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THE PROVINCIAL.

HALIFAX, NOVEMBER, 1852.

WHAT CAN WE DO FOR OUR COUNTRY ?

THE condition of the country in which we live, be it ours by birth or adoption, must naturally be fraught with interest and concern to every right thinking mind. Attachment to the native soil is one of the strongest principles implanted in the heart of humanity, and as it flourishes in greater or less enthusiasm, so will the country which excites that feeling proportionally rise in the scale of social and political importance. Every man has a stake in the land in which his habitation is cast. Its prosperity is in a measure his own, and any change in its condition, though it may not directly affect his individual interests, still as a unit in the great mass which forms society, his character and prospects must be involved in its well being or adversity.

It is not so much the character of the individual, as of his country, which entitles the stranger to consideration in a foreign land. The Englishman who seeks a home in a distant region, may be neither brave in battle or distinguished in science, yet as a son of that glorious dominion, whose proud flag may not 'float over a slave,' and whose benevolent laws secure a home to the exile and a refuge to the oppressed, he is received honourably for the sake of his birthright, the 'glorious charter' of Englishman, and honour to his country is reflected in the hospitality shown to himself. Every subject shares in the honour of his nation; and it is from this conviction that a Briton so defends the honour of the crown and the glory of the laws, because he is thereby maintaining his own cause, and defending his own birthright.

The prosperity of a country, then, in a great measure depends upon the attachment manifested to it by its children. Those who strive unitedly together for the public good will eventually be rewarded by public prosperity. When the energies of a people work in concert for the promotion of an object, the result, (proving the truth of the time-honoured maxim that 'union is strength,') has ever been the ultimate success of that cause. When a handful of Spartans overthrew the force of the approaching tyrant, it was because they were devoted to their country and united in their efforts, and by the indomitable strength of those principles, they conquered the oppressor, and made the

name of Sparta glorious through all time. History and experience alike prove the truth of the assertion, that a country's rise and prosperity depend not so much upon its own resources and natural endowments, as upon the character and efforts of its inhabitants.

We have been led into this train of thought and observation, from reflecting upon the present condition of affairs in our own province—Nova Scotia. We wished on the establishment of this Magazine, not alone to create and foster a taste for native literature, but also aimed at elevating and improving the general position of the country, by enlisting as contributors to its pages, those who had the well-being of the Colonies at heart, and whose opportunities and abilities would lead them to advocate and urge such measures as might tend to promote our welfare, and to enlist the public sympathy, in that which should be common cause—native prosperity! We regret, that, but a partial response has been made to our aspirations, and that nearly a year has passed since the establishment of 'THE PROVINCIAL,' while the apathy manifested by those of literary ability among us with regard to the agricultural, fishing, commercial and manufacturing interests, continues as before. We would now once more earnestly call attention to a matter demanding by its importance, the energies and aid of all. Those possessing ability and information necessary to the task, have too long allowed these subjects to remain unnoticed, and we now invite every Nova Scotian, able to aid the work by his pen, (and we have numbers who can do this) to the advocacy of such undertakings as will prevent our province from retrograding, and tend to keep our people at home. The pages of 'The Provincial' are open to promote this object, and we shall be glad indeed to receive the contributions of any who will meet our call in the right spirit, and strive with us to advance the welfare of our country.

When we look round upon the fair land which is our birth-place, and mark its many resources and facilities for agricultural and mercantile success, we cannot but ask how it is that elsewhere—in parts that were wilderness and unknown, while ours was in possession of all the advantages of civilization and improvement—are now flourishing cities, giving homes and employment to thousands of the industrious but superabundant population of Europe, astonishing the stranger by their magnificence and wealth, while we stand much as we did then, with undeveloped resources, and without progression in prosperity and importance.

Nova Scotia is undeniably rich in internal advantages. Her soil though not generally equal to some parts of the adjoining republic, in fertility, is still most prolific in its returns to the husbandman, where industry and skill have been properly applied; while some portion of the province is, indeed, unsurpassed in an agricultural point of view. The farmer, if resolved to prosecute his calling with diligence and care, may realize a competence, and bequeath a valuable property to his children. No one department of labour in Nova

Scotia will be unattended with success, if perseveringly pursued in the right spirit, and with the amount of interest necessary to the accomplishment of every undertaking. The province abounds in mineral wealth: its iron mines are believed to be almost inexhaustible, and no better proof of the superiority of the ore need be adduced, than the fact that at the last year's Great Exhibition of the industry of ALL NATIONS, in London, Nova Scotia iron bore off the prize from a vast array of competitors; these mines only require capital and labour, to make them the most flourishing and productive in the world. A number of natural advantages will render the process of digging and smelting the ore comparatively easy, and it only requires organization and determination on the part of the inhabitants, to make such valuable minerals an immense source of profit, and a means whereby remunerative occupation may be found for an unemployed but necessitous population. The deposits of coal are also very valuable and extensive, and are destined to be made a much greater source of prosperity than at present.

When the earth abounds in so much mineral wealth, there ought surely to be employment for the masses, and affluence for the few. Is it not from the lack of enterprise and regard for the interests of the country, in those who should desire to forward them, that so many of our natural advantages are rendered comparatively valueless? Is there not some better organization, some comprehensive scheme, which our capitalists may devise, that will serve at least to keep our young men at home, and give them the support they are prone to seek in an exile to California, and Australia.

There are our fisheries, again. The waters of our coasts are well stocked with finny inhabitants, waiting but the activity of the fisherman to be secured. This interest has been, but recently, much canvassed, and we are glad to see that our Merchants and others are at last becoming sensible to the magnitude of this important branch of our Trade, and are stirring themselves in defence of their own rights. These already offer the means of support to a large number of our inhabitants, but were such abundant fishing grounds as ours, the property of our enterprising neighbours of the republic, what a boundless source of profit would they soon become; and why is it that we cannot emulate their enterprise and success? We are in no way inferior to them in the means, but we lack the energy or determination to make these resources productive of prosperity to our country.

With the many advantages we have enumerated, and others that we need not dwell upon, such as our forests, our harbours, and ship-building advantages, why is it that we have reaped so little benefit? Why, when the world beside us has taken progression for its watchword, should we fold our hands and be left in the rear? We have hardy, resolute men among our inhabitants—men who would peril life and limb for their fellow-man—hearts of oak, beating with all the best impulses of humanity. There is not a purer, more salubrious

climate beneath the broad arch of heaven ; disease never lurks in its atmosphere ; and its sons are a hardy race, able to bear the fatigues of labour and the assaults of time. Nor do we always lack energy and ability : look at the Nova Scotian abroad—there his mind seems to shake off the fetters which clog it at home, and he takes a foremost place in the arts and inventions of his time. There is hardly a department of labour or of science in which a Nova Scotian has not distinguished himself. We could turn over the annals of the battlefield, and point proudly to the name of a Westphall, a Wallis, an Inglis, among its bravest sons. Among the most indefatigable of navigators, we have a Belcher ; and as pioneer in one of the noblest enterprises of modern days—the abbreviating the Atlantic by steam—we have Samuel Cunard.

In mechanics and other branches of science, Nova Scotians have often and again distinguished themselves. They have won laurels in the field of literature, and we have not had to blush for our countrymen even in the intellectual circles of the mother land. We have a host of finished scholars, gentlemen and Christians. Our province has been celebrated for its morality, its charity and all the courtesies of life. Societies are found continually in existence for the promotion of moral and benevolent objects, and many individuals of their number obtain deserved celebrity in regard to these great interests and aims.

Where then lies the fault ? If our country lacks little in internal resources, if her children have all the requisites for honest men and good citizens, how is it that she cannot find employment for her already limited population, but that, yearly, hundreds leave her shores to seek a home in some more prosperous clime, not from the mere love of change, or lack of attachment to their native land, but from the stern conviction that here with the best intentions they may toil and strive, and yet lack daily bread, the ordinary comforts, perchance the very necessaries of life ? This is a sad view of our present position, and, nevertheless, a true one. The cause exists—a remedy should be devised for it, and that immediately. Who, having any interest in his country, could notice without feelings of sorrow, the departure of so many young men from the land of their birth, as has occurred during the past summer ? They were indeed the 'bone and sinew' of the province, the men whom we expected to fill our high places, and to have done better service to their birthplace than did their fathers. And how is it ? driven by necessity, from the land that gave them existence but had no ties sufficient to bind them to it, they have left it in the flower of life—when the heart is impulsive and prone to attach itself to surrounding objects ; they have gone to seek a living in a new land, where they may also make themselves a home ! Too many of them will, alas ! find a grave in a foreign soil, dug for them as it were by those in the land of their birth, who have neglected to secure the employment, so necessary to their continuance in it. Of such of them who by hard labour, or perchance by good fortune, may amass wealth, have we any right to hope they will return to

our shores, to spend it? No! they will probably turn with most affection to the country which has befriended them; many will form new ties such as will aid in effacing lingering remembrances of their childhood's home: so that in the majority of cases the farewell which the young man breathed as he turned his back upon Nova Scotia, will prove to have been forever! Other lands will reap the benefit from the ability and industry of the minds we have reared; and in after years, when we hear of the triumphs of those whom we know to be Nova Scotians in name, but aliens in feeling, we will have this bitter reflection—that the men, whose genius and enterprise would have reflected glory on our country, and helped to elevate her in the scale of national importance, were driven out by hard necessity, and estranged from her forever.

It should however, be our object now to prevent a further recurrence of such a calamity, and to devise some effectual means to retain our own people within our borders; to set on foot those public undertakings and objects of enterprise, that will give our suffering countrymen the fitting means of employment. There are few who would not rather labour in their own province than seek affluence among strangers. If the fault be in the Executive of the country, let the people look to it, and choose men who will devote themselves to its interests, and bring about a better state of things. Let there be no political faction in this matter. Let them weigh the subject calmly and dispassionately, and advance their views fairly and frankly. It is not a time for apathy and indifference, when the land of our birth and affections, endeared to us by a thousand ties of association and remembrance, is standing still in the path of improvement, and threatens a retrograde movement! The present position of our country is a reproach to every one within her borders, and while there is yet time, we should wipe off the stain and unite as one man to avert her ruin.

This subject requires reflection, but with reflection, comes resolution and design; and surely there are those among us, who might devote a portion of their energies to promote the welfare of their province home! We would not be a by-word and a reproach to other lands, which every year increase in prosperity and importance, with barely a tittle of our advantages! Had we some hundreds of industrious settlers from overburdened Europe; men who have the will and the energy to make for themselves a home, and who by occasion of such internal improvements as the construction of Railways, might be located upon our uncultivated lands, in the cheerful homesteads and smiling fields their industry would in a few years present to our view, we should soon realize the advantages instead of the losses of emigration, and see in the thousand evidences of prosperity which would surround us—the true value of our country.

But we did not intend to go farther than simply to present this subject to the consideration of our readers, in the hope that some able pen and

experienced mind might thereby be induced to present in all its bearings, the evil to be removed and the remedy. To their consideration, then, we now leave it. We do not believe attachment to the native land to be a dormant feeling in Nova Scotia. On the contrary there are many keenly alive to her welfare, who, from a feeling of inability to promote it, have remained inactive, during her adversity. It is now time, however, that something should be done, and one and all, from the least to the greatest, may aid in promoting such plans as shall on mature consideration, be thought best for the interest of the province. We are already preparing for a step in the right direction: the project of a Provincial Industrial Exhibition will, with its concomitants, be useful as a preliminary measure. We trust our Correspondents will further aid us with their views on this important topic. The aim of 'The Provincial' is to promote the interests of the colonies, by every means; this can only be done by the cordial co-operation of our fellow colonists, and we invite their assistance, and urge the claims of the cause upon them. If our ideas be correct, and our views unselfish, then spoken utterance will be better than indifferent silence; our country requires all our efforts, and that they should be exerted without delay. Let then each one put his shoulders to the wheel, feeling confident of success, and remembering for the watchword, 'UNION IS STRENGTH.'

THE SCHOOL FOR FATHERS.*

It is not often that a volume of two hundred pages comprises so many of the characteristics of a good book as the one before us. We have here in this simple tale which leads us back to life in old England more than a century ago, wit, pathos, tenderness, humor, and, moreover, an excellent moral which the parents of our day will do well to ponder upon and profit by.

Poor Jack Warren, the hero of the story, is the son of an English Baronet, who to pass his days in the ease and dissipation of fashionable life, consigns his only son while yet an infant, to the guardianship of his younger brother, a jolly fox-hunting Squire with a warm honest heart, but lacking the elegance of manners so indispensable to the more refined denizen of city life.

Jack grows up with tastes and manners like his uncle, only a trifle more clownish and uncouth, but with the same honesty of purpose and singleness of heart which made the English country Squire so popular in by-gone days.

*The School for Fathers: an Old English Story. By T. GWYNNE. New York: Harper & Brothers. Halifax: E. G. Fuller.

Sir Thomas Warren after neglecting his son for nearly twenty years, and pursuing all that time a life of dissipation and heartlessness, as he finds age stealing upon him is seized with the intention of living again in his son, whom he resolves shall be a statesman and a fine gentleman, the very counterpart of himself, this being the highest distinction humanity can attain in his eyes. To carry out this design, Jack is summoned from the country, compelled to leave his kind old uncle whom he loves as a father, to give up his hounds, his hunting and congenial companions, and, harder trial than all, to leave good vicar Freeman's daughter, 'little Lydia, to whom he has pledged heart and hand and has received the same in return.

London does not agree with Jack, either in its society, its pursuits or its living. Accustomed as he has been to early hours, the fresh pure air of the country, with the jolly, free and easy life of a hunting squire, the change affects seriously his health and spirits, while the tasks and Masters, the Baronet has allotted to him, prove irksome in the extreme.

Some of the efforts to make Jack a fashionable gentleman are very laughable. Powder and wigs being indispensable in those days, the poor fellow is compelled to part with the abundant locks nature had bestowed upon him, and to comply with the laws of fashion. After a fruitless solicitation to his father for bread and cheese, with which to stay the appetite that would not be kept down by Savoy biscuits, his father orders him to his own room till the chariot is ready. We extract the following scene :

'Jack flew to his room, tore off his wig, threw himself on his bed, and swore like a fox-hunter. Hunger does not improve the temper! Then he thought of Lydia and his uncle, and his favourite dogs and horses, and the fresh air and good cheer he had left, and it seemed to him a whole year since he bade farewell to all its delights. "Two years!" he thought, "two years! If my father goes on in this way, I shall be dead long before that! I can never learn to dance, I'm sure I can't; and as for French—oh! hang it all!" and he began again to swear and bemoan himself. After a time he fell asleep.

'Sir Thomas is waiting, Sir!' and a tap at the door aroused Jack. He jumped up, seized his hat, and darted down stairs. Porter, footman and butler were in the hall, which he passed to reach Sir Thomas's study. A titter arose on all sides, which grew to a laugh loud and irresistible, as he closed the study door.

'What's the matter?' thought Jack.

'If you behave in this manner to brave and insult me, sir, you will live to repent it' said Sir Thomas, pompously. There was a silence. Jack looked about with open mouth, and said, 'I don't know what you mean, sir!'

'Look in the glass, sir. Larrazec, hold the glass to him.'

'Ah! Monseigneur,' cried the valet, doing as he was desired, 'I am quite certain *M. Varenne*—was you not forget by accident, sir?'

'Jack cast his eyes on the glass, and there beheld a blushing face and shaven crown! He in a hurry had forgotten to put on his new periwig. Poor Jack felt inclined to roar with rage on seeing himself in the glass.

'How Lydia would hate me and my shaved pate! thought he, not heeding the remarks and sarcasms of his father.'

Another scene, relative to instructing Jack in the mysteries of snuff-taking, is equally ludicrous:

'Larrazée was desired to fill one of Jack's snuff-boxes with *scented rappee*, that Sir Thomas might instruct him in the art of snuff-taking.

'I can't take snuff, sir, 'pon my soul, I can't, it makes me sneeze so,' cried Jack, as Larrazée with a bow put a little enameled snuff box into his honest brown hand. 'I desire you will try and persevere, until you overcome the habit of sneezing: a very low, nasty habit. Now observe and do just as I do. Open your box—easily—gently! Take a small pinch between your fore-finger and thumb, so: round your other fingers gracefully; bend slightly on one side—not so as if you were going to fall off your chair, but so, as I do; and take your snuff quietly, without snorting or noise. Gods! you make a noise like a pig: gently, sir, gently—now!'

'Sir Thomas was interrupted. Jack, who had followed his movements as a child follows those of a leader in a game, now burst into a paroxysm of sneezing, loud and deep; drawing in his breath, shutting his eyes, bowing his head backward and forward, uttering the most astounding sounds without intermission, till he had perpetrated above twenty sneezes—Cyclopean sneezes, violent enough to break the windows and kill his father; whom he confronted with red face and streaming eyes, as he gruffly muttered, 'I told you so, sir!'

'You must take two or three pinches a-day, sir, till you accustom yourself to it; at present you take it like a bear. But patience! we shall form you in time.' Jack only responded by blowing his nose like a trombone, and giving a few more parting sneezes. Sir Thomas sighed.

'I had no idea,' he said, 'any human being *could* be so uncultivated! The more I see of you, the more astonished I am. If you blow your nose in that detestable and overpowering manner, you will shatter every one's nerves, and throw our fine ladies into hysterics: it is just like the newsman's horn. Your exploits of this morning have quite unstrung and fatigued me, and you do not appear to do your best to co-operate with me. However, I must hope better things of you in future. Heigh-ho! would I had Lord Langley to my son!'

'I wish you had, thought Jack, with all my heart, and gave his last sneeze.'

These extracts, brief as they are, will sufficiently show the characters of both father and son: the one selfish and exacting, thinking only of his own comfort and importance; the other rough, unteachable, but amiable and honest—characters wide asunder as the poles—natures never to be drawn together. Things go on in this manner for many months; Jack is victimized daily, and grows thin upon French cookery and fashionable hours. He is introduced to his grandmother's drawing room, and salutes her, a devotee of fashion and wishing to pass for the most juvenile of matrons, with 'How do—grandmother?' thereby shocking that lady and deranging his father's nerves by his uncalled for display of sincerity. He never goes out without a blunder or accident: the day before his presentation to Court should have taken place, he is insulted by some low ruffian, and in defending himself gets a swollen cheek and a black

eye; is prevented attending the levee, and chagrins his father almost into illness by his mortifying want of refinement.

His only comfort consists in writing to and receiving letters from his little Lydia, whom he loves with the earnest strength of his honest heart, and occasionally taking refuge with his friends Lord and Lady Langley, who rise superior to the frivolity of fashionable life, and take Jack as he really is — a good hearted, worthy young man, who will never make a courtier, but always remain a gentleman, from his purity of heart and sincerity of purpose.

His father at last decides that the only way of reclaiming him from his clownishness, will be to form a matrimonial connection with some lady of fashion, which he hopes to do by the wealth he can settle on his awkward boy. And now comes a series of lessons to poor Jack, on the art of love-making; he is advised to try first with Lady Langley, his friends wife, which so shocks the poor fellows moral honesty, that he makes a confidante of Lord Langley, and tells him he shall do nothing so wicked. A lady is at last decided upon by the Baronet as an eligible connection for Jack, a dashing young widow, whose heart is all the time fixed on a Colonel Pensuddock, and only assents to the overtures of Sir Thomas for his son, for the purpose of piquing her lover and making him display a little jealousy. His father tries to make Jack believe that the widow is very much in love with him, and the poor fellow is sorely puzzled between his wish to obey his father, and his honest shrinking from deceiving any one, much less a woman, whom he is told regards him favourably.

Matters go on this way for some time; Jack still faithful to Lydia, and longing for the two years to be out, when he shall be of age and bid defiance to fashionable life, and once more live with his dear old uncle, and have his heart swell at the baying of the hounds.

But an end soon comes to his trials, as well as to his glad anticipations. Colonel Pensuddock, enraged at the widow's encouragement of Jack, offers him a direct insult, which he revenges by a violent blow: a challenge ensues, and the last scene in poor Jack's life is very touching; his little farewell bequests and last words prove the honesty and truthfulness of his heart. Lord Langley stood his friend through all; but he is no match for his opponent, and he falls dead — pierced through by the sword of his antagonist, a victim to parental selfishness and intrigue. His father's heartlessness continues to the last — but the death of his son, has made a strong impression on his already shattered nerves, and he sinks into a confirmed hypochondriac.

But we do not intend to go through all the details of the story; we have said enough to give our readers an idea of its character, and we strongly recommend it to the public. It is not often fiction presents so good a moral, and we hope the author of the book before us will try his pen again on similar subjects with so good a result. The mind has long been satiated with those

pointless efforts of the pen : romances founded upon love and passion ; we need something to speak to our inner natures, and while it amuses, also to instruct and warn. We think good lessons are inculcated in the pages of 'The School for Fathers,' and that all may read it with interest and profit.

EARLY MEMORIES.

THEY come, again,—the shadows dim—
 The dreams of long ago
 Like vague and formless ghosts that swim,—
 Now bright, now vapoury grave or grim,—
 With memory's ebb and flow
 Visions of glorious skies are there
 O'er dazzling plains of snow.
 Or butter cups and lilies fair
 That carpet earth below.

Old memories, like a mighty host,
 Float down the living stream.
 And the faces of the loved and lost
 Upon the senses beam,
 And they flit through the brain like the ghostly train
 Of an opium-eater's dream.
 They come too in our waking hours,
 When the battle of our life
 Is raging wild, and our spirit's powers
 Are worn in the bitter strife ;
 They come like the music of our dreams.
 They tell of a spirit land
 They come like the fitful, fleeting gleams,
 Of a former sphere, and with soothing beam—
 They nerve the soul to stand,
 Amid the strife that's doom'd to all,
 Nor start to see the shroud and pall.

With minstrel strain those thoughts arise,
 'Mid the balmy breath of spring,
 Yield dreams as bright as were the skies,
 Erst spanning sunlit Paradise,
 And seraph's rainbow bring.
 Yet the Worldling feels no gush of youth—
 His soul is scar'd with mammon and ruth.

Yea, dreams there are as Eden bright,
 That once our young hearts cherish'd :
 They burst upon our souls by night—
 Yet leave their traces with the light—
 Of visions that have perished.
 Visions of brighter worlds than this—
 Like gleams of a glorious goal, and bliss.

Oh, weary hearts, hope on—hope on!
 Dream still of the days of childhood gone
 And cherish the words of God the Son—
 In Israel breath'd of yore!—
 "If ye the gift of life would win,
 And triumph over death and sin,
 And the gates of glory enter in,
 Come be a child once more!"*

Faint-hearted ones, why tremble then,
 Amid the wrong—the strife of men
 And weight of human care—
 The heart that weeps o'er childhood's hour,
 Shall find its heavenly Father's power
 In the gift of earnest PRAYER.

J. McK.

APOLOGY FOR PROVINCIAL POETS.

Impromptu thought! oft tempted by a pen!
 Seeks the blank sheet. 'Tis sullied oft—and then
 The lone position of a leading line
 Calls for one more—its darkness to define.
 Thus the poor scribbler is induced to write,
 Tho' often failing to elicit light!
 But thought on thought produce the Poet's dream
 'Till presently he thinks he has a Theme,
 And if the line offend a glimpse of reason,
 He fondly thinks 'twill not be counted treason;
 And would to sourest critic make it known,
 Poets can write, or let the thing alone!
 Still thought on thought press on to find a birth,
 And Poets have o'erspread the 'babbling Earth.'
 Each one has thought his own embellished rhyme,
 If not ridiculous—might be sublime!
 Pardon, ye Minstrels! if I sing amiss,
 I only mean Provincialists in this,
 For admiration and profound regard
 We must preserve for many a foreign Bard!
 And higher meed has to the race been given,
 For 'tis allowed—that they may soar—to Heaven!

C. M. M.

* Except ye be converted and become as little children.—Whosoever receiveth not the Kingdom of Heaven as a child, &c.—EVANGELIST.

LOUIS LE GRAND: OR, FONTAINEBLEAU AND VERSAILLES.

ACT II.

SCENE 1st.—*La petite galerie du Roi, a small saloon at Versailles.*

Enter Countess.

COUN.—The King not yet arrived! how extraordinary! The hunting party quitted Fontainebleau early this morning: it is now past noon, and they have not yet reached Versailles. (*Carriages, horses, &c. heard entering court yard.*) Oh! they come at last. (*Enter De Guiche in hunting suite of the period.*) Monsr. De Guiche, where is her highness? what have you all been doing? what has become of the King?

DE G.—A thousand pardons, Countess, for appearing before you thus accoutred—this moment emancipated from that tedious ceremony, his Majesty is pleased to call, the chase.

COUN.—At best a very slow affair, especially to you, who have been accustomed to enjoy the pastime in England—where I am told they manage matters differently.

DE G.—Differently! you shall judge! fancy—compelled to curb your own impatience, and your steel's, in obedience to the tardy progression of a *caleche*, drawn by pigmy ponies, whose most accelerated pace scarcely exceeds the progression of a rocking horse! Contrast with this an exciting gallop across country, on the back of a gallant hunter, leaping hedges, flying over ditches, swimming rivers,—the stag in view,—the horns in full cry,—the—

COUN.—In short, a perfect contrast! I feel for you. But what can possibly have detained you so much longer than usual?

DE G.—The King's persisting in a snail's pace, pretending, forsooth, that rapid motion would incommode La Valliere!

COUN.—What! that creature in the *caleche*?

DE G.—(*sneering*). Do you imagine that Louis could be separated from his Louise?

COUN.—And Madame?

DE G.—Obliged to give up her place, and do propriety with her back to the ponies. La Valliere was squamish!

COUN.—Oh! I have no patience! Do you know, Count, I begin to participate in her Highness's apprehensions, concerning this girl. Especially as I learn that Bontemps is of the same opinion. If they are right, adieu to our ascendancy: unless we can devise some scheme for nipping this growing passion in the bud.

DE G.—Budding! say rather, full blown, forced into premature expansion by thick coming events.

Enter Madame, much agitated.

MAD.—Oh, Countess! such an affront—such an indignity! My dear De Guiche, hand me a chair, for heaven's sake! I shall expire! (*De Guiche hands chairs to ladies.*)

COUN.—The Count has just informed me. I cannot wonder at your emotion.

MAD.—You don't know all! Oh! let me breathe awhile! for after the degradation—I feel—ha! ha! (*laughs hysterically.*) suffocation—oh! your flacon! quick, your flacon! (*Countess holds smelling bottle—De Guiche fans her with his hat.*)

COUN.—Be calm! tell us what has happened?

MAD.—Slighted! (*sighs*). Neglected! (*weeps*). Compelled to witness his odious assiduities—without the power of shutting my ears to his fulsome compliments to my own dependant! (*speaks with energy*). I knew it—I told you so! that deceitful creature, clothing her designs under the semblance of timidity, has achieved her triumph, and captivated Louis. Oh, that I could annihilate her!

DE G.—Be composed.

COUN.—Be patient—some means may be discovered—

MAD.—Patient! composed! listen to my story—and then talk of composure. The hounds, as usual, held the stag at bay—an easy prey: the King alighting from the *caleche*, received the *couteau de chasse* from the hands of the huntsman.

DE G.—And presented it to you—a matter of course!

MAD.—To me! no—there lies the indignity! putting aside my proffered hand, he presented the weapon to La Valliere!

COUN.—Your attendant?

MAD.—Conferring on her, in my presence, the privilege of giving the *coup de grace*.

DE G.—Unheard of breach of etiquette!

MAD.—She hesitated—

COUN.—Affectation!

MAD.—Humanity—his Majesty called it!

COUN.—Infatuation!

MAD.—She burst into a flood of tears.

COUN.—The crocodile!

MAD.—Then, on her knees, implored his Majesty to spare the life of the 'poor brute.' Oh, I could have snatched the knife, and smitten her! The King forsooth, praised her tender nature—mingled his tears with hers—and—

DE G.—Louis received the wound—and not the stag.

MAD.—He called her an angel,—the *coquette*!—handed her, tenderly, back to the carriage, leaving *me* to follow, unheeded—unassisted.

COUN.—Oh, monstrous! The girl is a more finished hypocrite than I gave her credit for. But still she may be baffled!

MAD.—Heaven send it, but how?

DE G.—Alarm the Queen mother.

COUN.—No earthly use. The Dowager will not consent to peril the little power she now retains over her son: he resists her authority on all occasions. But Monsieur! the King's brother—your Highness's consort!

MAD.—My husband! a mere nonentity.

Enter Bontemps.

COUN.—Ha! Bontemps—what news?

DE G.—Is the King coming?

BOU.—No, my Lord, his Majesty has just retired to his private Cabinet—to meditate, half distracted, I may say—torn asunder—by love and jealousy.

DE G.—Jealous! of whom, pray?

BOU.—Of Mons. de Lauzun, I suspect. The lady as yet I have not discovered: at times my conjectures rest on Madlle de Houdancourt—at others on La Valliere.

MAD.—The latter—depend upon it.

DE G.—At all events he is jealous—that is something.

COUN.—De Guiche, you are an oracle! The circumstance may be turned to our advantage: a plan this moment occurs to me. (*musings.*) Yes! an infallible plan.

MAD.—A plan! dear Countess, speedily impart it.

COUN.—What think you of a letter?

MAD.—From whom—for what purpose?

DE G.—I understand—denouncing de Lauzun!

COUN.—Shallow statesman. No! Denouncing the King to the Queen—Louis to his wife. Attend! A letter from the King of Spain, acquainting his daughter, the Queen consort, with her husband's penchant for La Valliere—urging disgrace—banishment—no matter what.

MAD.—It cannot fail!—But who writes Spanish, that can be trusted.

COUN.—De Vardes, at my request, writes the letter—De Guiche, who understands the language, translates it—I undertake to procure the envelope, bearing the seal and superscription of the Spanish monarch, whose hand it will be easy to imitate.

MAD.—(*Clapping her hands.*)—Excellent idea!—My dear Countess! (*embraces her.*) But how to get it conveyed?

COUN.—Bontemps will manage that.

BON.—'Twill be hazardous.

COUN.—Nonsense! Place it, so that it may be found by the Duchess de Navailles,—she will at once convey it to the Queen—

DE G.—The wife—the woman—and the Spaniard.

BON.—There will be a precious commotion.

COUN.—Come, Bontemps!—banish your scruples, and consult your interest.

MAD.—I will answer for Bontemps. (*apart to Bon.*) Remember, my good friend, we have still the power to reward or punish—Chamarante is neither infallible, nor immortal.

BON.—Well then—to oblige you, ladies, I will do my best.

DE G.—Disinterested fellow! Excellent Bontemps.

BON.—Oh my Lord, you flatter. (*aside.*) Can he be sneering? Impossible.

MAD.—Come, let us hasten in search of de Vardes, and set the machinery in action, which is to secure our triumph.—(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE 2nd.—*The King's Cabinet at Versailles—folding doors—window—pictures—bracket clocks, &c. The King discovered playing with dogs.*

KING.—Poor Ponto, good dog! Down Malice! down! be quiet can't you—she worries Fidele? (*caresses dogs, then rises and comes forward.*) How marvellously like my courtiers, are these puppies! Fawning on me, snarling and snapping at each other. By my faith! the balance is in favor of the dogs. But alas! I am weary of them all—courtiers as well as dogs!—weary of myself. I can neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep, and question, even, whether I can dance. Oh Louise! beloved, faithless Louise! Would that the interview were over with de Lauzun. I apprehend, and yet am eager for his explanation. This uncertainty! more tantalizing, more unbearable than any reality!

Enter Chamarante.

KING.—What now Sir?

CHAM.—The Duchess de Navailles, in great haste, demands a private

audience of your Majesty, on pressing business.

KING.—(*Impatiently.*) Oh, shew her in. (*Exit Cham.*) Distraction upon distraction! what can the old Dragon want? Calmness, Louis, calmness!

Chamarante ushers in Duchess de Navailles.

CHAM.—The Duchess de Navailles. (*Exit.*)

KING.—Your grace's sudden application leads us to fear that you are the bearer of evil tidings. Nothing, we trust relating to the health of our amiable consort?

DE N.—Nothing, Sire! Her Majesty's health is just now improving—but—

KING.—She may, perchance, be sufficiently restored to grace our entertainment, this evening, in the gardens. St. Aignan, director of the festivities, promises to surpass himself in the brilliancy of the arrangements. A most exquisite masque—"the pleasures of the enchanted Isle"—charming title is it not?

DE N.—(*aside.*)—Frivolous. (*aloud.*) Her Majesty's spirits will not allow her to assist.

KING.—Ah! this protracted illness; most distressing. But what procures us the advantage of your presence?

DE N.—Sire! an extraordinary and mysterious affair.

KING.—(*aside.*)—Another remonstrance. I must cut it short. (*aloud.*) Be brief Madam! We graciously condescended to overlook that ridiculous affair at Fontainebleau, beware of its repetition at Versailles.

DE N.—I have it in command from your Majesty's royal mother---

KING.—Our mother! pray proceed. (*aside.*) How these old women torment me.

DE N.—To inform you that a letter of a suspicious nature, has chanced to fall into my hands.

KING.—From whom?

DE N.—Ostensibly written by his Majesty of Spain to his daughter, our Queen.

KING.—Well! We presume this sort of correspondence can scarcely be calculated to offend your grace's rigid notions of propriety. It does not come within the compass of a billet doux, however tender its contents.

DE N.—Your Majesty misunderstands! I said *ostensibly* from the King of Spain. The seal and superscription are authentic, but the writing of the enclosure differs widely from that of the envelope. The style and phraseology also are suspicious. French phrases translated into indifferent Spanish, not transmitted, either, through the usual channel. I found it accidentally on my table.

KING. Mysterious, truly! as you observe. (*anxiously.*) Have you yet shewn it to the Queen?

DE N.—I withheld it, fearing that it might contain intelligence touching her royal parent, whose health is precarious, which might, if abruptly communicated, affect your royal consort.

KING.—Most discreet! And so you brought it at once to us?

DE N.—At the recommendation of the Queen Mother.

KING.—(*aside.*) Punctilious idiot. (*aloud and angrily, taking letter.*) Ha! how's this, open! have you dared to peruse it?

DE N.—At the command of the Queen Dowager I translated it.

KING.—(*aside.*) Vexatious interference! (*aloud.*) You translated it? Then do the same kind office for us, you must be aware that we are unlearned in the language.

DE N.—I obey your Majesty. (*receives letter from King, and reads.*) ‘Beloved daughter! the King, your husband, is involved in a disgraceful liason.’

KING.—Disgraceful! insolent.

DE N.—‘A disgraceful liason, of which your Majesty alone is ignorant. Madlle de la Valliere, the object of this criminal passion, is capable of any artifice to alienate his affections; and, if not instantly dismissed from the household of the Duchess d’Orleans, and banished the court, your happiness, and the King’s honour’—

KING.—(*angrily.*) Hold! we will hear no more! who can have dared! The Queen, you say, has not seen this infamous document.

DE N.—She has not, Sir.

KING.—Tell me, quickly, is there any one of the courtiers sufficiently conversant with Spanish.

DE N.—(*Interrupting.*) The Signora di Molina, and Phillipa, are the only Spaniards allowed to remain in attendance on her Majesty. (*aside.*) The rest he has dismissed.

KING.—That is not the question. Who, I repeat, among the courtiers, know enough of Spanish to indite a letter—and such a letter?

DE N.—I know of none, except indeed Monsr. de Lauzun or the Count de Guiche.

KING.—De Lauzun! enough Madam! who waits!

Enter Chamarante.

KING.—Conduct the Duchess de Navailles. Inform the Count de Guiche we require his presence on the instant. Send Bontemps to us presently. (*bows to de Navailles, who goes out, accompanied by Chamarante.*) I must question de Guiche, and shall then be prepared to deal with de Lauzun.

Enter de Guiche.

DE G.—Your Majesty commands my attendance. (*aside.*) What can he want? Ha! (*sees letter in the King’s hands, and becomes agitated.*)

KING.—(*not remarking his agitation.*) Here is a letter, Monsr. de Guiche, its tendency most injurious to others, as well as to ourself. Read it, (*gives letter,*) and favour us with your opinion as to the author of the vile calumnies it contains.

DE G.—(*aside, pretending to read.*) Does he suspect! ‘Beloved daughter,’ hum! ha! no he cannot! I may yet mislead him. The Queen cannot have seen it. How came it in his possession?

KING.—Well, Sir! do you recognise the hand?

DE G.—I have some idea that the writing is familiar to me. (*aside.*) Impudence, and all the powers that inspire it, assist me now with self-possession!

KING.—You understand Spanish?

DE G.—Indifferently, your Majesty. Barely sufficient to—

KING.—No matter! know you the hand?

DE G.—I must confess, I have seen writing remarkably like it.

KING.—Ha! whose? tell me, whose?

DE G.—Your Majesty must excuse me, it would be indiscreet.

KING.—Count! we absolve you from all responsibility, and command you, on your allegiance, to state explicitly.

DE G.—Well, Sire, since you command me thus emphatically, I must own that the writing, in many respects resembles that of the Count de Lauzun.

KING.—Ha! (*snatching letter and examining closely.*)

DE G.—But I may be mistaken.

KING.—You are not mistaken, sir! We also now trace the resemblance.

DE G.—Really, Sire! we courtier's hands are so remarkably alike, that your Majesty might, with equal reason, suppose it to me mine.

KING.—Yours, de Guiche! Impossible.

DE G.—(*coolly.*) Oh! quite impossible. (*aside.*) It is too well disguised.

KING.—We will investigate the matter further. You may retire. But mark me! breathe not a syllable of this discovery to any individual.

DE G.—(*bows and retires.*) The storm is averted for the present. (*aside and Exit.*)

KING.—'Tis evident! (*examining letter.*) De Lauzun must be the author; what can be his motive? Ungrateful minion.

Enter Bontemps.

KING.—Bontemps! seek the Count de Lauzun—tell him we have been expecting him. He is wanting in respect to keep us waiting his leisure. By the bye, have you seen him lately?

Box.—Not lately, that is, not very lately, Sire. (*aside.*) He appears calm and composed; the affair has not yet exploded.

KING.—Was he alone?

Box.—Yes! no, Sire, not exactly alone. (*aside.*) I dare not tell him the truth.

KING.—What means this hesitation, this confusion. Sirrah? Answer directly! Who was with him?

Box.—A lady, Sire! (*aside.*) He will know every thing.

KING.—A lady! what lady? (*aside.*) Doubtless, Louise.

Box.—I could not declare positively, one is so apt to be deceived: she bore some resemblance to, that is, her dress was similar to—

KING.—To whose? come, sir! speak, or—

Box.—To that of Madlle de la Valliere.

KING.—(*aside.*) As I suspected. Oh, torture! (*aloud.*) When did you see them? Where?

Box.—I approached the bosquet de l'étoile, just as the Count was taking leave.

KING.—And overheard their conversation! did you not? your ears are, generally, sharp enough.

Box.—Merely the concluding sentence.

KING.—(*anxiously.*) Tell me instantly! what said he?

Box.—'When his Majesty becomes aware of the sincerity of our affection, he will not, cannot, withhold his consent.'

KING.—Audacious assumption! our consent! never! Bontemps, as you value our favour, watch, follow, on every occasion. Should you discover them together, bring us instant intelligence. Away.

Box.—(*aside.*) News for her Highness. (*Exit.*)

KING.—This uncertainty, or rather this certainty, this confirmation, chills my heart's blood, I tremble with conflicting emotions. Nevertheless hope preponderates—and what now, sir.

Enter Chamante, ushering in de Lauzun.

CHAM.—The Count de Lauzun. (*Exit.*)

KING.—(*aside, turning his back on de Lauzun.*) The traitor! The recollection of the letter restores my firmness.

DE L.—(*aside.*) Nothing shall now prevent the avowal.

KING.—Monsr. de Lauzun, we await your pleasure!

DE L.—It may not have escaped your Majesty's memory, that I was appointed an audience at this hour.

KING.—Well, sir!

DE L.—Grateful for the indulgence, I venture to cast myself at your Majesty's feet, (*kneels.*) to solicit a boon on which depends the happiness or misery of my future existence.

KING.—(*aside.*) His misery, his existence, compared with mine!

DE L.—(*aside.*) The moment is unpropitious, I read it in his aspect. (*aloud.*) Your Majesty has ever vouchsafed to me the indulgence of a friend, rather than the condescension of a sovereign, deign still to honour me with your regard, whilst I confess that I have the presumption to aspire to the hand of a lady.

KING.—Ha!

DE L.—The brightest ornament of your brilliant court.

KING.—(*aside.*) No other than Louise! unparalleled audacity.

DE L.—One in whose welfare, you Sire, evince the deepest interest.

KING.—(*aside.*) It must be Louise! I can bear it no longer. (*aloud.*) And you have dared, sir, to apprise the lady of your insolent pretensions!

DE L.—(*rising abruptly.*) Insolent pretensions! (*aside.*) The expression is offensive, but shall be endured for her sake. (*aloud.*) Sire! I am fully conscious of my own demerits, but feel, nevertheless, that a Scion of the illustrious house of de Grammont may venture to address a lady, aye, and a noble one, without incurring so harsh an epithet as that which but now escaped your Majesty. As a nobleman of France, I—

KING.—(*interrupting.*) When a nobleman of France stoops to so base an action as the fabrication of a letter, aye, Sir! a forged letter! no epithet, however harsh, is undeserved.

DE L.—Sire! I know of no such letter. My correspondence with the lady—

KING.—Unworthy subterfuge!

DE L.—Subterfuge! this is too much! It compels me to reply that, such a word applies more justly to your Majesty than to your humble servant.

KING.—This insolence surpasses all endurance.

DE L.—If there be subterfuge, 'tis you, Sire, who merit its application. You! who after promising me the post of Commandant of the Artillery, have broken your royal word, and conferred the office on another.

KING.—The promise, you allude to, was conditional.

DE L.—(*contemptuously.*) Conditional!

KING.—Yes! depending on your secrecy, until the appointment was officially confirmed. You revealed it prematurely. 'Tis you, Sir, who have broken faith, and thus absolved us from our promise! But the letter, Sir! the letter! No more prevarication.

DE L.—Prevarication! Oh, intolerable! Sire, I have been educated in the creed that, the man who breaks his word is utterly dishonoured, however exalted his station. From you I learn that breach of faith has become the prerogative of royalty!

KING.—Beware, sir!

DE L.—Of what, Sire! I might resign my sword—(*draws his sword.*)

KING.—The resignation would be accepted.

DE L.—(*throws away scabbard.*) I might also be solicited to resume it.

KING.—Be under no alarm on that account.

DE L.—Old associations, habitual respect for the sovereign of France, might induce me, neglectful of my wounded honour, to comply.

KING.—Your honour shall not be so severely tested.

DE L.—Thus, Sire! (*breaks his sword and throws the fragments at the King's feet.*) I place myself beyond temptation.

KING.—This indignity to your sovereign. (*lifts his cane, and is about to strike de Lauzun, when de Houdancourt rushes in, and throws herself at the King's feet.*)

DE H.—Spare him, Sire! spare yourself this degradation.

KING.—My better angel! (*goes to window, opens it, and throws away his cane.*) There! history shall never have it to record, that Louis le Grand struck a nobleman of France.

DE H.—(*aside to De L.*) Have you owned your love?

DE L.—(*aside.*) Yes! and he insulted me.

KING.—(*returning.*) This lady, Monsr. de Lauzun, has rescued us both from humiliation! But the forged letter, Sir.

DE L.—I assure your Majesty, upon my honour, that I am ignorant of any letter it would not become a gentleman to write.

KING.—What! after our leniency, do you still persist in denying any knowledge of the base epistle?

DE H.—Hear me, Sire! De Lauzun knows nothing of the affair, indeed he does not. Accident revealed to me the existence of a foul conspiracy, in which he is neither directly or indirectly implicated.

KING.—Your word absolves him. But the conspiracy you allude to! know you the authors of the letter?

DE H.—I beseech your Majesty to spare me the pain of a revelation.

KING.—Name them, we command you! lest we again confound the innocent with the guilty.

DE H.—I dare not disobey. (*hesitating.*) Madame, and—

KING.—What! our sister Henrietta?

DE H.—And others, whose names I am unacquainted with.

KING.—Enough! we have the clue, and will unravel the affair ourselves. Monsr. de Lauzun, the testimony of this noble girl, added to our former regard, induce us to overlook your disrespectful conduct. But there is another circumstance—

(*Folding doors thrown open, a saloon beyond with a table, on which a repast is served; courtiers, ladies, &c., stand grouped around it, servants form a line on either side—ushers advance, &c.*)

USHERS.—His Majesty is served.

KING.—(*aside.*) Vexatious ceremony.

DE L.—(*aside.*) More delay! unfortunate interruption!

DE H.—(*to de L.*) Patience! All will yet be well.

KING.—We attend! (*Exit preceded by ushers, folding doors close after them. Execut de H and de L. conversing.*)

Curtain falls.

RIVERS UNKNOWN TO SONG.

THE GAMBIA.

Where the Mangrove shadows,
 To the hot winds quiver,
 Through majestic bowers
 Rolls a splendid River.
 Evermore broad branches
 Stoop their heads to lave,
 And weave a sylvan coronal,
 To grace the Gambian wave.

Lone and lovely Islands,
 Are lying on its breast;
 Verdant blooming marvels,
 By human foot unprest;
 Amid their flowery thickets
 The serpent finds a home.
 And through the gorgeous solitudes
 The wolf and leopard roam.

Amid the dusky nations,
 Bord'ring Gambia's side,
 Floats the English banner.
 Up its stately tide.
 There—o'er English faces—
 The proud old Flag may wave.
 That honors with its drooping fold.
 Full many an English grave.

Calm, great creeks, stretch inland,
 Beneath a Mangrove crown,
 Whose green and clasping branches,
 Send morning coolness down.
 On their still waves the stranger
 Might dream that wood and wand
 Of magic, held these portals fair,
 To sunny lands beyond.

And fields are bright with sunshine.
 Amid the burning plain,
 And wondrous plumes are glancing.
 Where fearless birds remain.
 And round the native village,
 Are towering regal trees—
 And Tamarind, Oak and mighty Teil.
 Sway grandly to the breeze.

There the jetty Ialoof,*
 Basks the hours away;
 And there his graceful maidens.
 At morn in early May,

* The Ialoofs are very dark in their complexion, but are regular in their features and of handsome form. Their hair is short and curling, and their skin of a jetty black. The first shower fell near the end of May.—UP THE GAMBIA.

Grouping in the corn-lands,
Cast the blessed grain,
Across the warm luxuriant soil—
Before the time of rain.

And rude invention aideth
The tiller of the ground:—
Beside his simple anvil,
The faloof man is found.
And though to him comes never,
Stern labor's careful pain,
'Aneath his brilliant heaven he plies
The art of Tubal-Cain.*

And life hath other aspects,
Where Gambia's waters sweep—
Sunny pastoral pictures,
Where Shepherd-Foolahst keep
Quiet herd and sheep-flock—
Gigantic boughs below,
Or range the green wild pastures, where
The long strange grasses grow.

Far in the shining distance
A little leaf-thatched Town,
Lies 'mid the blooming verdure—
These glorious deserts own.
With water-jars head-laden,
There—in the evening calm,
Come Foolah girls, from wells, beside
Some old chivalric Palm.

The patriarchal people,
Here, oft at clear nightfall,
Hold, 'neath the lofty branches,
A moonlit festival, †
And gracefully the maidens
Move to some simple strain,
Whose gentle charm to joy beguiles.
These children of the plain.

The ancient Arab‡ beauty,
Is ling'ring in their mien.

* * The native workmanship in iron is very rude, yet some of their agricultural implements appear admirably suited to their purpose. The native workmanship in gold, is not merely curious, but often really beautiful.—WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

† The agricultural Foolahs are the great herdsmen of Africa. They wander with their flocks and herds from one country or district to another, renting the right of pasturage from the Chiefs. They generally build their villages with a long open street, without much external defence of any kind, contrary to the usual system in Africa.—WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

‡ Were their color only white, there would be few prettier sights in the world than a Foolah Village on the occasion of a Festival. The glorious tropical vegetation, the stately palms in groups, the lowing herds of oxen, the tall and graceful figures of the men, the groups of young girls with wild-flowers in their hair, the loose, brilliantly dyed cotton dresses which all wear—so much more effective than any European dresses can be—form ever varying and very beautiful pictures.—WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

§ They have, apparently, a large intermixture of Arabic blood.—WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

And yet their glowing language³
 Tells more of what hath been.
 Still delicate in feature
 As Europe's daughters fair,
 Lovely—with the locust garland
 In their glistening hair.

From his distant kingdom
 The swarthy trader hies
 To thy broad breast, Gambia.
 With native merchandize,
 Down the shining highway,
 Comes the earth-born star,
 And nuts, and gold, and ivory,
 And chea-oil from afar.

From remoter regions,
 Whence tribute waters pour,
 Tribes come—wild and warlike
 Along this wondrous shore.
 On the sunny borders,
 Monsters swarm unstirred,
 And hither leads the Elephant
 His own majestic herd.

Strange night-cries are booming
 Across the silent air,
 When, roused, the river-horses
 Forsake their wat'ry lair.
 All day the vulture watcheth
 For prey, the stream and slope,
 And boundeth up and down the banks,
 The dainty Ante'ope.

Beautiful is Gambia,
 Approaching ocean's sway :
 Beautiful is Gambia,
 Five hundred miles away.
 Through exhaustless glories,
 Passing all we dream
 Of lovely, wild and wonderful,
 Sweeps on the cooler stream.

MAUDE.

³ How is it that these people are now found in a semi-barbarous condition, while traces remain of civilisation and mental culture of no mean order. For the language of a people contains the hieroglyphics of their former grandeur, just as the Pyramids and ruined Temples of Egypt would convince us of her ancient grandeur, if all literary records had perished in the flames which consumed the Library of Alexandria. The language of the Foola is contains words and terminations exceedingly like the names of the old Carthaginian heroes who fought with gigantic Rome. In other respects it bears the marks of considerable taste and genius.—UPPER GAMBIA.

SKETCHES OF DARTMOUTH.

BY M. B. D.

(Concluded from page 232.)

DARTMOUTH contained in the year 1809, only nineteen dwelling houses, composed chiefly of the buildings erected by the Quakers, and its population in

1829 numbered nine hundred and sixty. Although nothing, *by any means surprising*, has marked the growth of the place, yet, on comparing its early settlement with the present state of things, it will be seen that some advance has been made in the right direction. In the year first above mentioned, a Tannery, a Bakery, and a Grist-Mill, comprised the list of *manufactories*.

Dartmouth has now grown into a Town, with nearly three hundred houses, and a population of about fifteen hundred souls. There are five buildings set apart for public worship, namely: Church of England, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, Baptist, and African. There are also three public Schools, kept by licensed Teachers, receiving a share of the Provincial allowance. One of these Schools is kept in the building originally erected by the Quakers, for a meeting house. Several private Schools, are also sustained by the people. The manufactories now in operation, include two Foundries, five Tanneries, one Chocolate Manufactory, three Grist Mills, and a Nail Mill. Of these, a number are driven by steam power.

On a site opposite the English Church, stands the Dartmouth Mechanics' Institute, the first fabric of the kind erected in Nova Scotia. Lectures had been for several years delivered in hired rooms, until at last a taste grew up among the people, and they resolved to have a comfortable building for literary purposes. But the chief difficulty was—how to procure the necessary funds. A happy idea, however, presented itself—to get up a grand Bazaar, during the Strawberry season, on the delightful locality of McNab's Island. Suitable arrangements were made, and the Bazaar came off on the tenth day of July, 1845. It was well patronised by the *élite* of the City. Two of the Ferry Steamers were employed throughout the day, in conveying visitors to and from the Island, who numbered by estimation, about five thousand. The ladies and gentlemen who had undertaken the affair, spared no exertions, and their efforts were attended with a large measure of success. Every thing passed off in the most agreeable manner, and the handsome return of £491 proved an ample compensation for all the trouble connected with the Bazaar. Plans for a building were subsequently prepared by Mr. Henry Elliot, a young and rising mechanic of the Town; and it was erected under the joint skill and superintendance of himself and Mr. Elliot, Senr. The work went speedily forward, and the inhabitants had soon the gratification of seeing the Mechanics' Institute take its position, and stand as a common platform where persons of all classes and creeds might meet to receive instruction, during the long winter evenings. The attendance on the lectures of the Institution, has been as in other places, sometimes increasing and at intervals falling off. During the last winter the Institute was well patronised, nearly one hundred season tickets, each entitling two persons to admission, having been disposed of. The lectures are generally gratuitous, and the officers have at all times received valuable assistance from gentlemen residing in Halifax, in the shape of addresses and other favors.

Though the people of Dartmouth have always been noted for their sobriety, room has been found for the establishment of a Division of the Sons of Temperance, which in its palmyest days, contained ninety members, but has decreased in numbers to between forty and fifty. The manufacture of ardent spirits has been carried on in five different buildings, erected for the purpose. Distillation is now wholly suspended in several of them, and only one is in constant operation.

For many years ship-building was extensively pursued in Dartmouth, and gave employment to numerous individuals. Messrs. Lyle and Chapel are well known, as experienced and master builders. At the yard of the former, was built the barque 'Barbara,' which accomplished the distance from Galway to Halifax, with a cargo of emigrants, in twelve days. The first vessel launched in Dartmouth, was called the 'Maid of the Mill,' and was engaged in the service of the owners of the Grist Mill, now occupied by Messrs. Black and Brothers.

Ship-building is at present almost discontinued. This has been caused by the greater facilities afforded to Merchants, in having their vessels built at the outports, and furnishing supplies, as part, or principal payment. When this branch of business was carried on largely, it was no unusual sight to witness at a launch a numerous assemblage of people, attended by a Military Band, surrounded by banners waving in the breeze, the whole presenting a very interesting scene.

The mysterious disappearance, some time ago, of a well known inhabitant, Doctor McDonald, excited a painful sensation in the community. This gentleman was by birth a Scotchman—one of the open-hearted of his race. He was kind to the poor, a good Magistrate, a useful member of the community, and much respected by a numerous circle of friends. It will ever be cause for regret, that at the date of the sad event, proper enquiries were not instituted by the authorities of the place. The whole matter is yet involved in mystery. In March, 1851, at a public meeting called for the transaction of the general business, a communication was made to the meeting, that a letter had been received by R. Noble, Esq., of Halifax, from the friends of Doctor McDonald, requesting information, as to his very sudden and mysterious disappearance. A Committee of three persons was immediately chosen, to make the necessary investigation, and report thereon. These gentlemen waited upon the man who had been in the employ of the Doctor, and elicited from him the following statement :

The Doctor left home on a Monday morning, about nine o'clock, after breakfast, being four years last St. Andrew's day. He went to the store, and there wrote a note, and put it in the mail bag. He then proceeded apparently in a hurry to the steamboat, and went across the harbor to Halifax, in the ten o'clock boat, leaving behind him in the office his spectacles and stick. I never saw him afterwards. He had on his usual clothing, with a red comforter

round his neck, and an India Rubber cape, or Mackintosh. The Doctor took no extra clothing with him, or anything else, by which I could suppose he did not intend to return. He seemed absent, and troubled, for about a week previous to his disappearance.'

Thus the matter stands, not a jot of the mystery in which it has been shrouded, cleared away or removed. There seems to be little probability that it will ever be known what proved the end of the Doctor's mortal career.

The improvement of the Dartmouth Common, has added much to the appearance of the town. It has been laid off in lots, and sold, subject to a ground rent of twenty shillings per annum. The funds arising from the sale of land and rents, are laid out in making and repairing the roads through the Common, and in otherwise improving it. Quite an excitement was got up a few years ago, by the alleged discovery of Copper ore in the soil of one part of the Common. Miners were employed, and two shafts were sunk, one to the depth of over ninety feet. These excavations were continued for some time, and specimens of supposed ore were forwarded to England. So sanguine did some folks become of the actual existence of the metal, that a person living in the vicinity, advertising his property for sale, among other things stated in its favor, that it was '*contiguous to the Copper mines.*' The reports of scientific men, by whom the specimens were examined, could not have been very favorable, as the immense chasms which had been made, were closed up and have not since been uncovered.

Dartmouth has a fine front on the harbor, and is surrounded on all sides with numerous and beautiful lakes, in the neighbourhood of which may be witnessed some of the finest scenery. Extensive improvements have been made where the spruce and birch held sway until a few short years ago, and where may now be seen the delightful residences, known as Mount Amelia, Woodside, Brooklands, Sunny Side, Brook House, Mount Edward, and Balmoral. There are, also, several other interesting localities not far from the Town, and among them one on which stands the Parsonage House, now the residence of the Rev. George Morris, Rector of the Parish. Around this spot, where the early joys of happy childhood were experienced, and where faithful memory still loves to linger, are twined many pleasing reminiscences. Here, in that bright spring time of existence, dwelt 'the Faithful Pastor,' who still lives in the affectionate remembrance of a grateful people, and who sacrificed all, even life itself, to advance the sacred cause to which his whole energies were devoted. Changes—the lot of all, have since taken place, and—

"'Tis now become a history little known.

That once we called the Pastoral House our own."

Dartmouth is connected by good roads, with the adjacent townships and settlements of Preston, Porter's Lake, Chizetcook, Cole Harbor, Lawrence Town, the Eastern Passage, and Cow Bay; and all the settlements that skirt

the eastern shore. It is also the commencement of the main post road, leading round the lakes, to Colechester and other counties, east of Halifax.

In closing these imperfect sketches, the writer need not remind those who may peruse them, that the place of which they treat is but a small part of a slowly improving Province, and that there is nothing of *very great* interest to be traced in its past history. The future of Dartmouth, it is to be hoped, will afford grounds for a brighter picture. Its proximity to the Atlantic seaboard, and its connection with Halifax, must one day make it a town or city of considerable importance. It has already been recommended as a preferable terminus for the great *contemplated* Railway, from Halifax to Quebec. Whatever happens, may it increase and prosper, and be, in all time to come, the abode of an intelligent, upright, and happy people.

STRAY STORIES.—No. 2.

A correspondent in the August Number of 'The Provincial,' has called attention to the beautiful Islands which adorn the Basin of Chester, and given an interesting story in connection with one of them. Another tale equally tragical and distressing, with that narrated of the murder and capture of the Payzant Family, is brought to mind, the plain recital of which is communicated to 'The Provincial.' The writer hopes that other persons who may be in possession of legends connected with this delightful locality, may also be induced to submit them to the public.

Chester Bay is indeed justly celebrated through Nova Scotia, and admired by all who have seen it, for those clusters of beautiful islands which stud its bosom. Some are as mere specks upon the ocean, while others extend for miles in circumference. The whole appearance of the harbour is very attractive. To stand and look upon its broad expanse, when the rosy light of morning first tinges its blue depths, and mark the many groups of wooded or cultivated islands that rise from its bosom, is a sight that may well repay the exertion of early rising.

On some, neat homesteads and smiling farms are visible, while others look like entire though tiny forests where the dark fir trees are seen growing down to the extreme verge of the water. The islets seem very peaceable and fair in the bright sunshine, and as the glad waves ripple between them, and the soft wind of summer plays lightly among their trees, it were no hard task to wish for a hermitage in any one of them, so far removed they seem from turbulence and hustle.

It would be difficult indeed to believe, while admiring the beautiful touch which Nature has given to this secluded scenery, that even here the darkest passions of our nature have been at work, and that violence and sorrow have shadowed the sunny spots where imagination would form an Eden. Yet so it is. To one the more sordid feelings of ignorant men have turned for years, it has been the centre of their money-loving hopes, and an amount of labour and patience has been expended there, that would have done good service in a better cause, or with more enlightened men. On another the massacre by the Indians before alluded to, was committed; while on another, the most attractive of these small isles, a deed of horror was committed, one of those domestic tragedies, whose recital is sufficient to shock the deepest sympathies of our nature.

Nass's Island is one of the largest of the cluster which add so much beauty to the harbour of Chester, and is more contiguous to the shore than many of the others. A large grove of magnificent oak trees is its chief ornament, though its many green fields, with their smiling harvest and grazing flocks, now lend much beauty to the scene.

Nearly seventy years ago, an honest Dutch farmer of the name of Nass, emigrated from Holland to Nova Scotia with his wife and one or more children; and with a number of other emigrants settled in Lunenburg County. The islands being more adapted to agriculture than the inland coast he selected one of them as a residence, and removed to it with his family, where by dint of unflagging industry a comfortable dwelling and well stocked farm soon appeared.

It was very necessary that labour should be unceasing on his part, for as years passed on, his family increased to such an extent that at last he could number nineteen children, almost all of whom attained to maturity. Many of them were fine sturdy boys, whose toil and exertions soon equalled his own, and by their united industry they grew in prosperity, and lived on peaceably and happily, as those ever do who pursue their allotted calling with honesty and contentment. Sorrow, which comes alike to the prince and the peasant, had, however, marked them for visitation, and a calamity was destined to fall upon them, grievous and terrible to be borne.

As the boys advanced in age, each one according to his inclination was assisted by his father, in the purchase of land for his own cultivation; or they were aided otherwise in their different pursuits.

Matthew, the third son, had always been of an excitable and fiery temperament, unlike the characteristic apathy of disposition commonly met with in the German peasant. His parents had more difficulty with him than with any of their other children: he was headstrong and wilful, and often morose, wandering by himself and forbidding, by sullen looks and angry tones, any attempt at sympathy or counsel. He soon determined on leaving his father's

house and obtaining a farm for himself on one of the adjoining islands—which by the accumulated savings of years he was enabled to do. It proved to be an unfortunate speculation, for the person from whom he purchased had no title to the land, and the rightful owner speedily appeared to claim his property. The former occupant had absconded, leaving poor Matthew *minus* his money and his farm.

His conduct for a time had been extremely wild and extraordinary, and this last disappointment entirely unsettled his reason. For a season he wandered by himself, moody and restless, violent when spoken to, and ungovernable when any attempt was made to control him. But, very soon, this state of mind, wretched as it was, became worse, and within a short period he lapsed into confirmed insanity. His actions had occasionally been so extremely violent, that his father felt it unsafe to allow him his liberty any longer. Thus every day his malady increased, and compulsory confinement was rendered inevitable. He was, accordingly, kept by himself in a distant apartment, whose doors and windows were securely barred. It was fearful at times to hear his wild ravings, and at others heart-rending to listen to his cries for liberty.

His father and brothers soon grew accustomed to his conduct, and ceased to regard it, but his poor mother's heart was not proof against the lamentations of her unhappy son. She often interceded with her husband for his release from constraint, fancying that by less severe measures he would be the more speedily restored to his reason: and of this consummation she never entertained a doubt. Many a long, miserable hour, would she spend in the chamber of the unhappy maniac, soothing his wildness by gentle words and loving acts, such as only a woman, and that woman a mother, can use, feeling stronger each day in her conviction that his madness was but a temporary visitation.

But weeks and months passed on, and no change was visible; until at last, with a maniac's shrewdness, he seemed to perceive that his mother was less inclined to confine him than were other members of his family, and day by day he grew more gentle at her approach, and talked more calmly and reasonably than he had done since his first lapse into insanity. His father, however, notwithstanding his mother's arguments and entreaties, had no faith in his improvement; he was witness to many an outbreak that Matthew had the cunning to conceal from the more tender-hearted parent, and he felt it would be unjust to himself and his family did he allow him to go at large.

Often might he be heard muttering deep threats of vengeance against those who deprived him of his freedom, and his father feared the worst results should he again be restored to liberty. But Mrs. Nass shared not in these unhappily too well-founded fears; she believed that harshness would but confirm his malady, and that freedom in the woods and fields where he might

return to his old haunts and wanderings, would be the fitter means of restoring him to health and reason. Neighbours and friends remonstrated with her against this erroneous impression; but the pleadings of her unfortunate son touched more powerfully her mother's heart, than their correct but cold arguments, and she determined to follow the suggestions of her own kind feelings, and give her son a taste of the liberty he craved for so much, on the earliest occasion.

It was a bright, pleasant day, in the glowing season of summer. Nature was wearing her freshest attire, and the birds and gentle breezes sang in unison to greet the welcome fragrance of the sweet flowers. The blue waters flashed brightly in the glad sunshine, while here and there the white sails of some fisher's boat might be seen swelling with the wind, as her keel cut joyously through the snowy foam. All was light and beauty in the outer world—a day formed for the enjoyment of earth's myriad creation. The old farmer Nass, with several of his sons, had gone to the neighbouring town, in the early part of the day, to be absent until nightfall, while two of the boys were examining their fishing nets upon the shore, a pursuit to which they properly gave much attention at this season. Their mother was alone in the house, with the younger children and the unfortunate Matthew, who on this day had besought her so touchingly to give him his liberty, but for one hour, that she could no longer withstand his pleading. She allowed him to leave the small room where he had been confined for a number of months, intending that he should occupy it again before his father and brothers returned. He seemed delighted with his liberty, thanked his mother repeatedly for releasing him, and appeared so quiet and docile that her heart thrilled with joy at the success of her scheme, and in imagination she saw her son restored to his right mind, taking his place by the hearth and the table, and performing the usual duties of life in common with her other children. Bright hope! soon to be darkened by a most fearful calamity.

It was wearing late in the afternoon when Matthew, who appeared happy and delighted from every thing within and without the house, was now looking from the window and watching the return of his two brothers from their fishing excursion; they had neared the shore, and were about to land, when he called eagerly to his mother, telling her the boys had arrived, and asking her leave to go down and assist them in securing the boat. His mother delighted to see his returning interest in his brothers and their occupations, gave him permission, and he swiftly bounded down the bank that led from the cottage to the wharf, where his brothers were then busied with their boat and not noticing his approach. He stood for a moment watching them, and then rushed rapidly forward, offering to help them. They turned round amazed to find him there, apparently sane as themselves, and willingly allowed him to assist them. Quick as thought he wrenched the crowbar from the ground to which

their boat was usually attached, and with one fatal blow laid his young brother on the earth a lifeless form! so certain had been the maniac's aim. And now ere the other brother had time for escape or resistance, he had lifted the fatal weapon, and with another blow as sure as the first his second victim lay before him! His mother who had been watching him from the window, and her younger son who remained in the house with her, were soon on the spot, frantically endeavouring to secure the now infuriated madman. He immediately turned upon his mother with the same horrible design, but missing his aim she had time to enter the boat with her child and push off to the nearest quarter, for help and succour; when these were attained they rowed rapidly to the scene of this awful catastrophe.

The infuriated man was gloating over the deed he had committed, and expressing his satisfaction at the result. It was with great difficulty that he was at last secured. They then turned sadly to raise the two hapless boys for whom human assistance was of no avail. They were lying there—dead—murdered—by the hand of their own brother; it was a dreadful ordeal for the wretched mother, to gaze on her lifeless sons, and feel that in a measure the fault was hers, in yielding to the importunities of Matthew for release, and disregarding the counsels of those who warned her against so dangerous a course. It needs not the force of language to convey a sense of the distress and horror this deed brought to the afflicted family and all within the vicinity of the scene. It was sad indeed to see two fine youths cut down in the flower of their life, unwarned and unprepared, and the bereaved mother's grief was only equalled by her remorse.

Matthew was removed to the county jail for more secure confinement, and lingered out many years in hopeless insanity. He died at last without one gleam of returning reason. The other members of the family remained on the island, where they had first settled, but the old father soon descended to the grave, an event no doubt hastened by the shock he had received in the death of his two promising sons.

Mrs. Nass, great as was the trial, lived a long term of years after this fearful event. Her death only occurred about the year 1850. Ninety years was the span of her pilgrimage here, and how many of them were passed in sorrow and anguish of heart; the dreadful moment in which she witnessed the death of two sons by the hand of a third, must have been an ever present time, and embittered her life while memory remained. Who now when gazing upon that calm island, surmounted by giant oak trees, and slumbering so placidly in the calm ocean, would dream that it had been the scene of so much horror? It is well that nature does not retain the impress of crime or sorrow, or how few fair spots would there be left for our admiring scan. It is far better that those fearful secrets are hidden as they are, for such knowledge only serves to darken the fair portions of earth, and makes our place of pilgrimage in very truth a desolation.

TALES OF OUR VILLAGE.—NO. 5.

'EXAMPLE is better than precept : ' such the adage handed down to us by our forefathers, and their posterity have often proved the truth of the time honoured assertion. One act of self-denial on the part of a friend, one relinquishment of some cherished feeling for the good of another, and we are more ready to 'go and do likewise' than if a whole volume of empty advice and encouragement had been given us. Human nature is essentially practical, however we may profess to be led by feelings and sympathies. One example in history has made more heroes and patriots, than all the wisdom of the ancients. The warriors of olden time carved out a path in which others could follow, and doubtless the daring and martial tactics of Hannibal or Alexander, led on Napoleon and our own Wellington, though it may be unconsciously to themselves, through the many conflicts by which, with soldier-like decision and genius, they marched on to glory.

But the battle field of daily life has its soldiers and its heroes, also. There are sharp struggles there for victory, and much to undergo, ere the end is seen. Toil and privations, suffering and sorrow, make up the sum of existence, and the strongest weapon we can form to ward off all these and endure to the end, is Patience ! But many a homily might be written in favour of this assertion, and many an eloquent appeal made to fasten the conviction upon the heart : all would be alike powerless unless we saw some practical illustration of its truth ; some clear assurance that the worst trials of our life can be borne with cheerfulness, and endured with resignation. Then with such a shining example amid the thick darkness around, the fainting heart will take shame to itself for its own weakness, and with that spirit of emulation which gave birth to the '*strong minded*' old proverb, 'what man has done man can do,' we rise up determined not to be behind our fellow-men. But if others have borne what we must acknowledge to be greater sorrows than our own, with such a hero-spirit, we, if we cannot quite equal them, will emulate them as nearly as we can, and thus prove to the unpractising professors around us our belief in our ancestors wisdom, that 'Example is better than precept.'

Believing then most earnestly in the truth of this adage, it becomes the duty of all to record every case of patience and endurance that may have come within their experience, for the benefit and encouragement of others, even though the hero should have been in the very humblest walks of life. If 'one touch of nature makes the whole world kin,' that touch is human suffering, which falls alike upon the loftiest and the lowliest—'the bond of universal brotherhood.' Mrs. Norton clearly and beautifully defines this truth when she says—

" God hath built up a bridge 'twixt man and man,
Which mortal strength can never overthrow ;
Over the world it stretches its dark span :
The keystone of that mighty arch is woe.

Joy's rainbow glories visit earth and go,
 Melting away to Heaven's far distant land;
 But grief's foundations have been fixed below:
 PLEASURE divides us—the divine command
 Hath made of Sorrow's links, a firm connecting band."

And thus we make no apology, in continuing these 'Tales of our Village,' for stepping aside to record a few passages in the life of a patient sailor, even though there is no tale of interest to attach to their recital.

James H— was born and passed the early years of his life in one of the Eastern Counties of Nova Scotia. His father was a shoemaker, and maintained his family by the wages derived from his trade. He had the misfortune to lose his mother when very young, and with two infant sisters, was left dependant upon their father for guidance and management. The task probably fell too heavily upon the parent, for he shortly took a second wife, one of those who fully merit the odium attached to the name of stepmother. James, however, did not long remain beneath her rule; he early had a fondness for a sailor's life, and at the age of fifteen shipped on board a merchant vessel in Halifax, and continued to sail from that port for several years.

From his own account, he was a wild, thoughtless boy, spending his money freely and carelessly, as sailors are wont to do; fond of the roving life he had chosen, but always glad to be on shore for a little time, and to know what it was to have a home. While his wages were good, and his hand so liberal, even his stepmother had always a welcome for him, and with the kindly feelings which seem synonymous with the name of a sailor, he was warmly attached to all his family, not excepting his second mother. He gave generously to all while his cash lasted, and went away with a light heart to earn more, so that he might distribute as freely on his next return.

After making a number of voyages from the ports of his native land, the prospect of higher wages induced him to seek employment in a large merchant vessel sailing from New York, and by this means he was better able to gratify his curiosity with regard to distant countries, as the owners of his new vessel were extensively engaged in commerce with distant ports, which he had never before visited. He continued in the service of American masters for seven years, and during that time he was familiarized with foreign lands and people until their scenes and manners formed a mingled mass in his memory, from which it was difficult to extract any clear detail, and it was amusing at times to hear him affirm with a pertinacity that knew no dissent, of customs and dresses among the Russians, which only could have belonged to the more excitable natives of sunny Spain.

His last long voyage was taken in 1844, and seemed to be the most interesting to himself, and one upon which his memory most liked to dwell. The ship was bound to Alexandria, touching at adjoining ports; and he had an opportunity of visiting Egypt and Jerusalem, with other interesting localities, which with all a sailor's enthusiasm he had longed to see for many years. He

seemed to feel as if he shared in their wonder, by having seen the mighty pyramids, and he was eager to dilate upon their magnificence even when wasted by sickness and suffering. But his reminiscences of Jerusalem were more vivid than all. Associated, as every spot in that hallowed land is, with the deepest feelings of religion, to the poor sailor, from his ignorance, they were peculiarly so. He implicitly believed every monkish legend connected with what are deemed holy places. Marks in the rock, peculiar formations of nature, he believed to be the result of supernatural power; and no arguments to the contrary could shake his faith.

But while he believed in the superstitions which antiquity has handed down to the credulous, his faith in what was real and true was very strong. The mate of the ship in which he sailed was, to use his own expression, 'a great scholar,' and when relieved from duty they would go out together and explore the Holy Land for themselves. The mate would take his Bible in his pocket, and when they visited the spots celebrated in Scripture, would turn to the descriptive chapter, and by the surrounding scenes, corroborate the truth of the sacred volume. Together they sat down by the brook Kedron, and looked at the spot which their guide pointed out as the Garden of Gethsemane. Together they went up the 'hill of sacrifice,' and stood upon the Mount where the last sufferings of the Saviour were endured. He said he never before felt there was anything in religion till he went to Calvary, but when the mate took out his Bible and read the account of the trial and Crucifixion of the Saviour, there standing on the very place where all those sorrows were experienced, he felt 'that the Bible was true; that there was something in its teaching to make one better.' He explored the country in company with his friend the mate as far as to Bethlehem, and the legends industriously circulated by the monks met him in abundance, and gained implicit belief. It seemed to strike him as extraordinary that the very stall should be preserved through so many ages in which the Saviour was born; but still his guide had shewn it to him, so he knew it was the same. Poor fellow! his untutored mind took in the whole marvels of that mysterious land, fictitious and real.

But it matters little how capacious was his faith; it was enough to know, that He who once lay in a manger in Bethlehem, a little child, was the Saviour who led the sailor through his wanderings, and anchored him safely in an immortal land.

As he had not visited his family during the whole period of his service in the United States, and feeling a strong desire to see his home again, after this voyage he left the ship in which he had sailed for a long period, and returned to Halifax. His father a short time previous had removed to *our Village*, and it was here that he paid his first visit after so long an absence. He was delighted to be with his family once more, and know what it was to have rest after so much change. He was now a weather-beaten, sun-burned sailor,

verging upon middle life, but still with the prospect of many more years; strong and vigorous, cheerful as of old, and generous as ever. He staid but a short time at home, as his fondness for the sea increased rather than diminished, and he took employment in a Halifax brig, bound for one of the West India Islands.

From his long service he was now a valuable and experienced sailor. The captain placed the greatest confidence in his nautical abilities, and he hoped after this voyage to procure a better situation. They had left on their return to Halifax however but a few days, when fever broke out among the crew, and nearly all the hands were disabled. H—— being one on whom the captain most depended, upon being seized with the prevailing symptoms, had some medicine administered to him by the master, which checked the fever, but to this he attributed his subsequent sufferings. When within some days sail of Halifax, he was again seized with illness, fainting fits ensued, and he was borne to his hammock, helpless and insensible.

The homeward passage had been a very tedious one; the provisions on board, salt beef, biscuit, and cold water, were unfit for invalids like himself. From so much sickness, the medicine chest was exhausted, and he had nothing to alleviate his fever which was now of a most violent character. He was carried from the ship on its arrival at Halifax to the Sailors' Hospital, and there for several weeks received the best medical attendance. But all efforts were vain to restore him to health: the fever subsided and at last left him altogether, but he grew weaker daily, while his sufferings increased materially. At last his medical attendant pronounced his disease to be the formation of an abscess, which would be very tedious as well as painful to endure. His heart failed for a time beneath the unwelcome intelligence, but at length summoning courage to bear the worst, and looking the evil firmly in the face, his natural cheerfulness returned, and he only desired to be removed from the Hospital to his home, when he might experience the kind nursing of his parent and other friends. Poor fellow! he was soon to be miserably disappointed; but the doctors yielded to his request, and he was taken to the small cottage his family inhabited and laid upon the bed from which he never rose again.

The father by his second marriage had added to his possessions a goodly number of children, but what he gained in that way, he lost in another, for he was wretchedly poor. Had he been unceasing in his industry his trade would barely have provided bread for so large a family, but he was also become intemperate, and want stared upon them at every opening. While James was in health and had money to bestow, he was always welcome at home, but now when he came to them, ill, needy and helpless, with every prospect of a tedious sickness, he was looked upon as a burden. Not perhaps by his father, for the old man was kind-hearted and would have done all in his power to alleviate his son's suffering, but he was completely in subjection to his wife,

whose temper poverty had not improved, and whose milk of human kindness was curdled in the bestowing, and left to sour since that period. She was much enraged that her husband should have permitted his suffering son to become a burden upon them, and another tax upon her care and exertions.

From this period commenced the hardest trials of poor H——'s life. He had intense bodily pain to contend with, comforts he had none, common necessities were principally supplied by kind neighbours, and worse than all he had to endure hourly his stepmother's taunts and unkindness. She was one of those whose soul was stamped on her face, mean, selfish, impertinent, and cunning, ready to fawn for a purpose, but always to be insolent when she dared. Poor James led a life of martyrdom beneath her infliction. She neglected him in every possible way, his personal comforts were not attended to, but his sufferings aggravated by her presence and unfeeling ill-nature. About four weeks after his removal to his father's the abscess broke, but this so far from promoting his recovery, only increased his danger. The intense pain was diminished, but his situation was not otherwise improved. He had been taken from the Hospital early in August, and now at the end of November he lay a wasted form, prostrated by his previous complaints, which had terminated in that most fatal of diseases—consumption.

His cough was very violent, his skeleton frame racked with severe pain, a continual discharge proceeding from his afflicted side most disagreeable to himself and all around him, lying on a narrow wooden fixture, not a bed beneath him, and barely covering to protect him from the cold, destitute of proper nourishment, and experiencing from her who should have acted the part of a mother to him, the most aggravated neglect and unkindness—and yet not one word of murmur or complaint ever passed his lips. He was cheerful and patient through all, always hopeful of recovery and kind and gentle to those around him—asking for nothing and grateful for every favour bestowed, never dwelling upon his own sufferings, but when visited by any who pitied and tried to relieve him, turning the conversation to the countries he had seen and the vicissitudes he had encountered. There was hardly an ill in the catalogue of human suffering, that this poor dying sailor was not called upon to endure, and yet though feeling them keenly, as one could tell from the flush that passed over his expressive face at any fresh manifestation, he bore every thing meekly, hoping till all grew past hope, and then patiently surrendered himself to a higher disposal.

Does not such endurance, through calamities of no mean order, displayed by one lacking the attributes of cultivation and education, put to shame such as are blessed with health and strength, and so many of the comforts and refinements of life, who yet droop in despair, and murmur at the trials Providence has given them to contend with. Think what it is to languish on the bed of sickness—no sleep by night, no ease by day—harrassed by those fearful

phantoms of the brain which aggravate every present suffering, that feeds such morbid fancies—racking cough and burning thirst, the feverish pain of accumulated ills—suffering from hunger and cold—unable to read, with no refuge from wasting thought, and heart-sick yearnings—feeling as if a burden upon the sympathy and efforts of those who are willing to bestow them, and helpless beneath unfeeling reproaches of selfish unkindness. Imagining all those evils, the situation of James H—— may be conjured up, not in the smallest degree exaggerated, and then in contemplation of this scene of want and suffering, does his patience strike us in its brightest phase. It is examples such as his that teach us how humanity should bear the sorrows imposed by a mightier and a wiser will.

Nearly a year had passed away since the commencement of his illness; a long and dreary winter had been experienced, but his sufferings were now drawing to a close; he had borne his burden well and the All-Merciful inflicted nothing more. His little strength failed rapidly, his cough for some time increased and then left him altogether. He knew the voyage was nearly over, and he feared no shipwreck now. But his intense yearning once more to look upon the blue waters, where so many of his years were passed, grew more passionate and strong. ‘Oh, I could die in peace if I could only see the sea again,’ was his vehement expression. The window of the cottage commanded a slight peep of the distant ocean, but so faint that only a keen eye could discern it plainly. A few days before his death, his father yielded to his entreaty and carried him to the window, that he might have one last look at the element with which he had been familiar from boyhood. But his sight had failed him, he could barely discern the faint trace of the Atlantic Ocean, his strength was gone, and he begged to be laid down once more—never to rise again.

A little while, and all was over. The closing scene of the voyage had been very stormy, and faintly shone the stars through the gathering darkness, but he felt that the sailor on the ocean of life, has a sure chart, which if used aright will lead to a safer port than ever received the earthly mariner; where, after the waves of a tempestuous sea, he may rest in peace and happiness. It mattered little then to poor H—— in that harbour of refuge, how rough had been his passage or how numerous the quicksands—

*“When the shore is won at last
Who will count the billows past.”*

He died as he lived, patiently, humbly. When the hand of death was at last visible on his frame, his stepmother, to find favour in the eyes of her neighbours, affected tears of sorrow at his condition. And even then, in that last moment, as he watched her heartless duplicity, the keen flush of indignation passed over his dying face, leaving it more pallid than before. It seemed sacrilege so to disturb the repose of the dying.

They buried him in the quiet little churchyard among the green trees, far from the sound of the mighty waters he had loved so well. There he sleeps peacefully where young flowers bloom upon the grassy soil, and tuneful birds sing anthems by the sailor's grave. Surely he did not bear his sorrows in vain, but will not the record of his exemplary patience strengthen others to bear their appointed trials, looking to the end, in joyful anticipation of a rest and a reward.

DYING WORDS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS.

NO. IV.—“I THANK GOD I HAVE DONE MY DUTY.”—LORD NELSON.

Loud pealed the mighty cannon,
 The furious notes of war,
 Amid the dashing breakers
 On the field of Trafalgar;
 Where England's gallant sailors,
 For England's glory fought,
 And the red-cross banner floated
 O'er the desolation wrought.

Home went each winged death-shot
 To every foeman's heart,
 Till a host of noble warriors
 Had fought life's latest part;
 But there came a sweeping broadside,
 Which shook the gallant deck,
 And the flower of Britain's sailors
 Lay dying 'mid the wreck.

That shot called forth the life-blood
 As it rent the trembling air,
 Of the Hero of the battle,
 The master spirit there:
 And NELSON'S voice was silent,
 As they bore his form away,
 From the scene of fearful combat
 That marked that glorious day.

Rest for the warrior spirit,
 Calm for the victor's breast,
 He is sleeping on his laurels,
 By his grateful country blessed.
 Such visions passed before him,
 As his fainting voice was heard,
 Contrasting strangely with the tones
 That gave the rallying word.

With dying strength he murmured :
 " Thank God that I have done
 My duty,"—with those cheering words
 Went down his glorious sun ;
 And a silent calm was sleeping
 On the Hero's pallid face,
 While the death-fraught guns were pealing
 Above his resting place.

Leave, leave that life unquestioned,
 The sphere beside the hearth,
 Where *man* puts off the *hero*
 'Mid humbler things of earth.
 This life hath other duties,
 Than those of lance and sword.
 And we may not judge the spirit
 By the conqueror's dying word.

M.J.K.

PAGES FOR PASTIME.—(Continued from Fol. 278.)

Answers to Conundrums at fol. 279.

- No. 23. Because she can scarcely go out without getting *coal'd*
 24. Because its a blood-letter.
 25. In the shape of ice-sickles (icicles).
 26. When he goes over the main (name).
 27. Because they saw the greatest building of Glass-go (Glasgow)
 28. Because there they are brought to the Test.

Charade—No. 29.

My *first* by roadside oft is seen
 In town and village fair ;
 At times capacious, often small,
 But rest is always there.
 My *second* is a winged thing,
 Bright, turbulent and free :
 Fantastic, beautiful, and owned
 By men of each degree.
 It lighteth up the maiden's eye,
 It wakes the poet's dream :
 It ruleth some, but oftener serves
 With glad, rejoicing beam.
 My *whole* is beautiful in sooth.
 While naught can purer be :
 Familiar to us all, and once
 Was owned by you and me.

No. 30. Conundrum for East Indians.

When do the richest and the poorest East Indian resemble each other in regard to wealth ?

No. 31. Conundrum for Prussians.

If there were no rivers in Westphalia why could it not have *Muxster* as the capital ?

REVIEW OF THE PAST MONTH.

The harvest month of October has passed like its predecessors, with but few important events in Colonial or general affairs.

At the elections for the City of Halifax, which took place on the 1st inst., the Hon. A. Keith was elected Mayor for the ensuing year.

A violent gale occurred on the Eastern coast of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island on the night of the 15th, which caused a vast amount of damage to fishing craft and others near the coast. These disasters were in one or more cases attended with loss of life and resulted in the total shipwreck of more than twenty vessels.

The principal event of public importance to the Provinces is the meeting of the New Brunswick Legislature on the 21st October, which was opened at Fredericton by the Lieutenant Governor, with an appropriate speech. Answers to the speech were adopted without opposition, and Bills for the construction of the European and North American Railway in New Brunswick subsequently passed both houses by large majorities.

The Canadian Legislature is still in session, and has been engaged in the discussion of similar important Bills.

A Provincial Exhibition of the natural and industrial resources of New Brunswick, was held at Fredericton, commencing on the 5th inst., formally inaugurated by his Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, and continuing open until the 9th. It was conducted on an extensive scale and displayed to advantage the many productions of agricultural growth and mechanical skill of the Province. A large number of persons assembled from the several Provinces, and the affair was successfully and profitably concluded.

From the United States we have the intelligence of the death of Daniel Webster, the eminent lawyer and senator. He died at Marshfield, New Hampshire, full of years and honours, on the 24th October, aged seventy. 'America is indebted to him for many of the greatest of her legislative enactments and reforms, as well as the able administration of her foreign affairs, and his country has never shown herself insensible to his great merits.'

The ceremony of erecting the first column of the Crystal Palace in New York, took place on the 21st. The mason work is now nearly completed.

Great excitement appears to have been produced in New York, in reference to alleged outrages declared to have been committed in regard to American vessels at Havana.

We observe that an important alteration has been made by the United States Congress in the postage charges on newspapers and other publications. We understand that periodicals and all printed matter, not exceeding three ounces in weight, may be sent by post to any part of the States for one cent; each additional ounce, one cent. When paid quarterly or regularly in advance, one half this rate only to be charged, and the same in the case of newspapers not exceeding one and a half ounces in weight, when circulated within the State in which they are published. Books, bound or unbound, not weighing more than four pounds, to be charged one cent per ounce, under three thousand miles; for greater distances, double that sum, and only when pre-paid. Permission is given to publishers of newspapers and periodicals to exchange free of postage one copy of their respective journals, and also to enclose free to actual subscribers bills and receipts for the same. This arrangement is noticeable and important in a literary point of view, and calculated to afford every facility for the diffusion of information.

The intelligence from Europe is unusually unimportant. Viscount Hardinge has been appointed to the Command of Her Majesty's Forces, in place of His Grace the late Commander-in-Chief.

The funeral of the late Duke of Wellington has not yet taken place, but is expected to do so soon after the meeting of parliament. It will be on a most magnificent scale, at the national expense. The remains are to be interred beside Lord Nelson's in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The accumulated honours and titles of the deceased Duke are enumerated as follows:—Arthur Wellesley, Duke and Marquis of Wellington, Marquis of Douro, Earl of Wellington, Viscount Wellington of Wellington and of Talavera; Baron Douro of Wellesley in the County of Somerset, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom; Prince of Waterloo in the Netherlands, Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, and a Grandee of the first class in Spain; Duke of Vittoria; Marquis of Torres Vedras and Count of Vimiera in Portugal; a Knight of the Garter; a Privy Councillor; Commander-in-Chief of the British Army; a Field Marshal in the services of Great Britain, Russia, Prussia, Austria, Portugal, and the Netherlands; Captain-General in Spain; Marshal of France, Knight of Saint Esprit and Duke of Brunoy in France; Colonel of the Grenadier Guards; Colonel-in-Chief of the Rifle Brigade, G. C. B., G. C. H.; Knight of the Golden Fleece in Spain, of the Black Eagle in Prussia, of the Tower and Sword in Portugal, of the Sword in Sweden, of St. Andrew in Russia, of Maria Theresa in Austria, of the Elephant of Denmark, &c.; Constable of the Tower, and of Dover Castle; Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports; Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire, and of the Tower Hamlets; Ranger of St. James', the Green, and Hyde Parks; Chancellor of the University of Oxford; Commissioner of the Royal Military College and Asylum; Vice President of the Scottish Naval and Military Academy; Master of the Trinity House, a Governor of Kings College, and of the Charterhouse; a Trustee of the Hunterian Museum, and a D. C. L.

In Spain all honours have been paid to the memory of the Duke of Wellington as a Captain-General of the Spanish army.

Lady Franklin's vessel, the *Prince Albert*, has returned from her expedition to the Arctic seas, and though unsuccessful in the main object of her search, has discovered an open passage up the Wellington Channel, hitherto considered to be impassable by a permanent barrier of ice. This has revived hopes as to the safety of Sir John Franklin, by his probable entrance through this passage on his Northwestern course.

Several of Cunard and Co.'s Steamers, to run between Liverpool and Chagres via New York, have been launched. The line consists of eight screw propellers, the first of which will sail on the 8th December.

In France the so-styled Prince President is marching on the high road to Empire. During his tour he was most enthusiastically greeted in all the Provinces, and cries of 'Vive l'Empereur' were heard in every assemblage. France appears in a frenzy of delight at the re-establishment of the Empire, which is expected to be conducted under the title of Napoleon the III.