in the world of spirit and cut in the tablet, or traced on the papyrus—written on the parchment or printed on the paper—it died no more—but became a boon and a heritage to the sons of men forever.

DYING WORDS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS.

1.—“HEAD OF THE ARMY!”—NAPOLEON.

USURPER, Conqueror, Warrior, King—

Suffering and pale he lay;
A shaft had struck the eagle wing,
And pierced the strong array.
A mightier one than all was there:
The conqueror by a breath;
And he the once proud lord of war,
Napoleon—gazed on Death!

But thought on memory's current born,
Was busy in that hour;
His dreams were then of manhood's morn,—
Of victory and of power.
Defeat and ruin passed away,
He saw but glory's smile—
Nor thought of prison or decay,
In lone Helena's Isle.

Battle and trump and lordly drum!
These sounds his spirit heard;
He saw the bannered army come—
Rang out the chieftain's word!
He saw the gleaming sabres flash,
He heard the foeman's cry—
And thro' the din and martial clash,
He shouted victory!

These were the warrior's dying dreams!
He lived but in the past;
There only shone those glowing beams
Which haunt us to the last.
Proud memory mocked the strong control
Of danger's wasting breath;
The ruling passion of his soul
Found utterance e'en in death.

“Head of the Army!” such the shout
Heard from that dying bed!
A moment more—the flame went out—
Napoleon's soul had fled.
The mightiest and the least of men—
Earth's master for a day—
Was far beyond this mortal ken,
Nought left but silent clay.

PAGES FOR PASTIME.—(Continued from Fol. 119.)

Charade No. 16.

Without my whole my second fears my first,
 From which, nought but my whole can set him free ;
 Yet e'en without my first, he'd still be cursed,
 For but for that my whole could never be.
 Without my first, my whole will be my second ;
 Which, if it be, 'tis not my whole 'tis plain,
 My whole being gone, my first finds out my second,
 And both are merged into my whole again.
 Now, in my whole, the others must unite,
 Yet by my whole alone, can they be parted ;
 This parting spoils my whole—my first in spite,
 Seizes my second—and the game's re-started !
 Tell me what is this thing so passing strange,
 Existing in this town (and none to shew it,)
 Which, in a circle, thus with constant change
 Destroy'd, reforms itself!—I'm sure you know it.

17. Conundrum for Provincials.

When does a Back-woodsman felling trees, resemble an unstable wind ?

18. Conundrum for Englishmen.

Why, on an emergency, could a ship be fitted out for service in Yorkshire, sooner than in any other English County ?

19. Conundrum for Scotsmen

How does the Queen in leaving England every Summer, evince a preference for Scottish agriculture ?

20. Conundrum for Americans

When is a married Yankee traveller, like a Bachelor ?

21. Conundrum for West Indians.

Why is a Calcutta laborer, who migrates to the plantations of Demerara, unlikely to be pleased with his new position ?

22. Conundrum for Russians.

If you desired to purchase land in Siberia, what river of that country would the seller probably name ?

REVIEW OF THE PAST MONTH.

Since our last number scarcely any thing of importance has occurred in Provincial affairs.

A portion of the garrison of Halifax, the forty-second Royal Highlanders, embarked on the 29th of May for Scotland. It is understood to be the avowed intention of Government that the force now removed from the Colony is not again to be replaced.

No definite or satisfactory intelligence has been received from the Provincial Railway Delegates. It is stated that Messrs. Hincks and Chandler were preparing to leave England on their return respectively to Canada and New Brunswick.

In the absence of matter of more immediate interest, we may refer to the recent establishment of two weekly journals intended to promote and foster the interests of British America, namely, the *INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL*, published simultaneously in Boston and New York, and which has now reached its fifteenth number—and the *UNITED EMPIRE* published in Toronto, Canada, which was commenced on April 27th. These periodicals are worthy of notice as marking the progress of social and commercial intercourse between the Republic and British Colonies of America. To illustrate the purposes at which the *International Journal* aims, and the objects it advocates, we make the following quotation from an explanatory editorial article in a recent number :

“ We hold that, now and evermore, England’s people and ours should be friends—forgetting the evil doings of by-gone ministers and governments.

And as to annexation, we don’t care three straws about it—we don’t look for it at all, in fact. In this matter we entertain a sort of Turkish fatalism, and say what will be, will be. The Provinces don’t seem to want annexation. The home government permits to them increasing freedoms every day, and they are nearly on a social level with ourselves. We think they can work out their own prosperity, and we believe they will do it. All we desire is, that we shall trade together like brethren—the tariffs that separate us being all put out of the way. That is all the annexation we ever look for. Indeed, to say the truth, we have a foolish sort of idea that it would be all the better for society on this continent that England should have an influence here. If she lost all American foot-holds, we should be cut off from our insular brethren; and this, considering the improved politics of modern years, is not a desirable thing. It would be better that the old Island, for the sake of her kindly people, should still cling to the powerful young Continent; and that both should be, as it were, one great English-speaking family. As for the people of the Provinces, we highly respect them, and think in tone of society, in literature, and modes of speculation, they have many qualities in some respects superior to ours; and so thinking, we believe they can and will make a civilization of their own, in an independent British way, quite as good and dignified as the Republican. We do not think they need change their denomination to be altogether such as we are. *The Provinces are, in fact, slowly and safely becoming republican enough, to satisfy any sensible lover of liberty.*

We want no annexation. We want nothing that would tend to create ill feeling between us and that island *people* with whom, for the sake of humanity, we should remain in peace and friendship for ever. England is becoming a democratic monarchy, and her condition and ours must approximate every year. England is the great hope of freedom in Europe. In spite of this government or that government, or those high-handed ways which certainly show that the Millennium is a good way off, we insist that such is the truth.

We are for eternal amity with the paternal Bull, who is growing a more sensible old boy, every day; and we don’t care a pinch of Lundy Foot about annexation. Only let the tariffs be put out of the way and let us all meet in the market place on equal terms. If this be done the Provinces will find themselves even more closely connected with us of the Northern States than are Florida, Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico, or any of those other distant common-wealths which sit within our national lines.”

In addition to the political objects expressed in its title as regards the Provinces, the *UNITED EMPIRE* has aims somewhat similar to our own, viz. the advancement of provincial literature, which are thus appropriately set forth in its prospectus.

“ Shall the society of Toronto, and of the other cities and towns in Canada, be largely sprinkled with learned professors—useful, valuable, as they unquestionably are—whilst, in the length and breadth of the land, no man can point out a genius; no man can put his finger on an individual who has contributed a poem,—

a history,—a valuable work to the monument of his country's mental respectability; and without which contributions such monument never can be constructed. But it will be answered,—“Literature has had no encouragement; genius has had no outlet. If they had had, the case would be different.” Very true; and this is precisely the thing we wished admitted. Literature should have had encouragement; literature should now have encouragement; and were we disposed to make unpleasant comparisons, we could point out where almost every thing that could add to this country's material wealth, has had the fostering mantle of the government and the people spread around it, whilst every thing that might add to its mental riches, has been withered by cold neglect, or has been permitted “to waste its sweets” upon the trackless wild. Shall this state of things continue, we ask? We sincerely trust not. But the remedy is in the hands of the public. It is for them to apply it.

Personally, or as far rather as our paper is concerned, we shall endeavor—and our large sheet affords us some latitude—to contribute to the improvement of public taste, by selecting the best things we can find in the current literature of the day; and by encouraging those who can write among us, to make the attempt; and those who do, to help us in what is much more “a labour of love” than a matter of profit.—And we hope we have said enough of the necessity for a literature in this country; of the little encouragement it has had, and the much it should have had, to induce the public to second the efforts of a few who are endeavouring to do the work of the many.”

We observe by the British Journals that Rosas, Ex-Governor and refugee from Buenos Ayres, South America, had arrived at Plymouth, and been received with distinction.

The Great Exhibition building has been purchased by a company for £70,000, and is to be removed from its present site. It is proposed to convert the building into a winter garden and museum of science and art.

In the latter part of April the English Funds were unusually buoyant. Three per cent consols rose to 100, a circumstance that has occurred but once previously within the present century, and but twice since their creation in 1750. The amount of bullion in the bank of England had reached Twenty Millions sterling.

Lord Panmure died on April 13th, at the age of 82. He has left £4,700 in suitable sums, to various charitable Institutions of Scotland. His son, the Right Hon. Fox Maule, succeeds to his titles and great estates.

The expedition commanded by Sir Edward Belcher, (a Nova-Scotian) which sailed from Stromness on the 24th of April in search of Sir John Franklin, consists of the Assistance, Resolute, North Star, *Propeller* Intrepid, *Propeller* Pioneer. They are supplied with every requisite, including harpoon guns, Minie rifles, balloons (Shepherd's) which will float on the water should they come down at sea, together with all the accessories of scientific discovery and experience.

From the east we learn that the expedition against the Burmese goes on successfully, as does also the war against the Kaffirs, at the Cape of Good Hope, though it does not promise a very speedy termination.

Public sympathy has been excited by the account of a missionary party headed by a Captain Allan F. Gardiner, which had perished by starvation at the island of Pieton, near Cape Horn. The British Ship of war *Dido*, discovered their remains with a diary kept by Captain G., which has been published in the British Newspapers.

There is nothing deserving particular notice to record in regard to France or other parts of Europe.