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THE

NOVA SCOTIA

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. **MARCH.** No. 2.

HALIFAX, N. S.

JOSEPH KIRK,

Price--7½1-2d.



THE NOVA SCOTIA

New Monthly Magazine.

March, 1842.

Vol. I.—No. 3.

Original.

STREAMS AND RURAL PLACES IN NOVA SCOTIA.

THERE is something not unpleasing in the idea of being natives of a small and remote province of a great empire, rather than of the central portion and immediate seat of power. It is grateful to those feelings of *locality*, by which we are ten-fold more attached to the small and obscure neighbourhood, with every spot of which we are acquainted, than if we be denizens of a city. It is true, that the man who spends his life in the crowded streets, or the dull brick houses, of the latter, may have become warmly attached to them: but this has required years. On the contrary, in the village the circumference of which might be half that of a town-square,—its inhabitants about as numerous as the inmates of a London hotel,—with one little church to which every body goes,—one little coterie, of which all the members are the best friends in the world, you soon feel an affection for every foot of the road you tread,—you would draw a limit between your vicinage and the world without, and feel, in short, as snug and as comfortable as if you sat all day in your own chimney-corner, the fragrant weed in your mouth, and a glass of—whatever you'll take (tee-total or otherwise) beside you. There is a *unity*, the oneness of thought, feeling, opinion, and information, which renders your neighbours and yourself like a pair of lovers, or rather, perhaps, like tried friends who have passed the hey-day of youth, and with whom, from long intercourse and familiarity, the possessions of each—the valued dog or the treasured curiosity—have become equally dear. Now, very similar to this is the position of Nova Scotia relatively to

the great centre of the British Empire. The latter (it hath pleasant nooks, but they have not the charm which *remoteness* gives) seems like a huge sea constantly convulsed, now rising high from its native level with tumultuous fury, now falling precipitously into a valley presently to mount anew. Faintly the murmur seems to be borne to us across the bosom of the broad Atlantic, as the fisherman reposes safely in his storm-shaken hut, and hears the roaring surge that dashes on the rocks below. But this is not the only portion of the pleasure to which we allude. It is not alone the quiet, the remoteness from the turmoil which agitates the great empire of which we are a portion; but there is something gratifying in the reflection, that we are not a mite lost to sight in the magnitude around us,—that though only a speck, the speck is distinct and perfect, standing forth boldly in relief, and not pictured faintly in the back-ground. Now this *locality* neither injures, nor is injured by, our nationality. We are equally loyal, equal compatriots of the inhabitants of Britain, and it is only as provincials, that we feel and are proud of our *unique* position.

The province of Nova Scotia is far from being destitute of rural beauty. The native lover of nature sees a thousand picturesque scenes in this—the land of his birth. True it is that he who has wandered beneath the unsullied skies of enchanting and romantic Italy, or by the banks of the majestic Rhine, can meet with no landscape in this country to attract his attention; but still there are scenes in Nova Scotia presenting a rich ex-

tent of prospect, and some which, we have often thought, would bring strikingly to the remembrance of the wanderer from our father-land some long-familiar spot. There is little attractive scenery in Nova Scotia in which water does not form a very prominent point. Those sequestered nooks, in which a cottage, a prominent tree, a close circumference of wood, a distant spire, are sufficient to be marked by a quiet and bewitching beauty, are but rarely to be met with here. The prospect is in general wide, and the very *soul* of it, at all times, seems to be the bay, harbour, river, or lake which forms a portion of it. Indeed, in water scenery Nova Scotia has nothing to fear in a comparison with many more celebrated aquatic places. The harbour of Halifax is excelled by few, if any, in the United Kingdom, while the three principal rivers, as we presume we may term the Annapolis River, the Avon and the Shubenacadie, are all beautiful. The Annapolis River takes its rise in the eastern part of King's County, and flows through King's and Annapolis Counties with very little variation in its course, into a harbour formed by the bay of Fundy, and which is one of the most beautiful sheets of water, of the same extent, in North America. The Avon is short, but wide, and runs in a northerly direction. The beauty of its appearance below Windsor is, however, somewhat spoiled by the tide which, at low water, leaves the banks of a muddy hue. The third river, which is known by the Indian name of Shubenacadie, (river of Acadia), has its source in the well-known chain of lakes near Dartmouth,—and, flowing to the north, with an easterly inclination, runs a distance of some twenty miles by the side of the great eastern road, from which the traveller may now catch a glimpse of its extremely picturesque waters, and now lose sight of them as they take a more circuitous route and pass on unseen amidst the dense and majestic forest. The unfortunate issue of the attempt to connect, by a canal, this river, the lakes, and Halifax harbour, and which would have been of immense advantage in opening an inland navigation through the centre of the province, is a subject with which every one is acquainted. The timber on the banks of the Shubenacadie is by it made highly profitable. It is transported to the mouth of the stream in the Cobequid Bay, which is a portion of the Basin of Minas,—and, being of a large growth and otherwise valuable, ship-building is carried on to advantage. At the mouth of the river, the harbour, or rather basin, formed by its waters and those of the adjacent stream, is, at high water,

very beautiful, and, on a fine evening in the time of the Salmon-fishery, there is not a more pleasant sight than the boats of the fishermen dropping up slowly with the flood, unimpelled by oars, while their occupants are securing that delicious fish which Mrs. Hemans should have enumerated among the treasures of the deep. The sun in the west, sinks below the waters of the Bay of Fundy, and leaves twilight to rest softly and not less pleasantly upon the scene.

At the head of the Cobequid bay we find the little river of Truro. This is a fine stream for trouting, but besides being small, it is too deficient in any particular attraction to merit attention, save that it runs through a place which is said somewhat to resemble in appearance an English Village. The village of Truro lies in a valley nearly surrounded by hills, for the most part, of no great height. Though its appearance is pleasing, it would be difficult to say in what the similarity spoken of consists. The hawthorn hedge, the thatched cottage, are wanting; but that in which it more peculiarly differs from English villages is the extent of prospect, Truro being wide and diffuse, on a uniform level. It is however one of the prettiest places in the Province. The hills on one side are covered with spruce, fir, birch &c. and in the course of a stream which flows amongst these, there is a waterfall—small, indeed, but of no mean beauty. The partridge shooting was very good at the place we speak of, a few years ago. We remember, on one occasion, being with a party who dived into the recesses of these woods on a shooting excursion. The day proved extremely fine, and the sport ditto; but a few drops of rain having fallen towards evening, and the sky beginning to look dark and lowering, it was determined to return at once, although we had before resolved to remain out during the night. On mustering our party accordingly, an Irishman who had accompanied it was found to be missing. In vain we hallooed with our utmost strength—the echoes of the forest were the only reply. Loading our guns, we separated into five bands, each composed of three persons. One of these parties was left on the ground at which we divided, and the rest took different routes, intending to make a circuit of about six miles. The missing man had not been seen since two o'clock, at which time he had, with several others, made a halt, and refreshed himself with the creature comforts. Various surmises were, of course, hazarded as to his fate. Two or three large bears had been seen in the neighbourhood shortly before, but it was very unlikely that they should have remained

near so large a shooting party during the day, or that, if they had, no tracks should have been discovered. Stories were related by some of wild-cuts, and other fierce animals, large numbers of which had once been inhabitants of these woods. The night was dark and drizzly, and towards morning we all became completely disheartened. At length some one suggested that, as the waterfall (which we before mentioned) was but half a mile from the place of halt, and the banks high and precipitous, poor Tim Collins might have wandered thither and fallen over. When persons are thus at bay, an opinion possessing any degree of plausibility is generally concurred in. Such was the case in the present instance, and the whole party immediately set off for the falls. The weather cleared up as we were on the way, and the sun shining brilliantly was received as an omen that Tim would be found, if not with a whole skin, at least "in the land of the living." We reached the bank, therefore, in comparatively good spirits. It was a spot which seemed only to want a connection with some legend of death to render it a place of pilgrimage to travellers. The stream was narrow, but the noise of the fall was sufficient to prevent any other sound from being heard. The high and very steep banks were, in most places, covered all the way up with tall spruce and birch, with which were here and there mingled a few trees of other kinds. The course of the stream, both above and below the fall, immediately changed,—and the banks, with their lofty trees, appeared, to form the circumference of a circle, the centre of which was the fall, with the basin into which the water fell. At the very steepest part of the bank there were but few trees. To this place one of the party went, and having

looked over, came back to the rest, who were on their way down, with the information that there was a man stretched out near the edge of the water below. Between the bottom of the bank and the stream was a space of about twenty feet, perfectly level. Here we found the body of the Irishman, with the face downwards. His clothes were torn,—but as the bank, though steep, was not rough, his body had not been lacerated. At first we thought him dead, but a slight movement of the arm convinced us of the contrary. Havesprinkled his face with the clear water of the brook, he somewhat revived. We then placed him on a litter hastily constructed, and bore him towards home. As we got beyond the noise of the falling water we found to our amazement that Tim's tongue was going at a most voluble rate,—and presently he leaped from his high position, and wished to know "if we hadn't a drop of the craythur to give a feifer, instid of brakin' his bones in that rampageous fashion." Greatly astonished at this undignified conduct in a man whom we had really supposed near his end, an explanation was demanded, and we were, of course, highly delighted to learn that the cause of our having made a night-journey of some twenty miles, was Tim's having secured a flask of his darling liquor, with which, being of an unobtrusive nature, he retired to this "sweet sequestered spot" to regale himself, and so—fell asleep. Poor Tim! he has since taken the pledge, and assures us that he never intends to lose himself again. We have heard, however, that he cannot refrain from relating this adventure, and generally concludes by boasting that—"Fifteen of the best gintry in the country were in purshuit of me, but none of 'em could find me but meself."

Original.

THE LOVED TOO LATE.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

Few villages present a richer specimen of fine old English scenery than D——, and few domains are nobler or more princely than that of the Lord of the Manor. The park, with its venerable oaks,—the velvet lawns, the rich preserves,—and, above all, the splendid mansion, the style of whose architecture, from its many and incongruous improvements, it is sometimes difficult to mention, but still looking so grand and so dignified in spite of the shade of the grotesque : these are the bold points of English scenery, and these instil into the mind of the aristocrat the love of nature and the love of home. But these are not the scenes (if we may be allowed the expression) with which the poor can sympathise : it is the neatly-trimmed hedge,—the hill-side with its many flocks,—the pasture, the brook, and the cottage door tressilled with its sweet honeysuckle, that call up kindling emotions in the bosom of the peasant, that have something in them akin to virtue. Here his joys, his love, his fears,—nay, here even his ambition is fixed ; his desires reach not to another station, but to the highest enjoyment of that in which he is placed. He is the true sage,—he gathers the rose from life, and sits down content beneath the broad shadow of his vine.

Edward Tracey, the owner of —— Hall, as it was termed, was an orphan. He was of good family, but a fair, unsullied name was not his only heritage. Possessions in the county of Essex, of no mean value, neither encumbered nor curtailed by the improvidence of any profligate heir, descended to him through a long race of simple, yet in their own sphere not undistinguished, country squires. Amid rural scenes his childhood and his youth had been principally spent ; but childhood and youth had now passed away,—and, at the time our story opens, he was just entering his twenty-second year.

There was much in Tracey's character to be pleased with and to admire. Ingenuous, honourable and social, he was, without descending to

the soubriquet of a "good fellow," known and valued as a friend. His mind could scarcely, at present, be said to be of a deeply reflective cast : but it wanted, perhaps, only a few years of gathered experience in the world, from which, like the bee, he might retire to survey the honey extracted from each flower,—to evince—what, had he been of a melancholy temperament, he would already have displayed—a disposition to indulge in day-dreams, in philosophical musings. Yet the common observer would not have been likely to give Tracey credit for the large share of the powers of thought which he in reality possessed, since there was something in his frankness, his sociability, his attention to unimportant matters, nay, in his very simplicity, which is not often found in conjunction with a taste for the ideal,—a conjunction, indeed, which is rarely admitted by the world, except when visible in men of justly earned reputations as philosophers or men of letters. The great fault of Tracey's character, however, was the last of which he would have been suspected—a desire for the brilliant. I do not mean any ambition for personal distinction—no : but the effect of a season or two in town, (under the influence of which, by the way, the slight rusticity of his *manner* had vanished, while its simplicity had been left, happily, unimpaired) had been, to excite a sort of meretricious taste for the glittering, and to evince, that solidity, which had been thought the very foundation of his virtues, rested itself on a very precarious tenure. Had his education been shallow and careless, even his many sterling qualities of heart and mind would have been unable to withstand this, combined with the deficiency we have mentioned ;—but these qualities, joined to the simplicity and deep conscientiousness with which he had been early imbued, had, until now, prevented this important defect from being visible. It is the one chief error in every man's character, whatever that error may be, from which most of the sin

and misery of the world proceed. However it may be corrected and subdued by education, it is necessary that a knowledge of its existence, and a watchfulness for it, be constantly exhibited—since every day may occur circumstances calculated to call it forth. This fault is the festering sore, which extends itself until all that was healthy becomes a livid mass of corruption,—and the heart that might have continued pure and happy becomes defiled and miserable for ever!

Although the family connections of Tracey, in the county of Essex, were extensive, he had but few relatives of any near degree of consanguinity. Of these the only paternal one was an uncle—his guardian. His mother's family had been more celebrated for the beauty of its female members than for rank and wealth. While, therefore, his only maternal aunt had married an earl, her brother, in choosing a wife, had been content with respectability and a competency equal to his own. The issue of the first marriage was a daughter—Lady Florence Elthorpe,—that of the second was also a daughter, who, like Tracey, had been left an orphan at a very early age. Lady Florence Elthorpe he had never met until a few months before the period of which we are writing. During a visit to London, his affluence and other qualifications had made him a not unwelcome guest of the Earl and Countess. Thrown constantly, then, into the immediate society of his brilliant and fascinating cousin, her wit, her beauty, her “thousand nameless charms,” had not been displayed day by day without effect. When he first beheld her, it was in the gay, and to him novel, scene of a ball room. Her enchanting beauty and sparkling conversation had called a crowd of admirers around her,—and when Tracey joined the train, he was, with all the wayward coquetry of a sovereign belle, immediately exalted to the situation vacated by the last discarded favourite. In this situation, while every thing around him was calculated to produce an intoxicating effect on his mind, the aroused passion for all that is brilliant and exciting burned fiercely within him. And, as day after day the delirium increased,—as day after day he listened to the silvery tones of her voice, and beheld the admiration with which others regarded every exhibition of her intellectual powers,—as the display of every charm seemed to excite some deeper feeling in his bosom, this craving, thus intense, grew more intense and even insatiable. When, at length, it was necessary for him to return to Essex, to tear himself from the magic circle into which he had been drawn, it was to carry with him an un-

fading remembrance of its fascinations. That a burning love for Lady Florence had taken possession of his heart, he readily acknowledged to himself; but the circumstances and scenes under which his passion had sprung up, had rendered it far more ardent than it would otherwise have been. Had it been after repeated visits to the metropolis, and after having seen much of its gaiety and dissipation, that he had met with his brilliant cousin, it is scarcely possible that affection would have been engendered in his mind at all. It wanted but an insight into the follies of the world to have improved his judgment and to have corrected his taste,—and it is, perhaps, safer to pass through the ordeal than to remain in a happy state of ignorance. Then, had he experienced a love for Lady Florence, it would have been the result of a study of her higher and nobler qualities, and in that case it would have been deep and lasting. Or, had it sprung up when the feverish delights of society had not quite pulled upon him, but when at least their novelty had worn off, it would, no doubt, have been light and evanescent. But an exotic, as it was, born amid the luxuriance, enchantment, and freshness, which the first gaze throws upon the charms of the world, but which they do not in reality possess, it was calculated to survive until deeper experience brought deeper reflection: and then, with the enchantment and the freshness amid which it had been reared,—with these, too, it was calculated to decay.

It had been determined, that on the occasion of Tracey's coming of age, a ball should be given at the Hall to celebrate the event. With the consent of his guardian, therefore, he seized with eagerness the opportunity to entreat a visit from the Earl and Countess, who, with Lady Florence, were staying with a noble friend in a neighbouring county. The answer was in the affirmative, and accordingly, on the day that his guardian surrendered into his hands the trust he had so long held, his noble relatives arrived. With the stately Earl and his Countess, the simple current of our story has nought to do; if they differed in aught from the majority of those in the same station, it was but in the shades of their prejudices or the peculiarity of their tastes,—and neither in the quality of their minds nor the character of their pursuits. They had the same contracted and petty ambition that note the thousands who, though holding the high places of this world, have only to do with its most unimportant matters,—and, however interesting, therefore, they might have been to the portrayer of *manners*, they do not come within the province of him whose aim it is

to portray the workings of the heart, under those emotions which belong not to the superficial and the vain.

The day so anxiously expected at length arrived, and was opened at an early hour with festivities. The village bells rang a merry peal in honour of the Squire,—and while, in the good old fashion, the tenants were regaled on the lawn with the accustomed cheer, the more important guests wandered over the grounds, content to assume something of an appearance of rural ease. When the day had worn away in the various kinds of amusements that the different classes of visitors were likely to choose, the large room was thrown open, and Tracey and his brilliant cousin led off the ball. In that assembly, there were, of course, none to compete with Lady Florence,—and those who were the envied of their own circles, were content to join in the plaudits that were lavishly bestowed. And Tracey, as he looked on the haughty form, the dark flashing eye, the raven tresses, and the rounded and polished limb, felt rather as one to join in the distant admiration, than to share the converse and bask in the smiles of her he worshipped. His mind dwelt not in the same atmosphere as of yore. There was no longer the delightful tranquillity that had resembled the sweet air of the fields and the woods of his own loved land,—but there was the zephyr of the tropics, heavily laden with the fragrance of the myrrh and the aloe, and the thousand odours that pall upon the senses. To Lady Florence the ardent homage of her cousin was at least not unacceptable. Whether his passion were returned, or her pleasure arose from the vanity of a new conquest, Tracey found it difficult to decide. He was compelled, of course, to leave her at times during the evening to the care of other gentlemen, but so occupied was his mind with continual thoughts of her, that had not his uncle constantly reminded him of his duty as the host, he would have failed in necessary attention to other guests. Heated and wearied with the exercise, towards the close of the ball he left the room and passed out into the shrubbery, to inhale the fresh air. The sound of the music, and the noise of the ball room, reached him so faintly where he stood, as scarcely to form a contrast to the deep quiet of the night. As he wandered through the walks, his mind falling into a natural train of reflection suggested by the scene he had left, he noticed a female seated on one of the rustic benches,—and as it was directly in his way, he stopped for a moment by her side.

“Ah! Lucy,” said he,—“and do you find

the attractions of the night air, and silent musings, preferable to those of the ball-room?”

The person whom he addressed might have been about seventeen years of age, though her symmetrical figure was already sufficiently full and rounded. Her face was beautiful, yet not one, perhaps, to attract attention if seen amid a galaxy of beauty. There was an expression in the deep blue eye of calm and tranquil thought, more profound, indeed, than is usually found in the female features, but which has an irresistible witchery when mingled with grace and loveliness. Her soft auburn hair fell richly over her shoulders, and her broad, clear forehead reclined upon her hand, giving the attitude to the body which it naturally assumes when the mind is occupied in silent meditation.

“Yes,” said Lucy, in answer to Tracey’s enquiry, “I am so unused to the brilliancy of such festive scenes, that the glare and heat became at last insufferable. But you, I presume, have not that excuse for seeking the open air?”

“Is not your presence here a sufficient reason for mine? But I will not attempt the gallantry of a true cavalier to you, who, I know, despise the affectations which fashion would bring into common use.”

“And has that knowledge been obtained within the last week, for it is many years before we have seen each other?”

“True, it is only during the last few days that we can be said to have been acquainted. But it has been sufficient to excite in my bosom a deep esteem for one whose qualities of heart and mind are so lofty and so pure. Let me hope it has also been sufficient to produce that mutual confidence which would have been the fruit of our relationship, had it been accompanied by a longer intercourse.”

“No,” said Lucy, “it is not sufficient. Our relationship, and the knowledge of each other gained by a few days’ observation, will promote such a confidence but little, if the remembrance of our first intimacy has passed away—if the sports and pleasures of our childhood have been forgotten.”

“They are not forgotten,” said Tracey, his natural frankness overcoming a momentary hesitation in his manner. “They are not forgotten; but I will confess that, until a few months ago, the remembrance was more bright and constant than it has since been. From what cause this may have arisen, I know not. Think not, however, that I do not hail a re-union between us with delight. Your presence renews the memory

of our old joys—our first joys, and bids us revive the holy affection that dwelt between us of yore, that possessed the freedom, but not the coldness, of common friendship. Let not, then, a momentary forgetfulness intervene, which might have arisen from the change in disposition and pursuits that so naturally occurs in a progress to manhood."

"An accession of years," said Lucy, relapsing into her usually quiet manner, "can never produce forgetfulness of the sunniest days of the spring of life. But it is possible that an intense direction of warmer feelings may dim this recollection. Nay, perhaps the necessity of its continuance is but the creation of a fanciful brain, and reason might bid us sink "the idle pleasure of those days" in the more important, though (to an enthusiastic mind) more selfish remembrance of the principles that were then instilled into our minds. Be it our duty, then, to create a friendship which shall be based on the points of similarity and sympathy observed in an examination of the various traits of character as they are gradually unfolded. Such a friendship will be founded on a direct and certain knowledge of each other,—and it will be, perhaps, not less likely than one more aerial to spring up anew, if momentary circumstances shall interrupt it, or to continue tranquil and unshaken through the stormy dangers of a boisterous time."

During the preceding conversation they had left the spot where it had been begun,—and after strolling through the shrubbery to the house, they had now entered a room immediately off the ball room, and in which, as none appeared to enter it, the lights had been allowed to die away. Tracey's impatience to return to Lady Florence had vanished, unknown to himself, as he walked along by the side of his cousin Lucy, and their propinquity to the scene of fascination did not even now recall him to his former feelings.

"Be it so," he said, in answer to his companion's last observation—"let such be our friendship, if you will; and yet, now you wish to lead me from the memory of our childish intimacy, my mind is insensibly led back to it."

"Well, said Lucy, "let me delay you no longer to-night—Lady Florence expects you."

Tracey turned his eye towards that part of the adjoining apartment in which his noble cousin sat, and he thought he could perceive a cloud upon her brow in spite of the crowd of worshippers around her. A throb of delight vibrated in his heart, not unaccompanied, for a moment, by a feeling of pain, (could it have been the silent, warning voice of reason?) and leaving his less

pretending cousin, as she had desired, he hastened towards the spot where was the still powerful loadstone of his fancy—not his heart!

Lucy Howard was the daughter of that maternal uncle of Tracey who, as we before mentioned, was content to take a wife possessed of the same wealth and station as himself. Being a man of considerable talent, as well as of quiet and deeply studious turn of mind, it was not surprising that Mr. Howard should make choice of the clerical profession. Accordingly, having taken orders, he was presented to the small living of D— which was in the gift of the Tracey family, and happened very opportunely to fall vacant at the time. The tranquil pleasure which he found in this situation was soon interrupted. His wife, whose cheerful temper had well fitted her to be the companion of a scholar, died, leaving a daughter to demand his care, and to become the solace and companion of his leisure hours. It was not long before he discovered in little Lucy a mind that promised to be congenial to his own. Proud of this thought, the father laid out many a plan of instruction by which to rear his tender blossom—plans which, however, were destined to prove futile. His genius and studious character had descended to her, but it was not for him to cultivate the heat he had watched over so tenderly, and his were not the lips that were to pour sweet knowledge into her thirsting soul. The blighting hand of consumption laid him low when she was but three years of age,—and if death had in it any bitterness for him, it was the reflection that he must part from her, the flower he had fondly hoped to nurture. Nor did his image pass away from the heart of Lucy Howard. In many a childish ramble, while she paused to weave the primrose and the daisy, did she ponder with tearful eyes over the earnest care and the wild endearments of the pale and melancholy student. Consigned to the care of a friend of her father, Lucy remained a few years longer in the neighbourhood of D—. During this time her only youthful companion and friend was Edward Tracey. Together they roamed for hours over the green hill or the cheerless heath, and many associations were awoke that never might be wholly effaced. One scene, in particular, sank deep into their hearts, because it was the occasion of their parting, during a storm which overtook them, when some distance from home, Lucy imbibed the seeds of that fatal malady which had carried her father to the grave. The physicians advised a removal to the continent,—and thither her guardian, who felt for her the affection of a parent, determined to

proceed. The adieus of the two playmates were repeated again and again with many sobs and embraces. With her, perhaps, who was to gaze so soon upon new forms and scenes, the impression might have been supposed least likely to continue. But there was that in Lucy Howard which defied the efforts of external things to remove the remembrances she had fondly treasured up. And these were in no way dimmed as the soft, the philo'sophic, the classic qualities of her mind became more and more the fixed traits of her character. There was an intellectualty about all she did, which, mingling with its moral grace, gave a bewitching harmony to every action. This assisted her nicely to balance every passion. Warmly they flowed, but so modulated as ever to obtain the sympathy they demanded. If in conversation she was led into enthusiasm, it was when she spoke of subjects to which the enthusiast alone cared to follow her. And it was this just and graceful discrimination which prevented all appearance of pedantry, as she laid up those stores of knowledge which her father would have loved to instil. Yet hers was a deep draught of the Pierian spring. She inhaled no narrow prejudices, but drank deeply of a tender and a rich philosophy. And this awoke an ideal bright with roseate and sparkling hues—expanding itself through the regions of nature, and returning to the scenes of life accompanied by an enlarged benevolence—dispelling by its holy breath the mists of bigotry, and purifying the dark groves of superstition;—an ideal created by a master hand, “drawn,” to use the words of the poet—

“Drawn by Love’s own hand, by Love
Himself in love.”

In their journey through Europe, the travellers avoiding the more populous and frequented towns, dwelt now amidst the variety of the Alps, and now in the sunny plains of Italy. Lucy’s health was at length declared entirely restored. Still, however, they continued on the continent, until the death of her protector called for a change of plans. An old and respectable inhabitant of D—, one of the executors of her father’s will, had remained in possession of the considerable property that descended to her. Lucy, therefore, and the widow of her late guardian returned to their native place. After an absence of ten years, she again met with Edward Tracey. But it was after his visit to London. They had often corresponded during their separation, and it had been with the freedom of children—but they now met with the constraint of strangers. It was a few days after her return

that Lucy attended the ball at the manor house. There she perused Tracey’s character, and there she perceived the drift of his affections. But Lucy Howard loved him—loved him with a deep and burning passion. Thinking only of their early days, and feeling her love to be but the natural growth of early attachment, she had expected a return of it in him. Many a pang of disappointment was hers—many a moment of anguish—as she first learned that which reason had forbore to tell.

Lady Florence and her noble parents consented to remain at the Hall for a few weeks, at the end of which time Tracey had agreed to accompany them to town. The female cousins were, therefore, constantly thrown into each other’s society. At first, Lady Florence was inclined to treat Lucy with a patronising air, which, however, ceased when she thought she perceived that, in her supputending cousin, she had a powerful rival. The hauteur which she substituted for this fell beneath the calm indifference by which it was met. Their intercourse, therefore, was marked by an appearance of reserve, although the habitual self-possession obtained in the world, on the one hand, and a real indifference on the subject, on the other, prevented it from becoming constrained. Tracey, while his attentions to Lady Florence were evident, appeared anxious to cultivate with Lucy the friendship of which he had spoken,—and when they parted, he extracted from her a promise to correspond with him at times during his absence. Lucy now resumed the quiet routine of her occupations. For her each day the old sages unlocked their varied stores. The sublime mysteries of the Idumeans and the Parsees,—the wild but wonderful chimeras of Plato and of Pyrho, each in turn found attention in the humble mind whose search, like theirs, was after truth. But it was while she dwelt on the mild philosophy whose beams are now arising on the world, that the torch of her reason burned brightly to show her feet the path. With its lofty precepts for her guide, she pursued the great maxim of the ancients—“Know Thyself.” And if, in the examination of her own affections, she found one so hopeless that her sterner principles would have bidden her erase the it, it was, at least, one on whose purity virtue itself might have looked benignantly, and whose concealment might have hushed even the rebuke of wisdom. She had not expected that Tracey’s correspondence would be either regular or constant. At first this was the case,—but to her astonishment, his letters after a time became more frequent and more confi-

dential. He spoke more of his own feelings,—and though he said but little of circumstances, it was not difficult for Lucy to conjecture them. He wrote much, too, of the pleasure which her letters afforded him,—of the eloquence, of the knowledge, which he found in them,—of the sweet moral principles he gathered from them. He spoke of the country and the fields, of the delight he had once found in them, but which had of late been tarnished,—of his determination to repair his errors, and to seek in the home of his fathers and his youth the happiness he found not elsewhere. And here Lucy thought she perceived a return to his former simplicity—to his former feelings. Not one thought of self was he's, none but the most unbiassed, the holiest motives, as she watched with joy this change—this renewal of his spirit. Minutely had she studied Tracey's character, and she felt that a noble heart would indeed be undone, if, when he discovered how worthless were the objects which he had sought after, habit should still carry him in pursuit of them. Wherever his heart might be really directed—whether his love for Lady Florence were deep and ardent or not—Lucy felt that it was only by eradicating his false and glittering desires that his happiness could be secured. Her love was not that which is afraid to throw off its selfishness—lest it should also lose its bashfulness. Acting only with simplicity, she knew not that it is often mistaken for selfishness. A few days after having expressed his determination, Tracey returned to D—. Lucy met him on the evening of his arrival, her walk having been by chance directed towards the manor house.

The cause of Tracey's abrupt return from London may here be briefly mentioned. Lady Florence, who could inherit but a small portion of the family estates, would, at her father's death, be the possessor of a very limited portion. In spite of her rank and beauty, a marriage with Tracey was by far the most desirable match that offered. But on their last return to London, the attentions of a young nobleman of fortune were sufficiently flattering to lead to a flirtation,—and Tracey, after a vain remonstrance, conceiving himself slighted, immediately hastened back to D—. Lady Florence, however, had outwitted herself. The young nobleman set out for the continent,—but in the tender adieu which he took, expressed no hope of a future union.

In the meantime, Tracey and his cousin, now re-united, renewed the pleasures of their younger days. Each day they wandered over some well-remembered scene—rocks that had rung many a

time with the echoes of their childish voices—streams by which they had wasted the voluptuous hours, throwing on the soft tide the wild flowers they had gathered. Tracey had always found delight in rural landscapes,—but it was Lucy who had made a study of the sweet and beautiful lore which

"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

To her it had not been like the vain learning of man, for here the great Spirit of Nature had been her teacher. In sickness and satiety of this world's pursuits, she had sought it, as the wearied traveller in the desert refreshes himself with the cooling waters from some old and sacred fountain. Sweet science,—which all alike may cultivate! To which the philosopher may turn, when disheartened with the uncertainty of his own pursuits, and find in the blade of grass more than the wonderful mechanism of its fibres, and extract from the flower a perfume belonging not to its odours. What should we have been without thee, O Visible Nature? Where would have been our ideas of beauty and of virtue? Where would the enlightened sage have gathered his maxims for the world—where would the Christian have found the footsteps of a God? Whence would have flowed the light—the knowledge,—where would have arisen the holy flame of the Idea? Not for us would the bard have strung his lyre. Not one tender emotion,—not one ray of hope,—not one bond of sympathy, would have been awakened in our bosoms. All would have been dark, harsh, cheerless. Unfelt the throb of pity—unheard the voice of harmony. Oh, Nature!—Spirit of Nature!—what would have been our hearts without thy genial hand?—without the green meadows, and the stream, and the grove?—without the roaring cataract, the mighty forest, the majestic mountain? These are thy gifts, to kindle the affections that are implanted in us—to shed through us the broad light, the "Universal Harmony."

And it was thus that a sympathetic feeling was awakened in the bosoms of the Cousins. As they roamed along together day by day, holding sweet discourse, Tracey felt a growing affection in his heart, though he knew not if it were aught else than such as a brother might feel. But he examined it not—sufficient for him was it that each day he gazed upon her form and listened to her voice;—he did not analyze the throb of pain which he felt, when any thing prevented their meeting. But with Lucy it was wholly different. The flame that burned within her, though equ-

cealed from all other eyes, was not unknown to herself. She watched calmly the change which was passing over Tracey's spirit,—watched it with joy, not for her sake but for his. Prompted by love—but because *her* love was alike the parent, as the offspring of all that is holy and self-denying. Let it not be imagined, however, that she thought not of Tracey's affection; did not the throbbing of her own bosom demand a return? But she was content to send him forth to his choice, when principle and simplicity should have resumed their sway. She sought not for a heart that loved her not—but she adjusted the true balance and left the heart itself to decide.—In the mean time, however, her tranquility and happiness could not stay a powerful hand which gave to the prospect a more sombre hue. The disease which had never been wholly eradicated, again began to usurp the place of health. The rose on her cheek became less glowing, the fire of her eye more dim. When Tracey first perceived this, it threw a tenderness around her in his eye, there had never been before. His feelings approximated more to the warmth of love—and it wanted perhaps but a breath to fan them into passion, and to call them forth into expression. The walks of the Cousins grew less frequent, and their conversations shorter; but they grew more precious than before, and their memory was fondly treasured. As they returned one evening in autumn, from a valley where many an hour had been spent, they paused at the first turn of the road, to wait for the carriage which was to take them up. The sun had sunk below the distant hills, but rich streams of golden light yet remained falling with magnificent beauty upon the crimson leaves of the wood. A stream which flowed through the valley was hidden from sight, but its murmuring still came to the ear—softly and pleasantly. Sounds from the Village also mingled in the air, while the breeze, although it was late in the year, had not yet become chill.

“How many hearts there are,” said Lucy, continuing their conversation, “which penury and misfortune crush, in which the fire of ambition is burning fiercely. How many beings there are depressed and miserable, whom a slight fortuitous circumstance might render happy; might open to them the path to distinction and honour.”

“Yes,” said Tracey, “and how many there are, too, who have started on their career with eagerness, possessed of genius and every advantage, who are stopped in their course by one scornful word, struck down by a single blow.

These descend to the grave not as to repose, for their disappointed hopes have left in their hearts hatred and despair. Their desires have been quenched—but the passion which gave rise to them still exists.”

“It is true,” rejoined Lucy,—“and it is a strange anomaly in our nature, that those passions in our nature which are the fiercest continue longest: revenge, ambition, avarice, and a burning, hopeless love, are rarely subdued through life. Unsatisfied, they are not annihilated, but become gnawing worms which prey upon existence.”

“I think,” said Tracey, “one part of your remark might be disputed, but I prefer continuing it. We can imagine no beings more unhappy than those whose deepest ruling passions are thus unsatisfied. It is the fate of great ambition and of avarice to be always thus. Their momentary gratification serves only to make them insatiable. But this is not the case with revenge or love.—Each has some certain object, and while we should envy the lover more than any other in the enjoyment, we ought to pity him most when disappointed.”

“But of those two passions,” said Lucy warmly, “love is by far the more enduring. Revenge may cease, if it be shown that the object is no longer worthy of it,—but however unworthy the object of our love, this can never make the affection less ardent or inconstant. Love that is deep, deep and passionate, only burns more fiercely when unreturned or unmerited. But this, I must contend, is peculiarly the case with woman—so that when we see her linked to one who requites not the love which he receives, we compassionate her case, although we cannot think her altogether unhappy. To her it is a pleasure to palliate, yet to correct, each error—to woo, to entice the affection which she might demand. And if there be pleasure in the exercise of the passion thus bestowed, the happiness of *mutual* love must be superior to every other pleasure.”

“It is,” rejoined Tracey. “But I think you are wrong in representing that love as most enduring which is most vehement and uncontrollable. To me it appears a meteor, that glitters for awhile and then abruptly dies away. But that love which is calm and tranquil, belongs to the mind as well as the heart—to the understanding as well as to the emotions. And therefore it is best calculated to buffet the waves, if there be a storm,—to carry us down the voyage of life unwrecked by the tempests of the deeper sea—unallured by the sirens that would tempt us to the rocks.”

“No,” returned Lucy, “perhaps with some of

the perversity of her sex—"you are mistaken. There is no love so constant, but that in after life some coolness may occur : and what, then, is to bring forgiveness—to recall the word, the look of tenderness? Memory it is that must rebuild the fairy castle, that must breathe upon the spark of love that else would be extinguished. It is by bringing to remembrance the first hours of affection—the stolen bliss—the kind endearments—the agony we suffered to obtain the object—the wild throb of joy when it was ours : these are the recollections which must now re-unite us. Surely, then, that love must be most easily re-kindled that can claim those holy charms, which have thus been justly termed 'the spells which preserve constancy.'"

Lucy rather regretted her enthusiasm, when she had finished. She had entered on the subject in a calm and philosophical mood, but her own feelings had for once unconsciously obtruded. She rose from her seat, and they continued their walk homeward.

"You may be right," said Tracey, "but if so, the love of which you speak may exist in the breast of one who knows not how ardent it really is. We may feel that our love is constant, is undying : but we may not know all the force, the power of its current. Such a love as this may exist, not founded on a fascination caused by personal beauty, but springing from the knowledge and the admiration of noble character. That such a love as this may be, of whose imperishable truth we are conscious, although not always aware of its strength and fervour, I know, because I feel it in my heart."

There was a slight tremor in Tracey's voice, as he said this, which was not undetected by the ear of Lucy. She would fain have changed the subject, when the approach of the carriage at this moment closed the conversation. Both had their eyes fixed on the ground, but as they raised them, discovered it was not the vehicle they expected. It contained a lady and gentleman, both of whom bowed, waved their hands and smiled, and seemed about to stop. Their intention, however, changed, the carriage drove on, and could be again discovered, a short time after, between the trees, as it took the road which led towards the manor house. Its male occupant was the Earl of Erpingham—the female, Lady Florence Elthorpe.

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The illusion was renewed ; the chain was again woven around the victim—woven far more securely than before. His character was now

known : his weak and his strong points, his failings and his virtues had been noted down, and coquetry, wit, beauty, the thousand assistants of female art were brought to bear upon him,—and he fell beneath them. In his calmer moments of reflection, Tracey could not but repent that he had been drawn within the influence of this fascination. He resolved to withdraw himself from it but he could not do so now by mere caprice, and desire. While Lady Florence remained in the house, to be cold to her charms, to remain undazzled by her brilliancy, to fortify, to support his better nature by a stern and unassailable determination, required a moral energy which he did not bring into action. *Did* not, we say, because the power was still there, but he culpably neglected to awake it. Had anything occurred to have called forth a more noble, a more tender passion, to have excited powerfully his love for Lucy, if that love actually existed, that affection which was unreal would have died quickly away with the false and glittering tiste which had called it into being. To have aroused the real, the lofty affection it would once have sufficed to have watched for awhile day by day over the object of it—to have noted the departing roses of her cheek—to have beheld her eye grow more dim—and have heard her voice become more feeble, to have seen her form wasting away as it shrank beneath the hand of disease, but above all, to have seen an exhibition of affection in *her*—to have seen her amid the pain and languor of sickness, when thoughts deep and solemn come crowding on the heart—to have seen her then, looking for him, expecting his voice to soothe her, and his care and tenderness to cheer her—this would once have sufficed—nay, surely *this* would *now* suffice, to call back to his heart the truant love that had glowed there. How, often, too, in his moments of reflection, did Tracey bitterly reproach himself that he had half expressed a passion for Lucy, while he was now drawn in a contrary direction. As he thought of this, one afternoon, he ordered his horse and rode over to the village. He found Lucy confined to the house by the dullness of December. Her form was more slight, but it had lost nothing of its symmetry, while the beauty of her face was only more touching and more expressive. He spoke to her long and earnestly of the feelings of his heart—he told her of the illusion under which he knew he yet remained—he offered her his hand, and he assured her that when he felt himself bound by a strong and noble tie, the chain which now entralled him would easily be severed. Lucy rejected him, not scornfully,

but with a hard struggle of the heart. She feared to accept him—she saw that though he was aware of the enchantment which had lured him, he was too enervated to draw from his own mind the power which should free him. She feared to bind him by a promise, which, amidst the allurements to which he was subject, he never might fulfil. Perhaps too, there was another motive, her own falling health, which prevented her from complying. She would fain have said something to have warned him against the fascination, and have brought him back to former simplicity; but while she felt that it would be useless, she was fearful lest it should seem to proceed from a selfish or an envious motive. For Tracey, when he returned home on that day, he gave up all resistance, and surrendered himself entirely to the influence of the wiles which beset him; and as he sat that evening at the feet of Lady Florence, and gazed upon her haughty beauty, who shall wonder that he rejoiced that his sick Cousin had refused him? And thus in the successful employment of every art which might lure, he winter bore away, and ere it had passed, Tracey was the affianced husband of Lady Florence Elthorpe.

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The spring had now returned, waking into life the blossom and the flower, and bearing on its wing the thousand odours of the South. But it brought not back its bloom to the cheek of Lucy Howard. At first, it is true, she somewhat revived beneath the warmth and cheerfulness of the opening year. A smile of pleasure dwelt upon her face as she gazed again upon the beauties which to her had been a delight. Once more came the melody of nature to her ear, once more did her eye dwell upon the rich prospect, which many a time before had called up the buried emotions of her breast. She walked along the green lanes of the wood with a mournful yet a deeper joy than when health had called its roses to her cheek. But he was not there upon whose arm she should have leaned, and whose care should have sought occasion for the tender offices of love. This momentary renovation soon ceased as her spirits became more depressed, her melancholy more deep. The Physicians spoke of a removal to Italy as likely to afford a restoration to health. To this however, she showed a determined opposition, nor could the entreaties of the fond friends with whom she resided, induce her to consent. Tracey had seen her but a few times since the interview we last relat.d. On

those occasions his manner had been constrained and cold; at first because he was offended at her refusal of him, and afterwards because feeling that he had injured her, pride prevented him from seeming as if desirous to retain her favour. A thousand times a day he reproached himself for his conduct, and even the gaiety of a London season, and the smiles of Lady Florence had in vain endeavoured to chase it from his thoughts. As his marriage was to take place in June, he had now returned to D—, and thither the Earl and his Daughter had accompanied him. The sight of every well remembered scene seemed now distasteful to him. He called to mind the last time he had wandered over them, when there had not been the mere enjoyment of the senses, but when intellect and instruction had added to his pleasure. He grew morose and testy. Lady Florence, now that she was less intent upon her wiles and less anxious to display her charms both of body and mind, lost much of her bewitching power over him. Her society became by degrees less pleasant to him. Her failings and imperfections were now less disguised, and he was more capable of discerning them. And this gave greater poignancy to his remorse, as his thoughts continually reverted to Lucy. The regret when we find that the object of which we have been in pursuit is but a shadow, is heightened by the reflection, that for it we have deserted the substance. And so our remorse for not having sought that which is really estimable, is increased, if we discover that that which we have obtained is not merely undeserving our consideration, but has a thousand deficiencies which we were not only prevented from seeing by the veil that our perverted fancy had drawn before our eyes, but which a cunning art had conceded, beyond the reach of the most rigid observation. And that object must be indeed worthless, which, after a lengthened chase does not equal our expectations. If there be in it any redeeming qualities we call to mind the anxiety and the trepidation it has cost us, and thus create a fancy which enhances every thing that is really of value. But if there be in the object no merit, nothing noble or good, we can create no such ideal, and remembrance does but preach to us bitterly of our folly, and tauntingly of our loss. And thus it was with Tracey. As his delusion melted away many defects which it had concealed became visible in Florence Elthorpe, and many other defects he saw which her artfulness (discarded when no longer of use) had rigorously studied to hide. Awake to his folly, his feelings became morbid. His was a spirit

whose emotions were like the waves of the valley-stream ha dening into crystal with the first breath of winter, when if the soft waters of spring still flow—they flow concealed from the eye, by the stern and rugged ice. And now when chilled by disappointment, there grew a sternness around his manner which seemed to forbid every future attempt to a lure. As the society of others afforded less gratification, he was driven to that, which, was even more distasteful, the companionship of his own thoughts. And to whom did those thoughts revert? To the pond, the brilliant, the beautiful Lady Florence? Ah! no! it was to the couch of her—the sick, the lonely, the wretched Cousin, whence there came an enticing voice unknown to the bewitchery of the beguiling daughter of the House of Ethiopia. And yet Tracey felt no ardent love for Lucy. It was but his estimation of her character, and his remembrance of those many walks and conversations which now, when his eyes were opened to deceit, led his thoughts continually towards her. And with these thoughts and memories, how sad and lonely grew his heart. In solitude many of his hours were now spent—a solitude whose companion was regret, and whose peopleing shapes were the phantoms of the jewels he had lost.

But an event was now to occur, which was to change the nature, but not the direction of his feelings, and build up a monument in his heart that never might crumble to decay. Sometimes, in his walks, Tracey bent his steps towards the residence of Lucy's guardian—seldom entering it, however, but passing it, not without a pang as he thought of its lovely inmate. Conquering his repugnance, he determined, one day, to call and enquire after Lucy's health, which he had heard on the preceding evening was somewhat worse. The house was situated at some distance from the village,—and after entering a gate, his way led through a long avenue rich with the beauties of English scenery. It was an afternoon in May,—and there breathed no sounds upon the air save the singing of the birds, and the voice of inanimate nature in her most melodious and her loftiest mood. So profound was the stillness of the air—for the light, warm breeze that now and then passed along was scarcely perceptible—that it seemed as if the trees, which had long assumed their garb of green, had sunk into a train of pensive meditation. The old Willow, with its sombre hue and downcast look, had fallen into cogitations on some gloomy philosophy;—the lofty Elm surveyed his brethren from the region of politics and religion, and was either wondering at

the immorality of socialism which a saucy young Oak had lately introduced among the trees, or surmising the effect of the last "New Poor Law" which their Parliament had passed;—while the Acacia, with its blooming richness and graceful bashfulness, was evidently thinking of its last love scene with the young Zephyr, though too simple, alas! to blush, even when it remembered the warmth and fervour of the parting kiss. And there stood the friendly tree whose shade the shepherd seeks—"Patule recubans sub tegmina fagi,"—and the venerable Oak, sinking in years, moss-covered and defaced, but as warm and kindly as ever. There stood they all—the generous friends of man, blooming with his care and pining with his neglect,—while from the branches poured the melody of the rife whom they nourish, the lark, and the thrush, and the blackbird, and who thus repay their hospitality with the songs they love to hear. Amid the depths of the vernal grove all was peace and harmony. The pulsing brook, that took its humble way along, had a sweet word of greeting for every friend it met,—the trees spread their arms across the road, and embraced each other,—and every voice that rose joined in the general song, and disturbed not the concord of the others.

It was some time before Tracey reached the house,—and as he entered it, he perceived an unusual, though quiet, bustle among the servants. His heart palpitated violently, and he stood for a moment by the door. He was soon informed that Lucy was much worse, and that, as she had expressed a wish to see him, a messenger had been dispatched to the manor house. The master of the house received Tracey warmly but sorrowfully, and having informed him of the particulars of her illness, led him into the chamber of his cousin. And there lay she, the companion of his childhood hours, who had joined him in every ramble and in every sport,—his gentle instructor, his guileless friend, she with whom he had held sweet converse: there lay she to whom his vows should have been paid, to whom his troth should have been plighted,—whom he should have always loved, who had merited his love, who had loved him! Lucy's form had lost all its former roundness, and so delicate and so fragile it seemed, as to have befitting it for another sphere than ours. Her hand was no longer full, her fingers were thin and wasted, her cheeks were hollow, her eye glazed; but the violence of the disease had called a faint flush to her face, like the last blush of the rose ere it is torn from its stem. But she was still beautiful. Around her noble brow

a few stray locks of her auburn hair had clustered, relieving the whiteness of the polished marble; her lips were thin and parched, but the exquisite shape of her mouth rendered it as lovely as ever, while there dwelt upon her features a touching expression, which seemed premature in this life—too holy and too sweet.

“Edward,” she said, as Tracey pressed the hand to his lips which she extended to him: “Edward, I am glad that you are come. I felt that the cause of your coldness could not be that you were offended. But if it had been so, here, at least, all coldness, all offence, may cease.”

Her voice thrilled to his soul, for it was the voice of former days.

“Edward,” she resumed, while a gush of tenderness seemed to break from her, “my old playmate, my companion, how sweet has been our lives, even with its misfortunes and sorrows. To you these have been but few—will me they shall soon, nay, they are now, over. And now, of what time shall I speak?—to what period of that life shall I recur, when death is here, but to those glad some and those happy days when you and I, my cousin, were as one?”

Tracey sat down, and covering his face with his hands, wept the tears called forth by this vibration of the electric cord. After a short pause, Lucy continued:

“They have told me that you are about to marry Florence Elthorpe. Yet, now that we are about to part, I think you will let me speak to you of days when you had other feelings. I think that here, at least, you will listen to the words of one whose counsel you have often sought; and that I may bid you receive them for the sake of that which, though fervent, has hitherto been concealed,—but which, when death is about to sever us, may to you, at least, be breathed—for the sake of our—of *my*—constant and undying love.”

And thus it was that Tracey knew, that in the breast of her whom he had thought calm and indifferent, there had burned a sacred and an ardent passion. Thus he knew it, and thus was the torch applied to his own heart, and his whole soul filled with a love whose existence he had not known! Thus were the mists of allurement cleared away, and he felt that there, where the hand of death was coming swiftly and surely, were the altar and the incense where he had offered up his heart. Oh, God! the agony of that moment!—to feel the aspirations of that love for the first time, *now* that she was lost to him forever. For the first time? Ah, no! It was but

the glowing of that flame which infancy had kindled,—it was the breathings of an affection, once clouded for a moment, which had always existed in his bosom, unblighted, though not unseared.

“I see that you feel it, Edward,” continued Lucy, “I know that my love has not been altogether unrequited, and this emboldens me to speak more freely to you. You will marry Florence,—and though I cannot believe she will feel the affection that I have felt, I beseech you let not the stings of memory—let not a nearer view of those faults which the world may have mingled with the noble points of her character—let not the remembrance of a passion unexcited by fascination, and untainted by art, prevent you from giving to her your heart and your duty,—or cause you to leave her to a neglect whence, in her, may spring the bitterness of a wounded spirit, and which may be but a prelude to discord and to follies.”

“Alas!” said Tracey, “talk not to me of her who allured me from a heart whose nobleness I should have known: talk not to me of her, but of yourself; tell me of remaining health, and of happiness yet in store.”

“Have you forgotten, Edward,” she replied, “the promise which you must ever hold sacred? But think not of returning health; for me there shall soon be health, but it will be beyond the grave—for us, I trust, I feel, there will be happiness, but ’twill be in heaven. But of me I would not have you think with sorrow. I would have you think of me as a thing that scarce had been. I would have you remember our happy days but as a dream—pleasant and bright, but passing quickly away—giving place to more rapturous joys, to days more ardent and more enduring, yet not, oh! surely not more sweet.”

“Talk not to me thus,” said Tracey, with all the anguish to which his new feelings had given birth. “How can there be happiness, when you are not there? What pleasure shall cheer, what beam shall illumine? Talk not to me thus—but live, only live, if it be but to reproach me.”

“Reproach you?” said Lucy, “ah! no; such could never be the case. But it is in vain; it cannot be; for I am dying. Yet listen to me, Edward: Mark out some noble course for your ambition; start into activity; be resolute; be determined; open to yourself the path to honour; distinguish yourself in all that is benevolent and noble; be a patriot, a philanthropist; yours shall be toils that yield enduring fruit; yours shall be a name honoured and revered; you shall be looked upon with gratitude and admiration, and your joy

shall be constant and imperishable. Let not any petty cares and anxieties stay you ; and, oh ! let not the remembrance of one bleak and bitter moment cast a shadow over your future years, or instil a desolating bitterness into your spirit."

"It is impossible," said Tracey. "I have never been ambitious, and can I now go forth with my heart seared,—with no affection but a memory, and no throb save that of despondency,—with all my hopes blighted, save those which a wretched folly gave birth to, and for which I now could curse myself. Shall I now go forth to the toil and the labour of the world, to endure its scorn and its buffetings when I am least calculated to endure them ? No ! in silence and in loneliness will I brood over my sorrow and discard every employment which could assuage it."

"Listen, listen to me, Edward," exclaimed Lucy, "drive away from your mind, I beseech you, those miserable feelings—let not so deep so unhallowed a sorrow intrude. Recollect that Florence Elthorpe will soon be your bride ; she loves you ; loves you, perhaps, tenderly ; do not treat her with neglect—do not make her your wife but in name,—love her, love her, I say, though you start at it ; and do it, not because I bid you, not for my sake, but for the sake of a heart that may thus be enticed from the follies of the world, and may otherwise have to endure many a pang." Tracey bent over her, and touched her brow with his lips, but said nothing. A servant at this moment entered the room to announce, that Lady Florence, who had driven over with the Earl, was coming up to see Lucy. She came in and remained some time, during which Lucy spoke to her so earnestly and affectionately that she was evidently much affected. After her departure Tracey still remained, and she continued to converse with him in low tones at intervals, during the day. But her voice became enfeebled as her breath waxed shorter, and on the evening of the next day, until which time Tracey had scarcely left her bed-side ; she became altogether speechless. Through all the following night he still sat there, wiping off the cold dews that gathered on her brow, and returning the faint pressure of the hand he held. As the night wore away her breathing became more difficult, and

then fainter and fainter and fainter till it could no longer be heard ; but when the morning light broke into the room Tracey still was there gazing upon the glazed eyes, and clasping the cold and nerveless hand in his !

* * * * *

Tracey and Florence Elthorpe have long been married. After some time he emerged into public life, and soon won himself a name and a reputation. But after a few years he retired to the country, and he now constantly resides in D——. Amid the wood-paths, and the rivulet's banks, well-remembered haunts ! his hours are principally spent. He reads but little, for his memory is to him a book, and a mind which has passed away is his study. Each day he recollects more of Lucy's counsel and discourse. Each day he discovers some new beauty in her character. And of his fancy sometimes lead him astray, and cause him to believe in qualities which did not really exist,—it is surely the rich and beautiful enthusiasm of a philosophy which calls in the heart to its aid, and throws a tender and a passionate hue over what it examines. And this study and this memory have given a new character to his own mind. That one moment of sorrow has thrown a melancholy around it which time cannot erase, while he has retired from the world, not a plotter or a visionary, yet a dreamer—a man of thought, not action. His heart is softened and subdued, though his manner is somewhat stern. In all things has he obeyed Lucy's dying counsel, though in the case of his haughty bride, with no effect. But his thoughts are all of her, the loved,—but *the loved too late* ! He beholds her, he hears her voice in the sighing gale, in the wailing nightingale, in the rustling trees, in all the harmony and the beauty of that nature which she adorned. The spring and the bloom of summer and the dying year and the winter, all speak to him of her. Every new recollection which they bring is treasured up. And so, not by him through the seasons' roll ; not by him in the woods or by the streams, amid the flowers and the stirring leaves and the whispering breeze, shall the features or the voice or the last words of Lucy Howard be forgotten.

THE ESSAYIST AT HOME.

NO. II.

In our last, we insisted upon the necessity and benefits of a diffusion of proper literature among all classes of society. It was not because this is a truth that any one, in the present age will be inclined to deny, that we affirmed it, but, on the contrary, because it is one which, having become generally allowed, is in danger of being forgotten or unattended to, if not continually reiterated and enforced. We then endeavoured to show that in no country were the people better prepared to receive this extension of knowledge—because in no country more *willing* to receive it—than in the province of Nova Scotia,—and that it was the bounden duty of every man, in whose power it lay, to render assistance in the prosecution of this object. Now, let us enquire,—What are the means by which this object is to be attained? Most of these will be obvious to the reader;—many of them are being carried into execution. The formation of institutions, the aim of which is to promote popular instruction has been commenced in this province within the last few years, and is rapidly extending to every portion of it. By means of these institutions attention is very generally directed towards literature and science, and some degree of acquaintance with them is brought within every person's reach. But that branch of the means by which knowledge is to be generally diffused, with which we have more immediately to do, is that of rendering more general the perusal of useful literary works, Where a love of reading already exists, to gratify it is a pleasure, and a duty comparatively easy of performance. But where there is no such taste, the task may be compared to that of education—arduous in the

extreme—but requiring a large portion of philanthropy to make it equally delightful. It is necessary to lure the imagination from the grosser and useless objects by an attention to which it has sought to fill up the vacuum that existed; it is necessary to excite an innocent and proper taste, to cultivate rightly-directed wishes, to gratify the desires by what is palatable as well as wholesome,—to tempt the mind by that which is pleasing,—to guide it rightly by that which is instructive,—and to ensure the permanency as well as real benefit of this, by offering, in every place and at all times, that which is morally improving.

The social band by which man is united so strongly to his own kin,—by which the family circle is drawn so closely together, is one of the most beautiful instances of the benevolent intentions of the Author of Nature. It not only, in a large degree, increases the happiness of mankind, by placing within the mind a number of pure and exquisite affections, and offering continual occasions for their exercise,—it not only increases their happiness, by making these affections a powerful means of preserving their virtue—the son being thus induced to heed the precepts and example of the mother, which, if there were no tie of love between them, would, merely be the case; but the bond which unites the “members of one house” is the great assistant to all those plans which the philanthropist endeavours to carry into operation for the improvement of the species, either in morals or in knowledge. We do not mean, what is evident to every one, that the members of a family do by their action and endeavour improve each other,—that the mother instructs the child,—the elder instructs the

younger : but our meaning is—that the mere existence of a bond, as well of affection as in name, is a powerful aid to the general cultivation of mind. Let us take the instance which belongs to the subject of the present article. In the efforts which have been constantly made within the last few years to introduce a useful and popular literature, what has more led to the success which has uniformly followed those attempts,—what has more caused the general reception and perusal of those works of information, than their having been read and lis-

tened to in the social family circle by those who found a double delight in the instruction and amusement they thus reaped in each other's company? It is apparent that, in those families in which there is but little sociality, in which those who gather round the same hearth make no attempt to assimilate their pursuits,—to make common their stores of information,—to converse of that which they learn, their progress in knowledge will be but small, and there can, certainly, be very little of sound moral improvement.

Original.

PASSING SONNETS.

BY A DREAMER.

I.

ON INTELLECT.

Beside the murmur'ing river's rushy brink
I sit and ponder : place most fitting this
For meditation. While the waters kiss
My feet, the air around is free, I think
Upon the intellect of man, from which we drink,
As from a fountain, draughts most sweet, nor
miss
One drop but would have been the source of
bliss,
Or misery, to many ; 'tis the link
Between this earth and Heaven, to convey
The messages of God ; it can o'erthrow
Kingdoms and dynasties, assuage the woe
Of nations, or increase ; yet that which may
Convulse an empire, burns full oft, I ween,
As brightly in the shrine unfelt, unseen.

II.

ON EDUCATION.

Oh ! not unto the man of wealth confine
That wealth far nobler, which is not of earth,
Whence base and sordid things alone have birth.
But is an ore secreted in the mine
Of intellect—in man the germ divine ;
Not to the rich but unto men of worth—
Ay and the worthless—those who round the
hearth
Of poverty are met, this boon, combine
Philanthropists and Statesmen to extend
To these. "Thrice b'ess'd" the boon is here
—for here
It most is needed. To the proud man, dear
Let rank and lineage be,—but *this* shall lend
Wings to the humblest, wings wherewith to rise
Above the things ignoble and unwise.

Original.

FRANCOIS DUMONT.

A SKETCH.

Our hearts are very changeable—it is not true, that when experience has tried, and adversity seared them, that then they grow callous, and will no more care for innocency and beauty. In infancy the heart is tender, and is full of wanton freaks, like that ray of sunshine on the undulating wave,—or that gaudy butterfly, which frisks itself weary among the sweet flowers, in the balmy air. In middle-age it is sometimes staid and absorbed, but often wild and stormy and impetuous. But in old age, it is soft—aye, softer than ever: it has returned from its rambles to the tenderness of infancy,—and it is the mellow sunlight, grown less wanton, smiling with calm but deep joy its “world good-bye.”

In this room, I sit “an observer, but unobserved,” of a most sweet scene. It kindles a deep rapturous flame in my bosom which I could not express in a whole book; and I think, while I view, that while all our grief is the offspring of human contention,—where—O where—would be our joys, but for human intercourse? The jealous feelings of rivalry hide moral beauty,—but for those frail beings—that image of a budding flower, and that prototype of dying beauty but living fragrance,—“the little infant” and “second childishness”—for whom our vision can have no glance of evil—for them how strong is our admiration—how deep our love! And how passing strange, that that breast, whose youthful joy was perhaps crushed in the struggles for fortune,—and whose fountain of kindness has so often been pent up by animosity and revenge, should now burst forth and mingle in the overflowing rapture of the tenderest of hearts, and drinks so ardently of the young rills of a child's joy!

It is not a failing, because a failing is an evil,—it is a sad virtue—but its sadness is the result of wickedness—of our hearts to run into extremes. It will often mistrust all men, if ill-treated by one man,—and it will too confidently trust all, though it be caressed but by one. Several little incidents on my mind have called up this remark, and on them it is founded. Perhaps I have been hasty in my conclusion, for I am apt to be so—perhaps you would draw from them some other principle, and only allow this to have been the case in my particular instances. Perhaps it may be so—you shall see.

You know that Poor Asylums, though ever such good places for the maimed in body but strong in mind, are by no means near so congenial to those who are both sick and weary in mind and worn out in body. Doubtless they are very benevolent institutions, and they relieve much want and misery:—but, after all, they only provide relief for the diseases of the body,—and until they obtain sympathy for the sore and afflicted mind, they are, alas! as yet imperfect Asylums.

Francois Dumont was a sick old Frenchman, who owned with his son a small trading vessel. In one of their voyages to L—, many years ago, their slender business—not the more frugally conducted because a Frenchman was skipper—became involved with a plodding old trader,—betwixt whose *artful honesty* and Francois' generous confidingness, the latter was utterly ruined. He saved not sufficient means to leave the country,—for his employer utterly abandoned him when his wants were satisfied,—somehow he failed to excite sympathy in others for his circumstan-

ees,—he sent his son to follow the dangerous trade of “the sea,”—and being weary and sick, he was, to crown all, taken from a seat which he one day occupied on a log at the end of a wharf, where his eyes were directed to a small shallop commencing her voyage amid the exuberant joy of the prosperous owner—he was taken, I say, fainting from hunger, to the Asylum for the Poor. There he was duly constituted a member of the fraternity of the “sick, the halt, the maimed, and the blind,”—and among these none seemed so poor—so sick—so blind—as poor Francois.

He was led at the proper time, with this host of dependents, to partake, not of their grateful meal—for alas!—it was neither plentiful nor homely;—it was pretty much one dish of eatables served to another of a moistening character,—and this was the unalterable round of dishes—it prevailed all the year. The poor Frenchman ate and drank what he was able—’twas very little—and then his eyes closed, and he fell asleep, even while those around him were satisfying appetites which had outgrown taste, and adopted the criterion of—enough. Frenchmen, in general, have hearts so light that they bound about even when they are *very unfortunate*—and Francois Dumont had always been unfortunate, but still his exertions and his heart were never wanting; but now it seemed as if all the misfortune he had ever encountered, and all the sickness he had ever felt, were all centred in one load too strong for the heart to resist—in fact for *any* Frenchman to bear. He grew very sick, and kept,—I was going to say his bed, but it was a miserable pallet, whose hard straw when once crushed, nearly crushing the poor man’s frame, retained his shape, and so, though it may have been less hard than at first, it never was soft. One day the Doctor came to see him, he twisted poor Francois’ wrist very unfeelingly, thus found he had a *cough*, for which he ordered—this cruel professional man—he ordered a *blister*, and after that two more: but notwithstanding the pain which this must have occasioned, he didn’t seem so much to feel it, for his mind had engendered a kind of insensibility to cruelty, both bodily and men-

tal. One morning, the female manager, who, because she was a woman, was charged with the care of ‘old sick people,’ but who, of course, made it quite a trade, because she had to attend so many, woke him out of a peaceful slumber to “eat his breakfast.” Francois opened his eyes, smiled—yes, *smiled*, but very languidly, and then turning his face to the wall, he accidentally tipped over his breakfast-jug, and the female attendant’s foot happening to be near, covered with a slight shoe, the hot water unfortunately penetrated to the very skin. The poor woman screamed very loud, but Francois never heard her: had it been in his better days, and on board his little craft, he would have caught the lady in his arms, and cooled her foot in the salty brine; but as it was, he neither heard nor cared. This was the commencement of her misfortunes; and it really seemed as if, had Francois always been less kind, he would have fared better: for this accident, of which he was unwittingly the cause, was to him like the day-star of brighter times. That very day the good woman was confined to her bed, and several ladies having assembled at the Asylum, to give directions to her successor “*pro tem.*,” her management being not entirely approved of, she was superseded altogether in her office.

By chance, during their visit, these ladies happened to see poor Francois Dumont, and one of them, (the youngest,) while a tear damped her eye-lid, slid her hand beneath his head, and raised it, with her own frail arm, from his miserable pallet. She spoke so kindly and so soothingly to him, and looked so like an angel of peace, that he opened his old eyes, looked much-astonished, his heart worked within him, and he put out his arms, put them round the lady’s neck, and wept. Poor girl! she could not release herself: she wept too, and they all wept!

That very day Francois Dumont was removed to another room in the Asylum, and comforts, and even luxuries lavished on him, and from that time it seemed to him that his life was all sunshine. He had lost the ardour and briskness of his countrymen, and his sorely tried heart seemed

alive to a deep rapture, like which he had never felt anything before ; and this was always in the presence of that beautiful girl, sweet Lydia Lincon. She saw him tended with care and kindness ; she talked with him, and walked with him, and the days flew in happiness, and the nights in soft repose and golden dreams.

The poor Frenchman never understood much, and he never inquired, how it was that he came in possession of all his happiness, but how he did enjoy it ! his old heart gave up freely all its ramblings, and doated with a dangerous abstraction, on that fair girl. He would smile when she entered his room, and he would never cease to smile till she had left him, and then he would think of nought else than her sweet self. The old man was truly happy—he thought (for his mind was in that state, when it had lost its power, and seemed only to appreciate kindness,) he thought not of the past, he remembered nothing, and he knew as little of the future. Thus passed five months ; and then Lydia Lincon was wedded ; and then she left her native place, but not till she had secured for poor old Francois, all the kindness which a benevolent parent's house and heart could afford. She bad him a farewell ; and she even kissed his withered cheek—but he entirely misunderstood her words, when she said she was going to leave him—and he was in an ecstasy of joy at her departure, because of her kindness and love. But when the old man looked for her, and she came not, who had gladdened his rugged breast, and soothed his furrowed brow,—and when still he waited, and still she came not,—and when this was repeated, with the same effect ; then it seemed as if his mind was led back to the remembrances of the prison house ; he grew insane ; and a week from the departure of the loved Lydia, it was evident, that poor Francois was “ bidding the world good-night.” In his broken English, his teeth chattered the wanderings of his mind after his loved be-

nefactress, while the tears streamed from his hollow eyes, and with all the pathos of a most expressive countenance, he implored with clasped hands, that he might “ only once more” behold her. And he did. That very hour Mr. Lincon despatched a messenger of haste to his daughter's abode, which was at S——, and ten days after, she stood by the bed-side of poor Francois. But this time she came not alone. Her husband followed her to the room, and Lydia became the astonished party, when she saw him leap to the bed-side, and as he clasped in his arms the dying Frenchman, pronounce the words “ my father.” But he was dying,—and his son was to him an unfamiliar object. Yet he seemed in no wise astonished at being thus caressed by a stranger, so strongly was his mind set on the idea of Lydia Lincon, that nothing could draw it from the contemplation. He could not move, but struggling and writhing with inward pain, he stretched forth his hands to the beautiful girl, whose image alone seemed to occupy his heart and mind. She bent her head to his : he strove to speak : she whispered soothingly in his ear : he clasped her to his breast : and then his heart was too full—he died. Poor Francois ! he had been sought, but sought in vain, by his son, and he knew not, in that last rapturous embrace, that she who caressed him was indeed HIS DAUGHTER ! And that fair girl loved them both, though she knew not that they were kindred. There must have been something, peculiar and similar, in father and son, to excite such love : but there was also something in the heart of Lydia Lincon,—and both must have been strong, to lead to such results, when all were unconscious of the circumstances.

When treated unkindly by a few, poor Francois seemed to expect love from none ; and when pitied and caressed by one, then his heart too fondly doated on her : and so “ he loved not wisely,” though he could not love “ too well.”

Original.

THE LAST HOURS OF AN OLD MAID.

IN THREE PARTS.

[Concluded from page 7]

PART III.

"Soft!—I did but dream."

In this part of our narrative, several very pertinent enquiries might be made. We might ask, for instance,—What is the soul's employment when the bodily senses of perception are enveloped in sleep? To this the gentle reader will reply,—Why, dreaming, to be sure! And he is quite right—it is dreaming. Now, by this interrogatory and reply, we do not dare to pretend that we have solved what has puzzled all the schools of philosophy—no such thing. But this we do pretend, that we have discovered quite as much of the matter as ever they did,—and if asked the little question we have asked, they—even they—could only reply with the reader: "Dreaming—dreaming!"

But, to do justice to the philosophers,—they have made many sensible remarks on sleep,—

"And in that sleep, what dreams may come!"—

Drowning—shooting—and even—**! I A N G I N O**,—with all their concomitant causes and effects, appearing in as vivid colours as reality itself could lend them. And here another enquiry presents itself,—How is it that a mind, eminently intellectual, highly cultivated, and deeply imbued with a sense of propriety, should be led, during sleep, into the most absurd vagaries,—when it appears more natural that the soul, relieved for a brief time from its unconscious clay, should take advantage of its holiday, and soar to loftier and more refined flights of thought? Yet we are assured, that even the grave philosopher will, at such times, imagine himself associated with the most frivolous characters, and join in their frolics; the lofty statesman will, at such times, believe himself one of a company of gipsies; the divine will, for the moment, plan and participate in crimes which, in his hours of wakefulness, he

would shrink from relating. What a pity it is, that some person cannot explain all this to us! Vain man would "presume into the heaven of heavens," while he fails to analyse the phenomena of a shadowy dream!

Certain it is that Miss Wainsborough,—the delight of her friends, the pride of her acquaintance, the idol of the village,—whose image was engraven on the heart of her wandering lover: was led, by a horrible dream, into the regions of despair,—her reason sank before the phantom of suicide,—and, stumbling from the table, she fainted in the arms of her long-lost lover.

Just, then, as Ratcliffe found King Richard, did our friend Barnaby discover Miss Wainsborough. Her marble temples rested on his arm,—and lost in astonishment at an incident which seemed so entirely unexplainable, he turned his eyes to contemplate the features of the chief actor. He did contemplate both the lady and the actor, and yet, the more he did so did he feel inclined to make mirth of the latter, and to press the former in rapture to his bosom. He thought of the latter, too, but still his mind would wander, and lose itself in that burning ecstasy—the love springing from remembered intercourse

"In childhoods sunny hours,"

with which he regarded the former. But this was not the only cause of the effect on Barnaby's mind. To prove this, however, I must first promise, (what I think is indeed true, and which, at least, has this negative virtue, that it never—at least within the boundaries of my knowledge—was contradicted by any breathing philosopher,) that objects, which seem totally unrecognized by the organs of vision, do not fail, when the attention is engaged on some other object or objects, to have an effect on the mind quite equal to a logical demonstration. This admitted, I shall now proceed to divulge what those other causes were

in the case of Miss Wrainsborough. Here eyes were closed : still she was not yet dead—no, she still breathed: how was *that*? A very slight cord, from a neighbouring ball, was round her neck, and though it presented unequivocal appearances of an attempt at tying, nothing could be more evident than that it had signally failed: how was *that*? A small nail lay very noiselessly at our friend's feet, where it had fallen at the moment he entered the room; it was about half an inch in length, had been manufactured for the express purpose of *sustaining dead doves*, and had failed in accomplishing that object: would a lady, in her senses, have hung up her bonnet on it, much less tust her head, when every body knew it wouldn't hold a dead dove? I think not. Then there were—O, many things beside,—all, in a particular way, extremely unaccountable,—but which had a species of general effect on the gentleman's mind, inasmuch, indeed, that he could not, for a single moment, retain in his mind the idea of suicide connected with Miss Cynthia Amelia Wrainsborough.

Let us return to the old gentleman. He saw Miss Wrainsborough, but he heeded her not—his thoughts were elsewhere. He was distracted to obtain possession of the letter, entirely believing himself the rightful owner. He stood for one moment gazing at Barnaby, when his eye caught the corner of a letter peeping from the pocket of his coat:—making one spring, he seized it while the owner's care was all employed for the lady,—flew to an adjoining window—placed it between his teeth till he should obtain from their receptacle his old black horn spectacles,—and then his magnifying glasses detected to him, even before his hands had regained possession of the letter, the superscription of

Barnaby Ruddleendale, Esq,

His teeth still held the letter,—and without removing it therefrom, he gave one long and heart searching look at the form of his nephew. His teeth chattered—the epistle fell to the floor, and all his pent-up passions came tumbling down over each other, creating terrible confusion in the old man's breast,—and then, to allow them time to subside, he rolled on the floor in a fit. He gave a sonorous “screech,” as he did this, which resounded through the adjoining yard,—and which

just brought to Barnaby's remembrance the fact of his uncle's existence. He saw the letter, and at once guessed how matters stood.

And here was a group. “Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts, dash me to pieces,” if it be not as I have related. The old man rolled about for some time, but at length suddenly jumped up, and ran towards where Barnaby was placing his lovely charge in a state of insensibility on the sofa.

“O, Barnaby!—my *nephew*—my nephew—nephew—nephew—nephew,—Barnaby—Barnaby—Barnaby,”—and he clung to his relative, regardless of his critical position and the state of the lady, but screaming with all his lungs: “Barnaby—Barnaby! my *nephew*—my nephew! Barnaby—Barnaby!” and all this into the ear of the insensible fair one.

Barnaby did all that a man could do, to restore the “gone lady” to life,—and he was carefully placing her on the sofa, when he was assailed by the old gentleman. He had, however, no time then for explanations, but he just whispered in his ear, in a most anxious voice:

“My dear Uncle, will you call a physician?”

My dear Uncle—Why it went to the old man's heart like oil on the raging waters. He wept—nay, he *roared*, and roared very loud.

“O, yes—yes—yes!” he at last said,—and reaching the door on his errand, came back to ascertain its nature. And then, without knowing any more of it, galloped like a mad man down the staircase.

It was just at this moment that there passed over the form of Miss Wrainsborough a slight tremor, and she awoke as from a trance. Under other circumstances she would have been entranced much longer, but she was alarmed by a familiar name sounded in her ear,—and her brain, being “out of joint,” somehow transformed the sound into a demand of the minister of law for the body of a man *whom she herself had hung!*—and the murdered victim for whom the paragon asked, was—O! Heavens!—“*Barnaby—Barnaby!*—my *NEPHEW*—MY *nephew*—*Barnaby—Barnaby!*” And she was about to refute the base calumny, when her eye fell on the vision before her. She was in Heaven—yes: she settled *that* in her mind;—but, anon, perceiving sundry cotton reels spread beneath her, which her imagination failed to conjure into stars,—and then hearing a very alarming noise from beneath, she began to apprehend that something very awful in its consequences had happened. She gazed on the mystery before her in

horrified astonishment. Barnaby almost quaked with fear,—as he heard his old uncle tumbling up stairs, and he just mustered courage, stooped down, and whispered in her ear :—

“ You are still alive—I have to day returned to L——, you have had a terrible dream—I caught you in my arms—I saved you—you are well—believe——”

The old gentleman drowned the remainder in—

“ Barnaby—Barnaby—my *nephew*—my *nephew*—Barnaby—Barnaby !”

He was followed by a venerable gentleman in a suit of black, to whom Barnaby explained the facts of the case, and who then, drawing a chair to the side of Miss Wrainsborough, began to speak in a very soothing tone of voice, assuring her of the truth of what Barnaby had said—but *he neither felt her pulse, nor did he order pleasant medicines* : but followed up his words of comfort by some remarks on the inscrutable ways of providence, and showing a grateful heart for every benefit, &c. &c. &c.

“ Do you *think* medical treatment necessary ?”

Barnaby enquired, a little piqued at the unsuitable character of these remarks to the circumstances of her he loved.

“ I do not *think* it necessary,” was the answer in very soft and sweet tones of voice. “ See ! she already smiles.” And in truth Miss Wrainsborough had been quite convinced of the truth of all she saw, by what she heard,—and joy sprung up in her heart—irrepressible joy—and she smiled, and then bent her head, and hid her face in her hands.

The old man’s frenzy continued for some time unabated—at last he took a chair directly opposite Barnaby, and seemed to get completely absorbed in the contemplation of that person’s visage.

There was one thought which bore with a very unenviable pressure on the mind of Barnaby. They were in a small village—Miss Wrainsborough had, most innocently and unconsciously, been engaged in acts of a very serious and questionable character—and the circumstances of the case would be irresistibly ludicrous to the virtuous inhabitants of the village. How should he behave?—how keep the secret? And here was an odious Doctor—what a scandalizing set Doctors are ! What—what *should* he do? There was but one course—he would bribe the fellow.

“ Doctor—a word with you ?”

The gentleman addressed rose to obey—but, on his passage to a further corner of the room, explained with a winning manner, that he was the REVEREND WILLIAM BLINKEN, and that

Miss Wrainsborough was a well-beloved parishioner !

“ Ah-a-a-a-a-a-a !” murmured Barnaby abstractedly, commencing his “ ah !” very low and continuing the sound to its octave. But just as he had gone through the eight notes I have mentioned, a tremendously bold thought struck him. He paused for a moment,—and then withdrawing with good Mr. Blinken to the door, he handed that gentleman his hat and walking stick, made a few words of enquiry in which the word “ licence” was just audible in a loud whisper, and concluded with—

“ And now, sir, shall I expect you in an hour ?”

“ My dear Barnaby, in less—in three quarters of that time”—and the good minister made but two leaps to the bottom of the staircase.

* * * * *

That evening lights danced past the windows of Miss Wrainsborough in wonderful and mysterious succession. A coach was seen in the street at a very unusual hour, and was followed by all the village to the dwelling of Miss Wrainsborough. Here a loud shout was set up at beholding the astonishing vision of “ three angels in white apparel” pass very quickly from the coach to the door. Five minutes after, the village clergyman, accompanied by seven ladies, passed through the respectful crowd. As he did so, the curiosity was so intense that several dared to breathe, as a very humble hint to their pastor, “ what is it—what is it ?” and a very old and worthy gentleman, walking up to his spiritual instructor, said—

“ Do, Mr. Blinken, tell me and my friends all you know of these mysterious transactions ?”

He answered not a word, but reached the door,—and when he was about entering, said in a very significant and gladsome voice :

“ To-morrow, my good people, you shall know all—ALL !”—and with that such a cheer was sent up, that you would have thought it the echo of an earthquake.

There was a very large company at Miss Wrainsborough’s ; but notwithstanding that they came solely from their minister’s request, and as yet knew comparatively nothing, the stranger was so pleasant and so intelligent, and their pastor seemingly so well acquainted with him, that no evening could be passing more sociably, when an interruption occurred, and this was its nature :—There was a pause for a moment as Miss Wrainsborough, attended by a lady, passed from the room. While this lady was yet closing the door,

Miss Wrainsborough opened that of an opposite room,—and as she did so, several spectators caught a glimpse of a large and brilliantly lighted room, in what sat, they said they were sure, about twenty ladies, young and old, ho'ding in their fairy hands articles of dress or ornament,—and these to array the bride. By great perseverance, ('twas Mr. B.'s contrivance,) they had been all completed since he had left his old friend at a late hour in the afternoon. The silence was prolonged by the worthy minister all at once losing his joyousness; his visitors feared something was wrong—but he was merely gathering firmness,—and having done so, he rose from his chair, and said :

“Ladies and Gentlemen—The visitor who has this evening entertained you, is your old fellow countryman, your once beloved schoolfellow, Barnaby—Mr. Barnaby—Mr. Barnaby Breddendale! Repress your joy, *Ladies*,—and, Gentle-

men, bear ye witness to the ceremony which I am about to perform.”

And then Barnaby met his friends, and they wished him joy—they said “much joy.”

And then the book was opened,—and just as the hands were clasped—the words murmured—the kiss impressed—and the blessing pronounced, the village clock struck one: and it was the LAST HOUR OF OLD MAIDENSHIP to Miss Cynthia Amelia Wrainsborough—the heroine of our story.

The villagers “knew it all” next day, sure enough:—such feasting—such toasting! Conceive it all.

Squire Breddendale and his lady yet live. The Squire's uncle never recovered. He died the week following his nephew's marriage, in as great a frenzy as ever, and crying with his latest breath:—“Barnaby—Barnaby! my *nephew*—my nephew! Barnaby—Barnaby!”

Original

THE MOTHER TO HER CHILD IN THE CHURCHYARD.

This turf shall be thy home,
When years have pass'd away,
When thou hast ceased to roam,
And bloom and life decay;
And, long ere that, thou'lt wish
Beneath this spot to rest,—
As now thy weary head
Is pillow'd on this breast.

Thy father's bones are here,
And here thy brothers lie,—
And none are left to mourn—
To love—save thou and I.
But soon, in this chill'd heart,
The pulse must cease to beat,
And thou go forth alone,
The cold world's scorn to meet.

So, when from thy young heart,
Its first soft bloom hath fled,—
And when, upon thy brow,
Shall care and grief be read,
Then to this lonely spot
Shalt thou thy steps retrace,
And worldly things forget,
In this calm, holy place.

Yes! by these grassy mounds,
Wilt thou in silence kneel,
Whilst the deep stillness round,
Into thy heart thail steal,—
And from these quiet graves,
Shall voices speak to thee:
The voices of the dead
Shall whisper peacefully.

CATLIN'S ADVENTURES AMONG THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

THERE is romance connected with the Indians of North America, which can never grow tame, whilst the *red man* continues to be an inhabitant of the land of which he is the aboriginal. Nay, when the remnants of those once mighty and warlike tribes, shall have been driven from the continent which they once shared with the birds and beasts alone, the vestiges of their former glory will be more eagerly sought, their traditions will be more enthusiastically treasured; and, as the Englishman of the present day ranges over his country's fields in search of the reliques of the Druid, the Saxon Churl, or the Norman Baron, so shall the wide lands of America be investigated for the Aboriginal race. But this latter task will be far more difficult. No strong and defensible castle, no ruined temple where he was wont to worship the Deity shall tell of the former greatness of the Indian. He is the child of the boundless forest, and when the tide shall have rolled on to the borders of the very Pacific, when the Bear and the Moose shall have been driven from their lair, then the print of the Red Man's foot-mark will not be seen, and his existence will have become matter of remembrance.

Even now, the plough has passed over their burial places, their hunting grounds have become the smiling fields of the white man; the prairies, the banks of the majestic streams are covered with villages and towns. But among the wilds of the Upper Missouri, the surviving tribes, though no longer "great warriors," still exist in large numbers, characterized by their ancient customs and manners.

It was among these that Mr. Catlin

rambled, and met with the adventures which he has recorded in this interesting work. He is admirably fitted for a task such as he undertook. Born in the Country, he possessed at an early age, a spirit of adventure, a taste for the art of painting, which has since won for him celebrity,—an ardent love of the forest, the river, and the sports of the field, and an earnest admiration of the Aboriginal race,—which qualified him in a superior manner for these travels and achievements. He was intended for the law, but, after a few years' study, he sold his books, went to Philadelphia, became a professional portrait painter, (although self-taught,) and having seen a band of Indians, who arrived in the City, "packed up" and resolved to start for the "Far West." But civilization and the "Far West" had rolled on together, or rather the former had chased the latter far beyond the point which the young artist supposed, and he humourously describes the difficulty of finding how far he should really be obliged to travel in pursuit of the anticipated West.

In the commencement of my tour, several of my travelling companions, from the city of New York, found themselves at a frightful distance to the west, when we arrived at Niagara Falls, and hastened back to amuse their friends with tales and scenes of the west. At Buffalo, a steamboat was landing with 400 passengers, and twelve days out. "Where from?" "From the West." In the rich State of Ohio, hundreds were selling their farms and going—to the West. In the beautiful city of Cincinnati, people said to me, "Our town has passed the days of its rapid growth—it is not far enough West." In St. Louis, 1400 miles west of New York, my landlady assured me that I would be pleased with her boarders, for they were nearly all merchants from the "West." I

then asked—"Whence come those steamboats, laden with pork, honey, hides, &c.?" "From the West." "Whence those bars of silver, which those men have been for hours shouldering and piling on board that boat?" "They come from Santa Feo, from the West." "Where goes this steamboat so richly laden with dry goods, steam engines, &c.?" "She goes to Jefferson city." "Jefferson city—where is that?" "Far to the West." "And where goes that boat laden down to her gunnels, the Yellow Stone?" "She goes still farther to the West." "Then," said I, "I'll go to the West." I went on board the Yellow Stone. * * * * *

Two thousand miles on her voyage, and we were at the mouth of Yellow Stone River—at the West. What! invoices, bills of lading, &c., a wholesale establishment so far to the West! "And those strange looking, long haired gentlemen, who have just arrived, and are relating the adventures of a long and tedious journey. Who are they?" "Oh! they are some of our merchants just arrived from the West." "And that keel-boat, that Mackinaw-boat, and that formidable caravan—all of which are richly laden with goods?" "These, sir, are outfits starting for the West." "Going to the West, ha? Then," said I, "I'll try it again. I will try and see if I can go to the West."

It was in the year 1832 that Mr. Catlin left St. Louis. After sailing 2000 miles on the River Missouri, he reached, as we have seen, the mouth of the Yellow Stone River. He gives us a vivid description of the Missouri and its banks :

The Missouri is, perhaps, different in its appearance and character from all other rivers in the world; there is a terror in its manner which is sensibly felt the moment we enter its muddy waters from the Mississippi. From the mouth of the Yellow Stone River, which is the place from whence I am now writing, to its junction with the Mississippi, a distance of 2000 miles, the Missouri, with its boiling, turbid waters, sweeps on in one unceasing current; and in the whole distance, there is scarcely an eddy or resting place for a canoe. Owing to the continual falling in of its rich and alluvial banks, its water is always turbid and opaque,—having, at all seasons of the year, the colour of a cup of chocolate or coffee, with sugar and cream stirred into it.

For the distance of 1000 miles above St. Louis, the shores of this river, (and in many places the whole bed of the stream,) are filled with snags

and raft, formed of trees of the largest size, which have been denuded by the falling banks, and cast into the stream—their roots becoming fastened in the bottom of the river, with their tops floating on the surface of the water, and pointing down the stream, forming the most frightful and discouraging prospect for the adventurous voyager.

Our traveller, however, soon left this dreary scene behind. The banks of the river, for the next thousand miles, presented a rich prospect of green fields, hills and ravines, over which were scattered troops of buffaloes, elk, mountain-goats, wolves, &c. The steamer in which Mr. Catlin had embarked, being the first that ever navigated the Missouri, the Indians, in the villages which they passed, beheld with astonishment and terror the "big thunder canoe," as they termed it. "Others called it 'the big medicine canoe with eyes;' it was 'medicine,' (mystery,) because they could not understand it; and it must have eyes, 'for,' said they, 'it sees its own way, and takes the deep water in the middle of the channel.'"

As Mr. Catlin had set out on his travels, with the intention of depicting the features, describing the customs, and collecting every thing which could serve to display the habits and manner of life, of a race which is rapidly passing away, he now proceeded to paint the portraits of the finest looking Indians of both sexes, among the "Black-feet," the "Crows," and the other tribes of the Upper Missouri. Every one has heard of "Catlin's Indian Gallery," in which he has collected specimens of their arts and manufactures, of their dress, implements and weapons, as well as original portraits of their most distinguished characters. This is the fruit of Mr. Catlin's journeyings, and the spirit in which he pursued his object may be seen in the tone with which he ever speaks of the fallen Red Man.

They live in a country well stocked with buffaloes and wild horses, which furnish them an excellent and an easy living; their atmosphere is pure, which produces good health and long life; and they are the most independent and the happiest races of Indians I have met with; they are all entirely in a state of primitive wildness, and con-

frequently are picturesque and handsome, almost beyond description. Nothing in the world, of its kind, can possibly surpass in beauty and grace some of their games and amusements, their gambols and parades. As far as my travels have yet led me into the Indian country, I have more than realized my former predictions, that those Indians who could be found most entirely in a state of nature, with the least knowledge of civilized society, would be found to be the most cleanly in their persons, elegant in their dress and manners, and enjoying life to the greatest perfection. Of such tribes, perhaps the Crows and Blackfeet stand first; and no one would be able to appreciate the richness and elegance, (and even taste, &c.) with which some of these people dress, without seeing them in their own country. I will do all I can, however, to make their looks as well as customs known to the world: I will paint with my brush, and scribble with my pen, and bring both their plumes and plumage, dresses, weapons, &c., and every thing but the Indian himself, to prove to the world the assertions which I have made above.

Every one of these red sons of the forest (or rather of the prairie) is a knight and a lord—his squaws are his slaves; the only thing which he deems worthy of his exertions are to mount his snorting steed, with his bow and quiver slung, his arrow-shield upon his arm, and his long lance glistening in the war parade; or, divested of all his plumes and trappings, armed with a simple bow and quiver, to plunge his steel amongst the flying herds of buffaloes,—and with his sinewy bow, which he seldom bends in vain, to drive deep to life's fountain the whizzing arrow.

Mr. Catlin well describes the dignified appearance of the Indians, their splendid dresses, their marks of distinction, and their haughty and majestic manner. Indeed, so superior, in every respect, do they seem to the ignorant barbarians which, in spite of the intellectuality attached to their persons and character, they really are, that we are almost surprised, when their amazement and terror at the productions of the arts of civilized life are recorded, as in the following:

Perhaps nothing ever more completely astonished these people than the operations of my brush. The art of portrait painting was a subject entirely new to them, and, of course, unthought of; and my appearance here has commenced a new era in the arcana of *medicine* or *mystery*.

Soon after arriving here, I commenced and finished the portraits of the two principal chiefs. This was done without having awakened the curiosity of the villagers, as they had heard nothing of what was going on,—and even the chiefs themselves seemed to be ignorant of my designs until the pictures were completed. No one else was admitted into my lodge during the operation, and when finished, it was exceedingly amazing to see them mutually recognizing each other's likeness, and assuring each other of the striking resemblance which they bore to the originals. Both of these pressed their hands over their mouths awhile in deep silence—(a custom amongst tribes when any thing surprises them very much)—looking attentively upon the portraits and myself, and upon the palette and colours with which these unaccountable effects had been produced.

They then walked up to me in the most gentle manner, taking me in turn by the hand, with a firm grip,—with head and eyes inclined downwards,—and in a tone a little above a whisper, pronounced the words, "Te-lo-pe-nee Wash-ee!" and walked off.

Readers,—at that moment I was christened with a new and a great name—one by which I am now familiarly hailed, and talked of in this village, and no doubt will be as long as traditions last in this strange community.

That moment conferred an honour on me, which you as yet do not understand. I took the degree (not of Doctor of Laws, nor Bachelor of Arts) of Master of Arts—of mysteries—of magic, and of *hocus pocus*. * * * *

After I had finished the portraits of the two chiefs, and they had returned to their wigwams and deliberately seated themselves by their respective fire-sides, and silently smoked a pipe or two, (according to an universal custom,) they gradually began to tell what had taken place, and at length crowds of gaping listeners, with mouths wide open, thronged their lodges,—and a throng of women and girls were about my house, and through every crack and crevice I could see their glistening eyes, which were piercing my hut in a hundred places, from a natural and restless propensity, a curiosity to know what was going on within. * * The necessity at this time of exposing the portraits to the view of the crowds who were assembled around the house, became imperative, and they were held up together over the door, so that the whole village had a chance to see and recognise their chiefs. The effect upon so mixed a multitude, who as yet had heard no way of accounting for them, was novel and really laugh-

able. The likenesses were instantly recognised, and many of the gaping multitude commenced yelping; some of them were stamping off in the jarring dance—others were singing, and others again were crying—hundreds covered their mouths with their hands and were mute; others, indignant, drove their spears slightly into the ground, and some threw a reddened arrow at the sun, and went home to their wigwams.

The pictures seen, the next curiosity was, to see the man who made them, and I was called forth. Readers! if you have any imagination, save me the trouble of painting this scene. * * * * I stepped forth, and was instantly hemmed in by the throng. Women were gaping and gazing—and warriors and braves were offering me their hands,—whilst little boys and girls, by dozens, were struggling through the crowd to touch me with the ends of their fingers; and whilst I was engaged, from the waist upwards, in fending off the throng, and shaking hands, my legs were assailed (not unlike the nibbling of little fish, when I have been standing in deep water) by children, who were creeping between the legs of the bye-standers, for the curiosity or honour of touching me with the end of their finger. The eager curiosity and expression of astonishment with which they gazed upon me, plainly showed that they looked upon me as some strange and unaccountable being. They pronounced me the greatest *medicine-man* in the world; for they said I had made living beings,—they said they could see their chiefs alive in two places—those that I had made were a *little* alive—they could see their eyes move—could see them smile and laugh, and that if they could laugh they could certainly speak, if they should try, and they must therefore have *some life* in them.

The squaws generally agreed, that they had discovered life enough in them to render my *medicine* too great for the Mandans; saying that such an operation could not be performed, without taking away from the original something of his existence, which I put in the picture; and they could see it move, could see it stir.

This curtailing of the natural existence, for the purpose of instilling life in the secondary one,

they decided to be an useless and destructive operation, and one which was calculated to do great mischief in their happy community.

Luckily, Mr. Catlin succeeded, by arguments, in allaying the clamour thus raised them, and soon even the squaws were eager to be painted, satisfying themselves, by experiment, after the work was finished, that no “transfusion of soul” to the portrait had taken place. We have space but for one more extract, in which, after noticing the degraded condition of the women, the traveller says:—

They are beautiful and modest,—and amongst the respectable families, virtue is as highly cherished, and as inaccessible, as in any society whatever: yet at the same time, a chief may marry a dozen wives if he pleases, and so may a white man; and if either wishes to marry the most beautiful and modest girl in the tribe, she is valued only equal, perhaps, to two horses, a gun with powder and balls for a year, five or six pounds of beads, a couple of gallons of whiskey, and a handful of awls.

The girls of this tribe, (the *Mandan*), like those of most of these north western tribes, marry at the age of twelve or fourteen, and some at the age of eleven years; and their beauty, from this fact, as well as from the slavish life they lead, soon vanishes. Their occupations are almost continual, and they seem to go industriously at them, as if from choice or inclination, without a murmur.

Mr. Catlin's work has been pronounced by a reviewer, of far greater pretensions than ourselves, to be an *unique* work. The author has long been known as the painter of the North American Indians—he has now proved himself their historiographer. Eight years were occupied in his adventurous rambles,—and this book, enthusiastically written, and full of interest, is the fruit of them.

OUR "MONTHLY."

GOSSIP FOR MARCH.

MARCH is the month for us ; we were born in it, and we are not quite sure but we may die in it, indeed, as it is termed the "month of storms," there couldn't be a more appropriate time at which to "slip the cable." However, we trust that such is not destined to be the case in the present March, 1842,—not merely for our own sakes, but because we have a notion that we are beginning to be pretty useful in the community, and that our decease would prove quite a loss to society. Now don't suppose that we're getting vain ; not at all ; it is not our own meditations which have engendered this belief, but the *very flattering nature of our correspondence!* From all sides we have received congratulations, encouragement, and—*advice* One correspondent, after expressing his pleasure at the highly respectable appearance &c., informs us that the province had many good things before, but that the "Nova Scotia New Monthly Magazine" "crowns its literary acquisitions!" Readers, both in town and country, have expressed their approbation,—and many have not failed, even from distant parts of the other province, to forward to the publishers substantial proofs of their gratification and approval. It is a source of sincere pleasure to us, and it must be to every one, that the attempt to establish a useful periodical has been so fully appreciated by those for whom it is intended. It incites all who have any connection with the work, to make every effort to render it one which colonists will always be ready and willing to support. We trust that even the present number will be found to be an improvement on the last. We trust that a proportionate benefit will accrue to those who may think it worthy of perusal,—and that both writers and readers may find in the present month a "*March of Intellect*"

We have a few words to say of the articles

which appear in the present number. The writer of "The Last Hours of an Old Maid," has not failed to make amends, in the conclusion of his tale, for the apparent improbability of the former portion ; and we find that, instead of a beautiful young lady having really meditated and attempted suicide, while in the possession of her faculties of mind, it was while under the influence of monomania for which philosophers do not easily account. The tact of the writer, in the conduct of his tale, is evident,—and the effect with which its little *vauterille*-sort of plot is worked up, will cause it to be perused with a good deal of interest, more especially by that class of ladies whom it is designed to compliment. The tale entitled "The Loved Too Late" we recommend to all young boarding-school misses from fifteen to eighteen,—to young gentlemen with black eyes who want to "do" the romantic,—and to all others "whom it may concern ;" only, as it certainly "piles up" the sentimental to a great height, we should advise young ladies, if they hear *papa* coming during the perusal, to slip it expeditiously under the table cloth. Of the first article, we hope to present a continuation to our readers : the subject is an interesting one.

We have great pleasure in announcing, for our next number, the commencement of a Tale,—*comprising a series of adventures of deep interest*, translated from the French expressly for this work.

LITERARY REGISTER.

WE regret exceedingly that, in consequence of the mail from England not having yet arrived, we have received neither books nor periodicals for the past month. We, however, present notices of several works issued in December, and

which want of space compelled us to omit, in our last.

Ran through the United States, by Lieut. Col. A. H. MAXWELL, K. H.—This work is peculiarly interesting from the gallant author's having been for some time a resident in New Brunswick, where we believe he is now stationed. It was while commanding on the frontier, under the orders of Sir John Harvey, that Colonel Maxwell, having obtained leave of absence, set off on his tour through the United States. Written at a time when the two Countries—England and the United States—view each other with jealousy, this book which as the product of a soldier, might be expected to be characterized by an inimical disposition towards the latter Country, breathes a spirit of conciliation, harmony, and good feeling which enhances its value a thousand fold.

The Colonel seems to have been determined to be pleased with every thing he met with in the "free and enlightened Republic." Without looking very deeply or philosophically at things, without tiring us with long disquisitions on Political Economy, without pretending to any originality of description, he has given us a book interesting and informing as well as highly pleasing. He seems to have skimmed over the country so rapidly, yet delightfully, that a British reviewer, very justly remarks, that "his run has proved a gallop." Colonel Maxwell everywhere found orators, speculators, authors, members of Congress, and eating and drinking on the largest scale. All were good in the eyes of the Colonel, especially the ice-creams, and mint-julep. The distinguished men of the United States, he viewed without envy. He was introduced to "the great Daniel Webster," attended the levee of President Van Buren, and quaffed social bumpers with General Scott, the Commander in Chief.

The pleasant qualities of Colonel Maxwell's book may be estimated from the fact that it is almost the only book of the season of which the reviewers, Whig and Tory, have concurred in opinion. But what will be matter of far greater astonishment is the fact, that this is a work—a work on America, by a countryman of McLeod, with which "Brother Jonathan" will be delighted.

Frederick the Great, and his Times, by THOMAS CAMPBELL, Author of the Pleasures of Hope.—Any thing from the veteran pen of the first lyric poet of the age is received with eagerness. Thomas Campbell has long ceased to write poetry, at least in any great quantity ;

his talents as a prose-writer, the interest of the subject, and the attractive announcement that original letters never before published, were to appear in its pages, have insured this work a hearty reception. It is a book which it is useless to praise—to speak of ; it must be bought and read. It reveals the character of Peter the Great of Russia in its strongest light. His cruelty, his disgusting barbarity, are only equalled by the same qualities in Frederick William, the father of the subject of this work.

Visits to Remarkable Places,—second series. By WILLIAM HOWITT.—Mr. Howitt is the best writer on English scenery of the present day. His descriptions are characterized, not only by taste and a genuine love of nature, but by a truthfulness and heart-felt simplicity which carry the reader to the spot which is spoken of. And then the style is so easy, so fluent, and so natural (and never more so than in the present volume,) that we are borne from one remarkable place to another, as if rolling along in the easiest of vehicles, beholding the beautiful and smiling scenery of Britain, on either hand.

The first volume which Mr. Howitt published under this title, obtained such wide success, and so many wishes were expressed for a continuance of the subject, that feeling how many portions had been yet untouched, he has here proceeded with the task. Newcastle, Durham, the family seat of the Lambtons, the residence of the Duke of Northumberland, the cottage of the famous Grace Darling, with many other towns, castles, halls, &c., are visited in turn.

Mr. Howitt, his wife, Thomas Miller and a few others, are a class of writers of the present day, of which England has reason to be proud. They are rural writers ; they dip into both prose and poetry. They give us sweet songs, and simple descriptions of simple scenes. The present volume is worth a library of sentimental trash.

Rambles in Ceylon. By LT. DE BUTTS.—We have not had the pleasure of perusing this work, but it is spoken of by English reviewers as interesting. Its description of the scenery of Ceylon is pleasing. We subjoin an extract, which it an account of the approach to a temple :

"As you ride along on one of the numerous ponies or tattles provided for the use of the pilgrims, you see on every side innumerable minor temples and sacred tanks, which, for the most part, are in a good state of preservation, and in many instances worthy of notice. Every object seems to announce that the spot whereon you stand is holy ground ; the road constructed for

religious purposes—the troops of pilgrims who, on foot, and on horseback, wend their way to the far famed temple—the numerous edifices consecrated for religion—and, above all, the multitude of priests in their flowing white robes, and with the emblems of their high caste and sacred calling marked on their forehead, impress the most frivolous mind with feelings of veneration, and cause the proud European to look with more respect than is his wont on the way-worn victims, of superstition that surround him.

This feeling is further increased by the first view of the temple, as in solemn grandeur its ponderous ornamented front appears towering above the pretty village at its base. The sacred building is enclosed by a lofty wall which bars all egress or ingress save by two grand entrances on the eastern and western side. Vastness, that necessary adjunct to magnificence is not wanting here. The external aspect of the immense pile does not belie its reputation, or disappoint the anticipations of the traveller; but although the exterior of the temple, particularly on the western side, has an imposing appearance, the curiosity of the visitor to behold its interior seldom allows him to linger long without its holy precincts."

WORKS ANNOUNCED FOR PUBLICATION.

THE 1st vol. of the *Correspondence of Madame D'Arblay* (the celebrated Miss Burney); edited by her Niece.—This book is looked for in the literary world, with great anxiety. Madame D'Arblay, who died in 1840, belongs to the days of Johnson, Goldsmith, &c. She was a novelist of celebrity, especially, a depicter of character. It is chiefly from her intimacy with the great men of the last century, that this book is expected to be deeply interesting.

The delay of the English Mail has, of course, prevented us from being able to present a review of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's new work—*Zanoni*, or the Secret Order.



LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

THE increase of institutions, in this province, intended to aid the diffusion of information, induces us to devote a portion of this work to notices of their progress. In Windsor, Yarmouth, and Cape Breton, societies have lately been formed; and we must not neglect to mention, that in St. John, N. B., the large and splendid hall erect-

ed for the Mechanics' Institute is always filled,—and that, in Prince Edward's Island, while the Institute continues to flourish, a number of young men have likewise commenced a "Mutual Instruction Society," which already comprises 70 members.

We should be happy to insert monthly notices of the meetings of these institutions,—and would thank the several Secretaries for reports of their "sayings and doings."

THE HALIFAX MECHANIC'S INSTITUTE.—This popular institution continues, of course, to flourish. The audiences are large, the lectures satisfactory, and a knowledge of the elements of science continue, under its rostering care, to be diffused among all classes. On Wednesday evening, the 23d, Alderman A. McKinlay delivered a Lecture on Galvanism. We are unable to present our readers with a list of the lecturers for the ensuing month.

THE HALIFAX LITERARY SOCIETY.—In this society there has been a revolution; that is to say, the rules have been re-modelled, a modest name has been adopted,—and there has been a large accession of new members. The large attendance which has ensued produces very interesting discussions. The debates, during the last month, have been ably sustained. On last Thursday evening the question was—Have the inroads of the Northern Barbarians upon the Roman Empire been beneficial to the Human Race? The affirmative side of the question was advocated by Mr. J. S. Thompson, editor of the "Novascotian," Mr. Tupper, Mr. J. Bell, and others, who were strenuously opposed by Messrs. Chamberlain, Donovan, Nugent, &c. The question was adjourned for discussion on next evening. It is one of the best which has ever come before the society. It laid open a wide field, both historical and philosophical, which members did not fail to explore,—and we cannot refrain from noticing, in particular, the speech of Mr. Tupper, as rich in argument and historical research. The discussion was enlivened by much humour and friendly retort, which were not out of place. The Rev. Mr. Knowlan is, we understand, to lecture before the society in a few weeks.

WINDSOR MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—This institution was founded in last month. In so respectable and growing a town as Windsor such a Society seemed highly necessary. Mr. B. DeWolf was elected President; but not having received any reports of the meetings, we cannot, at present, give any account of them.

* * The subscriber begs leave to say, that his connection with the "Morning Post" newspaper having closed, a slight alteration has taken place in the publishing of this work. All business connected with it will in future be attended to,—and all orders for printing punctually executed, by
JOSEPH KIRK.

THE Publisher acknowledges with thanks, the kind reception which the first number of the Nova Scotia New Monthly Magazine has met with from the public—a reception which evinces readiness to support a deserving object, and encourages renewed exertion. At a former period, occasion was taken to state the objects of the work,—and although, from the difficulties naturally attending the commencement of a periodical, the plan has as yet not been completely developed, he states with firmness that that object is to supply

CHEAP LITERARY READING,
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to the Inhabitants of Nova Scotia—reading which shall be contributed, as far as possible, by
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and on subjects which shall have a connection with the practical occupations of the people at large. The publisher respectfully solicits the assistance of **ALL** who approve of this object.

The work will be sent to subscribers in any part of the country, if paid for in advance,—and persons in the various parts of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick undertaking the sale of a number of copies, will be allowed liberal commissions,—and the work will be forwarded punctually to their order.