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

[CONCLUDED.]

The centre of the island was a large and deep hollow, used from time immemorial as the winter residence of the tribe which now occupied it. About a hundred and fifty yards long, by sixty broad, it contained thirty large huts or wigwams, so arranged, as to leave a considerable space in the centre. It was perhaps a dozen yards deep, and so overhung by trees, that whatever fire was made—and the Indians rarely make more than is necessary—never could be discovered by the smoke, which, rising in small columns, was swept by the currents of air among the dense foliage, to escape in such light vapours as were imperceptible. A large fire was now made, however, beside a rock, close below where the astonished pair stood. Round this were, perhaps, forty dark and fierce-looking warriors. The women stood in groups near the huts, whispering. But the captives were what they chiefly sought; and these were soon distinguished in the very centre of the council of the tribe.

A debate was going on, to which neither Mark Dalton nor the Roaming Panther seemed to pay any attention. They were on a log by themselves, and spoke in whispers.

"Listen!" said Matonaza, crouching down beside his bride in such a position as to see and hear all that passed, while he was at the summit of a path which led down to the fire.

Various opinions had apparently been uttered before their arrival. The last speaker, a fat, luxurious, greasy-looking warrior, with a nose and eye that spoke of the rum of the Yengees, was, when they first listened, doing battle for the protection of the white man's scalp. He urged the fact, that if he were taken to the nearest fort in the spring, they would be amply repaid for their trouble, and receive both powder, ball, and shot in abundance, with plenty of fire-water, that made a poor Indian's heart glad. As for the Red-Skin, his tribe could spare him; besides, he was of no value. Let them take his scalp. A few applauded, but the rest murmured loudly, for the speaker was a notorious drunkard; and the Red-Skins, even those who occasionally give way to the suicidal madness of drink—the worst suicide, because of mind and body—despise a habitual sot.

Then up rose a warrior in the very prime of his days. He was about five-and-forty, handsome, well-made, tall, and of grave and rather melancholy mien. It was the Lightning-Arm, the renowned warrior who, taken prisoner by the English, had resisted all the temptations which ruined his fellows. He was the bravest, the wisest, the ablest chief of that day; and his renown was universal. So was his terrible cruelty, in putting to death all the white men and the Dog-ribbed, and other north-western Indians, who fell in his way. This was his oration.

"It is fifteen summers ago. The Lightning-Arm lived with his people on the borders of the Little Bear River. There was plenty of deer in the woods, and fish in the river, and the beavers were kind; they knew that their Indian brothers were poor, and plenty were found. The Lightning-Arm was happy. He stood like a tall pine in the midst of a wood, and every warrior called him chief. Yes; the Lightning-Arm was very happy. A little bird sang in the woods, the loveliest girl of the Great Athapascow tribe, and the little bird sang beside the tall pine. Lightning-Arm called the Wild Rose his squaw. One papoose was in his wigwam, and it laughed in its father's face, and Lightning-Arm was very happy. Then came the Pale-Face traders, and bought all the Red-Skins' furs, and gave the foolish Indians fire-water. The traders went away, and the Indians were beasts: the fire-water was in their eyes, they could not see; the fire-water was in their ears, and they could not hear; the fire-water was in their heads, they could not watch. But wolves were in the woods, who knew that the Great Athapascows were as hogs, and they came down upon the camp. The Lightning-Arm had gone to show the traders how to hunt. The wolves slew all the warriors, who woke no more; they killed the Wild Rose, and they stole her child. Lightning-Arm came bounding home: he listened for two laughs—one very loud and clear, and one very little, but very sweet. The Lightning-Arm was alone, the tall pine stood naked on a stony plain. Let them die—the white man for his fire-water, the Red-Skin for his blood! He is a Dog-ribbed cur! I have spoken!"

And the warrior drew his tomahawk, and awaited the words of his companions, eager to give the signal for the torments which were once more to glut his revenge. His hate for the Pale-Faces, whose drink had caused the camp to be surprised, and for the member of a tribe suspected of the foray, might be seen in every lineament. The whole circle of warriors applauded, and were about to rise, when the Little Snake and the White Swallow stood in their midst.

"My father is very sorry for the death of his squaw," said Matonaza with profound respect for the other's grief, "and his eyes are dim. But his eyes are open now; does he know again a little face he saw fifteen summers ago? His ears are very sharp, the girl will laugh, and her father will know her again!"

The Indians moved not, though their favourite "ugh" escaped every throat, while the Lightning-Arm listened with undisguised astonishment.

"My brother is young," he said, quickly recovering himself, "and would save his friends; he gives an old warrior a young squaw for a little papoose."

"Matonaza is no liar," replied the other solemnly. "His father led the foray against the Great Athapascows; he took away a little papoose for a squaw for his boy. There she stands—see!"

And the young chief held out his hand, and took from the breast of the White Swallow one of those charmed bags given by the

medicine men to preserve children against evil spirits, and which, found on the neck of the girl, had been left there, all fearing to touch an amulet which, in their eyes, had secret powers. The older chief took a pine-knot, and held it towards the face of the young girl, examining at the same time, by an imperceptible glance, the little bag. Matonaza saw the Lightning-Arm start, and then discovered, by the working of his face and clenched hands, how intense was the struggle between the Indian stoicism and the pent-up feelings of fifteen years.

"My old eyes were dim, and I could not see my friends," said the father in tones which no art, not even that of man's iron resolution, could make firm. "You are welcome—ye have brought back my child!"

The three companions became at once the centre of a friendly and delighted group, who crowded round the men, with exquisite delicacy contriving to let the father slip away with his child, without attracting attention to this act, rather too full of nature and feeling to suit Indian customs. But once out of sight, the chief raised the girl in his arms, and running under the trees, reached an empty wigwam at the end of the village. A pine-knot, full of resin, illumined the place. He set the White Swallow down upon a mat, and looked at her. Every feature, every expression—mouth, nose, eyes, hair—all were those of the mother, not older than she was when killed. The warrior shook like a palsied man with emotion, and then clasped the girl wildly to him. She laughed faintly, bewildered as she was, and the man almost shrieked. His ears had not heard that laugh for fifteen years, and yet it had thrilled in his heart every hour; for the chief had idolised his beautiful wife, and she came to him nightly from the Happy Hunting-ground in the visions of his sleep. It was an hour before the Lightning-Arm was sufficiently composed to rejoin his fellows and the astounded women. He found a feast prepared to celebrate the happy occasion. All joined heartily in it. Mark and the Roaming Panther, who had been expecting death for hours, ate none the less heartily; while the old chief, throwing aside all his rigidity on this festive occasion, made the women join the feast, and placed the White Swallow by his side. Even the roughest warriors smiled grimly as they saw him watching every mouthful she ate, giving her the choicest morsels, and touching nothing himself.

Matonaza looked gravely, sadly on. He had saved his friends, he had found the girl a father, he had gladdened the heart of a widowed, childless chief, but he had lost a wife. It was therefore with unusual gravity that he rose to narrate the circumstances under which the parties had met. His narrative, the history of a year, was the work of two hours' speaking, during which, the young chief showed all that consummate oratorial art which belongs to some of the Indians—art that, if aided by the advantages of education, would astound some civilized audiences. He spoke little of himself, much of the White Swallow, and told his story in

all its details. The Great Athapascows—a distinct tribe from the Little Athapascows, the ravishers of the girl—listened with unfeigned astonishment and breathless interest. The whole story delighted all, and none more than the father. A loud murmur of applause, and a huge cloud of tobacco-smoke, greeted its conclusion.

"My brother is very wise—a young arm, an old head! The Lightning-Arm sees a long way. The Little Snake had said nothing, but his eyes are not silent. He would like to hear the White Swallow laugh in his wigwam!"

The young man at once warmly stated his case, his affection, his abandonment of all to seek her.

"And the White Swallow?" asked the father, quite tenderly for an Indian.

"Matonaza is a great chief, and Thee-kiss-ho will be his squaw!"

The thing was at once settled. It was agreed that in the spring the whole party should move towards the Mabasha, to wait during the summer, when it was proposed the two tribes should unite. Matonaza answered for his people, who were too weak to stand alone, and the Great Athapascows willingly agreed to accept them. The party then retired to rest. Early on the following morning the White Swallow fetched her dog, while the whole village visited her solitary hut, which had escaped their notice only because they seldom hunted or fished in the winter months, passing them in their wigwams. Two days later, the wedding feast took place amid universal rejoicings. Never was a happier party. The father was a changed man. He mourned the early dead; but he rejoiced over the recovered child, and was doubly pleased at seeing her doubly happy—finding a lost husband and an unknown father on the same day. The Roaming Panther carried the news to the small camp on the Mabasha; and in May the junction took place. Mark Dalton hunted with them all the summer; and when he left them in the autumn, it was with regret.

Neither the Lightning-Arm nor Matonaza ever joined in or encouraged any of the wars or forays of their race. They had suffered too much from them. The old chief ruled the counsels of his people for years, and led them to victory every time they were attacked. He lived to see children again, and to watch them grow up to manhood. He became their instructor and teacher. A devoted and earnest friendship took place between the father and the son-in-law; and in memory of the past, the White Swallow enjoyed a much happier fate than most Indian women. The chief never took another squaw: she was his first and his last; and ten years after they parted, when travelling on a mission, Mark Dalton, now governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, found his friends as happy as when he left them so long a time before. They talked over their adventures once again, and forgot not one detail; and in after-life, when speaking of his Indian experiences, and admitting all the terror and rudeness of savage life, Mark Dalton had always, by way of contrast, his story to tell of the White Swallow of Mabasha Lake.

POETRY IN AMERICA.

[*Second Article.*]

In our last number, we briefly indicated the circumstances which have been regarded as favorable to the growth of Poetry on American soil. Looking at those circumstances, there have been many both among their own countrymen and in other lands, who have accused American poets generally of having neglected the fountains of inspiration which spring up spontaneously in their own homes, and of having wandered far away to other climes, and other eras, for the scenes and characters of their poems. And there is some truth in the accusation. Campbell in his "*Gertrude of Wyoming*"—a poem abounding in beautiful descriptions of scenery, and in touching pictures of the bliss of innocent domestic life, and of the workings of the tender passions—shewed long ago how much a true poet can make out of the slender story of a few incidents of the old French and the American Revolutionary Wars. Whether it has been because, among all the villages laid desolate in their country by the ravages of war, another spot so lovely and romantic as that which stood "on Susquehanna's side" could not be found; or whether the fear of being decried as imitators has deterred them from the choice of such a subject, certain it is, that the mine opened by Campbell half a century ago, has been almost entirely neglected by American bards. So far as we are aware, Longfellow is the only one who has produced a poem of any eminence upon a subject kindred with that of Campbell's. His "*Evangeline*" will not, indeed, bear a comparison with "*Gertrude of Wyoming*" as a work of art; but it has many special beauties, and it is to be hoped that its author will not be prevented by the sharp criticisms to which it has been subjected, from choosing a similar story of suffering innocence and undying love, for the theme of a further composition.

But if we examine a little more closely the situation of American poets, we shall find, we think, that the peculiar advantages which it is so often assumed that they inherit, are really nothing like so many or so important as they have been reckoned. True, the grandeur and sublimity of the geographical features of this continent and the new forms of natural loveliness here developed, ought to have a decided effect upon the minds and imaginations of men born and reared in the land. Such effects have been produced upon poets everywhere by the scenery around them. We owe much that is grand and much that is beautiful in the works of Burns, Scott, Wordsworth and Byron, to the impressions which the hills and streams and woods of their native land made upon their youthful thoughts and fancies. But have the strongly-marked features of American scenery in reality left no corresponding traces upon American poetry? Has nature here failed to stamp upon the hearts of those who have aspired to be the interpreters of her mysteries a proper image of herself? Those who are fond of

reading what such a pen as Bryant's has written, will, we conceive, be at no loss for an answer.

It ought to be borne in mind, too, that Americans can preserve no monopoly of their magnificent scenery. The great lakes and rivers, the grand and hoary forests, and the wide, solitary prairies, are objects from which Europeans are just as free to draw their imagery and poetical materials as we are. And it does not necessarily follow that a poet, because he was born and has always lived in America, should be more deeply stirred by the sublimity of Niagara, or better able to convey to others an adequate idea of that sublimity, than the poet who has come from the Old World on purpose to gaze upon the wonders of the New.

So the history and traditions of the Indian tribes are common property, and are, in some respects, perhaps, most valuable for the purposes of poetry to those who have but little definite knowledge of the tribes themselves. And the worth of these traditions has undoubtedly been vastly over-estimated. It is true that the beauty and significance of the names given by the Indians to their rivers and mountains and water-falls, are undeniable evidences of their poetic temperament, and ought to put us to shame for the homely and often utterly unmeaning titles by which our civilized race has displaced them. But the simplicity of the red man's religious faith, and of his modes of life; his total want of any system of mythology, with its multitude of gods and heroes, its pleasing fables, and its marvellous tales of heroic deeds and heroic sufferings; the almost entire absence of pomp and parade in the methods of his savage warfare,—each and all of these circumstances tend greatly to reduce the value of the Indians and their history, as subjects for poetry. What they do present as metal worth the coining, are a considerable number of stories of "love and death," a few wild legends, some highly poetical ideas of a future state of being, and the sad history of the wasting away of their people and kindred before the spread of our cultivated and powerful race. Of these materials considerable use has been made by American poets. And we shall, probably hereafter make some extracts and references which will give our readers an opportunity of judging for themselves with what success they have been treated.

American antiquities—the remnants left by an extinct civilization to excite the wonder and curiosity of modern times—might seem to afford a great supply of themes for the exercise of the imaginative faculty. But these interesting remains, which have formed the subject of several costly volumes of engraved illustrations, and of many learned essays, will probably never form the subject of any very lofty or very pleasing poem. They have, to be sure, a human interest, as the relics of departed human greatness—the works of human hands,—an interest which the mere wild scenery of this Continent, whose connection with the course of man's progress is almost entirely unknown, never can possess. But they have no history: they offer to the imagination no foothold. These silent

ruins, vast and magnificent though they be, are so strange and unlike any objects of their kind in other parts of the earth, that they render little aid to our efforts to spell out the story of the origin, the growth, and the decay of the race whose only memorials they are. The domestic utensils found among these ruins may reveal to us some faint glimpses of the domestic life of those who used them; they tell us no tale of their wars and their commerce, their eloquence, their music and their poetry.

The discovery of America, and the conquest by the Spaniards of the half-civilized nations of Mexico and Peru, are topics which might naturally be considered especially attractive to American poets in search of the groundwork for an epic. These subjects have been admirably handled in the historical pages of Prescott and Irving; but they have been prudently shunned by the poets. There was, indeed, an epic entitled "The Columbiad," written by Mr. Joel Barlow, nearly fifty years ago, which does not, however, appear to have survived the notice drawn down upon it by its faults. Of its merits,—never having been fortunate enough to meet with a copy of it,—we can say nothing.* But no American, we believe, since Mr. Barlow's day, has attempted to construct an elaborate epic out of the events and incidents of the voyages of Columbus. And the reason why this subject—at first view so promising—presents difficulties almost insuperable to a poet of the present time are very plain and intelligible. In a review of Rogers's Poems, written by Sir James Macintosh, we have met with a statement of these reasons so full and so clear, that we are induced to extract the passage containing it. Speaking of the poem or poems, entitled "Fragments of the Voyage of Columbus," he says:—"The poetical capabilities of an event bear no proportion to its historical importance. None of the consequences that do not strike the senses or the fancy can interest the poet. . . . . . .Whether the voyage of Columbus be destined to be for ever incapable of becoming the subject of an epic poem, is a question which we have scarcely the means of answering. The success of great writers has often so little corresponded with the promise of their subject, that we might be almost tempted to think the choice of a subject indifferent. . . . . .The course of ages may produce the poetical genius, the historical materials, and the national feelings for an American epic poem. . . . . . At some future period, when every part of the Continent has been the scene of memorable events, when the discovery and conquest have receded into that legendary dimness which allows fancy to mould them at her pleasure, the early history of America may afford scope for the genius of a thousand national poets; and while some may soften the cruelty which darkens the daring energy of Cortez

* No very great loss to our contributor, as the Poem in question—a tedious review in nine books, of all the course of American history, represented as appearing to Columbus in visions—would not repay the perusal. It was published at Hartford in 1787, and dedicated to Louis XVI., who must have been highly amused at this bit of republican homage.

and Pizarro,—while others may, in, perhaps, new forms of poetry, ennoble the pacific conquests of Penn; and while the genius, the exploits, and the fate of Raleigh, may render his establishments probably the most alluring of American subjects, every inhabitant of the New World will turn his eyes with filial reverence towards Columbus, and regard, with equal enthusiasm, the voyage which laid the foundation of so many States, and peopled a continent with civilized men.

"But to an European poet, in this age of the world, the voyage of Columbus is too naked and too exactly defined by history. It has no variety,—scarcely any succession of events. It consists of one scene, during which two or three simple passions continue in a state of the highest excitement. It is a voyage with intense anxiety in every bosom, controlled by magnanimous fortitude in the leader, and producing among his followers a fear—sometimes submissive, sometimes mutinous, always ignoble. It admits of no variety of character—no unexpected revolutions. And even the issue, though of unspeakable importance, and admirably adapted to some kinds of poetry, is not an event of such outward dignity and splendour as ought naturally to close the active and brilliant course of an epic poem."

BRITISH AMERICA.

CHAPTER II.

GEOGRAPHY OF NOVA SCOTIA.

[Concluded.]

24. The *geological features* of the Province are, as yet, imperfectly explored. The whole of the N. W. is part of the same *carboniferous* area that occupies, according to Gesner, so large a portion of the S. E. of New Brunswick. S. E. of this lies a narrow but continuous strip of *upper red sandstone*, associated with masses of trap (of which the North Mountains, Digby Neck, Long Island, &c. are formed), skirting the Bay of Fundy and both sides of the Basin of Minas. S. E. of this again is a broad belt of *lower Silurian rocks*, forming most of both parts of the watershed before alluded to, and rising into the highest hills of the Province; and lastly, most of the eastern seaboard is of *primary formation*, causing the unproductive soils of that section, consisting mostly of granite, or a hard, intractable clay slate, which, when colored by the presence of iron pyrites, is commonly called ironstone. The primary strata and sandstone have as yet yielded neither fossils nor any valuable minerals, except, perhaps, a few building stones and ornamental varieties of quartz (amethyst, &c.); but the Silurian have yielded fossil remains (of extinct species), of marine animals, shells, crustacea and corals, together with ores of iron and copper, roofing slate &c.; and

the carboniferous strata, beside being rich in fossils (all of extinct species), abound in bituminous coal, gypsum, limestone, freestone, &c. Besides these four regular series of rocks, Nova Scotia presents two others—the *great drift* of America extending to its easternmost limit, and all the shores exhibiting fine tracts of *alluvium*.

25. Nova Scotia proper has a *population* of about 250,000, giving an area of 16 to the sq. mile. The people are chiefly of Scotch descent in the N. E.; the Irish are most numerous in Halifax, and the Loyalist stock in the centre and W. Lunenburg is settled by Swiss and German Protestant refugees. Many of the *habitans* are left on the E. of St. Mary's Bay, and the N. E. coast. The Indians, who now scarcely number 1000, are all of the Micmac tribe.

26. The divisions are as follows:—

Counties.	*Townships.*	*Chief Villages, Settlements, &c.*
DIGBY.	Digby, Clare.	DIGBY, *Weymouth*, Westport (on Briar Island), Clare.
ANNAPOLIS.	Annapolis, Granville, Clements, Wilmot.	ANNAPOLIS, *Bridgetown*, Laurencetown.
KING'S.	Horton, Cornwallis, Aylesford.	KENTVILLE, *Lower Horton*, *Cornwallis*, Wolfville.
HANTS.	Windsor, Falmouth, Newport, Maitland, Kempt, Rawdon, Douglas.	WINDSOR, *Hantsport*, *Newport*, *Maitland*, Noel, Walton, Falmouth.
COLCHESTER.	Truro, Onslow, Londonderry, Stirling, Economy, Earlton, Kempttown.	TRURO, *Tatamagouche*, Stewiacke.
CUMBERLAND.	Amherst, Wallace, Parrsborough.	AMHERST, *Pugwash*, Wallace, *Parrsborough*.
PICTOU.	Pictou, Egerton, Maxwelton.	PICTOU, *New Glasgow*, *Albion Mines*, Bellevue, *Durham*.
SYDNEY	Dorchester,* Arisaig, St. Andrew's.	ANTIGONISH, *Arisaig*, Tracadie, S. River, Lochaber.
GUYSBORO'.	Guysboro', Manchester, Wilmot, St. Mary's.	GUYSBORO', *Sherbrooke*, Cansau or Wilmot.
HALIFAX.	Halifax, Dartmouth, Lawrencetown, Preston.	HALIFAX, *Dartmouth*, Musquodoboit, Sackville.
LUNENBURG.	Chester, Lunenburg, New Dublin.	LUNENBURG, *Chester*, Bridgewater, New Dublin.
QUEEN'S.	Liverpool, Northern District.	LIVERPOOL, *Milton*, Port Medway, Brookfield, &c.
SHELBURNE.	Barrington, Shelburne.	SHELBURNE, Locke's Island, Barrington, Clyde River.
YARMOUTH.	Yarmouth, Argyle.	YARMOUTH, *Tusket*, *Jebogue*, Pubnico.

27. The *agricultural productions* of Nova Scotia form its chief wealth, and are increasing in a very rapid ratio. This is especially to be said of Cornwallis, called from its fruitfulness, "the Garden of Nova Scotia." Its apples, potatoes, cherries, pears, &c., are well known, and fine fields of maize are often seen. Good timber abounds in Lunenburg, and in all the centre, though it has been cut down unsparingly for sixty years. Some oak is shipped from

* Generally called Antigonish.

Shelburne. The aspect of the woods is much the same as in New Brunswick, but the Mayflowers, perhaps, exceed those of the sister province in beauty. The staple crops are wheat, oats, barley, potatoes, turnips, apples, pears, cherries, plums, all the smaller fruits and vegetables, and the smaller varieties of maize. The dairy produce is also an important item. About one-fourteenth of the whole area is under cultivation, and about one-half of the population are *wholly or mostly engaged in farming.* The soil is most fertile on the north coast, by the rivers, and at the heads of the bays. The south shore is the least fertile part of the country.

28. The *commerce* is considerable, about one-quarter of the operative population being mostly engaged in it. The *exports* are timber, coals, gypsum, potatoes, grindstones, &c., to New England; apples and cider from the west, and also cattle and sheep to New Brunswick and Newfoundland;* fish oil to England and the West Indies; and dried fish and salt provisions to the West Indies and Southern States. The chief *imports* are British goods, flour, and minor manufactures from the States, and West India produce.

29. *Manufactures* do not form a large item in Nova Scotian economy. The chief of them are the preparation of lumber, the weaving of "homespuns," and other domestic fabrics, and the building of small ships by the farmers resident on the coast, who often export their own produce in them. About 500 of them are built yearly. About a million and a-half yards of woollen fabrics made, three or four million bricks made, and candles and soap made to the annual value of £55,000. *Mining* occupies much attention. Coal is shipped from the mines of Picton and Cumberland to the annual extent of 130,000 chaldrons. Iron of the best quality is got at the Nic[illegible] and in Londonderry, Colchester County. Immense supplies of gypsum ("plaster") are got at Windsor; Lime and grindstones also form articles of commerce. The *fisheries* are invaluable: most of the dwellers on the shores of Shelburne, Sydney, and Lunenburg, being engaged in them. Shoals of cod, mackerel, herring, sturgeon, &c., swarm the coast; while further out to sea, the whale, porpoise, and grampus are found. The salmon fishery is declining on account of the mills built on the banks of the streams. The total annual value of the products of the fisheries is about £240,000.

30. The *Government* is vested in a Lieutenant Governor; assisted by an Executive Council appointed by the Crown, but dependant on a majority in the Assembly; and in the legislative bodies, viz.: the Legislative Council and the House of Assembly,—the latter being elected every four years, and numbering fifty members,—the former appointed by the Crown for life. For judicial purposes the country is divided into the E., middle, and W. circuits. As in New Brunswick, the Provincial Legislature has shown great energy in

* Though not of good breeds, in consequence of insufficient attention to that point.

providing good roads and bridges to facilitate *internal communication;* and it is hoped that the railroads at present in progress in the two provinces will coalesce at no very distant day, in a vast Colonial Trunk Line, connecting the Lower Provinces with Canada and the United States. The line from Halifax to Windsor is in operation, and that to the Bend, *via* Truro, is rapidly progressing.

31. *Religion.* Nova Scotia, with Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island, forms the Diocese of Halifax. The adherents of the Church of England are most numerous in the centre and west. The Presbyterians, who are found chiefly in the N. and N. E., (including Cape Breton), are the largest religious body; though the Roman Catholics, who are met with chiefly in the S. W., Halifax, and the N. E., (including Cape Breton), nearly approach them in numbers; having an Archbishop at Halifax, and a Bishop at Antigonish. Next in order of numbers come the Baptists, Episcopalians—mentioned above, and Methodists, with the smaller communions—Independents, Lutherans, &c. Among *educational institutions*—King's College, Windsor, Dalhousie College, the Presbyterian Academy at Pictou, Acadia College, Wolfville, (Baptist), the Independent Seminary at Liverpool, the Province Training Schools, Truro, and the Grammar Schools in each County, may be noticed.

32. *Halifax*, the capital, in lat. 44 deg. 39 min., N., and lon. 63 deg. 28 min., W., is situated in one of the finest harbors in the globe, which expands above the town into Bedford Basin—an open sheet of water, large enough to contain the whole British navy. It possesses an important dockyard; and the Citadel of Saint George, which crowns the harbor, is so well fortified as to be almost impregnable. Other buildings worthy of note are the Government House, the Provincial Building—where the Houses meet, Dalhousie College, and the Horticultural Gardens. Halifax is the chief naval station of England in the New World, being within ten days steam sail of Liverpool—hence it is the station of the European and North American mail. Population, with Dartmouth, on the opposite side of the harbour, 28,000. *Windsor* (population 2,500), the seat of King's College and Windsor Academy, is now a warehousing port, and does a thriving trade in gypsum, lime, and country produce. *Yarmouth*, with a population of 6,000, contests with Truro the honor of being the second town in the province, and boasts that it owns more shipping than any other place in it except Halifax. *Truro*, an agricultural port of some note, has a population of about 4,500. *Pictou* is engaged in mining and shipbuilding. *Liverpool*, a large port, does a good lumber trade. *Amherst*, *Annapolis* (with New Caledonia opposite), the former capital of the province, and *Bridgetown*, at the head of navigation on the Annapolis river, are prosperous agricultural centres.

ERRATUM.—The limit of extreme cold in § 23 should have been *minus* 24 deg., or 24 deg. below zero.

COAL.

[*First Article.*]

In all the range of geological study, there is no branch more instructive, than that which treats of the formation of coal. It should be particularly interesting to us from the fact, that New Brunswick, and the neighbouring Province of Nova Scotia, contain the only deposit of this valuable mineral in her Majesty's possessions on this side of the Rocky Mountains, and because that in the future this will be one great source of their wealth and prosperity. For when our woods are exhausted, when the wilderness of forests which now covers British America is inhabited by a mighty nation, these two Provinces will take their stand in the confederation of Colonies, as the great manufacturing emporium, and will owe their pre-eminence in this respect, to the predominance of their carboniferous rocks.

It is a singular fact, that but comparatively few persons are aware of the true nature of coal, the circumstances under which it was deposited, and the signs in neighbouring rocks by which the geologist is enabled, with almost unerring certainty, to indicate its presence. Yet, on no point do geologists so generally agree. We have said that this subject should always be interesting to us from the large development of the coal measures in this Province; and we think it would be particularly so at the present moment, from the singular discoveries of oil-bearing coal (?) in the County of Albert. We purpose to devote a few articles to the subject, in which we will endeavour to explain, with as few technics as possible, the true nature of coal, how it was formed, and what is the probable commercial value of the late discoveries in this Province.

The crust of the globe is divided by the geologist into certain clearly defined parts, as a book is divided into chapters. Each part is supposed to indicate a period in the history of the pristine world, very different from that which preceded, or succeeded it. The rocks forming these parts are distinctly defined, and easily discovered by the predôminance of the peculiar fossils belonging to them. And they show that there was an age of volcanoes and of mountains,—that there was a time when a mighty ocean rolled over almost the whole surface of this earth,—a time when great continents prevailed, dotted by enormous lakes, and traversed by great rivers. They also tell of an age of great bony fishes,—of horrid reptiles,—of animals of extraordinary form,—and of plants. Each had their sway. Each in turn held this sceptre of almost universal dominion.

In these divisions of the geologists, coal is placed in what is called the carboniferous series, which comprehends the age of plants. The term carboniferous is derived from two Latin words—"carbo" coal, and "fero" to bear, and includes those rocks containing or bearing coal, and a marine deposit called the mountain limestone. Those rocks containing coal, are known as the coal

measures, and it is to this part of the series we purpose more particularly to direct the reader's attention.

The nature of coal was at one time a matter of dispute; but although it is generally so thoroughly mineralized, as to make it very difficult to detect its vegetable origin with the naked eye, yet, when it is brought under the microscope, the cellular tissue in every part becomes so evident, that we wonder how there ever could have been any doubt upon the subject. Geologists now all agree, that coal is a vast accumulation of vegetable matter, carbonised by its exclusion from the air, and hardened by the great pressure of the rock in which it is enclosed.

The coal measures have the same distinctive features in all parts of the world, and consist of a number of seams of coal, varying from the smallest part of an inch, to upwards of fifty feet in thickness. These seams are always accompanied by muddy, or as geologists call them, argillaceous shales, and arenaceous, or in other words, sandy shales. These shales are more or less carbonised, that is to say, they contain more or less vegetable matter. They are almost invariably found both above and below the coal seams, while above and below them again are bands of sandstone, of various kinds, and different thicknesses, with which also is occasionally associated limestone.

The coal itself bears but a small proportion to the rocks in which it is contained, being seldom more than a half per cent., or six inches of coal to every hundred feet of the surrounding rock. The thickness of the coal measures varies in different countries, being in some only 6,000 feet thick, in others 12,000 feet, while in Nova Scotia they reach the enormous thickness of upwards of 15,000 feet!

Kind reader,—have you stood under one of the tallest steeples in this city, and cast your eye up to where the apex of the spire seemed to pierce the clouds? Then we would ask you to try and imagine several hundred such structures, piled one above the other, and you will be able to form some faint idea of the wondrous height of these rocks. And now, while the mind is lost in the towering mass which the imagination has thus conceived, we would impress upon you the fact that upwards of 90 per cent. of these rocks were deposited once in water, as the interval was formed in the St. John, or as the muddy bottom of our lakes; and then we would ask you to reflect upon the vast time it must have taken, upon the tens of thousands of years which must have rolled by, ere by this slow and tedious process, so enormous an amount of aqueous deposit could have been obtained. As we have reflected upon the vast duration of the time represented by the carboniferous era; we have thought that it is a standing argument against a class of theologians, who assert that the end of all things is at hand. For it seems to us, that as the means which God takes is always just equal to the ends to be accomplished,—and since it took so many thousand years to lay up this vast store of fuel for the wants and necessities of man,—that at least an equal portion of time must pass

away before we can reasonably look for the destruction of the world. Or again, when we consider the enormous mass of coal which the earth contains, which is capable (as we will show hereafter), of supplying all the possible wants of man for thousands of years to come, we think it contrary to all reason to look for the end of the world until there is a prospect of its being exhausted. In fact, we think the coal measures are a "material guarantee" of the continuance of the present state of things for a long time to come. P. T. O.

HISTORY AND HISTORIANS.

We think the great and good Dr. Arnold is right when he maintains that history is generally undervalued, and we think he is also right in the reason he gives for this—that it is seldom rightly studied. Formerly, when history meant merely a collection of facts chronologically arranged, the main requisites for a historian were opportunity of research, and a truthful, or at least a pleasing narration of what he had to relate. Indeed, the word truthful might almost be left out, for in those early times, corresponding to the childhood of individuals, when every tale that charms is believed, no one enquired too strictly into the truth of the tale, so it was but pleasing; and even now, after the insect eye of the critic has been so long at work, we little dream how many events and characters that are "familiar in our mouths as household words," are mere myths after all.

Now, however, that the genius of history has taken her seat of equality among her sister sciences, she requires something more from her high priests than a mere recital of her triumphs. She has mysteries, deep as those of Isis, to be expounded,—sequences of cause and effect so intricate that a Bacon or a Newton might throw up the task in despair,—yet an aim in view, and a means of attaining it.

The first historians were not writers at all, but minstrels. The frensy-fired bard, who sang the glories of the classic pantheon—of the demigods of "remotest eld;" the weird Eubates, who grimly chanted their quaint triads in the oaken shades of Gaul and Albynn; the Skald, of the rude north, who rhapsodised, in wild numbers, over the triumphs of Odin the mighty, and Freya the fair—the Jove and Venus of the North, or inspired the Vikingir and Bersekir with emulation of the heroes of a still older and fiercer age; the Gaelic harper, who hymned in heathy glen the prowess of Fingal and his brother chiefs—those dauntless sons of Erin green and "Caledonia stern and wild;" the Saxon gleeman, who rhymed of Hengst the invader, and Alfred the truth-teller; and the more smooth-tongued troubadour and trouvere, who immortalized in their knightly Norman, or sonorous Provencal, the deeds of Roland and of Charlemagne, and "many a paladin and peer:" these were the foster fathers of history, when she was wrapped in the swaddling-clothes of tradition and sweet legendary lore.

Next to the poets, the sacerdotal class has, perhaps, been the most prolific in historians; from the priests of olden Nile, engraving on those time-defying pyramids, the chronicles of the swart tyrants of Memphis, of Thebes, of Sais, and of Meroe; to the cenobite in his narrow cell, and the courtier confessor, close at the ear of royalty—the one noting down the struggles of his order, the pages of the other glittering with

"Barbaric pearl and gold,"

as he leads us on from scene to scene of pompous pageantry.

But the old bardic and priestly annalists left the subject anything but pure metal. It was rough alloy, with the truth largely amalgamated with "baser matter" of myth and fable. This is to be sifted, purified, and smelted, ere it comes out virgin ore. Another class of historians come forward to essay this mighty task. The critic-historian, the antiquary, and the archæologist set to work,—the first sifting away the legend; the second testing it by some half-effaced inscription, or still more mystic picture-story of the event; the third disembowelling from the earth new Pompeiis, Ninevehs, Elephantas, Copans, Petras, Balbecs, Luxors! scanning Egyptian obelisks, Mexican pyramids, Hindoo cave-temples, prairie fortress-mounds, Scythian barrows, Erse round-towers, and Druidic tumuli—resurrection-men, in fact, digging the dead Past from its quiet grave, that the present may dissect and study it, and learn from it the lessons of experience. To our Niebuhrs, our Stephenses, and our Layards, we owe more than we shall be inclined to pay perhaps; for we can scarcely forgive them for undeceiving us of happy delusions, telling us our gems are paste, and what we thought a nugget was a paltry bit of iron pyrites.

The historical critic, then the antiquary and the archæologist leave us the metal comparatively pure, but even yet it is but

"A rude unprofitable mass—
The mere materials with which wisdom builds."

A *third* class now step forward, and set to work upon this mass of fact. They classify, compare, infer, and generalize; and from facts, elucidating principles, they are now gradually maturing a science, which, even in its infancy, promises the richest results. From the rude heap of useless facts rises slowly the temple which wisdom hath built,—the isolated landmarks and soundings form the basis of a map of the dealings of Deity with mankind. This temple or this map, symbolizes the *philosophy* of history.

We do not mean to assert that the *whole* of this philosophy will ever, in the present mundane state of imperfect knowledge and light, be fully discovered by any man, or number of men. But we argue that a denial of the *existence* of such a philosophy is equal to an assertion that the great Disposer of events works on any predetermined plan; and that a denial of man's ability to find out *any part* of that plan is equal to an assertion that the Bible, which is among other things a history, is given to us without any clue to its

meaning. And even *fragments* are not always to be despised. Few would throw away a casket of diamond dust. Even a mutilated Greek statue is of great price. So let us, if we cannot acquire the whole, secure all we can: if six of the sybilline leaves are burnt, let us, like Tarquin, make sure of the remaining three.

THE CLOUD.

A FANTASY.

No larger than the hand,
A little wrinkle on the smooth-drawn sky,
A footprint of the breeze that passeth by,
Ruffling the sea:
No larger than the hand;
Far in the quick world's distant track,
A little cloud runs up to meet the sun,
Borne on the wind, it flies, nor looks it back,
Until its course be done:
Like mermaid on the sea—
Its hair-like streamers floating smooth behind,
It makes an ocean of the rippling wind,
And swims in glee.

'Tis larger now. Behold that flush—
It hath seen the sun in his pride—
And thrills with the warmth of a rosy blush,
As it speeds on its joyous ride.
Slow sailing in the calm untroubled sky,
Basking in all Hyperion's majesty;
See its fair bosom to his kisses spread,
See its soft arms embalm his weary head;
And as he sinks to rest with ling'ring pace,
Mark the proud glory mirrored in its face—
And floating thus adown thy life's bright stream,
Say! fear'st thou not some woe to break thy dream,
Bright cloud!—thy dream of love, thy life of bliss:
Alas! he leaves thee with that burning kiss,
Alone! alone! How dark the sky! Alone!
Thy silver thread is broken; he is gone,
"And yet the heart will break, and brokenly live on."
How dark, how sad thou liest where he passed,
Thy beauty fled, thy golden hopes o'ercast,
On earth thy dewy tears all fragrance fall,
While sadly night bestows thy funeral pall.

Ah! thus, the earth is purely, brightly gay,
To hearts still radiant in life's dawn of day;
Ah! thus, the present only lives for youth,
And fancy gilds the darker side of truth.

C.

Grace Thornton:

A TALE OF BRITISH AMERICA.

CHAPTER I.

There are few places on the Atlantic coast of America—from the Labrador to the Gulf of Mexico—where a better understanding existed between the aboriginal inhabitants and the first pioneers of civilization; or where the chronicler has less opportunity to collect the materials for a web of wild adventure, than that portion of Her Majesty's possessions, which at the period in which occurred the events recorded in this narrative, formed a part of Acadia or Nova Scotia, but which now constitutes the Province of New Brunswick.

Whether it was on account of a better spirit prevailing among the white men who first ventured into the country, or the natives being less vindictive or treacherous than many other tribes inhabiting the continent, that conflicts were of rare occurrence, it were difficult at this distance of time to determine with certainty; although as the object of the hardy adventurers appears to have been barter rather than permanent residence and cultivation of the soil, we can readily suppose that occasions of strife would happen much less frequently than where territorial aggression was the natural and inevitable consequence of preconceived plans of occupation and settlement.

Still, New Brunswick is not altogether devoid of interest in respect to daring adventure, as the sequel of this story may serve in some measure to verify.

It was about the year 17—, many years before the colonization of the country by the American Loyalists, that a young man might have been seen towards the close of a lovely day, in June, toiling up the stream of a rapidly running river, under a backload of trout, of so rare a size and quality, as to have satisfied the most fastidious disciple of the *gentle art*, and which had rewarded the skill of the sportsman, who, forgetful of the perils that beset his path in pursuit of his favorite pastime, had wandered miles beyond the farthest point to which avarice, or the legitimate spirit of trade, had as yet tempted its most ardent votaries.

It was yet early in the evening, although from the sombre hue of the woods, and the darkening shadows thrown over the landscape by the higher mountains which rose almost abruptly from the narrow river, the sportsman had taken timely warning to prepare himself for the night, which it was evident he was to spend alone in the solitude of the forest. So intent had he been upon the capture of the speckled *habitans* of the river, that the changing features of the country through which he had wandered, had almost escaped his observation. Passing from the low alluvial lands, covered with the pride of the American forest—the magnificent elms, which threw their long pendant branches from either bank, far over the glassy surface of the river in which they were mirrored, and so nearly uniting as almost to impede the passage of his birchen vessel; our hero had only been made sensible of his entrance upon a more elevated region by a precipitous wall of rushing waters, over which he saw that it was in vain to hope to force a passage. Leaving here his canoe, he had pursued his pastime with renewed zest, and such utter abandonment of every other object and idea, as to take no heed of the wild grandeur of the surrounding country, until he began to look about him for a suitable resting place for the night.

There is a dash of romance in the composition of every sportsman. It is the love of the beautiful in nature, and a yearning after opportunities for the display of courage and hardihood—of triumphing over difficulties, as much as the pleasure derived from the capture of the tribes of earth and air, that entices him away from the haunts of men; and our hero, who was not the least susceptible of the followers of Walton, stood for many

minutes entranced with wonder and delight at the magnificent panorama that burst upon his vision on emerging from the deep pine woods into an open plateau, of some six or eight hundred feet in circumference.

Far below him rushed the stream, known by the Indian name of the Ne-re-pis. To the east, for many a mile, the slanting rays of the setting sun were poured in a flood of golden light upon the pea green foliage of the hardwood forest. To the south lay the valley of the *Nerepis*, thrown into deeper shadow by the contrast; while on the west, at the distance of only a few rods, rose a perpendicular wall of granite, several hundred feet in height, on which were perched several of those gigantic birds of prey, from which, in after times, the place derived the name of *The Eagle Cliffs*.

Picking his way over fallen trees and huge masses of rock, lying at the base of the cliff, the delighted angler threw down his burthen, uttering an impassioned *apostrophe* to nature and his good genius, which had prepared for him so enjoyable an intellectual repast, after the toils of the day were done. Fixing his gaze first upon the cliff, grey and cold, now turning away from the sunlight, erewhile warm and glowing, as it wooed its genial rays,—and again on the distant hills which rose one above another until they became lost in obscurity,—he gave himself up to one of those glorious day-dreams in which youth is so fond of revelling, and from which he awoke not until the last lingering rays of the sun had withdrawn from the highest hill-top, and the crimson tints of the western sky had begun to give place to the sombre shadows of night.

As it has been usual with story-tellers from time immemorial to expatiate more or less on the mental or moral qualities of their heroes, it may be expected that we should give some description of the person who was thus privileged to be the first civilized being to stand on this one of the notable spots which are found in almost every land, breaking the monotony of the surrounding country, and filling the mind of the beholder with imaginings of the stupendous power and force at work in chiselling out the rougher features of our mother earth.

To say that he was either a Hercules or an Adonis, or that the strength and stature of the one, and the comeliness of the other were combined in the person of Arthur Lee, might be the means of commending him to the good graces of our readers, especially of the fair sex, but a respect for veracity compels us to forego the temptation; and yet, such was his strength of limb and grace of motion, that few could compare with him as a specimen of robust manhood.

Some six feet or more in height, straight limbed, square shouldered, eagle-eyed, fearless of danger, inured to toil, practised in all the arts of the woodman's life, of which he was passionately fond, he would have proved no mean antagonist, in the list of the athletæ; and when we add, that with good humor and ready wit, were combined earnestness and truth, which shone in every feature of at least an ordinarily handsome face, it may be conceded that he was sufficiently *distingué* to claim the regards of a fashionable drawing room assembly, if not to prove a formidable rival to the best favoured *habitues* of the *salons* of Society, most of whom would have cut but a sorry figure in the coarse frock and leather leggins, which set out his physical man to no small advantage.

"Yes," he soliloquised, as though he were pursuing the train of previous reflection, while regarding the frowning rocks, "you stand there, grim and sphinx-like, knowing and caring nothing for the changes that have taken place since ye were upheaved from your primeval bed. Hoary in years, but in your experiences youthful, ye reck not of the cities that have been built, of the blood that has been spilt, of the nations that have been lost; but ye may yet learn something of their traditions, and look down anon upon some of the triumphs of a higher civilization, to which all that is past is as the first faint streak of light that heralds the advent of a summer's day."

Such were some of the thoughts extemporised by the novelty and solemnity of the scene; and the youth felt, while he was striking a spark with a flint and steel, for the purpose of lighting a fire, that it was something like desecration to occupy for culinary purposes a spot so mystic, that he

could scarcely help fancying, in the *deepening twilight, that he could see* the spirit of the *Past* moving to and fro, in silent perturbation, at his unwonted intrusion upon its solemn resting place; and, for the moment, he became oppressed with gloomy forebodings as to the result of his adventure. But by degrees, as the fire he had kindled spread among the dry twigs, and anon leaped up amidst a shower of sparks, through a pyramid of green fir branches, his spirits resumed their wonted cheerfulness, and he set about preparing his evening meal with a will, which was only equalled by the gusto with which he partook of the savory viands that mingled their odours with the grateful incense produced by the burning resins —a kind of sauce by no means to be despised—and only to be appreciated by those who have had their experiences of eating under the appetizing influence of hunger, amid some such surroundings as those we have described.

His meal being finished, Arthur drew from his pouch a short tobacco pipe, on the dark stone bowl of which were wrought the figures of different animals, skilfully executed by Indian fingers, which having filled and lighted, he stretched himself at full length upon a narrow shelf, or niche, in the base of the cliff, with the light and heat of the fire thrown full upon him with comfortable plentitude, and yielded himself up to the enjoyment of the hour.

As Arthur lay watching the light smoke-wreaths curling upwards among the branches, his mind became busy with the memories of the past. Years seemed to roll away, and he was again sporting away the hours of a long vacation, on the banks of a sunny stream in the land of his birth.

There were no regrets mingled with those memories, for he was unconscious of transgression, and too full of healthful life to feel that he had lost anything by the lapse of time.

Soon there came a spell upon him—a spell he had neither the will nor the power to resist. Out of the fire issued a jet, which put on different forms of beauty, until at length it presented the outline of a human figure of etherial lightness, and bewitching grace. While he gazed, it became instinct with life, and there, as he once saw her, stood the object of his boy-love; and while he looked through her melting eyes into the depth of her pure soul, a veil seemed to lift before him—such a veil as may be supposed to separate the visible from the invisible—the material from the spirit land. Celestial visions seemed to float around him,—celestial thoughts and feelings to mingle with the higher and more etherial sensations and pleasures of the common life. The ideal and the real came together to produce such a beatific state of mind as scarcely to consist with a state of sanity in a mortal breathing a common atmosphere. (The *Balloonist* is said to experience unwonted exhilaration of spirits—an inconceivably extatic delight—on attaining an altitude of four or five miles, which causes him to give involuntary expression to the most extravagant feelings, thus justifying (by the way) and giving increased significancy and piquancy to the Latin saying—*in nubibus*, used to denote a person more than usually elated.) Perhaps some may call this *love*, and claim to have experienced some such feelings themselves, at some period of their lives, more or less remote. They may have *it so, if they please, we will not gain*say them. It is not worth while disputing about it. All that we shall say is, that whatever it was, we don't believe that every one in love feels precisely as he did, because we don't think that all natures are sufficiently refined to be wrought upon in the same way, at least, to so intense a degree. It is from the finished instrument that those Æolean harmonies are elicited, which dwell upon the ear long after the harsher notes have ceased to vibrate.

Imperceptibly the vision passed away; the eyelids of the dreamer closed; *he fell into a profound slum*ber, which continued for several hours, in which he dreamed of many things he had read of: among others, Cyclops forging huge hammers at fires kindled in the bowels of the earth—Titans carrying great mountains—from which he was aroused by a noise so startling and terrible, that it seemed to him like the final breaking up of the world of matter. Then the air was violently

agitated, as by the swift passage of some ponderous body. Then there came a crash and a concussion, which nearly deprived him of his breath and his senses at the same time. Springing to his feet, Arthur essayed to pass out from his resting place, but was horrified to find that he was barred in, at the distance of less than six feet in front, while on either side he could only move a few steps before he became tightly wedged between the cliff and something unyielding as itself. Looking upwards, he could only discern a thin line of sky; and at once the horrors of his situation broke upon him with all their alarming reality. A huge mass of rock had fallen from the cliff and buried him in a living tomb. Cold as was his narrow chamber, the perspiration burst from his forehead, and trickled down his face, while his imagination became busy with the future of his sojourn in this dismal den, including the closing scene—the wasting body and the fluttering breath.

O, it were horrible to think of his dying thus—that his bones should whiten on that rock—that no eye should rest upon his remains until the last dread trump should call the dead to life!

By degrees his courage revived, and having once stared death full in the face, he began to look with more calmness on the matter; and at length resolved to wait patiently for the return of daylight. Wearily, however (for although he might have slept but for the chill that crept over his limbs, he had enough to do to keep his blood in circulation), the hours of the night wore on. What was his delight, therefore, on awakening, or rather shaking off a sort of stupor that fell upon him towards morning, to perceive the daylight struggling through the crevices of his narrow prison-house. As soon as he could see with sufficient distinctness, he commenced a close inspection of his narrow domicile, in hope of discovering some hole or fracture in the rock, through which he might escape, but a brief examination convinced him that his hopes in that direction were groundless.

Instead, however, of giving himself up to despair, as one less fruitful in resources, or less self reliant might have done, Arthur sat down to consider what he might yet do. Many plans of escape presented themselves, all of which were rejected as impracticable, without the aid of more muscular or mechanical power than he had at his command. At last the idea occurred to him, that the floor of his prison might not be solid. Springing once more to his feet, he commenced removing the leaves and loam, and at the distance of about a foot from the surface, he came to the rock, and to his inexpressible delight, discovered that the floor was composed of stones which could be easily removed. After a good deal of labor, he succeeded in raising one of them; another followed, and another, until he had cleared a passage four-fifths of the way, as he judged, to the outer edge of the fallen rock. He now began to congratulate himself upon the success of his experiment, and already looked upon his escape as certain, when, alas! he discovered that the only stone that still stood between him and freedom was wedge-shaped, with the edge turned inward, so that it could not be drawn towards him; and as it was held in its place by other stones behind it, and those that were too large to be removed on each side, there was no possibility of getting it out of the way. It was now mid-day; his nails had been torn, and the ends of his fingers worn off with his work, and he felt incapable of making any fresh exertion, and for the first time a feeling of despair took possession of him.

But his was not the mind to give up while a chance of escape remained. After eating a small piece of meat, which he happened to have in his knapsack, and slaking his thirst as best he could, with the scanty water that trickled down the rock, he began to work on the side of the cavern opposite to that in which he had been excavating, but met with no encouragement. After that he tried the front, but with no better success.

At length, weary and dispirited, he threw himself on the ground, and gave himself up to torturing thoughts, until sleep—blessed sleep—came to his relief, and he wist not that the long shadows were darkening the valley, or that the golden sheen was withdrawing from the mountain tops, or that night had settled down on his mystic abode. How sad to think of the waking!

LOVE OF ADMIRATION A MORAL VIRTUE.

Our friend the Recluse has this time caught a Tartar. The writer, however, of the following counterblast to his attack on woman is not of the gentler sex, but one who has nobly come forward as their champion.—Eds.

There is implanted in several species of animals a love of admiration, which seeks its gratification in the exhibition of real or imaginary excellencies. The pleasure derived through this craving of the nature is very exquisite, and by no means depends upon the possession by the individual of those qualities for which he may be admired. Among the animals who conspicuously exhibit this propensity, we mention particularly, men, turkey gobblers, ladies, peacocks, and ministers. On examination, this is found to be the most active principle of the human nature, and is not only the source of great enjoyment to the individual, but excuses that vanity of dress, manners, appearance, qualities and character, which together constitutes what is commonly called life. What a flat, stale and unprofitable world this must be, if its members were not prompted by some impulse to display their beauty, elegance, education, or wealth. In fact, were it not for this impulse, all these valuable possessions would lose their worth, and it is highly probable, that the fairer and better, and more numerous portion of the human race would find existence a burthen too great to be borne, and man would at once lose all signs of being a rational being, and fleeing from civilization would roam the world as a naked savage. I am aware that this impulse or propensity is, by the majority of moralists, denominated *vanity*.

This term which signifies nothingness, is, however, a very improper designation of a principle, which is to man *what steam is to the engine*, giving motion to the whole machine; since, evidently, the only respects in which the civilized man differs from the savage, proceed from a love of admiration. Examine the hut of the Hottentot, and contrast it with the palatial residence of the civilized man. Compare the scanty garb of the Nubian female with the full costume of our ladies,—and when you trace the wide diversities which exist to their cause, you will admit that whatever that cause may be, vanity will very imperfectly designate it.

Whether the love of admiration be vanity or no, depends altogether upon circumstances. In the case of man it is, I admit, nothing but vanity,—by man I here mean a rational and intelligent being, of the male gender. But, in the case of ladies and ministers, it is a very different thing—being in their case a virtue—which tends to civilize and bless the whole human race, and which calls forth from those who feel the power of this passion the most sublime exhibition of patience, fortitude, courage, and all the more heroic virtues.

In man I admit a love of admiration is vanity—nothing but vanity—because there is nothing in him admirable; on him flattery is altogether misplaced, and all his attempts at display are supremely ridiculous.

Now, what is man? I am aware, that by giving a fair and truthful reply to this question, I shall incur a great degree of odium,—but in the discussion of great moral questions the truth must be told. But let me ask those who are not liable to be influenced in their discussions by undue partiality, What do all good books say about man? Why, that he is shockingly bad. What do almost all natural and intelligent beings on earth, who are not men themselves, say? Why, that as regards his outward man, he is ugly, that intellectually he is stupid, and that his disposition is horrid. How often his sister or wife is obliged to inform him that he is an ugly, stupid *and horrid animal,—and this is, in* fact, the only definition of man that can be given; as Shakspeare says—"Man, proud man, clothed with a little brief authority, plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven, that he makes the angels laugh." I remember also once to have read another beautiful piece of poetry, but as I do not know where, and as I have altogether forgotten it, you must excuse the want of a quotation.

All display on the part of man for

the purpose of gaining admiration, is then pure vanity. The vain man is an impostor—one who seeks one's goods under false pretenses. This will be evident from whatever point of view he is contemplated.

Regard him as an intellectual being —certainly there is nothing in his mental qualities which entitles him to admiration. His wit is elaborated slowly, and with great difficulty. His mind works heavily in the creation of thought. Few images of beauty ever adorn the chambers of his imagination. His powers of observation are so obtuse, that I have known men to go to a place of worship, and after spending an hour or so, leave without being able to tell the colour of any lady's ribbon, or the shape of a solitary bonnet. Even when men seem to excel in any department in which learning or intelligence is necessary, they would blush to confess at what infinite evil their excellence was obtained.

In fact, men are so conscious of their intellectual inferiority, that many never are vain of it. If they have any sense, they feel humiliated in view of their mental imbecility; and if they are without sense, they seek admiration or flattery for their personal appearance, manners, or imaginary qualities.

But is there anything in man's exterior for which he may reasonably expect admiration? Certainly from this point of view he is very unprepossessing. View the rigidity of his muscles, the hardness of his features, the prominence of his bones, the tawny cast of his complexion. Then, as if to remind him of his relative approximation to the brutes, his chin and cheek and upper lip are covered with hair, so that he resembles a sheep or goat, just as the case may be. Viewed anatomically then, that man is decidedly vain who expects that there is anything in his shape, complexion, or even in his mustachios, to awaken admiration in the breasts of the most tasteless and inconsiderate.

But perhaps there is something in his movements, or voice, or manners, which destroys the disagreeable impression produced by his physical conformation. On the contrary, his walk is heavy and clumsy,—his gestures are fierce and unnatural,—his movements are all utterly deficient in gracefulness,—his laugh is a roar, beginning with a horrible grin,—and his voice resembles rather the braying of a certain animal with long ears, than that of any other creature of which natural history makes mention.

Now, has art made the least improvement in him? Judging by what art has done for the fair sex, the symmetry which it has added to the form, the grace which it has lent to the movements, one would anticipate that by this time man would have learned the use of flowing drapery, and crinoline, and those dear little bonnets. But man is a creature whom no persuasion can influence, no example improve; and though tailors and hatters have been busy for these last six thousand years, endeavoring to make some improvement in him, while the form and structure of woman has undergone a transformation—advancing from beautiful to more beautiful and most beautiful,—man remains precisely the same uncouth and unshapen animal that he was at first.

Behold a creature, in the likeness of a mammoth ourang-outang, surmounted by a hat, which increases the lankness of his appearance, and totally destroys what little symmetry of shape he originally possessed. The legs are encased in a tight fitting sack, called trowsers—the chest is stowed away in a coat and waistcoat—which combine to increase the deformity of his shape, and the awkwardness of his movements,—while his head is kept rigidly in its position by a stiffly starched piece of linen, called a collar, which acts mechanically and morally,—mechanically, by the force of starch,—morally, by the dread infused lest any free and natural movement of the head should disarrange this extraordinary piece of linen.

The only man I ever heard of, who was really entitled to admiration on account of his outward appearance, was one whose name was never mentioned except with ridicule, who yet, by a very simple expedient, united comfort with elegance, rendered it possible to abrogate the shirt collar, and to modify indefinitely the style of pantaloons,—I allude to Paddy from Cork, who wore his coat buttoned behind;

yet, as genius is ever unconscious of its efforts, this simple hearted Irishman had no other idea than that he had succeeded in protecting that part of his person, which the barbarity of modern fashion leaves to a great extent unprotected.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PAST.

BY ACADIENSIS.

Yes, the past is a chamber of death; and methinks
I tread its stately halls,
And the face of full many a friend of my youth
Seems imaged on its walls.

And my fancy—as echo my desolate steps
Along its pavement stone—
Can distinguish some tale that delighted me erst
In their sepulchral tone.

And I see by the dim light that memory sheds
Upon my dreamy eye,
That festoons of the long-withered flowers of my hopes
Wave from its arches high.

And in colors unreal there are pictured around
Scenes of life's happier day,
Where I gaze till each glimmering phantasm fades
In grave-like gloom away.

MONEY.

A SCHOOL COMPOSITION.

The following, written by a lad about twelve years of age, shows, we think, the germs of original and forcible thought:—

Of all the kings on earth, the greatest is the money-king. He sits over every man's mind, draws out his passions, controls his conscience, awakens his thought, stimulates his endeavor, and commands his speech. Every man, whether he bows to Czar or Sultan, Emperor, Queen or President, is always, and in every place, the willing subject of the money king. He commands, and all obey. Else what mean the sound of axe and loom, of trowel, pick and spade, of humming wheel, and creaking shaft, and plunging piston-rod? What means it that walls are rising, crops are growing, and engines snorting? What mean the crowded market, the jostling throng, the busy factory? What do the hard hand and the sun-burnt hand mean? They mean that men are placed upon an earth which gives only to the persevering, and among fellows who toil each for himself; that they are placed under a dispensation of labor, with hearts willing, and arms able to work out a high and happy destiny for themselves. It is a blessed fact, that a man's necessities are not his satisfaction. Talk as we may, it is a fact too, that he upon whom the money king bestows the title of nobility, is the nobleman, and men reckon him so. A well-filled pocket, or a good credit at the bank, is about as good a recommendation as exists now-a-days. The children of fathers whose whole lives were struggles with starvation, now and then leap up into the highest seats of distinction; and children of fathers who rolled through the streets in the pride of state, pillow their dying heads on pillowless beds.

Blood counts for less than brains in these times. It is well that it is so; it is well, perhaps, that the money king does have a powerful sway; for in his empire there are not many hereditary titles. His Peerage is gained by labor, and it dies out by carelessness.

There are many things that any one so disposed might find fault with in this tendency of our age. One might cry out about the love of money being the root of all evil,—might show how many evils money had brought about, and talk much about the unrighteous mammon and the sin of covetousness,

—but after all he does not prove that the lawful though earnest pursuit after money is not a benefit,—he does not prove that a country with unfurrowed fields and unworked mines—a country of rude houses and rough roads—is better than a country with yielding soil, and busy manufactories—with comfortable houses and iron roads,—he does not prove that the man of wealth ought not to be highly regarded—that this struggle after wealth does not bring into exercise all the higher powers of man—nor that this money is laid out to no purpose. For what is money, and why do men strive after it? Is it to gather together a heap of round pieces of shining metal and then call themselves rich? Surely no one supposes that men seek after gold for the gold's sake. For place a man alone upon a lone island and not all the wealth of the Indies will tempt him to make one effort to secure it. A shining guinea, fresh from the mint was no more in Robinson Crusoe's eyes than any sea-washed pebble on his island home. And why? Because money is valuable only as an instrument by which men may satisfy their wants or gratify their desires. The great thing is to see rightly what is the proper use of money; and who is the man who uses his wealth as money ought to be used. F. K.

GLEANINGS.

A Printer's Description of Franklin.—The * of his profession, the type of honesty, the ! of all, and although the ☞ of death has put a . to his existence, every § of his life is without a ‖.

Friendship often ends in love—but love in friendship, never. Love may exist with jealousy, although this is rare; but jealousy may exist without love, and this is common.—*Colton.*

Hard Times.—Some young ladies were lately heard to complain that the gentlemen are so poor that they can't even *pay* their addresses! Talking of *paying*, Punch starts a question, whether a man dies before he settles with his creditors, may not be considered as showing an undue preference, in paying the debt of nature before his other liabilities.

RIDDLES.

Why does a donkey prefer thistles to corn?

Why were the New York brokers in the late panic like Pharaoh's daughter?

Why is troy weight like a hardened sinner?

"A little more animation, my dear," whispered Lady B. to the gentle Susan, who was walking languidly through a quadrille. "Do leave me to manage my own business, mamma," replied the provident nymph, "I shall not dance my ringlets out of curl for a married man." "Of course not, my love, but I was not aware who your partner was."

Nice Young Men.—A captain of a vessel loading coals went into a counting-house, and requested the loan of a *rake*. The merchant looking towards his clerks, replied, "I have a number of them here, but none of them would wish to be hauled over the coals."

DEFINITIONS.

Moonlight—The sunlight sick.—*Shakspeare.*

Muff—A thing that holds a pretty girl's hand without squeezing it.—*Man-in-the-Moon.*

Spoon—A thing that is often very near her lips without kissing them.—*Ib.*

Quills—Things taken from the *pinions* of one goose to spread the *opinions* of another.

BURNS'S GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some would eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
Sae let the Lord be thankit.

"Tom, how much have you cleared by your speculations?" "Cleared," grunted Tom, "I've cleared my pockets."

A humble man is like a good tree—the more the branches bear, the lower they bend themselves.