Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- [ ] Coloured covers/ Couverture de couleur
- [ ] Covers damaged/ Couverture endommagée
- [ ] Covers restored and/or laminated/ Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- [ ] Cover title missing/ Le titre de couverture manque
- [ ] Coloured maps/ Cartes géographiques en couleur
- [ ] Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/ Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- [ ] Coloured plates and/or illustrations/ Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- [ ] Bound with other material/ Relié avec d'autres documents
- [x] Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/ La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- [ ] Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/ Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

- [ ] Coloured pages/ Pages de couleur
- [x] Pages damaged/ Pages endommagées
- [ ] Pages restored and/or laminated/ Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- [x] Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- [ ] Pages detached/ Pages détachées
- [x] Showthrough/ Transparence
- [x] Quality of print varies/ Qualité inégale de l'impression
- [ ] Continuous pagination/ Pagination continue
- [x] Includes index(es)/ Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/ Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- [ ] Title page of issue/ Page de titre de la livraison
- [ ] Caption of issue/ Titre de départ de la livraison
- [ ] Masthead/ Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

- [ ] Additional comments:/ Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
						✓					

THE

GUARDIAN,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF

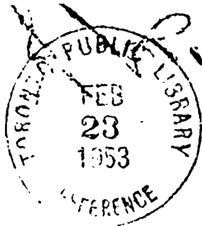
EDUCATION

AND

GENERAL LITERATURE.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.
PRINTED BY BARNES AND COMPANY,
PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.
1860.

[*Price of the Volume—2s. 6d.*]



122341

INDEX.

N. B.—The Articles marked thus * are selected: the rest are original.

PAGE.

Acadia, History of - - 145, 175
" Summer trips in - 182
America, Poetry in - 83, 101, 133
" British 13, 34, 61 87, 104, 131, 145, 178, 208
Advent, State of the world at the 148
Brougham when a boy,* - 19
Beaver, The - - - - 159
Botany of the Lower Provinces, 93
Choice of a Profession. - - 11
Coal. Introduction, 180; varieties of coal, theories of formation, 120; fossil botany of the coal measures, 154; fossil zoology of do., 172
Common things, The teaching of 70
Cape Breton I. - - - - 131,217
Comets,* - - - - - 191
Caribou, The - - - - 65
Decade, The last - - - - 17
Education in New Brunswick, 165, 180
English Language, History and Etymology of - - - - 49
Fame, The ladder of* - - 160
Gleanings,* 24, 48, 71, 96, 120, 144, 192
Geography in Schools, - 43
Grace Thornton—A tale of Acadia. Chap. I. 113; Chap. II. 137; Chap. III. 140; Chap. IV. 161; Chap. V. 162; Chap. VI. 164; Chap. VII. 185; Chap. VIII. 193; Chap. IX. 197; Chap. X. 201; Chap. XI. 201;
Geography of New Brunswick, 13, 24, 61
" Nova Scotia, 63, 87, 104
" Cape Breton, 131
" Prince Edward I., 132
Grouse, The - - - - 178
History of Acadia, - 145 175
" New Brunswick (since 1784), - 208
" Nova Scotia, do., 213
Historic review of the last Decade, 17
History and Historians, - 110
Love of Admiration a Virtue, 117, 141
Mary Queen of Scotts, - - 41
Major Tiffin and his Malay Cord, 66, 91
Macaulay the Essayist, - - 89
Money—A school composition, 119

PAGE.

New Zealand,* - - - - - 22
Opening Address - - - - 1
Old Schoolmaster's Story, - 18
Paterson W., Founder of the Bank of England, - - - - 45
Poetry in America, 83, 101, 133
Prince Edward Island, - 131, 217
Papers by a Recluse. No. 1. On Mother Earth, 5; No. 2. On discipleship—the Recluse waxeth cynical, 31; No. 3. Confession of some grave faults, 57; No. 4. On the female sex, 79; No. 5. Confidence v. diffidence, 124; No. 6. On giving advice, 151; No. 7. The Recluse, his disgust at the nineteenth century, 169; No. 8. How to take the world, experience of Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson; Conclusion, 203
Reviews, - 20, 45, 67, 95, 144
Scholastic 18, 43, 70, 119, 144, 165, 188
Source of Tennyson's "Idylis," 39
Slang, - - - - - 128
State of the world at the Christian Advent, - - - - 148
Summer trips in Acadia, - 182
Thee-kis-ho or the White Swallow: A tale of British America (Adapted,)* 7, 25, 53, 73, 97
Zoology of the Lower Provinces, 94

POEMS.

Address to the Sea, - - 64
Approach of Spring, - - 129
Art, Lines on - 167, 190
Christmas Carol, - - 12
Constancy, - - - 181
Cloud, The - - - 112
Dying girl's dream, The - 43
Education,* - - - 20
Hearts Echoes, - - - 150
La Naissance de la Marsellaise, 206
Memory - - - 181
Origin of the Marsellaise Hymn, 206
Poem from the Polish,* - 72
Past, The - - - 119
Sea King's War Song, The 93
Wintry Winds are o'er. - 130

THE GUARDIAN,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF

Education and General Literature.

TO OUR READERS.

Progress is the motto of the age and the Province of New Brunswick is quite alive to its importance. In all the branches of industry practised within its confines, steady advancement is being made. Improvements are not only readily adopted, but are inquired after. It is clearly seen, that to run the world's race, men must exert themselves to apply knowledge, as well as manual dexterity to their varied employments. While improvements are going on in the scientific and material state of the community, we should expect that literature would be in no backward condition; neither is it so. A great mass of reading matter of good quality is perused and books are within the reach of almost all. Many take pride in searching for beauties in the poet, and find pleasure even in the graver tones of the historian; while there are not a few who have tasked their faculties in the composition of essays in many branches of literature. The hurried effusions of the day, however, are much oftener the extent of their endeavours. A letter upon some small local dispute or political job, more frequently engages their pens than an article fit for general reading. A Magazine literature is required to foster such talent, and in this Province there is none. Magazines are imported in great quantities, it is true, but they are not ours: they belong to other people; we seem merely to have the privilege of reading them; they are, as it were, beyond us. The valuable ones mostly belong to Britain; while America produces some that are excellent, but a great many that are very trashy.

To occupy this field, THE GUARDIAN has been started; to bring into play the literary tastes of the community; to afford an opportunity for those, who wish to improve themselves by writing, to bring their works before the public, and thus to hinder their powers from lying dormant—in short, to encourage a home literature. The question then arises: What is to be written upon, when party politics and sectarianism are to be carefully shunned? To this is answered, we have a fine Province that requires advancement in many ways, and will afford topics enough for the most prolific pen. We cannot be expected to have the legends of an old country—to gather such from some dusty and worm eaten volume, that has long escaped notice in the muniment room of "Castle eld," is denied us; but surely in our history and even in our every day life there must be some "moving accidents by flood and field" that are as well worth recounting as tale of fay or goblin. Gallant Knights with lance in rest "sans peur, sans reproche," we have not, but are there not the Loyalists, without reproach or fear, overcoming the giant troubles that obstruct the career of the first Colonist of the wilderness; and had they not wives and daughters as beautiful, and having more womanly virtues, than the "Ladye faire" of old romance? We have the primeval forest, the remnant of the red men, land and sea, hill and dale, for the imaginative. Human nature is here; action, passion, and thought, can therefore, be examined by the speculative. The soil, trade, navigation, the wonders of sea and land, are they not as patent to us as to the inhabitants of other lands, or do ours require no chronicling?

The subject of Parish School Education shall receive a fair share of our space: questions of importance to the Teacher, Parent, and Scholar, shall be discussed from time to time—encouragement is now given to the Teacher to ask information from his brethren through the Magazine, or to explain his views upon school matters. Whoever feels an interest in this subject and wishes to bring before the public anything likely to assist in its advancement may rest assured of a welcome to our pages.

Kind reader, wishing you a happy New Year, we lay our work before you, not without hopes of kindly support in many quarters, and forbearance in all.

PAPERS BY A RECLUSE.

No. 1.

There are various motives which impel a man to write. One individual is incited by a thirst for fame; another by a distant and too often a delusive prospect of wealth; a third grasps his pen under the influence of that Bridewell siren, necessity, who has lured him to the task by the irresistible strains of "Nothing to eat;" a fourth is seized with the Cac. Scrib.*; a fifth is actually engaged by the publisher; while a sixth claims the public ear under the conviction that he has something to say. To which of these circumstances the world is indebted for the literary advent of the writer of these papers, he deems it not its business to inquire, nor his to confess, albeit some allowance is due to a curiosity excited by the sudden appearance of a professed recluse in full hermitic costume upon the stage of busy life—but hark! he speaks:—

I crave thy sufferance, O reader, while I presume to discuss

THE WORLD AS IT IS.

By which comprehensive term I mean simply, the world as it appears to a recluse.

By virtue of my character, I claim an entire freedom from the strictly conventional rules of society. I shall therefore pursue my investigations in my own way. I shall impale man upon my insect pin, and peruse him as I would his lesser brother for whom the instrument was originally designed. I shall flit from subject to subject, and from gayety to gravity, as my whims prompt me. I claim to enter wherever the doors are thrown open to the public —nay, I claim the right even to stand amid the juveniles, and admire the tempting delicacies of a candy shop, provided that I stand in nobody's way. Having thus stated my postulates, I proceed at once to transgress a very ancient rule, by beginning at the beginning, with a glance at the condition of our common and beneficent *mother Earth.*

Though not yet presenting decided signs of senility, the old lady is by no means so youthful as she has been. By the most moderate calculation, she has been a worthy member of the planetary household for nearly six thousand years; while there are not wanting those who assert that she may justly lay claim to a far more venerable age—that the period to which her infancy is commonly assigned, is in reality that of her first season after formal presentation at the Solar Court, and that she had previously passed through a long and gloomy nonage in the nursery and shortfrocks. In what way this discovery has been made I leave to the reader's own powers of investigation, simply remarking in this place that the mode of calculation usual with a certain class of traders will not apply here, from the absence of the organs commonly inspected; unless

* Scribbler's itch.—*Printer's Dev.*

indeed our theorists have assumed an equality of age between our honored mother and her pale-faced, vigil keeping handmaid, the moon; and have based their assertion upon the results of an examination of the horns which adorn the latter.

Her personal appearance has probably suffered little material change since her youth. She is decidedly *embonpoint*, or, to use a familiar phrase, she is as broad as she is long. Indeed this expression is, in the present instance, degraded from its usual standing as an innocent hyperbole, by certain matter-of-fact individuals who have decided that of the two dimensions her breadth is the greater. Many of her features are prominent, but none are vulgar. In short notwithstanding her age, the rotundity of her figure, and a few trifling deformities received from certain unruly members of her family, she may be said to possess a remarkable degree of beauty.

With regard to her disposition, in the opinion of many, the less that is said the better. Her temper is undoubtedly capricious; but I regard this rather as an infirmity than as a vice. Her temperament inclines to the nervous. I have frequently seen her countenance at one moment distorted with passion, at the next bathed in tears, and anon radiant with smiles, in true hysterical succession. In her behaviour to her offspring she has been accused of partiality. Towards some she assumes quite a freezing air, while she enervates others by the warmth of her caresses. However, even to the most favored of her children she exhibits periodically a somewhat unpleasant harshness of deportment; but I have not unfrequently observed that filial affection is by no means weakest in those who have been treated with a certain degree of severity.

Her constitution is generally good, though she is occasionally afflicted with a species of convulsions. Her agony when the fit seizes her is fearful—her groans are audible at a great distance—her natural firmness seems to forsake her, and a violent tremor pervades her frame. Consternation reigns throughout her family, for sad accidents have at such times occurred. She has been known during the violence of her spasms to destroy great numbers of her children at a moment's warning.

——— Great Mother! though thou art thus terrible in thy wrath and in thy anguish, I love thee. With each of thy vicissitudes my affection for thee changes only to increase. When thou smilest thy child is made glad, and in thy sterner moods the very sublimity of thy rage fills him with awe and admiration. But I love thee most when, arrayed in the sober garb of night, thou art about to hush thy family to rest. Then even the hares, most timid of thy little ones, gaze upon thee fearlessly, and frolic upon thy bosom. Then too the recluse wanders forth, and, soothed into a pensive yet pleasing sadness by the repose of nature, turns back the pages of the book of time, and dwells upon some favorite passage of the past; or glancing over the portion of the volume yet unread, contemplates the story of the coming evening when for him the shadows will lengthen for the last time; and when he shall compose himself to sleep his long sleep, nestling in his mother's breast. J.

THE WHITE SWALLOW.

A TALE OF BRITISH AMERICA.

I.—The Dog-Ribbed Indians.

Far away to the west, and in a very high northern latitude, dwelt, towards the latter end of the last century, a small tribe of Indians, Their numbers were few, their characters simple and unwarlike. Not being celebrated in arms, they had, while residing farther to the south, been so often a prey to their fiercer neighbours, that they had gradually retreated northwards, in the hope of escaping from the forays of their enemies. Matonaza, a young chief of twenty summers only, commanded the reduced tribe, and had pitched his wigwam near the waters of a lake. A renowned and indefatigable hunter, full of energy and perseverance, he owed his power as much to his individual merits as to the renown of his father; and now that seven-and-twenty men alone remained of all his race, and that misfortune and the disasters of war had driven them to regions less productive in game than their former residence, his sway was unbounded. Matonaza was as yet without a wife; but the most lovely girl of his tribe, the White Swallow, was to be his when his twenty-first summer was concluded, when she herself would attain the age of sixteen.

In general the Dog-ribbed Indians at that date—it was about 1770*—had had little communication with the white man. Their knives were still of bone and flint, their hatches of horn, their arrow-heads of slate, while the beaver's tooth was the principal material of ther working tools; but Matonaza himself had travelled and had visited Prince of Wales Fort, where he had been well received by Mr. Moses Northon, the governor, himself an Indian, educated in England. Admitted into the intimacy of this person, Matonaza had acquired from him considerable knowledge without contracting any of the vices which disgraced the career of the civilised Red Man. He had learned to feel some of the humanising influences of civilisation, and held women in a superior light to his brethren, who pronounce the condemnation of savage life by making the female part of the creation little better than beasts of burthen. He had hoped for great advantage to his tribe from trade with the Pale Faces; but the enmity of the Athapascow Indians had checked all his aspirations, and he had been compelled to make a long and hasty retreat towards the north, to save the remnant of his little band from annihilation. In all probability it is to similar warlike persecutions that the higher northern regions owe their having been peopled by the race whence are descended the Esquimaux.

The exigencies of the chase and the fishery, more than any inherent taste for the picturesque, had fixed Matonaza in a lovely spot.

* The historical facts of this narrative are to be found in the travels of Samuel Hearne, the first white man who traversed the Territory to the Arctic Ocean.

The wigwams of the young chief and his party were situated on an elevation commanding a view of a large lake, whose borders, round which grew the larch, the pine, and the poplar, furnished them with firing, tent-poles, and arms. Beyond lay lofty snow-clad hills. on which rested eternal frosts. Above the tents to the right and to the north fell a vast cataract, which never froze even in the coldest winter, having always a clear expanse at its foot for fishing even in the dead of the season. At the foot of the neighboring hills the hunters found the deer, the caribou, and the buffalo, while the women attended to the nets and lines in the lake. In the fitting months there were plenty of wild-fowl, and altogether, the tribe, though exiled from the warmer fields of the south, had no great cause of complaint. Their tents sheltered them well, they had plenty of food, ample occupation, and for a long time peace and contentment. Far away from the conflict of arms, the warriors threw all their energy into hunting; and with the habit of scalping and killing their fellows, threw off much of their rudeness. The women felt the change sensibly: their husbands grew tenderer; much of the energy wasted on murderous propensities found vent in the domestic sentiments. The fact that each man had only one wife, and some none—their victorious adversaries having not only killed their best men, but carried off their marriageable women—added to their superiority of character. Polygamy among these Indians, as everywhere else, brutalises the men and debases the women; and in those tribes where rich men had as many as eight wives, the fair sex sank to the level of mere slaves. But on the borders of the White lake they had no superabundance of ladies, and they were valued accordingly.

Matonaza viewed this state of things with delight. He had, since his residence with the Pale Faces, become ambitious. He aimed at civilising his people; he had already induced his tribe to consider the matrimonial tie as permanent, which was a great step. Then he boldly entered upon the somewhat rash experiment of alleviating the laborious duties of the women. He tried to induce the men to do some of the hard work; but here met with invincible repugnance. The women had been always accustomed to draw the sledges, carry the baggage, and pitch the tents, while the men hunted, ate, and smoked. Any departure from this line of conduct was beneath "the dignity" of a warrior. Matonaza discovered that to expect any permanent change in a nomadic race used to hunting, leading a wandering life, and accustomed to arms, was difficult. He felt that he must first make his people sedentary and agricultural, and then begin their civilisation.

Having conceived this plan, he despatched the best runner in the tribe to Prince of Wales Fort. He gave him some furs, and a message to Moses Northon, with directions to follow the most unfrequented trails, to travel cautiously, and by no means to allow the terrible Indians of Athapascow Lake to track him. Three months passed before the runner returned, and then he came accompanied by a young and adventurous Englishman, who had sought this

opportunity of learning the manners of the far-off tribes, and of studying the geography of the interior. Matonaza received him well, and was glad of his assistance to lay out his fields of corn and maize, by sowing which, he hoped to attract his Indians to a permanent residence, and to destroy all fear of famine. Mark Dalton joyously seconded his projects. He was the son of a gentleman who was a shareholder in the Hudson's Bay Company, and who joined to the love of travel, adventure, and the chase, considerable knowledge of agriculture. One year older than the Indian chief, they at once became warm friends, and from the hour of their first meeting, were never a day apart.

It was not without difficulty that the chief could get his fields dug, small though they were; though he and Mark worked, because women alone followed their example. The soil was not of the best character, and the climate pretty rigorous; but still corn would grow, and Matonaza suffered not himself to be downhearted. A whole spring, summer, and autumn, were devoted to these agricultural pursuits; and when at the end of the fine season, a good harvest enabled the tribe to vary their food from venison, fish, and buffalo meat, to corn cakes, and other preparations of flour and maize, all were satisfied. The Indians, naturally indolent, were pleased at the prospect of obtaining even their food by the labour of the women. This was not precisely what the youthful chief desired, but it was still a kind of progress, and he was so far gratified.

But he did not neglect his hunting. Eager to show Mark all the mysteries of his craft, Matonaza led him after caribou, which they ran down together on foot in the snow. This is the most arduous department of Indian hunting. The sportsmen throw away all arms which may embarrass them, keeping only a knife, and a pouch containing the means of striking a light. Being practised while the snow is on the ground, the men accordingly wear long snow-shoes. The Indian chief and Mark Dalton rose at dawn of day, and having succeeded in discovering a caribou, darted along the snow in pursuit. The chase under ordinary circumstances would be vain, a man being not at all equal to a caribou in a running match; but on the present occasion, while the unfortunate animal sank at every step up to his body in the snow, the men with snow-shoes glided along the surface with extreme rapidity. With all these disadvantages, the animal often runs seven, ten, and even four-and-twenty hours, in some rare instances; seldom, however, escaping from the patient hunter. When reached, they make a desperate defence with their head and fore-feet, and have been known to slay their human enemy.

On the present occasion, the animal was a magnificent specimen, considerably taller at the shoulders than a horse, and his head furnished with antlers of fifty pounds weight. His coarse and angular hair, so little elastic, that it breaks when bent, was of a grayish colour, having probably changed at the beginning of the winter from nearly black. He was tracked by his footprints on the snow,

the hunters keeping at some distance to leeward of the trail, so as not to alarm the watchful animal even by the crackling of a twig. He was at length seen, but at too great a distance for a shot, sitting on his hams like a dog, and seemed at first in no hurry to rise; though, when at last satisfied of the character of his enemies, and his mind made up for flight, he got upon his legs; but even then, instead of bounding or galloping like other deer, he shuffled along so heavily, his joints cracking audibly at every step, that Mark was inclined to form but a mean opinion of the sport. Gradually, however, his ungainly speed increased, his hind-legs straddling from behind, as if to avoid treading on his fore-heels; and when a prostrate tree interposed in the path, he stepped over the trunk, however huge, without his flight being interrupted for an instant. It seemed, in fact, that smaller obstacles were more dangerous to the fugitive than great ones; for running as he did, with his nose up in the air, and his huge horns laid horizontally on his back—an attitude necessary, it is to be presumed, to sustain their weight—he could not see close to the surface, and on one occasion a branch which protruded only a few inches from the snow caught his fore-feet, and he rolled over with a heavy fall. The hunters thought they were now sure of their prey; but the caribou scrambled on his legs again in surprisingly little time; and as he pursued his flight with unabated speed, Matonaza seemed to derive some quiet amusement from the surprise of the Pale Face, as he found himself engaged in so difficult a chase of so apparently unwieldy an animal.

It was the policy of the hunters to turn the fugitive to where the snow was deepest; but as if knowing his danger, the caribou continued to keep on comparatively hard ground, and at length, by the intervention of trees and inequalities of the surface, he escaped wholly from view. His trail, however, could not be concealed; and for many hours his pursuers followed, well knowing that their quarry was only a short distance in front, but unable to obtain a glimpse of him. The trail at length appeared to turn towards a hollow, where the hunters might be tolerably secure of their prize; and the two friends separated, to make such a sweep as would lead them to the same point. Presently, however, the animal appeared to discover his imprudence; and at a moment when Mark was unprepared, he saw the huge creature returning on his own trail, and within ten or twelve yards of him. The rifle seemed to go off of its own accord, so sudden was the discharge; but the shot missed, and on came the caribou, its nose no longer in the air, but pointing full at its enemy, with the points and edges of its tremendous antlers in terrible array. Mark did not lose his presence of mind; but springing behind a young tree which was fortunately at hand, felt for a moment in safety.

It was not the antlers the hunter had to fear, for they were not used as weapons of offence; but the creature, determined to carry the war into the enemy's quarters, struck furiously at the intervening tree with his fore-feet, and Mark speedily found that its shelter would not long be between him and his justly-incensed

enemy. No other tree was near enough at hand, and he was too busily engaged in dodging round and round, to be able to load his rifle. Faster and faster fell the blows of the fore-feet. Now a piece of bark, now a splinter of wood, flew off; and now the tree bent, split, and came crashing down. Even so fell the cariboû; for just at the critical moment, a bullet from the Indian chief, who had returned to the rescue at imminent peril to himself, struck him in a vital part, and killed him on the spot.

The two hunters made prize of the skin, and of the more delicate parts of the dead animal, and on returning to their companions, loaded with the spoil, Mark ate for the first time of caribou flesh of his own hunting.

When the spring had arrived, it was resolved that the whole of the male party, save two old men, should start on a trip to the mountains in search of buffalo and caribou, which they intended to kill, dry, and drag home on tobogans made from the first trees they laid their hands on. The women were to join them six weeks after their departure at a place close to the scene of their hunt; and thus reinforced, the men hoped to have an ample stock of dried meat for the winter. Great preparations were made on the occasion. All the arms of the tribe were furbished up. Matonaza and Mark alone had firearms; the rest had bows, arrows, and spears. The women mended the clothes of the hunters, packed their provisions, and made the thongs to drag the tabogans with. But the chief part of such utensils were to be brought by them to the rendezvous. The gentle, lovely, and blushing White Swallow herself made every thing ready for her betrothed, to whom, on his return, she was to be united. All was smiling, promising, and joyous. The fields of the little settlement were improving; the wigwams exhibited the air of more permanent buildings than they usually are; and when the warriors departed on their errand, they left behind them a happy and hopeful community.

I.—The Athapascow Foray.

As soon as the men were really gone, the two elders proceeded to organize the movements of the party for the next six weeks. They had been directed to make clothes, watch the fields, fish for their subsistence, and do all needful domestic duties. All save the White Swallow. She, the unmarried but affianced bride of the chief, was, by custom, exempt from all share in labour; but to this her tastes and feelings were repugnant, and though the White Swallow neither scraped leather nor carried burthens, she was yet industrious in her way. She learned to make her own clothes, to fish in the lake, to light a fire, to build a tent, to snare birds, and to perform a multitude of other things necessary to the existence of an Indian woman.

Then again, while her companions were scattered round the lake or in the fields, she would stop with some of the more helpless infants. She would, while overlooking them, sit and think with pride and joy on the absent one, whose image was always uppermost in

her thoughts. In general nothing is more pleasant to the gentle female heart than the memory of beings well beloved and far away; and no employment is more conducive to this dreamy occupation than sedentary ones. The women one day started to fetch the produce of their successful draught of a large net at some distance, taking with them the two old men. The whole camp was abandoned to the guardianship of the White Swallow and a couple of shaggy, ill-looking dogs, which were none the less faithful because ill-favoured. The young girl had volunteered for this service; and to her charge was committed eight infants of various ages, that rolled about on a green spot with the dogs, unable to crawl because of their uncouth swathing. As they had been well fed before the departure of the mothers, the duty of Thee-kis-ho, the Indian name of our heroine, chiefly consisted in keeping away any wandering wolves from invading the camp; a service which the dogs probably could render even more effectively.

However this may be, the young girl seated herself on a log at no great distance from the wigwams, and thence looked around. At her feet was the lake, divided from her only by some fifty feet of corn fields; Matonaza having placed his fields near the water. To her right was a large and novel building for an Indian village, erected under the guidance of Mark, and which served as the granary of the tribe. Close to this was the wigwam of the venerable dame who was her adopted mother—not one of her relatives remaining alive. At some distance was the chief's hut, and on this her eyes were fixed; and the sight naturally enough filled her mind with sunny thoughts; for she could look forward now to its being hers too at no distant period; and cold, indeed, must be the female heart which is not warmed at the thoughts of the home which is soon to receive her as a wife.

Thus occupied, and watching over the children, and in preparations for the evening meal, the hours flew swiftly by, and the White Swallow at last heard the voices of the returning party just as night was about to close upon the scene. At this instant her ear was attracted by footsteps approaching from behind. She turned, and one wild shriek betrayed the intensity of her alarm.

"The Athapascows!" she cried, springing up, and about to dart away to meet her companions.

"Stay," said a young warrior, leaping to her side; "there is room in my wigwam for another squaw."

Seven painted and horrid Indians were around the young girl ere she could move. They were all in their war-paint, and well armed; they stood gazing at the village for an instant, as if irresolute.

"Warriors of the Dog-ribbed race!" cried the resolute girl in a loud and ringing voice, "on to save your wigwams! The lying foxes of the Athapascows are among us!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ON CHOOSING A PROFESSION.

I consider it as firmly established as such propositions usually are, that a young lady's chances of a satisfactory matrimonial settlement are in an inverse ratio to the number of her admirers; and a somewhat extended series of observations leads me to believe that the same expression, the terms being changed, holds good in the instance of young men in their choice of a profession. Human nature is so constituted, that the difficulty with which we are pleased is greatest where we have the greatest variety from which to select. I have often, in my shopping excursions, amused myself with observing the countenance and actions of those who have come on a similar errand with myself. Where but a few samples of an article are exposed to view, a choice is generally made with ease; but in cases in which an endless variety of patterns, colors, sizes and prices, is presented for inspection, indecision grows more and more visible as the articles are successively examined and compared. Time flies; and at length the consciousness that the patience of the polite and attentive clerk must be well nigh exhausted, admonishes the bewildered customer that action of some kind is necessary, and in sheer desperation a selection is hurriedly made, which in the great majority of instances is unsatisfactory, and by no means the best.

With equal interest, but with different feelings, I have observed the same indecision, the same waste of time, the same ultimate precipitation, and finally the same dissatisfaction on the part of many young men in their adoption of a permanent business. The result is, that the trades and professions are crowded with individuals who have little knowledge, and less skill in the avocations which they have thus chosen hastily and as a last resource. Those who are regularly instructed in their art are injured by the ruinous competition that follows, for people will not be persuaded that the cheapest bargain is not always, or even generally, the best. This state of things is, perhaps, to a certain extent, unavoidable in all newly organized communities where a proper division of labor is not immediately practicable; but strenuous efforts should not the less be put forth in order to diminish the magnitude of the evil. Much depends on parents. Even in childhood the disposition, physical constitution, and mental powers and tendencies of the individual should be carefully studied, and some course of life chosen for him which will not be in direct opposition to any strong natural proclivity which he may exhibit, and a suitable system of education and general training be accordingly pursued. And let the parent endeavor to impress upon his own mind as well as upon that of his child, that it matters little, so far as true respectability and success are concerned, what line of business is adopted, if only excellence in it be attained. After all we feel inclined to honor a shoemaker who is master of his art, rather than one of those paltry dabblers in what are called the more liberal professions.

***

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

The year is dead! in winding sheet
Of snow is laid to rest;
The ice-wreath'd forests, cold and drear
In mourning robes are drest.

The year is dead! the bleak north winds
Have sung the requiem song;
And dismally o'er hill and plain
The burthen waft along.

The year is dead! around the hearth
Are met the family:
The children telling o'er their tales
Of schoolboy stir and glee:

The elder ones have come from far
To keep the Christmas feast—
And all at rest, whate'er their cares,
For this one day at least.

The mother is so full of love,
She hardly speaks a word,
Longing that thus they could remain
United round her board.

But now the father checks their mirth,
And breathes to heaven the prayer
For frequent faults, since Christmas last
Had seen them gathered there.

Then speaking in the heart warmest tone
Of deep paternal love,
Reminds them how a God for them
Once left the home above—

And in this very time of year
Had as a child been born—
A child and yet a king divine—
Upon a Christmas morn.

Then tells of ancient Bethlehem,
Where cradled low he lay,
In rustic manger at the inn
On that glad Christmas day.

Then while each happy face doth glow,
Instinctively they raise,
In notes all trembling with their awe,
The well-known Christmas lays.

And while they sing—on midnight air,
Frosty, and still, and clear,

Chime in the sounds of jubilant bells,
That greet the new-born year.

In child-birth hath the old year died,
And lo, the blithe New Year!
Hope like a glory round his brow,
His eye with gladness clear.

May lightsome hearts wait his approach,
From cot to proudest hall;
And each true man will sing with me,
Happy New Year to all!

BRITISH AMERICA.

The fact that there is no work extant* which will supply teachers with the kind of material necessary to impart to their pupils a thorough knowledge of this and the Sister Provinces, has induced the writer to prepare the following papers—in the compilation of which he has made use of every available work on any branch of the subject. Though addressed mainly to teachers, it is hoped that it will not prove altogether useless to the general reader.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

CHAPTER I.

GEOGRAPHY.

1. *Situation and Extent.*—The north boundary of the Province runs up the Bay of Chaleur (which is 90 miles long and navigable throughout), up the River Restigouche to the entrance of the Mistouche, up this tributary to 48° north latitude, thence south west in an irregular line through the woods to the St. Francis river, and down it to the Saint John. The west frontier coincides with the course of the St. John as far as the meridian of 67° 52' west longitude, thence runs down that meridian to the Monument River, the course of which it follows through the Chiputneticook Lakes, and thence along the St. Croix to Passamaquoddy bay—including the islands of Campo Bello, the Wolves, Deer Island, and Grand Manan. The south east frontier across the isthmus of Chignecto, is chiefly formed by the course of the little river Missiguash. The *greatest length* of the Province, running due south from Dalhousie to Point Lepreau, is 210 statute miles: its *greatest breadth*, lying due east and west from the Black Lands in Alnwick, Northumberland County, to the St. Francis River, is 180: its *area*, 27,620 square miles.

* By this is merely meant, that there is no suitable work since Hugh Murray's —now out of date—embracing the *whole* of the subject, though many excellent treatises have been written on various *parts* of it.

2. *Coast.*—The length of coast line is about 500 miles. The Bay of Fundy coast is high and dangerous with few good harbors: that of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, called the "North Shore," is lower, and is marked here and there with lagoons, separated from the open sea by islets or sandbars, and entered by passages called gullies, Such are Tracadie, Tabusintac, Kouchibouguac, Richibucto, Buctouche and other harbors. The rise of tide on the south shore increases as we proceed east. At Indian Town it is 18 inches, at Grand Lake 6 inches, at Fredericton it is imperceptible, at the Bend in the Petitcodiac it is 27 feet, at Dorchester Island it is 39 feet, at Grindstone Island 51 feet.

3. *Bays, &c.*—The Bay of Chaleur is called at its head Restigouche Bay, and above Dalhousie, where it narrows considerably, Restigouche Harbour; the mouth of the Nepisiguit forms Bathurst Harbour, opening out beyond Alston and Carron Points into Nepisiguit Bay; next in succession are Caraquet, Pokemouche, Tracadie, and Tabusintac Harbors, the outer and inner Miramichi Bays, Kouchibouguac, Richibucto, Buctouche, Cocagne, and Shediac Harbors, and Bay Verte. On the south coast are Cumberland Basin, Shepody and Chignecto Bays, Quaco, St. John, and Musquash Harbors, the Bay of Maces, and Passamaquoddy Bay. The chief *Straits* are Shippegan and Miscou Harbors, Northumberland Straits, and the Le Tete, Eastern, and Western passages, among the West Isles. The chief *Capes* in order are—Belledune, Mizzenette, and Miscou Points on the Bay of Chaleur; Point Escouminac,* Richibucto Head, and Capes Bald, Jourmain, and Tormentine, on the east coast; and Capes Meranguin, and Enrage,* St. Martin's, and Quaco Heads,* Points Spencer, Mispeck, and Lepreau,* and LeTete Head, on the south coast.

4. The *Islands* on the east coast are—Shippegan and Miscou at the north east angle of the colony—the first 20 miles long, Portage and other Islands in Miramichi Bay, and Cocagne and Shediac Islands, outside of the harbors of the same name. Those on the south coast are mentioned in § 1. Grand Manan (25 miles by 8) is cultivated to some extent, and like all the Islands in the vicinity, forms an excellent fishing station—the rocks around it, however, being dangerous to mariners. All the islands in the vicinity belong to Charlotte County.

5. The *Surface* is undulating—the inequalities increasing as we proceed northwards. The County of Kent is a regular plain, and the Basins of the Kennebecasis and Petitcodiac form a broad fine vale—often called "the Valley." Rocky barrens and swamps are not unfrequent. The *Watershed*, of which the Tobique Mountains, Kedgwick Ridge, Butternut Ridge, and Point De Bute are probably parts, lies in a north-west and south-east direction, as indicated by the courses of the Rivers—but it is obscure and incon-

* The Capes thus marked have *light-houses* on them. There are other light houses at Partridge Island and the Beacon, in St. John Harbour, at Head Harbour in Campo Bello Island, at St. Andrews, and at Granite Rock and Machias Seal Island, off Grand Manan.

siderable—the chief *ranges of hills* running in an opposite direction. These are—Tobique Mountains,* a granite range with gneiss, mica, &c. which, beginning at Mars Hill, and extending to the coasts of Gloucester and Restigouche Counties, skirt the coast under the name of the Bathurst Hills; a lesser range of the same formation entering the country near L. Chiputneticook, and running east to the St. John, of which the Nerepis and Palfrey Hills are parts; and another range of trap rocks beginning near St. Andrews and ending in the Shepody Mountains in Albert County.

6. The *Rivers* running into the Gulf of St. Lawrence are the Restigouche, about 200 miles long, draining with its tributaries the Kedgwick, Metapediac (a large Canadian tributary), Mistouche, and Upsalquitch, about 400 square miles; the Jacquet, Tattagouche, Nepisiguit, 100 miles long and having a cascade 20 miles up its stream, which falls 140 feet, the Pokemouche, Caraquet, Tracadie, Tabusintac, Miramichi, 215 miles long and 9 broad at its mouth, formed by the North West (called by the Indians Minagua), and South West Rivers, navigable for 108 miles, and draining—with its tributaries the Renous, Bartholomew, Taxis, Etienne, Cain's, Sevogle, &c.—the whole central district, the Kouchibouguac, Kouchibouguacis, Richibucto, Cocagne, and Shediac—the last noted for its oysters. Those running into the Bay of Fundy are the Petitcodiac, 100 miles long, receiving the North River, Anagance, &c., the Memramcook, Quaco, Musquash, Magaguadavic, 90 miles long, Digdeguash and St. Croix, emptying the Chiputneticook Lakes, as well as the Schoodic Lakes of Maine—besides the *St. John*, which requires more minute notice. This noble river, the boast of New Brunswick is the second in importance in British America. It is above 450 miles long, navigable for ships 84 miles (to Fredericton), and in the season for small steamers to Grand Falls (220 miles up), while boats and canoes can nearly reach its source in the Sugar Loaf Mountains in north-west Maine. Its basin occupies about 17,000,000 acres. Its chief feeders from the east are the St. Francis, Madawaska, navigable for 30 miles, or to Temiscouata Lake, Tobique, about 90 miles long, Keswick, Nashwaak, Becaguimic, Salmon River (with Grand Lake and its outlet the Jemseg), Washademoak, Bellisle, and Kennebecasis—the last 80 miles long. Those on the west are the Aroostook from Maine—the largest tributary, being navigable for boats about 100 miles, Eel River, the Meduxtnakeag, Oromocto, and Nerepis.† There are many islands in the middle and lower course of the river, the largest of which are Long, Mauger's, and Oromocto Islands, and others in the course of the Kennebecasis, the chief of which are Long and Darling's Islands. This last tributary ends in a fine open expanse called with propriety Kennebecasis Bay; being rather a bay than a river. The part of the main river into which this empties is called South Bay, above which

* Bald Mountain (2170 feet) is the highest known land in the Province.

† Besides these tributaries running in New Brunswick, the Black River, Allagash, draining Heron and Chamberlain Lakes, and the Fish River, draining the Eagle Lakes, run into it from Maine, besides many smaller ones.

is a very wide part called the Long Reach, opening into Bellisle Bay, into which the Bellisle empties. At the Grand Falls the stream descends 75 feet, forming, especially when the stream runs high, a most magnificent scene. The ledge of rocks near its mouth forms, however, a great drawback to the advantages of this splendid river.

7. *Lakes.*—The Oromocto, Magaguadavic, Nepisiguit, and Tobique rivers, beside others of less note, drain lakes of the same name. Grand Lake, 30 miles long, drained by the Jemseg, is the largest in the Province. Beside these are Loch Lomond, Lake Eutopia, drained by the Magaguadavic, Lake George, drained by the Pokiok, Eel Lake, drained by Eel River, Bear Lake, Shemogue Lake, &c.

8. The *Climate* is severe but healthy. Fogs, which, however, extend but a short distance inland, prevail on the south coast chiefly in the summer. The climate is most excessive in the inland parts. Thus the thermometer at St. John ranges from 18° below to 88° above zero, and at Richibucto from 20° below to 90° above; while at Fredericton the variation extends from 24° below to 95° above that point. The mean temperature of the year for the Province is 44°. The snow is light and dry, and the frost by penetrating so far into the ground, helps the ploughing greatly, and has also tended to clear the ground by raising boulders to the surface—sometimes from a depth of two or three feet. The snow usually covers the ground from the middle of November to the end of April. The spring is short and moist, with much unpleasant weather: the summer hot: the winter cold and dry: the autumn, called "the fall," the most delightful time of year. On the whole the climate is equal to that of central Europe, and average length of life good, and the fever and ague of Canada unknown. Consumption is more common than formerly, according to some—but this wants authentication.

The chief *native animals* are the bear, wolf, fox, elk, caribou, red deer, beaver, otter, mink, muskrat, marten, lynx, racoon, porcupine, ermine, and northern hare—all becoming rarer as settlers advance further into the forest. Although much wanton waste of the game occurred among the early settlers, the compact forests in the interior will probably serve as preserves for some time to come. A similar remark applies to the forests themselves. It is remarkable that the fallow deer first appeared in 1818, in connection with the wolf, which latter was not seen in Nova Scotia till 1845. It is supposed that the wolves drove the deer east into these provinces. Of *birds* there are the wild goose, wild ducks in great variety, snipe, woodgrouse, woodcock, plover in immense variety, and occasionally the passenger pigeon.* *Insects*, chiefly the mosquito and black fly, are numerous and troublesome in summer.

* As the Zoology and Botany of Nova Scotia have been more completely examined than those of this Province, and as one description suffices for both, we reserve a more complete account of them for the Articles on Nova Scotia, and on the Natural History of the Provinces.

THE LAST DECADE.

The newly finished decade was ushered in with hopes of a long continuing peace. It was supposed by the "Peace Party," who held a convention at Frankfort, that all nations would be willing to submit their causes of quarrel to arbitration, and that in future the difficulties of states would be settled without any appeal to arms. The experience of the ten years previous had been decidedly opposed to such suppositions. Britain had sent two expeditions against the "Celestials," had experienced bloody disaster in the mountainous Afghan country, and in the valleys of the Punjaub had waged a successful war against the Sikhs, the most warlike of all the tribes of India. Continental Europe had surged with a revolutionary tempest, not perhaps of so wild a character as had been seen heretofore, but one which had been felt much more widely. In America, also, a Mexican war had been witnessed on the Northern continent, and in the Southern, much turmoil had existed.

Still it was fondly supposed that the fifties were to be dedicated to peace. All nations were to flock together to the world's metropolis, to pay their adorations to this new deity in a "Crystal Temple" there to be erected. The wonderful enchanted palace rose in grandeur. From all lands people of every hue and race came to show their productions and to become acquainted with each other. Peace, after such a fraternal meeting, must become the general wish, and rivalry exist in arts and industry alone. A Manchester millennium had dawned upon the world. *Punch* of that day, said, that some of the "Peace Party" were afraid of annoyance from sparrows in the temple itself, and that the "Iron Duke" advised hawks as a proper remedy for sparrows. Hawks were procured, and a *hawk* of that day has become an *eagle* and a wondrous one in this. In a short time, and appearing as a proper sequence to this peace-worship, the warrior—the representative man of the first half of the century, demanded a burial from a nation, and received one, commensurate with *its* gratitude and *his* fame. "Waterloo day," argued the Peace Party, "should no more be noticed, as such a rejoicing for the restoration of peace, is really an incentive to war." A Napoleon had accepted the presidential chair of republican France, and ruled her destiny—review powder might offend him, and *he* was considered a peace man.

Nature herself however attacked the peace maxims. Asiatic Cholera traversed Europe, and visited America, spreading terror and desolation over all, showing that the war-spirit still pervaded the very air we breathe. "The Autocrat of all the Russias" next disturbed the public tranquillity. The wayward man was visited by a deputation of doves from Manchester, who expected to be able to show him the extreme folly of strife. Strange to say, Alma, Inkerman, Balaclava, and Sebastopol proved much more successful advocates than the "peace at any price" disciples. Persia also required to be informed that this is a world of constables, and received that information at Bushire.

Material prosperity was still advancing. Telegraphs and railroads were fast increasing and were even following armies to battle. Gold fevers and the consequent shiftings of population, brought fine ships a market. Sydenham Palace was built as a receptacle for wonders in nature, in science and in art. Submarine telegraphs were successfully laid in European waters. The question was eagerly asked: "Can the two worlds, old and new, be connected?" A cable was prepared and successfully laid. Some few words had passed between the continents more quickly than the earth can spin on her axis, when the line was snapped. Still this was the feat of the decade.

Skill and capital were next employed on the Great Eastern. Piece by piece rose this majestic monster of the deep. "A new era in naval architecture has begun," said the sanguine. After many difficulties overcome, both in labour and finance, the modern ark swings at her moorings, proved manageable and explosive. Her trials will belong to the new decade.

While every one watched with great interest these accessions to the world's wealth, Delhi echoed and re-echoed murder shouts. A giant rebellion had begun, more wide-spread and terrible than any that the British power had

seen in the eastern empire. Havelock, the christian soldier, had fallen, and had been replaced by Sir Colin, now Lord Clyde; much blood shed and vigorous action exerted before the mutiny was suppressed.

War next appeared among its ancient haunts; and upon the plains of Lombardy, where, in the middle ages, the almost bloodless battles of the Condottieri had been fought so obstinately, the most bloody and expeditious of all wars has been waged. Science had wrought great changes since the time when Milan harness could turn off any missile. Blood can be more readily shed now than ever it could be at any previous time. Revolvers, Minie and Enfield rifles, have become the common weapons, while the Armstrong and several other guns have been tried with more or less wonderful effects. The "Celestials" also have lately expressed their opinion as to the necessity of war. During the decade the Americans have much encouraged another of their peculiar institutions, to wit, filibustering; the ablest of whose managers has been a Mr. Walker, whose propensities seem to argue his descent from that other Walker whose exploits acquired for him the sobriquet of "Hookey."

Canada shows her "Grand Trunk Railway," with its immense Victoria Bridge, as a proof of activity during the decade.

In our own Province we have had many jarrings, but of a more pacific nature than those of the old world. That ardent wish for rapid advancement, that characterised the first of the decade, was here felt strongly. The "Exhibition" and "Railway Celebration" were public exponents of that feeling. All the world was evidently bent on an extension of trade, and timber, as a matter of course, became an article in eager demand. The "Reciprocity Treaty" also seemed to open much wider fields for enterprise, and to offer facilities that had not previously existed. It was no wonder then that people got flushed and "spread themselves out" too far. The visit of the Cholera marked the turn of the tide. A depressed market with a large supply cooled the ardour of the speculator, and materially hurt many throughout this land. Still we exulted at the victory of Sebastopol and had spirits enough left to celebrate the laying of the cable. We enter upon the new decade with prospects as good and hopes as high as when we began the last. Severe lessons were taught by it —the wise will be instructed, no doubt, and there is a proverb that gives encouragement to others also, to expect information from experience.

SCHOLASTIC.

THE OLD SCHOOLMASTER'S STORY.

When I taught a district school, said he, I adopted it as a principle to give as few rules to my scholars as possible. I had, however, one standing rule, which was, "*Strive under all circumstances to do right*," and the text of right, under all circumstances, was the Golden Rule: "*All things whatsoever ye would, that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.*"

If an offence was committed, it was my invariable practice to ask, "Was it right?" "Was it doing as you would be done by?"

All my experience and observation have convinced me that no act of a pupil ought to be regarded as an offence, unless it be one when measured by the standard of the Golden Rule. During the last years of my teaching the only tests I ever applied to an act of which it was necessary to judge, were those of the above questions. By this course I gained many important advantages.

In the first place, the plea, "You have not made any rule against it," which for a long time was a terrible burden to me, lost all its power.

In the second place, by keeping constantly before the scholars as a standard of action, the single text of right and wrong as one which they were to apply to themselves, I was enabled to cultivate in them a deep feeling of personal responsibility.

In the third place, I got a stronger hold on their feelings, and acquired a new power of cultivating and directing them.

In the fourth place, I had the satis-

faction of seeing them become more truthful, honest, trustworthy and manly in their intercourse with me, with their friends, and with each other.

Once, however, I was sadly puzzled by an application of the principle, by one of my scholars, George Jones—a large boy—who partly through a false feeling of honor, and partly through a feeling of stubbornness, refused to give me some information. The circumstances were these.

A scholar had played some trick which had interrupted the exercises. As was my custom, I called on the one who had done the mischief to come forward. As no one started, I repeated the request, but with no success. Finding that the culprit would not confess his guilt, I asked George if he knew who committed the offence?

"I did not do it," was the reply.

"But do you know who did?"

"Yes sir."

"Who was it?"

"I do not wish to tell."

"But you must; it is my duty to ask, and yours to answer me."

"I cannot do it sir," said George firmly.

"Then you must stop with me after school."

He stopped as requested, but nothing which I could urge would induce him to reveal anything. At last, out of patience with what I believed to be the obstinacy of the boy, I said—

"Well George, I have borne with you as long as I can, and you must either tell me or be punished."

With a triumphant look, as though conscious that he had cornered me by an application of my favorite rule, he replied, "I can't tell you, because it would not be right; the boy would not like to have me tell of him, and I'll do as I'd be done by."

A few years earlier I should have deemed a reply thus given an insult, and should have resented it accordingly; but experience and reflection had taught me the folly of this, and that one of the most important applications of my oft quoted rule was—*to judge of the motives of others as I would have them judge of mine.* Yet, for a moment, I was staggered. His plea was plausible; he might be honest in making it; I did not see in what respect it was fallacious. I felt that it would not do to retreat from my position, and suffer the offender to escape; and yet that I should do a great injustice by compelling a boy to do a thing if he really believed it to be wrong.

After a little pause, I said, "Well, George, I do not wish you to do any thing which is wrong, or which conflicts with our Golden Rule. We will leave this for to-night, and perhaps you will alter your mind before to-morrow.

I saw him privately before school, and found him more firm in the refusal than ever. After the devotional exercises of the morning, I began to question the scholars on various points of duty, and led the conversation to the Golden Rule.

"Who," I asked, "are the persons to whom, as members of this school, you ought to do as you would be done by? Your parents, who support you and send you here? Your schoolmates, who are engaged in the same work with yourselves? The citizens of the town, who, by taxing themselves, raise money to pay the expenses of this school? The school committee, who take so great an interest in your welfare? Your teacher? Or the scholar, who carelessly or wilfully commits some offence against good order?"

A hearty "Yes" was responded to every question.

Then, addressing George, I said, "Yesterday, I asked you who had committed a certain offence. You refused to tell me, because you thought it would not be doing as you would be done by. I now ask you to reconsider the subject. On one side, are your parents, your schoolmates, the citizens of the town, the school committee, and your teacher—all deeply interested in everything affecting the prosperity of this school. On the other side, is the boy who by his act has shown himself ready to injure these. To which party will you do as you would be done by?"

After a moment's pause, he said, "to the first. It was William Brown who did it."

My triumph, or rather the triumph of the principle, was complete and the lesson was as deeply felt by the other members of the school as by him for whom it was specially designed.

R. I. *Schoolmaster.*

"THE CHILD IS FATHER OF THE MAN."

Wordsworth's saying was never more aptly illustrated than by the fol-

lowing anecdote of Henry Brougham, the school boy, which is found in Cockburn's "Memorials of his Time." "Brougham made his first explosion while in Frazer's class (at the High School of Edinburgh). He dared to differ from Frazer, a hot but good natured old fellow, on some small bit of Latinity. The master like other men in power, maintained his own infallibility, punished the rebel, and flattered himself that the affair was over. But Brougham re-appeared next day, loaded with books, returned to the charge before the whole class, and compelled honest Luke to confess that he was wrong. This made Brougham famous throughout the whole school. I remember, as well as if it had been yesterday, having had him pointed out to me as 'the fellow who had beat the master.' It was then that I first saw him."

EDUCATION.

O'er wayward childhood would'st thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces;
Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep school.
For, as old Atlas on his broad neck places
Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it;—so
Do these upbear the little world below
Of Education. Patience, Love, and Hope,—
Methinks, I see them grouped in seemly show,
The straitened arms upraised, the palms aslope,
And robes that touching, as adown they flow,
Distinctly blend, like snow embossed in snow.

O part them never! If Hope prostrate lie,
Love too will sink and die.
But Love is subtle, and doth proof derive
From her own life that Hope is yet alive;
And, bending o'er with soul-transfusing eyes,
And the soft murmurs of the mother dove,
Woos back the fleeting spirit, and half supplies:—
Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first gave to Love.

Yet haply there will come a weary day,
When overtasked at length
Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way.
Then, with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
Stands the mute sister, Patience, nothing loth,
And both supporting, does the work of both, *Coleridge,*

REVIEWS.

Idylls of the King.—Tennyson has never yet been, in the common acceptation of the phrase, "a people's poet." He has always appeared to us to appeal to the sympathies of the very select, and has paid the penalty in the narrowing of his literary fame. His May Queen and Charge of the Six Hundred however, warmed the popular heart towards him; and this, his last and best work, has raised him to the zenith of his popularity. The theme is one well suited to his peculiar forte; combining opportunities for that chivalresque devotion to knightly scenes which he had shown in his Morte d'Arthur, &c., as well as for the vein of exquisite tenderness which In Memoriam proves him to possess. The Idylls have their blemishes, doubtless; but some of the passages seem to us unequalled by those of any living poet. The dramatic interest is well sustained throughout—the three best being intimately connected both in their actors and action, and the only one of the four which presents any very salient points to the eye of the critic being apart in subject from the rest which would indeed be more nearly perfect without it. To our taste the second and fourth are the best of the series. The verse, though monotonous, is very musical; and richly studded with rare and startling imagery. The gentle Laureate has fully atoned for his poor maudlin Maude, by blotting out the memory of her crazy snatches of rhyme with these

melodious lays of a half forgotten past; and forcibly bringing to our minds the line of Keats:—

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

The Westminster Review for October abounds in excellent reading, as usual. With the first article, advocating increas ed attention to the militia and volunteer defence of the Mother Country, we have little to do; unless we follow her example in this respect in British America. The article on Rousseau, while making such an apology for his principles as we should expect from the known tenets of the "Westminster," gives as fair an exposé of the weak points in his personal character as one could wish. In the articles entitled "Modern poets and poetry of Italy," "Garibaldi," and "Bonapartism in Italy"—the Review shows its hearty sympathy for the great cause of Italian independence, and its faith in Italia's intellectual as well as social resuscitation: a faith far from groundless, while Italy after centuries of coercion can still boast a Victor Emanuel, a Cavour, and a Garibaldi; and still is animated by the patriot strains of Alfieri, Leopardi, Marchetti, Giusti, and Poerio. Marchetti laments his fallen country thus:—

Upon the shore deserted and oppressed
Stands Italy, once queen of realms, begirt
With diadem of glory!—humbled now,
And strewed with ashes—see, she wrings her hands
And groans in agony—but it is well,
At length she feels her suffering and her shame.

A. Poerio echoes the same feeling in his "Speranze," where he indignantly scouts the idea that Italy is dead:—

Why then these Austrian hosts which night and day
Watch every movement, menace every word?
How! Can the dead arise in armed array,
Can the dead seize the lance or wield the sword?

No, no! 'Tis not the silence of the grave,
Hark! o'er our shores the waves of hope are breaking, [to save,
We yet have hearts to beat and hands
They only need the signal for awaking!
The iron tread of despot's armed heel,
The long and bitter martyrdom of years,
'Twas needed—all—the patriot's heart to steel,
Freedom must be baptized in blood and tears.

Italy dead! The memory of the past
Still bids us hopes of brighter days to cherish;
Strike then, my lyre! thy loudest note—thy last,
And bid her sons throw off the yoke, or perish.

The article on "Bonapartism in Italy" shows clearly how little can be expected from Napoleon the Little, if as he has heretofore done, and as his Idées Napoléoninnes indicate, he treads in the footsteps of Napoleon the Great. The article is a rapid but complete glance at the parricidal wrongs a Corsican inflicted on a country which may to all intents and purposes be called his fatherland: showing that the old Lombard sceptre which he grasped in 1805 was indeed a rod of iron. The narrative pauses in its course to dwell on a fine contrast presented in the celebrated passage of the Alps. We have all seen the common representation of the scene, where *le petit Caporal* in the foreground is mounted on a most rampant charger at the very summit of St. Bernard, and in utter defiance of the laws of gravitation. The true picture is here very differently given:—

"Bonaparte was mounted on a vigorous mule, sagacious and sure footed, led by a mountaineer. The story is as beautiful as a poetic legend of the time of Charlemagne. The young muleteer was a lover, with whom the stranger, buttoned to the throat in a plain grey surtout, entered freely into conversation, for Bonaparte, who despised men, despised no means of satisfying his insatiable thirst of inquiry. The simple muleteer believed that the interest his answers excited, was on his personal account, and so he told his story. It is an every-day one, and yet seems never commonplace. He was a lover too poor to marry. His ambition must have set Bonaparte's active imagination making strange contrasts. He had marched as a conqueror over the three great scenes of ancient and modern civilization. He had conquered Italy, the inheritor of

Greek and Roman learning, the creator of Christian art. He had deposed the head of the second and greater Rome. He had then passed into Egypt, the land of the Ptolemies, the source of Pagan science and philosophy—and having spread a hecatomb of Egypt's oppressors at the base of the colossal tombs of the Pharaohs, eclipsed the deeds of the Crusaders in the land of Palestine, and here he was now thinking of the burning glories of the desert amongst the snows of the sublimest country of Europe, and subduing nature to his will, as he had bowed empires. He with that expansive elasticity of spirits which dilates the breast breathing mountain air—he following the footsteps of Charlemagne, already felt his brow encircled with the Iron Crown of Lombardy, while his hand grasped the sceptre of the Empire of the West. As he thought so, a fellow-creature by his side, fashioned in the same Almighty image, sighed after the apparent impossibility of a *chalet*, with its overhanging roof casting off the winter snow, and garnering the fruits of harvest under its eaves, and a dear wife making the window musical with the sound of the spinning-wheel, while his whole empire was bounded by a little back stream, and all his subjects the winged and four-footed denizens of the farm. The poor man's tale, like low music, rather aided than impeded the hero's reflections. When he alighted at the monastery of St. Bernard, Bonaparte dismissed his guide with a note to the administrator of the army. Although the poor fellow did not in the least divine its contents—the reader may. The hand of the modern Charlemagne endowed the muleteer with the means of living more happily than the divorcer of Josephine, and the baffled son-in-law of an Austrian Emperor."

In the article on the Atlantic Ocean the project of the unlucky Cable, is yet hopefully dealt with, the fact that nearly 4,000 words were actually sent across is dwelt on, and hopes still held out of the final success of some future attempt.

The last *London Quarterly* has also come to hand. The first article on the History of Architecture, is a well-written *resumé* of the subject, enforcing and enlarging on the fact that "no individual ever invented a new style in any part of the world," and that all additions to our knowledge of this most interesting science tend to prove that 'there is one unbroken connexion between the earliest styles of the ancient world and those of the present day. In the next article, New Zealand, "the Britain of the South," is treated of. A quarter of a century ago, it was one of the most savage of the South Sea Archipelagoes, yet the early intercourse with it showed that though it might be a land of Anthropophagi, the heads of its men certainly did not "grow beneath their shoulders"—for, unlike savages generally, they despised baubles, while "iron was a passion with them." "An old chief followed a missionary for weeks intent on the acquisition of an axe. Having exhausted his stock of tempting equivalents, he lastly offered his *head*, which was handsomely tatooed," to be sent properly cured to the missionary after his death for a museum curiosity. Among such a people progress was soon made; they learned the English language, adopted partially the English dress, read the Scriptures in English or in their native Maori, and have become quite an orderly, business-like, nay, almost civilized race. Cannibalism died out nearly 20 years ago, and to refer to the times, when, in the words of Sydney Smith, a guest might chance to be asked at table whether he preferred a slice of boiled trader, or a little of the potted missionary—would be to insult the modern Maori.

"What author of romance would venture to represent, so soon after the period of cannibal feasts and bloodthirsty wars, the actors in these scenes assembled together at a meeting to promote the spread of Christianity among the heathen people of the neighboring islands; gratefully acknowledging the benefits they had derived from their own Christian teachers; quoting from Scripture the command to 'go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature;' animating each other to spread the Christian work; and contributing according to their means in aid of the newly founded Melanesian Mission? or to picture to himself or his readers native children of New Zealand, neatly clad in English dresses, assembled for Christian worship on the sabbath-day

chanting the 'Magnificat,' and the 'Nunc Dimittis,' and singing in English the 'Evening Hymn,' in a manner to put to shame many an English congregation."

As regards the political condition of the natives, though they yet remain generally under their chiefs in their clans:—

"The constitution places the native race on a political equality with the British colonists; and there is, theoretically, nothing to prevent a chief or any individual of the native community from becoming a representative in the Provincial Legislatures or a member of the General Assembly. The political franchise, however, does not appear to be yet appreciated."

Then with respect to their social condition and mutual relation to the colonists:—

"Each European settlement has now attracted to its vicinity, or contains, mixed up with its white inhabitants, a considerable Maori population, in which case both races form one harmonious community connected together by commercial and agricultural pursuits, professing the same faith, resorting to the same courts of justice, joining in the same public sports, standing mutually to each other in the relation of landlord and tenant, and thus insensibly forming one people."

Auckland, the capital, placed like Corinth, on a narrow isthmus between two noble harbors, is a very flourishing place. And what a description is this of the scenery round New Plymouth!—

"A combination of stream and forest, glade and valley, and fields dotted with cattle or waving with corn, and the symmetrical cone of Mount Egmont overlooking all, rising 8000 feet into the sky, its sides clothed with magnificent forests of deep and never-failing verdure." The town itself is "snugly planted on the margin of a beach, embosomed amid gentle hills and watered by numerous streams, and displays its granite church and chapels, its little mills and snug hostelries, custom-house, post-office, stores, and primitive shops, but 'affecting no town airs, stands out before the world a robust, hearty looking village, famed throughout the land for troops of rosy children, pretty women, fat meat, and rivers of Devonshire cream.'"

At Otago in the south the Scotch have made a settlement "and the emigrants from the northern portion of our island seem determined to maintain in New Zealand the same position relatively to their English fellow-colonists as in Great Britain. They have taken possession of one of the extremities, and that the coldest, of the country; and, unless they are greatly misrepresented, they manifest an unmistakeable desire to keep it entirely to themselves."

The mean annual temperature is 55°, with very slight variation, and "no single locality in Europe has a temperature during the whole year like New Zealand." As regards her resources:—

"She is, by nature and by position, the granary, dairy, farm, brewery, and orchard of the South Pacific, and is capable of producing for the Old World markets an annual export of wool, and tallow alone worth four to five millions sterling."

The exports in 1856 were worth £320,000 sterling—the imports £710,000—the revenue £190,000. The article sums up as follows:—

"In other regions of the world, England has by conquest extended largely the bounds of her dominion—the result of many a brillant victory. But what was won by the sword, and that which is held by the sword, by the sword may also perish. In New Zealand the issue still is pending, and the victory yet unwon. But if it shall be given to the founders of this colony to be also the instruments of preserving a barbarous native race, and of raising them in the scale of civilization to a level with themselves, then, crowned with these unwonted blessings the first-fruits of a coming age, the colonization of these islands will be one of the noblest conquests in the annals of our history; and New Zealand, already the cradle of civilization and the dayspring of light to the heathen people of the Southern Seas, will be, indeed, the brightest ornament in the borders of the empire."

To the next article, on the "Geography and Biography of the Old Testament," it is impossible to do justice by any critique or extracts. We read it through with unmingled pleasure. A masterly article against some traitorous attacks on the authenticity of

the miracles of the Bible that have appeared from the pen of one in the ranks of the English clergy; an able critique on Tennyson, and some others of less general interest, finish this number.

Blackwood is hardly as brilliant as usual this year. The interest of the Luck of Ladysmede is waning, though a crisis in the work seems approaching. But what a contrast in ability to the last novel in this serial! Some French works seem to be throwing additional light on the vexed question of Mary, Queen of Scots. The articles on the recent adventures in Eastern Africa are interesting, and in dealing with Florence and its associations, Blackwood is dealing with a theme that will never lost its charm. The policy of a French alliance in China, is, we think very wisely questioned, as the interests of the two nations in Chinese affairs, can never really be in common. Blackwood is already seeing or fancying trouble in India, in consequence of the new mode of administration—but we think there has hardly enough time elapsed to enable any sound judgment to be pronounced on the matter.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for December, sustains the high character of that Magazine. "Samuel Absalom," representing, if his name may be allowed to be taken as a criterion, the great uncombed and probably unshaven of the West, does not much interest us, except by his candor. "The Minister's Wooing" ends well. We think Mrs. Stowe's credit will not suffer from the work, although we object to fiction being made a vehicle for the conveyance of religious, political, or metaphysical dogmas; believing it should be merely a picture of human action and passion. Tom Paine is finally disposed of, much to our relief as regular readers of the Atlantic, as we regard him as a man, concerning whom the less that is said the better. The "Aurora Borealis," though not very deeply scientific perhaps, is good reading. "The Professor" closes for the year with a neat tableau. We have not been so much gratified with his papers as with those of his predecessor—the Autocrat's speculations abounding more in materials for deep thought, than any combination of characters a *Boston boarding house* is likely to produce. The article called "Strange countries for to see," is, however, the gem of the number—the quotations in it most happily chosen, and the whole sparkling with humor and fine sentiment.

The New Map of the Province is a creditable production, both in material and design. It should be in every merchant's office in the city and country. The map would perhaps have been improved if the Province itself were drawn on a larger scale, so as to take up the whole map; and the hill ranges are not brought out in so bold a relief as they might be by more continuous shading, *instead of merely marking* isolated peaks. The statistics added are valuable, and well chosen.

GLEANINGS.

It is safer to affront some people than to oblige them; for the better a man deserves, the worse they will speak of him.—*Seneca.*

As a profligate never looks into his conscience, because he can see nothing there but what terrifies and affrights him, makes him moody and melancholy; so a sinking tradesman cares not to look into his books, because the prospect there is dark and dismal.

It is good discretion not to make too much of any man at the first; because one cannot hold out that proportion.—*Lord Bacon.*

Some men do wisely to counterfeit reservedness, to keep their *chests* always locked—not for fear any one should steal treasures thence, but lest some one should look in and see that there is nothing to steal.

Affectation is a greater enemy to the face than the smallpox.—*St. Evremond.*

If we read the history of bodily disorders, we are astonished that men live; if of cures, we are still more astonished that they die.

Few people know how to be old.—*La Rochefoucauld.*