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THE PROVINCIAL.

HALIFAX, SEPTEMBER, 1852.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

THE subject of an International Copyright, as between Great Britain and the United States, has already in certain quarters, received considerable attention. That attention has been bestowed, however, but by a few individuals—by the authors of those respective countries—those who, personally and more immediately, feel the glaring injustice, in this particular, of the Law of Nations. Such being the case, the *readers* of the English tongue, on both sides of the Atlantic, supposing—if they have ever glanced at the subject at all—that the *writers* only are interested in this question, have been content to let it remain as it is. We venture to allege, and shall endeavour to prove, that the whole population of the British Isles and the United States are, somewhat remotely it is true, but nevertheless deeply, interested in the question of International Copyright generally, and that those interests cry aloud for a change. This point once settled, it will be easy to show that the true interests of the British American Provinces demand such a change as peremptorily as either of those nations; and that the literature of these Provinces, so far as it can be affected by the Law of Copyright, is now in a more hopeless condition, than that of any other civilised country under Heaven.

Taking the subject in its widest extent, the cool manner in which the *right of property* in the productions of intellectual labour, has been entirely thrust out of view in every international code and international treaty, is certainly one of the most monstrous of the many inconsistencies of which modern and civilised nations have been guilty. The *right of property* in land, in the productions of manual labour and mechanical skill, is jealously surrounded by every guard which a protecting Government can furnish, against the inroads of plundering foreigners; yet those same foreigners may, with impunity, carry away and dispose of the thoughts—the intellectual productions of that country—that which is not only the fruits of soul, the means of life to the individual pillaged, but is also the true boast and glory of his country, and a portion of that to which her prosperity is mainly owing.

A subject of some country—say, for instance, of the British Empire—trading at a foreign port, finds that certain needy persons, taking advantage of a popular tumult, have appropriated to their own use a hundred or so of his last month's profits, and have delighted themselves by the immediate display, upon their persons, of some of his gowgaws. Straightway the 'palaces of oak' are moored before that city of lawless ruffians, who are offered the alternative of 'a bombardment, or restitution of British property.' But the lucre-loving foreigner may step upon British soil, boldly and openly seize upon the first production of intellectual labour which may seem to him pre-eminently valuable, a work upon the sale of which probably the author depends for his daily bread, one over which perhaps his head may have grown gray, and no *human law* will say to the plunderer, 'thou shalt not do it.' No, but there is a *Divine law* which declares he shall not! That work, unless voluntarily disposed of, is the author's property, and his alone: it is more essentially his than any species of property which man, under any condition of his being, has ever laid claim to; and it is his against the demands of the whole world.

The man who clamours for the universal and equal distribution of what is now called *private property*, and which, for the sake of distinction, we may also call *physical property*, is stigmatised as a sort of legal infidel, a theoretical robber, and is put down as being at once a Socialist and an enemy to Society; but he who acts upon the same principle practically, with regard to *intellectual property*, is lauded for his enterprise in a good cause. He who forcibly appropriates to his own use, or to that of his friend, one species of useful property belonging to his neighbour, finds himself warred upon by the world as a pirate or a robber, and is finally launched into eternity from the scaffold beneath the gallows-tree; whilst he who similarly appropriates another species of equally useful property, of like ownership, suddenly comes to be considered a benefactor to society, dies comfortably in his bed, and probably has a monument erected over his grave at the public expense. Now any society where such a state of affairs is suffered to exist, must either be guided by unsound—nay, by villanous principles, or it must be very far gone in stupidity. In this author-robbing age, let not monarchs talk of being compelled by a sense of justice to make wars, long and bloody, in protection of subjects' property, when we, every day, see most glaring instances of such property being pillaged by foreigners, without a finger being raised, a warning whisper uttered, to deter the plunderers from the act.

But the receivers of the stolen goods are also, in this case, losers by their share in the dishonest act; and those who would seem, at first sight, to gain most by such a system of fraud, are, in fact, the greatest losers. Take the case of Great Britain and the United States. For one American book republished in England, in defiance of the author's equitable claims, the American publishers carry into their own country and republish at least ten English

ones. It would appear at a hasty glance, that the American nation, taken in the aggregate, are great gainers by this system; but such is not the case. These Foreign productions, so far as *literature* is concerned, are exotics and do not supply the real wants of the American mind; but, which is a much more serious objection, their introduction in this manner, tends most fearfully to prevent the growth of purely American literature. The reason why this is the case, must be obvious, upon a moment's consideration, to every one. The American book-seller can of course furnish to his customers a reprint of a new English work much more cheaply than the same work, coming from the English press, could be furnished to purchasers, either in the United States, or in any other part of the world; because the English publisher must pay the author for his copy-right. The American bookseller can also furnish the English book much cheaper than he can an American one of equal intrinsic value, because, in the latter case *he* has to pay for copyright. But owing to the very great number of English works in every department of literature, published yearly in the United States, in comparison with the native productions of America, and to the extreme cheapness of the reprints of the former in comparison with the latter, the American author is all but driven out of the market of his native land.

The American publisher will not pay for the privileges of copyright which an *act of Law* gives to the American author, when he believes that an *act of his own* will give him, without consideration, the same, or nearly equal privileges, with regard to an English work, equally good, and probably more saleable from its being a foreign production. If he were to do so, he knows that he must necessarily increase the price of the American work, for the copyright of which he is obliged to pay, over that of the republished English work for which he pays nothing; and that his customers would therefore purchase the republished English, rather than the American book, thus making him a loser in a pecuniary sense, and making his country a loser in a much more important sense, by indirectly preventing the growth of its literature. Another fact which would add to the cautiousness of such a publisher in buying copyrights of works of a high order of merit, is, that among his countrymen, the number of readers of such productions is very limited — a fact, however, which would have no effect in preventing the growth of American literature, were it not for the crushing rivalry of that of older countries. To say that such readers are few in proportion to the whole population of the United States, is to speak no reproach of the inhabitants of that republic; it is sufficiently obvious that such must necessarily be the case in all new countries.

The results of this defect in international law, as between Great Britain and the United States, so far as they affect the growth of literature, are the same in the former country as in the latter—at least, there is only a difference of *degree* in those results, between the two countries.

The whole of this system is one of *international spoliation*, not of *international trade*, consequently the principles upon which trade is conducted, are not applicable to it. But by whatever name we call it, whilst the system exists in any country, particularly in one whose literature is yet in its infancy, the publication, in that country, of any work of a native author, must, for the reasons we have shewn, be attended by loss either to the author or publisher. In either case, it cannot but be observed, that its tendency must be immediately and seriously depressive to the growth of literature; a tendency which, it is quite as obvious, must, in a still greater degree, be productive of ill results in a young country where the population is yet small. What then must be the result of such a system in the British North American Provinces? Unquestionably, to preclude all possibility of their ever having a literature of their own, so long as that system is tolerated.

All that can be said in favour of International Copyright, on behalf of any other nation, may be said on behalf of these Provinces; whilst, at the same time, these latter have peculiar and extraordinary interests involved in the settlement of the question. Under present circumstances, the enactment, by either of these Provinces, of a Law of Copyright, can be considered as little else but an immense joke: for, what privilege does such a law confer upon the native author? Simply this: an author—say a native of New Brunswick—is allowed, for a limited period, the exclusive privilege of selling his own works within the bounds of his native Province. We leave the reader to imagine the brilliant prospects of profit, which such an author or his publisher must have, with the whole of New Brunswick as the market prescribed by law for his work, and with the comforting conviction that the same work may be published and sold by others on every side of him—not only in Great Britain and, what are in all respects, foreign countries, but also in each of the neighbouring Provinces—without his having the power to prevent it; and that these—to him—*foreign* publishers may *sometimes* sell the work in New Brunswick in spite of him. We also leave the reader to imagine what amount of capital he would be likely to invest in publishing the work in question, under these circumstances. The case would be substantially the same in each of the other Provinces.

In this case, it is but a trifling excuse for such a system, that the proprietor of the work in question *may*, by application to each of the local governments subject to the British Crown, secure the copyright of his work throughout the whole, or nearly the whole, of the Empire. He should not be subjected to all this trouble and expense to secure to himself that which is his by every principle of right. It is but seldom that such a proprietor would dare to anticipate, to so great an extent, the profits of his work.

A Macaulay, or a Dickens, if compelled to live in British America, would most certainly starve; that is, if he attempted no more speedy means of putting

an end to his sufferings. It requires no great amount of discernment to discover that literature cannot possibly flourish in such a country, in the present state of its affairs: for it happens but seldom, in any part of the world, that men can afford to write *merely* for literary fame; much less can it be expected that such will be the case in British America. Under this system then, the whole mass of the people are, in a very serious degree, the losers: for, whilst we have not a literature of our own, we can never have a feeling of nationality, with its concomitants of patriotism and due self-respect; we can never be fully awake to a knowledge of our intellectual powers; we can never have any great moral weight among the civilized nations of the world, nor can we ever have a just conception of the moral position which we ought to hold among those nations.

The next question which rationally presents itself, is, what is the cure for all these grievances? As to the equitable settlement of the *general* question, little can be done in these Provinces at present, except to *agitate* upon the matter—to give free expression to our opinion of this monster grievance, under which the world now labours. That opinion, with justice upon its side, however humbly expressed, will some day have its due effect. But the *peculiar* disadvantages, in respect of this question, under which the Provinces are struggling, might be immediately remedied. These same disadvantages furnish one among the numerous arguments, which may be urged in favor of a legislative union of the British North American Provinces. But, whether or not such a union should ever take place, there can be no possible reason why we should not have an inter-provincial copyright. Why not this as well as inter-provincial free-trade? We know of nothing to prevent this step being taken immediately; and it is one which would place the Provinces in *nearly* as good a position in this respect, as any other part of the world. Even something more might be done. Measures for reciprocal free trade between the Provinces and the United States, are now engrossing a large share of public attention. Most unquestionably if ever such measures should go into operation, the question of copyright between those countries might be and ought to be settled upon the same terms.

This is a subject to which those public men who really desire the welfare of their country, would do well to turn their attention. It is most certain that much can be done, and with comparatively little difficulty, by those high in authority. They may rest assured that for no acts of theirs will they be looked back to by posterity, with feelings of such profound admiration and gratitude, as for those which have tended to the intellectual exaltation of their countrymen.

LOUIS LE GRAND: OR. FONTAINEBLEAU AND VERSAILLES,

A COMEDY à SPECTACLE IN THREE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LOUIS QUATORZE, King of France.

COUNT DE LAUZUN, } Courtiers.

COUNT DE GUICHE, }

COUNT DE ST. AIGNAN, Director of Pageants

CHAMARANTE, Premier Valet de Chambre.

BONTEMPS, Valet de Chambre in Ordinary.

PAGE to Duchess de Navailles.

MADAME, DUCHESS D'ORLEANS.

COUNTESS DE SOISSONS.

DUCHESS de NAVAILLES, Intendante of Maids

of Honour.

ANNE LUCIE DE HOUDANCOURT, }

LOUISE DE LA VALLIERE, }

MDLLE. MONTALAIS, }

MDLLE. CHALAIS, }

Dancer., Mousquetaires, Workmen, &c.

PERIOD ABOUT 1662.

ACT I.

SCENE 1st. — *The Gardens at the Palace of Fontainebleau, evening. Parterres, shrubs and flowers; statues, fountains and jets d'eau. A marble balustrade across the stage with landing steps leading to a canal, on which are seen barges bearing flags, lights, &c. In perspective, avenues of trees, statues, &c.*

Enter Madame and Countess.

MAD.—Depend upon it my dear Countess, there is more danger than you imagine; he is already half enamoured, and unless we can contrive to divert his attention from this girl, she will speedily acquire an influence which will assuredly put an end to ours.

COUX.—Oh, you attach too much importance to a trifling flirtation. There can be little to fear from Louise de la Valliere, a timid silly rustic, with her blushes and her bashfulness.

MAD.—The qualities you mention, from their very novelty, are of all others those best adapted to captivate the king.

COUX.—To ensnare but not enslave—believe me a permanent *liaison* is little to be apprehended. LOUIS, surnamed Le Grand, although susceptible, is incapable of lasting impressions, at least so far as love is concerned—fickle as the wind—he is constant only in inconstancy.

MAD.—Inconstant! true—did you remark how he slighted me this morning? But men are so perverse, there is no knowing, he might become constant by way of variety. His present foible, as you know, is a sentimental longing to inspire, what he calls a disinterested passion; and, as he is not fastidious, (I would forgive him if he were,) any woman not absolutely old or hideous, who can insinuate that she pines in secret for the man—and not the monarch—is certain of success.

COUX.—But surely the girl you mention just imported from the country, for the purpose of withdrawing attention from Louis' intimacy with your Highness, cannot already be so designing.

MAD.—Oh, Countess, it comes by instinct. Do you not know that during the storm which interrupted the last *fete champetre*, the king, separating La Valliere from the rest of the company, took shelter with her under a tree, and although the rain poured down in torrents he remained uncovered, *chapeau bas* for a full hour, uttering common place compliments, which she received with undissembled satisfaction?

COUX.—Mere conventional gallantry, depend upon it—the affectation of *politesse*. His Majesty you know piques himself on never remaining covered

in presence of a petticoat, even on the person of the meanest *paysanne*; remember the *jardiniere*. This sort of deference therefore goes for nothing, rest assured!

MAD.—I confess your incredulity reassures me, but—

COUN.—Rely upon it—a mere passing fancy! Besides, we have ample resources to ensure fickleness! The maids of honour! De Houdancourt, Montalais, Chalais! All charming girls—ready to dispute the palm with such a rival—or indeed, with any other.

MAD.—True! I remember he has evinced something like partiality for De Houdancourt, of late. A thought strikes me: may she not cause a diversion in our favour. She must be instructed.

COUN.—I have already done my best to induce Louis to notice her. But here comes your faithful swain, De Guiche—the best informed of men in all the gossip of the court: let us hear what he says!

Enter De Guiche.

DE G.—Ah, fair ladies! so unexpected a happiness! I was almost in despair. Seeing the King, as he left the chateau, surrounded only by minor satellites, I was beginning to apprehend that the royal excursion would have been deprived of the brilliancy your refulgent presence is ever certain to impart. His Majesty will be delighted.

COUN.—Not perhaps so much so as you fancy.

MAD.—Does the Queen accompany him on the water?

DE G.—No! Her Majesty is as usual indisposed.

COUN.—Or rather ill disposed to witness her husband's gallantries. Apropos! at whose feet does he deign to throw the handkerchief this evening?

DE G.—But for the deference the present company inspires, I should say her Highness' new attendant would be the favoured fair.

MAD.—(To Coun.) I told you so.

DE G.—Oh! ha, ha! this reminds me of a story—a very singular story—related to me just now, by Bontemps.

COUN.—Unquestionable authority for scandal! This prime minister of Louis' innocent recreations! But what says Monsieur Bontemps?

DE G.—He is amusing as well as instructive. Listen! After the ball in the pavilion last evening—the night being warm—the King fatigued with his exertions in the *courante*, wandered forth to breathe the gentle zephyrs of the park, accompanied only by the identical Bontemps.

COUN.—Ha, ha! after the manner of the prince and the vizier in the new Arabian fairy tales.

DE G.—On approaching an arbour, overgrown with foliage, they overheard four ladies interchanging their impressions as to the merits of the dancers.

MAD.—Proceed—this indeed is interesting.

DE G.—More so, credit me, than you imagine. One of the fair speakers avowed her admiration of D'Arlincourt; another declared her preference for D'Armagnac: they both dance with tolerable grace, it must be owned. The third honored me in terms my modesty forbids me to repeat.

COUN.—Oh, De Guiche, your modesty is intolerable. And the fourth? for this I suspect is the cream of the adventure.

DE G.—The fourth! oh, the fourth—she merely smiled!

MAD.—Tantalizing.

DE G.—Remained for a time pensive in sweet insipid silence, until

appealed to by her companions, breathless with anxiety, when in lisping accents she confessed, what! think you?

MAD.—Good gracious, De Guiche, don't be so provoking.

DE G.—(imitating)—'My own opinion' said she, 'is, that none of those you have mentioned can be compared for grace, for elegance, for all the attributes of manly beauty to'—now guess!

MAD.—The King!

COUN.—The King! and he listening, overheard?

DE G.—Every syllable! The other inmates of the confessional with mingled indignation and astonishment, exclaimed, or rather sneered. 'so Mademoiselle, nothing less than a crown can charm your disinterested fancy.'

MAD.—Well, well, what next?

DE G.—'The crown' continued the oracle, 'detracts from, far more than it contributes to the graces of the wearer.'

MAD.—Condemnate subtlety! she was aware that he was listening.

COUN.—Oh! no question!

DE G.—On Bontemps' assurance, ladies, I venture to differ from you. The King, he says, as much amazed as he was enchanted, soon recovered from his temporary trance, and is now intent in discovering the syren who poured, unconsciously, such flattering incense on his ear.

COUN.—Unconscious! impossible!

MAD.—The refinement of artifice! it must have been La Valliere!

DE G.—Not at all improbable—but time will show.

MAD.—A more insidious piece of finesse never was devised by woman!

COUN.—She! no, I cannot believe a country chit could be so accomplished in cunning: not that I disparage the capabilities of your rural divinities.

MAD.—Countess, this incredulity amounts to downright infidelity—you must be a Jansenist?

COUN.—Thank goodness, the King is not within hearing of an accusation for which even I should be excommunicated. But hush! here comes the Duchess de Navailles!

DE G.—Generalissima of the Maids of Honor! No sinecure if all we hear be true.

MAD.—See! she is speaking to herself—gesticulating vehemently.

DE G.—And tossing her dear old head indignantly, as if the virtue of antiquity had been assailed.

COUN.—Nay, it is evident something extraordinary must have happened! Suppose we question her adroitly, and endeavour to turn her virtuous indignation to account.

Enter Duchess de Navailles.

DE N.—Ycs, I am resolved—I will appeal at once, in person to his Majesty. The audacity of these licentious minions must be checked.

COUN.—Your Grace seems somewhat disconcerted! Anything serious happened?

DE N.—Only imagine, ladies, such an insult! the sanctity of the private apartments violated—all my precautions set at naught. Would you believe it—last night a monster—

DE G.—A monster!

DE N.—Ycs! a man, actually within the very corridor.

MAD.—And who, pray, was the adventurous individual so lost to all sense of propriety?

COUN.—Pshaw! Some valet de chambre! perchance that handsome fellow, Chamarrante, a man of growing reputation among the soubrettes of the Court.

DE N.—No, Madame—a personage of rank—richly attired, of noble aspect, closely enveloped in a cloak.

COUN.—Can't you describe the figure of this interloper—this fox in your Grace's preserve?

DE N.—About the middle height—rather taller, if anything—of graceful bearing.

MAD.—(*apart to Coun.*) I begin to suspect!

COUN.—(*apart.*) So do I! (*aloud.*) And the heroine of the adventure? for there must be a heroine.

DE N.—Impossible to conjecture! The intruder paused, it is true, for sometime at the door of de Houdancourt's apartment, but—

MAD.—Tell me! does not La Valliere occupy the adjacent chamber?

DE N.—She does! But surely you cannot suspect that little simpleton?

COUN.—For my part I always have misgivings of your very demure people.

DE N.—So recently from the country!

MAD.—The Country! ha! ha! Coquetry, my dear Duchess, unlike the small pox, is engendered as readily in the rural districts as the Court: pastoral purity, believe me, affords no protection.

DE N.—How exceedingly perplexing is my position. But, at all events, the king must instantly be made acquainted with the circumstance.

COUN.—The King! May not his Majesty know more of the affair than he will condescend to own?

DE N.—What an insinuation!

DE G.—Ha, ha! Leze majeste, or something very like it.

COUN.—You say that the incognito was rather above the middle height, of graceful carriage, and richly dressed!

DE N.—Even so—what mean you? your gestures awaken suspicion. It cannot be—and yet how shocking! A personal interview can alone decide: if he listens patiently, he must be absolved; if not—if he evades—suspicion is confirmed, and a plan I have in contemplation must at once be put in execution.

MAD.—A plan! Oh, let us hear your plan, by all means.

DE N.—In consequence of an attempt, some nights ago, to enter the apartments, I have already caused extra bars to be affixed to the windows overlooking the terrace.

DE G.—I trust your Grace has not neglected the chimnies: they are capacious and of easy access.

MAD.—(*archly.*) How! de Guiche, you appear to have inspected the assailable points of the citadel.

DE G.—He! he! I have served his majesty in so many capacities that I cannot be accused of utter ignorance of strategy.

DE N.—Moreover, a grated iron wicket is prepared, to be placed, at a moment's notice, before the principal entrance of the suite of private apartments. And unless fully convinced of the king's innocence—

COUN.—(*to Madame.*) Innocence—the King's innocence! what *naivete*.

DE N.—It shall be fixed at once.

COUN.—A most laudable resolution, excellent Duchess!

DE G.—(*to Madame.*) The king will be outrageous.

DE N.—(*apart*) Not a single avenue shall remain unguarded. (*walks up.*)

COUN.—Most exemplary of women—but hush! the king approaches.

MAD.—(*aside to Countess.*) No doubt as to the intruder.

COUN.—(*aside to Madame.*) None whatever.

MAD.—(*aside to Countess.*) To gain an interview with La Valliere.

DE G.—(*aside.*) A sequel to the affair in the arbour. How anxious she is—ha! ha! no perception so acute as that of a slighted woman.

Enter king, attended by Courtiers, Montalais, Chalais, and other ladies—Pages—Mousquetaires, &c. During the preceding scene the gardens have been illuminated with colored lamps.

USHERS.—The King!—(*music.*)

KING.—(*Taking off his hat ceremoniously.*) Ladies! (*to Mad. and Coun.*) your most devoted slave! How beauteous an assemblage! The stars forget to shed their lustre before the scintillations of that galaxy of brilliant eyes.—(*Bows to ladies.*)

MAD.—Ah, sire! when you, the sun of our system, vouchsafe to shine, the minor planets merely twinkle.

KING.—Excepting Venus, dear sister, your own prototype: ‘Fairest of stars, brightest in the firmament.’

MAD.—Alas sire! it has lately been discovered that Venus (*sighs*) is not the constellation nearest to the orb of light.

KING.—But ever the most refulgent, dearest sister! (*aside*)—Where can La Valliere be?

MAD.—Alas, poor Venus! Her transit is at hand: a brighter star appears in the horizon.

KING.—(*aside.*) Jealous! She must be pacified! (*aloud*)—See! Henrietta, how the moonbeams glisten upon the waters! The soft breeze, sweeping o’er the liquid element, invites us to exchange the sultry air of the gardens—our excursion will be delightful.—(*walks about speaking to ladies—La Valliere enters; she appears to shun observation.*) At length she appears! charming girl! The personification of innocent simplicity, what a contrast to this glare of artifice. Her native grace far surpasses her angelic loveliness!

MAD.—(*to Coun.*) See! with what intensity he gazes.

COUN.—(*apart.*) The fascination of the serpent.

KING.—(*aside.*) Presently I shall hear her voice! Oh! let the chord, so thrillingly touched last evening, vibrate anew, and realize the fondest aspirations of my soul!

MAD.—(*to Coun.*) I can bear it no longer—his attention must be diverted, (*aloud to king.*) Brother! thus thoughtful?

KING.—(*Startled.*) Affairs of state!—pardon my abstraction!—matters of importance, women cannot comprehend. (*Crosses hastily to De N.*) Duchess! we had scarcely ventured to anticipate your presence—how fares the queen?

DE N.—I should not at this moment, sire, have quitted my royal mistress, had not an affair of importance rendered an audience with your majesty imperative!

KING.—Your Grace has every claim on our attention. (*aside*)—So! to escape green eyed Scylla, yonder, (*glancing at Madame*) we have plunged into the troubled waters of Charybdis, (*looking at De N.*)

MAD.—(*aside.*) The Ducenna’s remonstrance is most opportune.

DE N.—An event has come to my knowledge, which it is my duty to communicate without delay.

KING.—Proceed ! (*aside*) what can be the subject of this new lecture !

DE N.—Last night, as I am informed, some personage of the court succeeded in gaining access to the corridor of the private apartments.

KING.—(*aside.*) Ha ! Can she have recognised me ?

DE N.—Evidently for the purpose of obtaining an interview with one of the maids of honour.

KING.—Most likely some domestic, some—

DE N.—The dress denoted a person of much higher rank. There are certain individuals, sire, whose bearing defies concealment.

KING.—(*aside.*) By my faith, she does suspect ! (*Enter Bontemps hastily; he goes to the king*) what is the matter Bontemps ? (*aloud to De N.*) we are all attention Madame.

BON.—(*apart.*) An intercepted letter, sire.

DE N.—There is reason to surmise that the clandestine visit was intended for Mdlle. De Houdancourt.

KING.—(*paying no attention to De N.*) From whom ?

BON.—The lady she has just mentioned. De Houdancourt.

KING.—(*apart.*) Strange coincidence !

DE N.—I beseech your majesty ?

KING.—Presently, Duchess, presently ! (*to Bon.*) From de Houdancourt, you say.

BON.—(*apart.*) Unsealed, without address, concealed within a vase of flowers. (*giving paper*) A copy, sire.

KING.—And the original ?

BON.—By this time has reached its destination.

KING.—Singular ! give me the paper (*snatches it and reads*) ‘Meet me at the landing steps, as soon as the barge is gone, and the attendants have departed.—Anne Lucie.’ Her signature, assuredly ! I had remarked her absence and this assignation accounts for it. So, then, I have a rival, it appears ! no matter ! my present passion absorbs all previous fancies. Nevertheless, this affair must be investigated ! it is our duty. (*To Bon.*) Why not bring me the original ?

BON.—It would have been impolitic, please your majesty.

KING.—You are right, Bontemps ! watch their movements, then overhear at all hazards their conversation, and meet me on this spot as soon as the barge returns. (*To de N. who has remained near.*) Now, Madame, your pleasure !

DE N.—Sire ! I have nothing further to communicate, but beg to observe that when honoured with my appointment in the household of your royal consort, I presumed to rely on your majesty’s countenance and support.

KING. You have both, Duchess ! But, really your complaint is so frivolous, not to say vexatious, that—in short, it is our pleasure to dismiss the subject.

DE N.—I implore your majesty to pause—to consider that the queen’s household is—

KING.—Our own, Madame.

Enter St. Aignan.

ST. A.—The barge attends, your majesty !

The barge appears, courtiers form an avenue to the landing stairs, Mousquetaires present arms.

KING.—(*aside.*) Welcome relief! (*aloud.*) Come ladies! come my lords; affairs of state must occasionally give place to recreation. De Guiche, pray hand her Highness to the place of honour.

MAD. (*to De G.*) See! he shuns me for that designing creature! I will observe them narrowly.

(*Gives her hand to De Guiche, they enter the boat followed by some of the courtiers including Countess.*)

KING. (*To La Val.*) Your hand, fair lady.

LA VAL. (*giving her hand*) Sir! this condescension—(*aside*) He will recognize my voice, and despise me.

KING. (*aside.*) That one brief sentence, and her timid blushes, reveal the truth, 'tis she. (*aloud*) Your presence graced our fete, last evening! ah! we remarked you, and presumed to fancy you were gratified.

LA VAL. (*with hesitation*) Delighted! Enchanted! sire.

KING. Yourself, fair creature, the Enchantress! (*aside*) The same soft silvery tones! I cannot be mistaken. Intoxication of delight! (*hands her into the barge and follows, the barge moves off, the rest of the courtiers exeunt.*)

DE N. The interloper, then, 'tis certain, was no other than the King. No security, henceforth, unless decided measures are adopted: it must be so! My duty to my royal mistress renders it imperative. (*Exit—Bontemps advances from statue.*)

BON. All gone at last. Now then for the audacious sparrow that dares to peek at the Royal Eagle's prey! But the Eagle in question! has he not scented other prey? I suspect he has! else, why his anxiety about the incognito of the arbour? Oh Louis! Louis! thou art not much greater than thy valet de Chambre. (*Enter Chamarante enveloped in a cloak.*) Ha! the unconscious culprit comes.

CHAM. All silent, and deserted! So far so well! But (*taking out note*) is this perfumed vol au vent, a bona fide billet-doux, or a lettre de cachet, in disguise? A note from a lady honoured with some share of his majesty's preference; or the device of some envious rival, to entrap and then betray me. In either case my position is not without its perils!

BON. Vexatious! I can neither distinguish voice, form, nor feature!

Enter De Houdancourt.

CHAM.—The rustling of a silk dress!—how well I recognise the sound. No danger of an ambuscade at all events.

DE H.—Hist! Monsr. Chamarante!

BON. Chamarante! the king's rival! ha ha! Disgrace for him, promotion for me. Oh, long wished for moment!

CHAM. Obedient to your commands, fair creature!

DE H. (*Haughtily.*) Sir! My request for an interview at this hour, no doubt surprises you.

CHAM. (*Familiarly.*) We courtiers, lady, never allow ourselves to be surprised. Charmed! flattered at your condescension, it must be confessed, I am.

DE H. Hear me, sir, and remember who I am!

CHAM. (*aside.*) Haughty, and preematory! Singular prelude to a tender avowal! Agitation, doubtless!

BON. I cannot hear a syllable.

DE H. — Aware of the obligations you owe my family, through whose interest you obtained your present office, and calculating, therefore, on your devotion—

CHAM. (*interrupting.*) Devotion the most tender!

DE H. Monsr. Chamarante!

CHAM. I mean profound! (*aside*) How very sensitive.

DE H. The reasons I have assigned induce me to request a favour of you.

CHAM. (*aside.*) Quite natural: a pretext always necessary. (*aloud*) What favour can you ask, that I would dare refuse? believe and trust me lady.

DE H. I have need, alas! of one, however humble, in whom to place my trust, since those who should support, conspire to betray me.

CHAM. Betray you! Barbarous!

DE H. Yes! The Duchess d'Orleans, and the Countess De Soissons, for reasons best known to themselves, persecute me incessantly in every way.

CHAM. Confide in me.

DE H. And the King, (*rocket let off in the distance.*) See! what means that light?

CHAM. I cannot imagine. (*they both walk up to the balustrade.*)

BOX. (*aside.*) The signal for the king's return! something wrong. (*rockets repeated.*)

DE H. By the light of the fireworks I see a boat; it leaves the barge; it approaches the shore.

CHAM. The King is returning! how singularly ill-timed.

BOX. (*aside.*) What can have induced him to quit the party!

DE H. The King! He will discover us—I must away!

CHAM. Nay, leave me not thus, angelic creature! (*tries to take her hand which she withdraws.*)

DE H. You are too familiar, sir! listen to me.

BOX. (*aside and advancing.*) I must, I will hear.

DE H. When the King is gone, and the cortege has dispersed, meet me in the ante-chamber of the private apartments; Madame de Navailles will be in attendance on the Queen, and I shall have an opportunity of explaining further. (*Exit hastily.*)

CHAM. What an untoward interruption. Confound that—hold! trees and statues may have ears. If his majesty were not inimical to oaths, I could utter something very expressive of my feelings! how tantalizing.

BOX. (*aside.*) Another appointment! excellent! The King himself shall be a witness. Oh, how I have longed for such an opportunity!

CHAM. Incomprehensible woman! The King adores you! so do I! what more can you desire.

BOX. (*joins him.*) Your Servant, Monsr. Chamarante. On duty I presume.

CHAM. (*starts.*) On duty! ye-yes! that is! (*aside.*) Devil take him, instead of keeping my appointment I shall have to dance attendance on the king.

BOX. It had escaped your memory! no wonder. A lady in the case: a very fair excuse for forgetting duty! you are a lucky fellow.

CHAM. Lucky! pshaw! you are mistaken.

BOX. Come! Come! my good Chamarante, no mystery between friends! besides, I overheard the whole arrangement. The ante-chamber, eh?

CHAM. You know all! then I confess. But what in the name of gallantry am I to do? The King will expect—

BOX. So will the lady! Bye the bye! who is she?

CHAM. Oh Bontemps! the name of a lady! I thought your education had been better attended to.

BON. Ha! ha! no harm in asking! But, remember you are on service—double service—a master, and a mistress!

CHAM. Oh, perplexity! what is to be done?

BON. Let me consider!

CHAM. Make haste about it.

BON. Plead an engagement.

CHAM. To the King! when I am on service!

BON. His majesty well understands affairs of the heart, and is indulgent in such matters.

CHAM. Granted, but so curious that he will desire to know all.

BON. Never fear! I will assist you. Hark! (*walks up*) Yes, 'tis the king. (*aside*.) The coxcomb will keep the appointment; be discovered; disgraced; and I shall succeed to an office so long desired.

(*A boat comes to the steps. The King disembarks.*)

KING. A plague upon all jealous women! Henrietta and the Countess were so on the alert, that it was impossible to insinuate even a whisper in her ear! Quitting the barge in disgust, I left them to pursue their voyage and enjoy their fancied triumph. Now to dispatch Bontemps, elude the lynx-eyed Duchess, and endeavour to gain an interview with Louise. Well, Bontemps. Ha! Monsr. Chamarante.

CHAM. (*bows*.) Awaiting your majesty's command.

KING. (*aside*.) Vexatious trammels of royalty! I must get rid of him. (*aloud*.) 'Tis well, sir.

BON. Sir! Monsr. Chamarante requests me to petition that your majesty would indulgently dispense with his services this evening.

KING. (*aside*.) Ah, Bontemps, I recognize thy sagacity.

CHAM. Pressing business, sire.

KING, (*jesting*.) Doubtless! Doubtless! Family affairs—a penance perchance. We would not for the universe interrupt any pressing business of yours, most exemplary fellow. Your request is granted, Chamarante.

CHAM. I am beholden to your gracious majesty. (*Exit*.)

KING. Now Bontemps, what intelligence? have you discovered the hero of the adventure?

BON. I have, sire.

KING. Clever fellow! tell me, who is he?

BON. The coxcomb your majesty has just dismissed. (*aside*.) I hope forever.

KING. What! Chamarante?

BON. Chamarante, sire, gone to keep his appointment with Mdlle. de Houdancourt, in the ante-chamber.

KING. (*angrily*.) And you, aware of this, allowed him to depart? Nay, even urged me to grant him leave. What mean you, sirrah!

BON. Simply to afford your majesty an opportunity of assisting at the interview.

KING. Ha! Admirable contrivance! not that at present I care about De Houdancourt. But I will be present, for the sake of decorum.

BON. (*aside*.) Curiosity, rather.

KING. Let us hasten after him, Bontemps. I would not miss a sentence for the world. (*Exeunt*.)

[Scene 2nd—in next number.]

MY FIRST VOYAGE TO EUROPE.

(Concluded from page 251.)

HALL concluded now to try and run her a little longer, but found it useless to contend. The Captain followed me below, and explained the danger of 'heaving to' at such a time—but I saw his fright and agitation, and caught the infection. He threw himself across a chest, and gave himself up for lost. By the dim light of the lamp, I perceived the large drops of perspiration burst from his forehead; his deep groans startled me, and confirmed my fears.

Half an hour might have passed, when a heavy lurch hove us all to leeward—chests, furniture and every thing moveable,—then followed an awful crash, shaking the vessel from stem to stern, and causing her to quiver and tremble, like some huge animal in the convulsions of death. The water poured down in a solid column, filling the cabin, even to the births; while in an agony of despair the Captain cried, 'Lord have mercy on our souls; we are all lost.' Not another word was uttered; in silence we awaited the last struggle: the closing of the waters over us.

But the hour was not yet come. That Almighty arm, that alone could help, was nigh to save us in this time of our extremity. Some one cried, 'she rights,' the water ceased to pour down, and we sprang with desperate haste towards the deck, jamming each other in the narrow passage.

The first news we heard was from old Hall, as with his hat off, his grey locks streaming in the wind, and his clothes dripping like a water dog, he cried out, 'I told you so—I knew it—I clapt down the helm, rounded her to, and there she is. She rides like a nymph.' Unfortunately, however, the sea had caught her in the very act, broke on board just as she rounded to, and, as if in revenge for being cheated of its prey, made a clean sweep of bulwarks, water casks, caboose, and every moveable article above the hull. The master now immediately began to excuse himself, to blame Hall for the damage he had done, begging me to notice that it was in disobedience of his orders. But feeling that to the mate's decision alone, under providential guidance, we owed our lives, I soon reconciled the matter between them. Again was the helm lashed and we all went below. She rode well during the night; and truly grateful did I feel to that saving power, that had again rescued us from the very brink of the grave. Never will that night be forgotten; never were men in greater peril, or rescued more signally; owing their lives, under God, to the cool judgment of that fine old seaman.

The sea that struck us I have since thought was the heaviest and last of that long gale. From that time it began to subside, and ere morning we could almost have fancied ourselves in dock.

This sudden transition, from despair to hope, singularly affected my mind, and disturbed it with dreams during the remainder of the night. Two of

them have left a lasting impression, so much so that I can easily recel their minutest particulars.

In the first I fancied that I was busily engaged cooking on deck, and had no sooner succeeded, than on looking behind the camboose, I found it lashed close to the mainmast, which it had burnt to a cinder. A roll or two of the vessel caused it to break off by the deck. I saw it distinctly fall flat in the sea, with the whole mainsail set, and carrying with it cook-house, provisions, booms, and all. Springing from my birth, capsizing both captain and mate, who were dozing on a chest near it, I called out lustily, 'oh, save the mainmast! the rascally cook has burnt the mainmast! hand a rope, quick, quick! a rope! a rope!' The mate caught me in his arms, and assured me I was dreaming. But I got very angry with him then for not getting me the rope. It was some time before I awoke, when satisfied I had been dreaming, I went again to bed.

On the other occasion I fancied myself in the gale we had just escaped from, and anxiously watching a tremendous wave about to overwhelm us; when to my great delight she struck against a high green bank, where I used to sport with my young companions in school-boy days. I saw and knew every face, and felt so rejoiced that I had awoke from so terrifying a dream, as the voyage then seemed. But when I really did awake and found where I was—I was so disappointed and troubled that it distressed me for days afterwards.

Morning was ushered in with a smooth sea, and a gentle breeze. I felt as though we had passed the limits of winter gales, and reached a more genial clime. Our narrow escape made a wonderful change in all our feelings: everybody felt cheerful and good humoured, and again we looked forward with some certainty to our safe arrival. Good weather continued and our chief drawback was the want of food: for our appetites had improved amazingly, though we were on short allowance.

Soon after we observed an object on the horizon, in shape resembling a marling spike, and not much bigger—enlarging as it neared us. It finally proved to be one of those noble liners which sail between New York and Liverpool; her deck was crowded with passengers. How I wished myself among them. She ran up close, backed her top-sail, and the Captain spoke to us very kindly; the lady passengers particularly expressing their regrets at our wrecked condition, and their kind sympathies in the sufferings we had experienced.

The meeting a ship at sea, after many long and lonesome days, when you seem to feel that you are alone on the face of the deep, inspires all with new life; and seems, as it were, to restore you again to that society, and those relations, from which one is apt to imagine they have been forever separated.

As we had no chance of keeping a reckoning or taking an observation, we were glad to receive the knowledge of our whereabouts; and more so, to learn that we were near the coast of Ireland. Requesting to be reported, the Cap-

tain bid us adieu with three cheers, which served to encourage us, and had a wonderfully exhilarating effect on all our spirits. I will not conceal that I felt a strong desire to abandon the vessel, and secure my safety on board this ship. We were short of provisions, the crew worn out with cold and fatigue, their clothes had never been dried, and the vessel was incapable of sustaining another gale. We had still the Irish Coast, and the channel to contend with: these at times are more dangerous than the ocean itself. But on further reflection, I decided to stick by her to the last. The crew would have left also. I should have landed in a country, strange to me, without resources, and lost all the advantages I had, in the outset, anticipated. Influenced by these reflections, and that hope 'which springs eternal in the human breast,' we made sail and soon ran out of sight—the liner of course leading the way.

Striking soundings two days after, we ran along the western coast of Ireland, narrowly escaping shipwreck on the Skillings—some dangerous rocks which the irregularity of our compasses led us quite too close to—we hauled off just in time, and by daylight saw Rock Fastnet. Shortly after rounding Cape Clear we stood up the Channel. The sail through the day was truly delightful. At this threshold, as it were, of the British Isles, vessels of every nation, flag, and shape, were collecting from the four quarters of the globe: they dotted the sea for miles, each steering for her destined port. Many Irish fishing boats surrounded us. Paddy stared in wonder at our craft and amused us by his 'cute jokes,' as he offered us stale fish for sale. And doubtless he thought them quite good enough for such a barbarous looking set as we appeared to be.

As we stood up channel within a mile of the shore, we had a most charming view of 'Erin's green Isle.' Truly this 'Gem of the Sea,' with its fine buildings, extensive domains, neat cottages, farms abounding in flocks and herds, clothed in verdure green, fertile with cultivation, looked the abode of happiness. Fancy might conceive it an earthly paradise. Alas, how appearances deceive! History tells another tale.

Looking into the harbour of Kinsale, passing by the 'old head,' Cork and Waterford were passed, and we stood over during the night to the opposite shore of England. Again we were near committing a fatal error, in mistaking the Skerries, those most dangerous rocks, for the Saltees, which are equally so. A miracle alone saved us, for we just succeeded in wearing ship amidst the breakers.

We had now proceeded up along the Welch coast as far as Bardsey Island, and began to name the hour when we should reach Liverpool. But ill fate had decided to hurl another shaft at our devoted heads by way of a parting salute; she threw it with unerring aim, causing a wound at once deep and painful, and well nigh fatal. Bardsey Island, near a place called not inappropriately 'Hell's mouth,' lies off the Coast of Carnarvonshire, at a short distance from the main land forming the western head of Cardigan Bay. A countless fleet of vessels both

outward and homeward bound, had here congregated; the inward were standing up with a fair wind, while those bound outward were beating down channel. We were about the centre, while they extended far beyond the reach of the eye in all directions. I thought of that mighty Armada by which Spanish pride and jealousy thought to humble the British power, and give a death blow to liberty and freedom. Could this enormous fleet have been collected for any other than purposes of hostility or invasion? The wind was strong and steady; our hopes rose as we neared our destined port.

In a moment, a dark spot rose on the western horizon; the headmost ships wore and shortened sail; and in half an hour, the whole fleet were flying down channel again in a terrific and sudden gale. A routed army flying before the victorious and exulting foe, could scarcely have exhibited more confusion than did this great fleet scudding before the gale. Spars cracking, studdingsail-booms flying far away before the squall, with all sails attached; masts tottered and went by the board, and ship running against ship got foul of each other, producing one wild scene of disaster, wreck, confusion and dismay.

As we happened to be close under the Island when a brig passed, running for shelter up the bay, we instantly wore ship, and following in his wake found some protection as we stood up toward the Harbour. We had not reached far, when the wind headed, and we were obliged to make a few tacks before reaching the anchorage: but owing to the strong breeze and rapidly ebbing tide, we unfortunately missed stays and struck against a high and precipitous Island, with force sufficient to spring our bowsprit.

Though we were now in a British port, which we had long and anxiously looked for, the circumstances in which we were placed, were by no means agreeable. The vessel's bow hung on a shelving rock, and as the tide fell her stern sunk till the water covered the quarter deck, and a fall of six inches more must inevitably have occasioned her sliding off and sinking irrecoverably in very deep water. All hands were now clinging to the narrow ledge of the rock, shivering with wet and cold, with scarcely room to stand, each having secured a small portion of what he most valued. A dark night was approaching; the main land was four miles distant, and we had no hope of relief till seen from the shore, or by some passing vessel.

The old mate again boarded her, to inspect her condition, when he cheered us with the cry that the flood was making, and her stern again rising. As soon as she had nearly reached an even keel, all hands returned on board, pumped her out, and kept watch till morning. Still she hung impaled as it were, about midship, on a sharp pointed rock; in vain were all our efforts to haul her off: we were too weak and enfeebled to make the least impression on her.

Fortunately at this time we were discovered from the main, and a fine boat attached to the preventive service, put off with an officer and six men to our

relief. They jumped on board without ceremony, sent out an anchor, placed a spar against the rock, clapped on strong tackles, and with a vigorous effort, launched her once more into her proper element; then hoisting the jib, ran her up into a safe little cove, off the small Welch village of Abersock. We now introduced ourselves to each other. The Officer, Captain Williams, very kindly tendered his services, left his own crew on board, and landed me, with my men, on the beach. Soon as the boat struck I leaped on shore, and was down on my knees, kissing the very soil. This, I fear, was not the least among my extravagancies; for I was wild with delight: stamped on the sand, grasped it in handfuls, and cast it about, impressed with the idea that I was still under the influence of a pleasing though delusive dream.

A short winding path led us to a neat little Welch Inn, where my worthy host, David ap Jones, and his tidy little wife and daughters—all wearing men's hats—provided a bountiful meal, and restored us to many of those personal comforts, we had so long been deprived of. And here, with the exception of old Hall, the master and crew left me. Giving them a trifle to bear their expenses to the nearest seaport, we parted and never met again. Though a useless set, I pitied the poor wretches; the constant wet and dampness had destroyed their clothes,—while continued friction had sorely chafed them. Indeed, their united stock of skin and clothing, was barely sufficient for half their number.

Remaining in the neighbourhood for three days to recruit, I wandered about this romantic district with Captain Williams, who I found very friendly and intelligent. We visited some old scenes of historical interest; examined new modes of culture, and admired with delight the broad patches of gorse, or furze, whose yellow blossoms in full bloom, covered the fields as with cloth of gold. These intermixed with many wild flowers also in full blossom, shed their fragrance around and added much to the pleasure of our rambles.

On Sunday, with my landlord and his family, I visited the Episcopal Church in that neighbourhood. It was planted in a lovely glen; its architecture the florid gothic, ornamented with rich carving and grotesque and quaint figures of the olden time. It was buried in groves, and hedges of holly, neatly trimmed, and intermixed with wild flowers new and strange to me. The discourse was plain and instructive; the music soft and sweet; and the entire service in perfect harmony with my feelings of thankfulness and gratitude for my recent deliverance. In the evening I visited a Methodist chapel; but as the discourse was wholly in the Welch language, I was not especially edified, or instructed.

Monday morning came; the air was soft and balmy as a summer's day in Nova Scotia. I shipped a new crew of hardy Welchmen, who agreed to take my vessel round to her port; took leave of Williams, whose generosity would accept of no reward but a trifling gratuity to his men; and engaging

a trusty Welchman as a guide, with two sturdy little ponies set out on my journey for Liverpool.

Pursuing my way through rich, romantic and mountainous country, with countless flocks of sheep among the hills, I stopped at the post-town of Pwllthely (Puthely) as it is called. Its narrow and dirty streets, and ancient stone buildings, though possessing some interest, are not very attractive. Here I got some refreshment, and sold my letter-bag to the post-Mistress, a masculine dame of fourscore, who perfectly understood her business. At night I reached the Shire town of Caernavon, and meeting some intelligent travellers at the Inn, kept up our conversation to a late hour. Three of them I met subsequently at their own homes, and experienced many acts of civility and kindness at their hands. In the morning we had time to visit the ancient and very interesting ruins of the Castle of Caernavon, where Prince Edward was born. The outer wall was still standing; while the spacious centre was a green field, where cattle were grazing. With the help of my companions, many interesting reminiscences of former times were brought to mind.

Having taken my seat in the Royal Mail Coach, with its splendid horses and other almost regal equipments, and passing through the ancient cities of Bangor, St. Asaph and Chester, I arrived at Runcorn, and crossed the Mersey to Liverpool, which I reached on Christmas-day—noon—amazed at its extent,—the magnificence of its buildings,—its spacious docks,—its vast forests of shipping and river craft of all sizes, sorts, and descriptions.

Here, according to rule, having safely landed in my destined port, I should bring my tale to a close. But as the day of my arrival is still connected with many agreeable recollections, and deserves to be marked with a white stone, I shall continue my relation till it had finally closed.

I had scarcely adjusted my toilet and assumed a presentable appearance, when I met an old friend who had long expected me. He said this day was one of the few holidays allowed to business men in this active, crowded, and busy hive. Proposing a walk, I assented, and he led me through wide and spacious streets, into magnificent buildings, rich in all the beauties of architecture, some of them exact models of the most celebrated structures of ancient Greece and Rome—the busy 'Change, where men most 'do congregate,' and the abodes of the merchant princes, to whose enterprise the city is indebted for its convenience, wealth, and luxury. Then we visited the vast depots of merchandise,—the Gorce piazzas—springing from the ill-gotten gains of the Slave trade—raised amidst the tears and groans of the oppressed children of Africa—now vast storehouses of cotton, and corn, and wine, and oil, and every variety of earth's productions. Next traversing miles of timber, the produce of our own provincial forests, we visited the ship-yards and criticised the models of naval architecture; some completed and others as yet scarcely in outline. The long breastwork of hewn stone, fronting the Mersey, and form-

ing the basin between the docks and the sea, was filled with crowds, in holiday attire, enjoying the cool sea breeze, and resting from their labours.

But those vast docks and basins, extending over hundreds of acres,—crowded with innumerable shipping,—freighted with costly merchandise, from every clime and country known to civilization: who can value them, who estimate their enormous wealth?

As we looked on this deeply interesting scene, the substantial proof of the untiring industry of mankind in accumulating wealth—the ponderous gates were flung open, and ushered in the fresh arrivals. And among them my poor little weather beaten craft: a pigmy among the giants.

The quick glance of my friend was soon fixed on her. He viewed her attentively, and then begged me to go and examine the stranger: such an one as he had never seen enter the gates before. Slowly I followed him till we got round, and discovered 'her name and lineage'. He seemed utterly confounded; fixing his dark scrutinizing eye on me, he uttered not a word, but seemed to look me through, and I began to fear he was considering which was the shortest way to the Asylum, where he might place me for safe keeping. At length he got out with 'strange! impossible! I can't believe it!—you never crossed the ocean in that craft! who advised? what tempted you? &c. &c. You surely do not intend returning in her?' And he commenced reading me a brief lecture on presumption, imprudence, suicide, and other sins and negligences—to which I was forced to plead guilty—intimating at the same time, that I was quite inclined to cut the connection, as it had not been remarkably agreeable, and that it was my intention and hope to part with her to some one of his good natured countrymen, who were famed over the wide world for their nautical taste and love of adventure. This he took rather in dudgeon; seemed to consider it as a reflection on the national character and judgment of his countrymen, and hastily replied—'never! there is no such fool in all England, unless it be one engaged in the wholesale match and lucifer trade. With such only can you hope to find a purchaser.'

Rebuffed, but not discouraged, I submitted to his opinion. My spirits were too elevated that day to yield to depression of any sort. We completed our walk, changed the subject, and reached his residence, where a large family party, which I joined, had met for their Christmas dinner: most kindly congratulating me on my arrival, and bidding me welcome to old England. I spent the evening to a late hour with a mixed party of young and old, whose agreeable manners and conversation made me feel once more quite at home.

Thus ends my story; and you now know the cause why on occasions such as this I feel thoughtful and serious, and, let me also add, grateful for the mercies I had experienced.

When we next meet, I will tell you something of my travels in England, the cities I visited, and the curious sights I saw. Cheerfully I parted with

my crazy craft to worthy old Bull, who having more money than brains, handed over his cash to *bluenose*, to the tune of 500 guineas, for which the latter was exceedingly grateful, and in whose estimation he shall ever after hold a conspicuous place.

Completing my business, laying the foundation for its continuance on a more extensive scale, and succeeding beyond my expectation, I set sail in a fine ship, again entered our port with renewed hope, found all friends well, and a warm welcome by those from whom I had so long been separated.

April, 1852.

W.

THE POET'S PEN.

'Twas but a reed, swayed by the wind ;
Its first wild music was the roar
That ocean surges leave behind,
When hastening from the lonely shore !

It was a bleak spot—not one ray
From Eden's throne of light and love,
To guide me on my devious way,
To lead me to the home above !

I grasped the reed with trembling hand,
While thro' my heart the impulse stole :
'I'll make this stern and barren strand,
Ring with the music of my soul !'

I sought the lore that sages seek,
The magic strains that Poets dare ;
I found my notes all cold and weak,—
My song had never turned to prayer !

I sung creation's earliest beam,
Flushing Earth's old historic climes ;
Where ocean-girdled cities gleam,
Filling the air with sabbath chimes !

I sung the day-spring, clear and bright ;
I sung of summer's glowing noon ;
Of tropic skies—all warmth and light—
I sung beneath an Arctic moon !

Of the lone Polar sea I sung,
Locked in its adamantine chain,
Soulless and damp—with Lyre unstrung,
As if the burden froze the strain !

I sung of pristine Founts that drain
Their waters from some classic sea !
Of Naiads on the moonlit main ;
Of Dryads by each sylvan tree !

I sung of ocean's glittering isles,
 Of the broad earth's too changeful skies—
 But not one note my heart beguiles
 Tho' dipped in warm prismatic dyes!

All luring sights and sounds I tried,
 The genius and the gems of time:
 The very world I deified
 Flung back for ever death's dull chime!

Too much I worshipped light and song;
 Too much beneath such starry skies
 As round the dreamy spirit throng
 When watching with a Poet's eyes!

Too much, forgetful of the Head,
 The Fount of light and joy and bloom:
 Therefore my numbers, cold and dead,
 Rung out a wailing from the tomb!

Lips that are steeped in song must bring
 Their votive offerings to some shrine,—
 Pray that the world's false Idols cling
 Not fondly, dreamer, unto thine!

I asked—how earnestly I sought
 The spirit of a better prayer—
 The wild Sirocco-glare of thought
 Swept by, and left me suppliant there!

Effulgent light—that fell of yore
 On prophet hands and Magi trains
 Who meekly to the manger bore
 Their golden gifts from Eastern plains!

Would that on me might now descend
 Some portion of the Heavenly theme,—
 That mortal lays but feebly penned,
 Might live in truth's immortal beam!

Oh that some glow—some dew like this
 From Zion's courts might now distil;
 Fill my poor song with strains of bliss—
 And teach me all His holy will!

C.

EARLY HISTORY OF NOVA SCOTIA.

(Continued from page 176.)

Century 3rd. From A. D. 1600, to A. D. 1700.—In 1603, Monsieur De Monts was appointed by Henri IV. Governor General of *New France*, which then included the extensive region between Virginia and Hudson's Bay, or from the 40th to the 46th degrees of North Latitude. To meet the expense of settling the Colony, De Monts had a monopoly of the

Fur trade throughout this extensive region. He was a Protestant, and had obtained permission for the free exercise of his religion. His zeal and intelligence have ennobled his name, and even untutored Indians admired his justice.

In March, 1604, he arrived at what is now Liverpool, but which De Monts called *Rosignal*, from an unlicenced trader whom he captured there, and who still gives his name to a lake in that neighbourhood. Steering West, one of his sheep leaped overboard, whence he gave to the place the name of *Port Mouton*, which it still retains. Here he awaited the arrival of another vessel freighted with supplies.

From thence De Monts and his party coasted the peninsula to the S. W., doubled Cape Sable, and anchored in the Bay of St. Mary, whence they proceeded to examine that extensive Bay on the West of the peninsula to which they gave the name of the Bay of France, but which is now known as the *Bay of Fundy*. On the Eastern side of the Bay they discovered a narrow Strait, into which they entered, and found themselves in a spacious Basin. De Monts was so charmed with the beauty and safety of the Harbour, that he placed there the seat of his Government, and called it Port Royal, now Annapolis.

From Port Royal De Monts sailed further up the Great Bay, to Cape Dor and Parrsboro.' On the 24th of June, St. John the Baptist's day, he discovered the great River, then and thence called St. John. Thence they sailed along the Bay southwestwardly, and wintered at an Island in a river which they named St. Croix, from the cross-like intersection of some of its branches.

The next Spring he coasted as far as Cape Cod, and returning to Newfoundland in the autumn, he removed to Port Royal.

The whole of the country now known as Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and part of the State of Maine was, in the commission of De Monts, called by the name of Acadia.

In 1613 a body of settlers landed at La Have.

In 1619, a Governor General arrived at Virginia from England, with instructions to convoke a Colonial Legislature; to this assembly, eleven towns sent representatives, who sat with the Governor and Council, and this was the *first American Legislature*.

We now reach the period of the first conveyance of Nova Scotia—King James 1st having in 1621 granted the territory between the St. Croix and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to Sir William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Stirling. He became Secretary of State for Scotland, and died in 1640, leaving two sons and two daughters. One of the alleged descendants of this nobleman, about ten years ago, but without success, commenced proceedings against the British Government in relation to this claim. The country was named in the Patent *New Scotland*; in Latin, *Nova Scotia*. Charles 1st confirmed the grant, and also founded the Order of Knights Baronet of Nova Scotia.

In 1627, Sir William, with one David Kirck, came to Port Royal, which

they took from the French. In 1628 they were joined by an enterprising Frenchman, Claude de Tour, who with a party of Scotch emigrants built a fort on the Granville or Western side of the Basin, the remains of which are still visible, and retain the traditional name of the Scotch Fort. In the year 1827 a stone was found there, opposite to Goat Island, with the figures 1606 engraved upon it, supposed to have been placed there by the French in commemoration of the first settlement in Acadia. It would be a source of some interest and gratification if any of our readers could impart, through the pages of 'The Provincial' information where this stone may be seen. So important a relic should certainly be placed in the Museum at Halifax.

Discouraged by hopeless expense and numerous difficulties, Sir W. Alexander conveyed to Le Tour his title to Nova Scotia to be held of the crown of Scotland. By the treaty of St. Germain in 1632 the English relinquished to France all their claim to Acadia, on which Louis XIII divided it between Razillai, Charles Le Tour, and Denys; and Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and Canada, by reason of this unfortunate treaty, were immediately taken possession of by the French Government.

In 1654 Cromwell reconquered this country, and granted the same to Le Tour, Temple, (the celebrated author), and Crown; but in 1667 it was again ceded to France by the Treaty of Breda, the French Government engaging to reimburse Sir W. Temple about £16,000 expended on Forts and improvements. The French reaped the benefit, however, without paying the cost.

After a peaceful period of twenty years, the people of Massachusetts determined to attempt the wresting of this Colony from French dominion. England had declared war against France in 1689. Sir W. Phipps was placed in command of 700 men, with whom he appeared before Port Royal, that garrison being held by less than 90 men, and the forts dilapidated. Manival was the French Governor. Phipps delivered up the place to pillage, and obliged the Governor and half his garrison to accompany him to Boston. The country was then considered as a conquered Province, and added, by a new Charter, to the Government of Massachusetts.

By the Treaty of Ryswick in 1696, King William restored to France this far-off and undervalued colony.

The war from 1690 is generally known as *King William's War*. Hostilities commenced again in 1702, and continued until 1713, which period is denominated *Queen Anne's War*. The war from 1756 to 1763 is called *the French and Indian War*.

In the progress of our narrative we are brought to the year 1700. We are now, therefore, about to enter upon the history of Nova Scotia during the last century.

Century 4th. From A. D. 1700 to A. D. 1800.—The treaty of Ryswick defined, although imperfectly, the boundaries between New England and

Acadia. Questions relating to these boundaries disturbed the peace of France and England for a long time.

1st. The precise river, named the St. Croix, was not agreed upon.

2nd. The grants of land made by each nation had not been sufficiently defined.

The English still continuing to occupy the fishing stations, the French threatened reprisals. During Queen Anne's war, in 1704, Massachusetts once more undertook the re-conquest of Nova-Scotia. Church, in command of 500 troops, carried off considerable plunder. In 1707 the New England States despatched two ships of war against Port Royal, but Subercase, the Governor, repulsed the attack. Another assault was made and failed. In 1710 General Nicholson with five regiments arrived off Annapolis and reduced it. The French troops returned to France. The Sovereignty of Nova-Scotia was now about to be permanently annexed to the Crown of Great Britain. For several years, however, the French and Indian natives occasionally rose against their conquerors. Another difficulty resulted from the want of British settlers. Many of the Acadians, 4000 of whom were capable of bearing arms, took the oath of allegiance to the Crown of England, but were not required to fight against their countrymen. They remained faithful to their Sovereign, and to their Indian allies.

By the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, Nova Scotia was yielded to England. It has ever since enjoyed the privilege of remaining under that Government. In that year the name of Annapolis was substituted for that of Port Royal. It remained the Capital of the Province until 1749, when Halifax became the seat of Government.

About this period the population of the Province was composed chiefly of Acadian French, who were permitted to elect annually 24 deputies, and to these their controversies were to be referred. These deputies were freed from Provincial taxes, and took an oath of allegiance to the British Sovereign. There were about 4000 Acadians in the Province.

In 1744 France declared war against England. Quesnel, Governor of Cape Breton, attacked Cansau and Annapolis. Shirley, Governor of New England, proceeded against Louisburg. On the fortifications of that interesting city, the French had expended in twenty five years, £1,200,000, hoping to retain it as the bulwark of their power in America. It capitulated on the 18th of June. Prince Edward Island, then called St. John, was next captured.

The French ministers, deeply feeling the loss of Louisburg, despatched a powerful armament for its recovery, and for the conquest of Nova Scotia and the West Indies. This, with another outfit from Canada against Annapolis, signally failed, for which general thanksgivings were offered to God by the colonists.

"Bound on a voyage of awful length,
And dangers little known :—
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own :—

But ours alone can ne'er prevail,
To reach the distant coast :
The breath of Heaven must fill the sail,
Or all the toil is lost."

In 1748 Cape Breton was again ceded to France.

In 1749 the return of peace put out of active employment a large number of men of the British army and navy. The Earl of Halifax by a grant of land and aid from Government conveyed to Chebucto nearly 4000 settlers. The new settlement was called after its chief promoter, by the name of Halifax. Their Governor, Cornwallis, urged them to energetic exertion, and in six years the British Government had aided them to the amount of £400,000. They were harassed, however, by frequent attacks of the Indians. The French Governor of New France also endeavoured to retain forcible possession of the territory now known as New Brunswick, and which is connected with Nova Scotia by the narrow Isthmus of Bay Verte. The French endeavoured to secure this pass, to which in 1750 Governor Cornwallis sent troops, and there erected Fort Lawrence.

In 1755 war again broke out between France and England, which closed with the peace of 1760.

MORE OF SARAH HERBERT.

[THE brief notice in a late number of this Magazine, of SARAH HERBERT'S Life and Writings, in the series entitled 'Half-Hours with our Poets,' has called forth the information embodied in the following Sketch, from one who knew her intimately, and who is consequently more capable of supplying interesting and accurate facts, than those whose information was derived from the columns of the newspaper, or assertions of public notoriety obtained from ordinary sources.] Ed.

"Roses bloom and then they wither,
Cheeks are bright and then they die;
Forms of light are wafted hither,
Then, like visions, hurry by."

In the pages of 'The Provincial' for July, our attention was arrested by the name of Sarah Herbert, truly a name

"above the blight
Of earthly breath;
Beautiful, beautiful and bright
In life and death."

Privileged by an intimate acquaintance with *her*, the memory of whose virtues is still fragrant in the hearts of her friends, we have thought that a

few additional particulars, having special reference to her literary career, might not be unacceptable to the readers of 'The Provincial,' especially to those who felt and manifested an interest in her productions.

The subject of this brief sketch was distinguished in childhood by an extraordinary aptitude for learning, in proof of which it might be cited that she acquired a knowledge of the alphabet in the course of an hour, and was able to read in a few weeks after. Her memory was exceedingly retentive, and this, combined with a passionate love for reading, enabled her mind to become stored with materials for thought,—and though her opportunities for study and observation were extremely limited, her diversified knowledge and acquirements would have done credit to one who had spent many years in their acquisition. Thoughtful, sensitive, and exceedingly diffident in disposition, it was not until her fifteenth year that her talents first became known beyond her own circle. It was then that the voice of song, which so long slumbered in her bosom, first essayed its humble notes, and though feeble at its commencement, it grew stronger and sweeter, until, passing from earth, it mingled in the melody of Heaven.

'Lines on the Birth of the Princess Royal' was the third of her poems ever published, and though it had faults, and was severely criticised by Sarah, at a more advanced age, yet, composed as it was by a girl of fifteen, when engaged in household duties, and never committed to paper until sent to the press for publication, it will compare favourably, we think, with the early productions of some who were by 'princes honoured and by poets sung.' Then followed 'Land of my Birth,' and a number of other poems appeared at regular intervals, all of which were composed, but seldom, if ever, committed to paper, until sent for publication. Such was the tenacity of her memory, that she would compose and retain her compositions in her mind for days together,—and though, while living, this was a source of gratification, yet now that she has departed, we can scarcely avoid lamenting it, as many poems, which she had composed but never transcribed, have thus perished.

Most of her early productions were published in the 'Morning Herald,' and 'Nova-Scotian,'—and after the establishment of the 'Olive Branch,' she became a regular contributor to its pages,—and eventually, the Editress of that paper. About this time appeared two temperance poems entitled 'Sketches,' No. 1 and 2, also two temperance tales, 'Agnes Maitland,' and, at a much later date, 'History of a Halifax Belle.' She was also an occasional contributor to the 'New Brunswicker,' a paper printed in St. John, and to the 'Amaranth,' a Magazine published in that city.

But while her intellect was thus called into action, and her mental powers were developing, day by day, she was not so absorbed in literary pursuits, as to lose sight of other duties. Her womanly heart bled for suffering humanity, and in its cause all her powers were enlisted. As Secretary of the Ladies'

Temperance and Benevolent Society,—as Tract distributor and Sabbath School Teacher, and, also, as Editor of a temperance paper, a large sphere of labour was opened to her, and faithfully and diligently was it occupied. Of her it might be said with propriety, that whatsoever her hand found to do, she did it with her might,—and as though forewarned of an early death, crowded, into her brief existence, more labour than many persons accomplish in the course of a long life.

Sarah Herbert possessed, in an eminent degree, all the characteristics of a true woman. She had no aspiration after fame,

“ It came unasked for, if it came at all ;”

It was the impulse of the heart alone that prompted her to write ; and content with the approbation of a few whom she loved and esteemed, though grateful for the encomiums which fell from strangers’ lips, she seemed to have but little desire for public applause or approval. Naturally reserved, it was only by her most intimate friends that her full worth was known,—and these cherish her memory with unabated tenderness. In the bosom of her family, and amid the social circle, was she beheld to the greatest advantage. There her sweet and modest deportment, her ready wit, playful fancy, and intelligent conversation, rendered her a delightful companion,—and this combined with that warm, deep and constant affection, which is, perhaps, found in the greatest perfection only in a woman’s heart, made her deeply beloved by those who were associated with her in the daily walks of life.

Poor Sarah ! tears will fall in spite of thy monition, over thy lowly grave, for thou wert ‘lovely in life,’—but though friendship mourns thy early departure from earth, it cannot but rejoice—

“ For thine was the gladness, and ours the gloom
When called to restore thee to Heaven.”

The ‘Presentiments’ were not, as has been erroneously supposed, composed during her illness,—but written nearly a year antecedent to her death. She was at that time, in her usual health, nor did any symptoms of illness occur until two months after. A narration of the circumstances under which they were written may not be uninteresting to the reader. They were composed in the morning of the New Year, and recited, by request, in the afternoon of that day, when a joyous group had gathered around the social board to celebrate the festivities of the season. But while merry voices echoed through the apartment, Sarah was unusually silent, so much so, as to prompt the enquiry of her friends, ‘was any thing the matter?’ She replied in the negative, and tried to shake off the depression which had weighed down her spirits, but in vain—surely God had given her, for a few moments, a prophetic glance into the future, for on that day twelvemonths, her body was mouldering in the tomb, and upon her ‘lowly bed’ the ‘snowy covering’ lay.

The beauties of Nature,—the charms of friendship,—the various incidents,

joyful and sorrowful, which characterize life,—these were the themes on which Sarah Herbert's pen loved to dwell. She did not represent earth as a paradise of unfading beauty—or as a wilderness of perpetual thorns, for she had found it neither; but while enjoying its pure and simple pleasures with that zest which virtue alone can impart, and while expressing that enjoyment in many a sweet and pleasant strain, she never forgot that this was but the prelude to a holier state.

We might quote many a passage in proof of the excellence of her descriptive powers, but one must suffice. It is an extract from a poem entitled, 'Thoughts and words of the Returning Emigrant':

" Cities where domes and towers were reared,
Majestic o'er the busy scene;
And village fanes, whose turrets peered.
Heaven pointing, from embowering green;
Bright streamlets which, like silver, flowed
Through emerald slope, and cultured plain,—
And rivers in whose currents roled,
Tall white-sailed vessels to the main.

Fields ripe for harvest,—forests old,—
And ivied piles of ancient time,—
Broad lakes and mountains rising hold,
As if to guard the favoured clime;
We saw our country's loveliness,
Our brows her balmy zephyrs fanned,—
And then we raised our voice to bless
'The beauty of our Mother-land.'

Equally free from mysticism or sentimentality, a clear, vigorous and condensed style pervaded her writings, not to the exclusion, however, of pathos or tenderness. Peculiarly alive to the bliss of social ties, she mourned deeply the breaking of the golden links—hence we find her exclaiming—

" Sad, sad indeed were life,
Without love's cheering light,
Which in this world of strife
Still shines most purely bright;
And when the friends we loved are fled
Oh! is it strange we mourn the dead?"

Again, in some very beautiful verses addressed to an absent friend, she thus affectionately and enquiringly recalls the past:

" Dost thou forget the merry throng,
That loved to gather round thy knees,
And hear the simple tale, or song,
Which from *thy* lips, was sure to please?
Dost thou forget the childish race,
When shadows fell the landscape o'er,
And gleesome shout, and smiling face,
'To happy hearts a witness bore?"

The fragrance of Acadia's flowers,—
The hues that summer sunset gave,—
The ramble through the forest bowers,
The feast beside Chebucto's wave,
The flowery field our cot before,
Its many-blossomed hawthorn trees
The willow, waving at our door,
Oh! say hast thou forgotten these?

Hast thou forgotten each dear form,
 That gathered round the evening light,
 Unheeding of the gloom or storm
 While all within was calm and bright !
 When soul, with soul, would sweetly blend,
 And tender words of love be spoken,
 While beaming eyes, to speech would lend
 A charm that now, alas ! is broken."

In verses entitled 'Returning Spring,' after describing the joy with which it is hailed by the boy and citizen, she thus touchingly alludes to her own indisposition at that season :

" But oh, more precious still to those
 Who fevered couch have pressed,
 The promise which the Spring bestows,
 Of health's refreshing rest ;
 How quaff they with impatient breath,
 Her pure and balmy air.—
 As it had power to snatch from death,
 And wasted strength repair,
 They go to seek her on the hills,
 And in the woodland wild,—
 And, as new hope their bosom thrills
 They bless her presence mild.

So sought I in the early morn
 A favourite haunt of old,
 Yet, wearied, when I reached my bourn,
 Could scarce its charms behold ;
 For sickness, late, had made me weak,
 My buoyancy had fled,
 And there was paleness on my cheek,
 And languor in my tread ;
 But who could feel so soft a breeze,
 Or look on such a scene,
 And not obtain a sense of ease,
 A spirit more serene !"

Then follows a vivid and faithful description of the landscape that lay stretched out before her, and associated with its charms was the remembrance of one who had also 'loved Nature passing well,'—McPherson. the poet :

" Then I bethought me of a song
 Earth shall not hear again,
 Though once it gushed forth, pure and strong,
 In most melodious strain,
 He sleepeth now a quiet sleep,
 That knows not grief or love,
 Who longed where Spring's fresh breezes sweep
 Her flowerets bud—to rove,
 And though the 'genial May' is near,
 Though earth of charms hath store,
 Dimmed is his eye, and dulled his ear,
 The Poet heeds no more.

Where rests the Bard ? His grave beside,
 Hushed should be noisy life ;
 He could not bear its scorn and pride,
 He sickened at its strife ;
 But earliest birds should warble there,
 And earliest flowers arise,
 Vain thought—how void of such a care
 The dust that mouldering lies !
 To him who loved those earthly things,
 Are loftier visions given,—
 And now the raptured poet sings
 ETERNAL SPRING IN HEAVEN !"

But we must close. Sarah's last earthly song has been sung, and sealed in the silence of death is the voice that once warbled sweet strains. But when despair would mingle with our sorrow, we turn to her own invigorating and encouraging language, exclaiming—

“Blest be that strain of high belief,
So heaven-like, so sublime,
Which tells that souls, when parted here,
Part only for a time.”

M. E. H.

TALES OF OUR VILLAGE, NO. 4.

A hermitage is a thing almost unknown in these busy bustling days, when railways intersect every land but our own Province, and the Electric Telegraph sends its lightning message into the most retired nook. Goldsmith will not find an *Edwin* now, to restore an *Angelina* to, and Parnell would have to seek some other recipient of those moral and divine lessons imparted in his beautiful poem, the hero of which, a *Hermit*, having become rare in our day. Yet now and then one of the species, (modified and different it is true) may be met with, and though not tender and sentimental, as he ‘who sought a solitude forlorn’ or ‘reverent’ as he who from ‘youth to years’ dwelt ‘far in a wild, retired from public view,’ still to each, however humble or repelling, is some tale of interest attached, telling of a heart that if unconscious of the sympathies, has yet known the sorrows, of human life.

The Hermit of our story, however, does not dwell in a wilderness or cell, but in perhaps the most substantial house in our village, situated but a short distance from the highway, and placed on a pleasant spot that requires but taste and better cultivation, to make it a pretty country residence. A number of tall poplars are clustered around it, and there is a fine view of the broad ocean from its windows. There are bright green fields near it, and a fine grove of birch and maple in the back ground; it only wants the merry prattle and glad faces of a few rosy checked children, with the quiet neatness of a staid matron, to give it the appearance of a farmer's comfortable home.

Its only occupant for years has been a bent, shrivelled, decrepit old man, one who looks as if he had never known what it was to hear home voices or to feel the kindly emotions of human affections. His years now have outnumbered seventy. Toil and privations have made full havoc upon his wasted form; sickness has often visited him; the hardships and disappointments of life have also told their tale upon him, while the inward workings of an untoward and soured spirit have traced their record upon his forbidding countenance.

It seems difficult often, while gazing upon such a picture of dreary old age, to fancy that ever childhood or innocence belonged to it: those glad days of freedom and happiness, when we little dream of the rough places in life, or at least anticipate no encounter with them.

Isaac B—— was the son of Dutch settlers in the county of L——, who, by their own hard labour, had secured a farm, and provided a maintenance for a large family of children. Frugal and industrious, they imparted these virtues to their family, who grew up in the dull, honest stupidity that characterizes the German peasant.

Isaac, the elder son, was an active and busy fellow, a good mechanic as well as a plodding farmer, and soon accumulated a considerable portion of money; enough to purchase a small farm for himself, and commence life on his own account. Nature had not been very liberal to him either in personal or mental gifts, for his countenance even when young, wore the hard, forbidding expression that marks his age, and his temper was equally harsh and unyielding. Still kindness with him might have done, what it does with all to whom its influences are properly applied—softened down the rough places, and planted flowers in the stony soil—but poor Isaac was never fortunate enough to experience its regenerating effects.

He had not been long an occupant of the house he had erected on his newly acquired farm, when his thoughts ran upon matrimony; proving that his solitary feelings were but the growth of disappointed hopes and determination of later years. Strangely enough, however, his choice fell upon a girl of thirteen, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, who with an eye to the comfortable property B—— had acquired, shewed that he regarded more the worldly advancement of his child, than her future happiness. Not to speak of the cruelty in allowing so young a girl to enter into a state of whose duties and claims she was necessarily ignorant, the great difference between her age and Isaac's made it a most unsuitable match. He was over thirty, and required a woman of experience as well as tact to manage his household and himself; not a child, who was capable of no more than gathering the bright strawberries from the green banks, or chasing the swift butterflies as they sported among the flowers.

Her own consent to the proposals of B—— was a thing easy to be gained or lost. With the volatile fancy of a child, she at one moment regarded her being married with delight; and then again, with the instinctive fear that haunts even the very young, she shrank from the grim face of her moody lover, and scampered off with her playmates to the more congenial occupation afforded by the birds and blossoms. Her parents, however, determined not to lose so good an opportunity of settling their child, and arranged the matter for her with her future husband; even her mother pressed the offer and persuaded her unheeding child to take upon herself the duty of

being wife to an ill-tempered and peculiar man, who was old enough to be her father, and who had not one feeling in common with the weak and playful girl. B—— probably liked the child or he would not have sought her in marriage; possibly imagining that one so young would more readily yield to his wishes, and spare him the annoyance of argument or remonstrance. Doubtless it was with a view to his own comfort that he thought of taking her to his home; but it must have been a peculiar fondness for the girl herself, or one so far-seeing and thrifty as he, would have seen that a child of thirteen was not the most judicious person to choose, as a housekeeper, or a wife.

The marriage was at last completed, and the poor little thing left the home of her childhood, and her young brothers and sisters, for the lowly home of the 'cross old man,' as they termed him. He was kind to her in his own way, but the very kindness was irksome to her, and she frequently longed to escape from his dwelling, to her mother's home, or to the merry children with whom she had played through the glad hours of her young life. B—— was angry at this, and endeavoured by every means to induce her to stay at home, and attend to the duties he had imposed upon her. She rebelled still more at this restraint, and by her constant wilfulness aggravated the unhappy temper of the moody man, and made him still more exacting and imperious. He complained to her parents, and they used every endeavour to reconcile the poor girl to the husband they had forced upon her; but she was too young to see the importance of their counsel, and too heedless to feel that her husband and his house had claims upon her attention and care.

She played with the boys and the girls of the village as formerly; and he was often annoyed, when returning home from the field in the evening, to find her occupied in swinging, or hunting birds' nests with her young companions. His jealousy was almost equal to his annoyance; he even grudged her the society of her brothers, thus shewing that there were strong feelings in the man's heart, that a sensible and judicious woman might have turned to good account, making both him and herself happy.

Things went on in this way for nine years with no prospect of amelioration. They had a son born to them, but his birth was productive of little pleasure. The good feelings of both parents were destroyed by constant bickerings, and the life they led was most unhappy. Parents and friends had interfered to make peace, but failed. B—— was exacting and unyielding; his wife neither watchful nor conciliatory. She began to look upon him with dread and dislike: the feelings of the girl had merged into those of the woman. She saw around her in the young men she had grown up with, those with whom she might have been happy, and whose humours she might have borne and complied with, and she felt desolate and miserable as she reflected on her position: tied to a man whom she disliked and feared, compelled to live with him as his wife, feeling herself something between a prisoner and a slave, and cut off from all the anticipated pleasure of existence.

It was a dreary position for the young woman ; and highly reprehensible were the parents who sentenced her to such a fate. Bitterly did they afterwards repent it, when sorrow was too late to remedy their child's condition, or to restore her to freedom.

B—— was also much to be pitied ; he had hoped for a friend and comforter in taking a wife, and he had been grievously disappointed. The roughest nature has always some spot accessible to the sunshine. The gnarled bark of the most rugged tree woos winningly the vine to rest upon its harsh places ; and so it is with human nature. Peasant or Prince yearns for something to love him ; and rude as the heart or untutored as the mind may be, there is still some loophole that remains for a beam of kindness to enter by.

Thus it was that poor B—— doubtless had felt, and the blighting of all his hopes was hard to bear. It was sad to see the only being he had sought to love him, turn away in aversion, and thwart instead of please him. Though in low and unrefined life, it was still another proof of the wretchedness of ill-assorted marriages, be they from dissimilarity of age, feeling or affection.

At last the young woman could bear her condition no longer ; and her parents, moved by her entreaties, consented to make the last reparation in their power, and take her again, with her infant boy, to their own home. B—— shewed no unwillingness now to consent to their proposal ; he was either wearied of her, or the constant repetition of annoyance and discord. She went from the home he had prepared for her, leaving no relic of her presence, not even his boy, who might have been 'a spirit to soften and to bless ;' and he was left alone—wifeless—childless. We seem to realize and deeply sympathize with Lord Byron's desolate condition, when he speaks of standing 'with all his household gods shivered around him,' and yet this poor German peasant was equally desolate and aggrieved. The one was a peer and a poet, among the loftiest and most gifted of mankind ; the other was a labourer and a clod, dull and dark in mind, and yet by that 'one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin,' the peer and the peasant were reduced to the same level. Those who were his own to cherish and love, and whose right it was to bestow the same good offices for him, had gone out from his threshold, and he saw them no more.

No one knew how he felt or what he thought, for he wrapped himself in unsocial and gloomy silence : all were unwilling to molest or annoy him. But the change made a deep impression on him, notwithstanding, and the kindly emotions that may have slept within him were sealed and buried forever.

He soon announced his intention of selling his farm and leaving the country. He, however, told none of his plans, further than was necessary to their advancement. He disposed of his farm and left the place of his childhood, and scene of his domestic unhappiness. Though his neighbours were unacquainted with his movements, it was to '*Our Village*' that his course was bent, many miles away from the place of his nativity,—to commence life anew, and set the world,

its sympathies and companionship at defiance. He purchased here the farm described at the commencement of this sketch, and proceeded with the erection of the house, building the greater part himself; for, as before mentioned, his mechanical ability was considerable, and had been, indeed, often put in requisition by his neighbours. His dwelling was soon completed, and here he lived alone for a number of years—his own cook, laundress and dairymaid—associating with none, and asking help from none.

Why he renounced his solitary state is unknown, but suddenly he took to himself a woman, as his wife, *pro tem*; one of those homeless and friendless beings, who at last grow reckless as to whom their lot is cast with, so that the means of subsistence is supplied. This change was, eventually, anything but conducive to his comfort; instead of a housekeeper, she proved wasteful. Whatever her natural temper may have been, she ruined it by inebriety; and, what was worse, he at length found it more difficult to dislodge than to gain a tenant. He now lived over a second term of domestic martyrdom, and got worsted in the contest. Three children were added to his family—a boy and two girls: and these were objects of perpetual grievance to him. At last his ill-temper and violence grew so excessive, that a regard for her personal safety compelled his tormentor to take her departure, which she did, leaving behind her the three children to anything but the '*tender mercies*' of their father. The boy was, like himself, dogged, obstinate and ill-tempered; and from the time of his boyhood, outbreaks and contests with his father were frequent. The girls were stolid and untractable: brought up without encouragement or guidance, they were little more than civilized savages—untaught and unwomanly. Poor young creatures—it was well their feelings were blunted and unexercised, for theirs was a rough and dreary home, even to blinded and dull natures! They grew up to womanhood, ignorant and helpless, uncared for by their father, and destitute of moral or religious training. Nevertheless, while still very young, they were taken from a place miscalled home, and married to men fully double their ages. The eldest girl was the more fortunate. It was her lot to get the best of the two men, who took her to live with some of his own family; and there under womanly teaching and aid, she improved rapidly in all the duties which females in her station are called upon to perform. Though her husband was an elderly man, he was still active and industrious, and, when sober, was very kind. The youngest girl was more stupid and unteachable than her sister; while the man she married, the elder of the two brothers, was idle, ill-tempered and also intemperate. She had only gone from bad to worse,—to poverty and all the other ills she had ever encountered. Her lot in life will be a dark one, unless there may be yet some Samaritan, who will endeavor to illumine with a ray of light, the mind of this benighted and unfriended woman. After the marriage of his sisters, the boy continued to live with his father for some time; but they occupied different rooms, and sat at different tables, living on for

weeks and months without interchanging a word, or apparently conscious of each other's presence—each acting as his own housekeeper and provider, and taking his own course, independent of the other. At last the boy left, and went to the adjoining town, to work at the carpenter's trade, and the old man was thus once more alone,—still plodding on, working as though a large family were dependant on his exertions for bread,—denying himself almost the comforts of life, and seeking assistance from none. He rarely went to church, and never entered a neighbour's house, unless sent for and requested to assist in some remunerative labour. Sickness often assailed him, but he took care of himself without the aid of doctor or nurse. Sometimes a kind and pitying neighbour who heard, by chance, of his ailments, would volunteer a visit; but the reception, if not ungracious, was of a forbidding character, and left no inducement to repeat the kindness. By his own unaided labour he built a small saw mill in the woods adjoining his house, and there, bending down by the hoary stream that dashed over the old green rocks, making wild music in the still noon-time, might the old man be seen, week day or Sunday, toiling at his work, looking like some elf of the forest, or goblin spirit, with his weird glances and shadowy stooping form. His son, to whom he had not spoken for many years, took a violent fever, and for a long time hovered between life and death.

It seemed then as if every touch of nature was not dead in the old man's breast, for he went to see his son, taking him, occasionally, presents of game, or anything from the farm he thought he might fancy. And at last, when his physician recommended his native air as a restorative, and his father had provided the means,—and when he was preparing to take him to his home again, he found the fever had taken a sudden turn, and that death had reached his boy's bedside before him. Those who saw the old man then, thought that nature once again was dominant, and knew that he trembled beneath, what indeed to him was, grief: another blessed assurance, that, hardened and darkened as human nature may be, there are some chords that will never forget their music,—some drops in the fountain of life that are not all bitterness.

Since that event the old man has gone on in his accustomed way, only looking more bowed and feeble, but still solitary in his hermitage, seemingly uncaring and uncared for. It were matter of interest to unravel, whether his 'sunset of life' is ever tinged by the memories of early joys and sorrows, and what his thoughts are with regard to past or future. Age has now darkened the windows of his mind,—and the solitude of his poor tenement will soon be exchanged for the narrower one of the grave. Surrounded by persons of his own class and degree in life, while all others have turned to the companionship of their families and friends, he has shut his nature up from the approach of all, and chosen to live alone. And when the dark hour comes, so hard to all, because it brings the severance of those ties so very dear to our hearts, he will

have none to break, but he will have none to comfort him. Wife and child are far distant; daughters, early friends, are alienated or no more. To all appearance he must die—as he has lived—alone. It may be, perhaps, that some neighbour will miss him at his accustomed tasks, and, as day after day, passes on without his re-appearance, will cross his threshold to seek for him, and find the broken temple of our village hermit, lying motionless—inanimate, in the dreary loneliness to which it has long been sentenced; and the tired, disappointed, but loosened spirit—where?

REVIEW OF THE PAST MONTH.

SINCE the date of our last monthly compendium, the sultry season of summer has nearly terminated. It has been chiefly remarkable for intervals of excessive heat, during which, the thermometer has indicated a higher temperature than has been recorded of previous years. The harvest in these Provinces may be pronounced abundant, with the single exception of the Potatoe—not yet secured—which in certain sections of country has been again visited by the blight, so destructive in former years.

The Provincial fishing interests have, to a large extent, been successful, and (give promise) with our other industrial manifestations, of increasing prosperity. The fishery discussion has, in the past month, absorbed much of the public attention, both in the Colonies and the United States. It has led to a visit on a friendly basis, by the U. S. Steam Frigate Mississippi (10), in command of Commodore Perry, to the Harbours of St. John and Halifax, and an interview with the respective local Governments. This man-of-war made her peaceful entry into the port of Halifax on the 15th August, and after the usual exchange of complements and courtesies, proceeded on her course.

Among the events of Provincial importance, the most conspicuous is the arrival, per H. M. Ship Cumberland, at Halifax, from Newfoundland, of his Excellency Sir John Gaspard Le Marchant, to assume the Government of Nova Scotia. His Excellency took the usual oaths of office and issued the following proclamation.

PROCLAMATION.—By his Excellency Colonel Sir John Gaspard Le Marchant, Knight and Knight Commander of the Orders of St. Ferdinand and of Charles the II. of Spain, Lieutenant Governor and Commander in Chief, in and over Her Majesty's Province of Nova Scotia and its dependencies, Chancellor of the same, &c. &c. &c.

J. GASPARD LE MARCHANT.

Her Majesty the Queen, having been graciously pleased by Commission bearing date at Buckingham Palace, on the sixteenth day of June, A.D. 1852, to constitute me to be the Lieutenant Governor, of this her Province of Nova Scotia, I do by this Proclamation, publish and make known, that I have this day taken the

oaths of office, and assumed the Government of the said Province, in the form and manner prescribed in the Queen's Commission and Instructions—of which all Her Majesty's subjects in this province, and others whom it may concern, will take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

Given under my Hand and Seal at Arms at Halifax, this fifth day of August, A. D. 1852, and in the sixteenth year of Her Majesty's reign.
 God save the Queen!

The Lieut. Governor held his first Levee on the 9th, when a large number of the principal inhabitants took advantage of the occasion to pay their respects.

We notice the consecration of another Roman Catholic Bishop—The Rev. Dr. Conolly, for Fredericton—the second within the year, which took place at Halifax on August 15th, with unusual ceremonial display. Archbishop Hughes of New York assisted on this occasion.

We observe, as a matter of Provincial progress, that on the 11th of August the line of Electric Telegraph from Sydney C. B., across the Strait of Canseau, to Halifax, was opened for business, and the two extremes of Nova Scotia thus placed in communication with each other, and with the adjoining Provinces and States. The Amherst, Truro and Pieton lines, have now become the property of the Nova Scotia Electric Telegraph Company, on whom their future management has devolved.

The meeting of the Parliament of Canada took place at Quebec on the 19th August, when the Hon. J. S. McDonald was chosen Speaker of the new Assembly.

Engineers and Contractors have arrived in New Brunswick from England, and are about to enter into arrangements for a commencement of Railway operations in the Province; but upon what basis does not yet appear.

The Cunard Steamers Niagara and Canada, which arrived with their usual promptitude during the past month, have not brought us any information of importance, except with reference to the General Election which has just been concluded in Great Britain. The result has been so far favourable to the present administration, as to give an admitted majority; but to what extent, the conflicting statements of various parties do not enable us to determine.

The following curious analysis of the Elections we gather from the newspapers. 185 of the members returned did not hold seats in the old Parliament, at the time of its dissolution. No member of the Derby Cabinet has anywhere been defeated at the hustings; but the following gentlemen who held seats in the late Russell Ministry, have been rejected by the constituencies to which they respectively appealed, viz.: R. M. Bellew and Sir W. G. Craig, (Lords of the Treasury), Sir D. Dundas, (Judge Advocate), Sir George Gray, (Home Secretary), J. Hatchell, (Attorney General for Ireland), Lord Marcus Hill, (Treasurer of the Household), Cornwall Lewis, (Secretary to the Treasury), Lord C. E. Paget, (Secretary to Master-General of Ordnance), J. Parker, (Secretary of the Admiralty), Sir W. Somerville, (Secretary for Ireland), Admiral Stewart, (Lord of the Admiralty). Twenty-two members of the late parliament sit in the present parliament for other places. In nine of these cases, viz.: Hull, Youghal, Penryn, Liverpool Warwick, Dorchester, Stockport, Bury, St. Edmunds, and Windsor, the party has gained the seat, to which he has gone, from political opponents. In five cases, viz.: Leeds, Boston, Horsham, Dartmouth, and East Somerset, the seat abandoned has been lost to the political party of its late occupant.

Among the new members are the following Lawyers—Mr. Serjeant Shea, Mr. Atherston, Q. C., Mr. G. M. Bute, Q. C., Mr. Montague Chambers, Q. C., Mr. H. S. Keating, Q. C., Mr. Kenneth McCauly, Q. C., Mr. R. Malins, Q. C., and Messrs. George Bowyer, Thomas Chambers, R. P. Collier, J. P. Cobbett, E. Egerton, W. R. S. Fitzgerald, H. P. Gipps, R. Lowe, T. B. Macauley, W. V. Massey, A. Mills, J. G. Phillimore, P. Phinn and W. D. Seymour, being one Serjeant, six Queen's Counsel, and 14 Barristers. Of literary men the House of Commons has lost Lord Mahon, and gained Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Mr. T. B. Macauley and Dr. Layard. The East India interest has lost Messrs. Alexander Bayshaw, Lushington and Plowden; and gained Sir J. R. Carnac, Sir T. H. Maddock, General Caulfield and Mr. Astell. The Railway interest has lost Mr. Lacy and Mr. Lock, and gained Mr. Laing. The Corporation of the City of London has lost Admiral Copeland, Humphrey, Salomons, and Sydney, and has gained Alderman Challis and Sheriff Swift.

We see announced in the obituary list of eminent persons recently deceased, the name of Admiral Loring, beside that of Count D'orsay, the celebrated artist and Nobleman of fashion, who died at Paris; also the names of Mr. John Duncuft, and Mr. K. Watson, two of the newly elected members of Parliament.

The new Crystal Palace has been commenced at Sydenham. A pillar brought from the original structure in Hyde Park, was first planted on August 4th, with great ceremony.

Another line of sub-marine Telegraph has just been completed from Scotland to Ireland, a distance of 21 miles, between the two coasts at Donaghadee and Port Patrick.

Monsieur Louis Kossuth and his lady had arrived at Liverpool, by the B. N. A. Mail Steamship Africa, from New York. He travelled with his friends under the assumed name of Smith.

In France the elections for the Provincial Councils have resulted in the success of the ministerial candidates. So much apathy prevailed among the voters, that in many cases the number of votes given was insufficient to make the election legal.

Louis Napolcon's marriage with the Princess of Wasa, will, it is stated, shortly take place. He has given a grand dinner to the Generals of his army, at which they unanimously approved of his political course and present policy.

The attention of our neighbours in the United States is chiefly occupied with the Presidential election; a great deal of political excitement as usual prevails on the subject.

A number of Steamboat disasters are recorded in the Newspapers. Among these, the Steam Ship Henry Clay on her passage from Albany to New York was destroyed by fire, which accident was attended by the loss of about 100 lives; and the Steamer Atlantic on Lake Erie, was sunk from collision with the propellor Ogdenburg, by which, it is stated, 250 lives were lost.