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PAPERS BY A RECLUSE.

No. 7.

I am tired of this nineteenth century. It may be all very well, by way of variety, to have one's nervous system now and then shaken up by the occasional occurrence of something new; but this interminable pop—pop—popping of novelties on all sides, like the explosion of fire crackers on an American Fourth of July is intolerable. Here is one genius who has discovered the North West Passage; there another who has demonstrated the combustibility of water (hydraulic candles will, doubtless, at no distant date, light the coal gas innovation to its last resting place); and still another who, diving deep into the ocean of nature's mysteries, has brought up a new and improved method of marking shirts. Miss Columbia, fretting at the stupid obstinacy with which her poor dear mamma, Britannia, persists in retaining for her own use the little property known as "the Waves," has determined in a fit of envy, to acquire for herself, on the principle of squatter sovereignty, an exclusive right to the dominion of the Winds; indeed, had it not been for a few trifling accidents and impossibilities, our newspaper publishers might ere now, have enjoyed the opportunity of urging their numerous readers, by means of flash advertisements, respectable certificates, and bought-and-paid-for editorial recommendations, to patronize the great Atlantic ærial line of puff-packets, as affording the shortest, easiest, and most direct passage from the new to the old world.

Not to speak of the other mammoth monstrosities of our age—railroads, steamboats, electric telegraphs, &c.—I need only direct any man's attention to the various articles of his personal and household arrangements, to convince him of the restless and unsatisfied condition of the world around him. Every button on his clothes is patented. He pulls off his patent-leather boots by means of a patent boot-jack. He sits upon his patent-bottomed chair by his patent-folding dining table, and eats his patent-softened beef with his patent knife and fork, and munches with a set of patent teeth a slice of patent loaf cut by a patent bread-slicer. But these things are trifles. *Colum ipsum petimus stultitia.* Gentle reader, if thou art of the good old school, and hast not been bitten by any of the mad dogs of Neosophy, what thinkest thou of the century which has produced Joe Smith and the Book of Mormon; what of the century which has seen tables, articles of a proverbially staid disposition, and which were never known to indulge in any thing beyond a "roar," suddenly become frisky, and cut capers that would do credit to Harlequin; what of the century in which the dead are summoned to the presence of the living to reply to the dread question, How many blue beans make

five, and to reconcile the difference between Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee; what of the century in which men wear their brains upon the outside of their skulls; what of the century in which Death still starts at the apparition of the inevitable lancet, pales at the approach of wet sheets and the souse tub, stands aghast at the names of Moffat and Holloway, and becomes paralyzed with terror as his olfactories are assailed by the odor of a succussed sugar pill, baptized into a weak dilution of the quintessence of nothing? If old Conductor Chronos were at all accessible to human entreaties, I would, through sheer disgust, implore him to throw aside the brakes, pile on fuel, and either hurry us on through the complicated torments of this harassing epoch, or, reversing the motion of the wheels, land us at any point, I care not where, among the sober ages of the past. Alas, that I must employ such language! But a short time ago, and Father Time was decently represented as a staid old gentleman (arrayed, it is true, in rather scanty attire for this climate), carrying a good old fashioned Griffin-scythe over his shoulder, and bearing in his hand an orthodox hourglass to regulate his speed withal. But now, O shade of Ovidius Naso, what a change! Behold him now, bobbing in and out among the cars, a Glengarry cap concealing his venerable forelock, a huge railway timepiece hanging by a black ribbon in his fob, and for a scythe a half dozen Yankee reaping machines attached to the cow-catcher! It is too much! Halloo, there, let me out, I say! A shrill whistle is the only reply as on we go, bump—bump—bump. Oh, I am tired of this nineteenth century.

I am excited? Of course I am. Amid innumerable provocations, I have, in my previous papers, endeavoured to preserve a calm demeanor, and I fancy that my success has been more than partial; but there are circumstances in which the passions must have vent, or a direful catastrophe of some kind will follow. Having then ensured my personal safety, and the safety of those around by permitting a timely escape to my pent up wrath, I shall proceed, with as much coolness as I can command, to notice a few of the many objects which have aroused my dislike.

I have long endeavoured to increase and strengthen my faith in the efficacy of the numerous schemes which have been projected, during the nineteenth century, with a view to popular enlightenment. I have even succeeded in lashing myself into a sort of frothy phrenzy on the subject; but, invariably, when my feelings have arrived at but a very moderate height, bubble after bubble bursts, and my temporary enthusiasm subsides into its usually flat, stale, and unprofitable state. I have sometimes gone the length of planning a lecture campaign throughout the country. What a delightful way of turning one's spare time to account! What a glorious aim, to liberate the mind from the shackles of ignorance! What happiness, to be able to render our rural population adepts in the science of astronomy, and this in a course of lectures consisting of one! to instruct them in the mysteries of Animal Mag-

netism—course to consist of one lecture; Phrenology—one lecture, with an entertaining and instructive examination of the heads of the audience; Chemistry—one lecture, to conclude with a brilliant exhibition of the wonders of the pocket magic lantern; Physiology—three lectures, one to be delivered before a mixed audience, one for ladies only, and one for gentlemen exclusively (positively no ladies admitted); each lecture to be appropriately and chastely illustrated by the exhibition of sundry paintings and manikins, far excelling Nature in naturalness and beauty! And, imagine my edification and delight, when, on returning from my scientific tour, I should find the whole country still in a state of mental ebullition; when in one community, I should discover the fruits of my recent labours ripened into learned allusions to Newton's Laws, Kepler's Principia, and the celebrated reply of Ptolemy to his stern persecutors, "It moves notwithstanding"; when in various intellectual families my dinner hour should be occupied, not so much with attending to its ostensible object, as with a discussion of sundry knotty points connected with the dura mater of the stomach, the abscess of the liver, and the auricles of the brain; when in every direction I should be besieged by anxious parents, presenting, for my profound inspection, the remarkable cranial developments of their interesting progeny, in order that their future destinies may be clearly pointed out—whether James Isaac has not good bumps for a lawyer, as he keeps the other children in continual strife and uproar; whether William Thomas, who has the rare fortune to be the seventh son, with no intruding daughters between, ought not to be sent to college, to receive a medical education, especially as he shows a decided taste for torturing flies, and killing frogs; and what profession would be good enough for little Isaac Newton, the pet of the family, who is altogether a most astonishing child.

Bright as are these visions, and rendered brighter too by the prospect of receiving for my lecture tickets a quarter dollar apiece (children under six years admitted at half price) and a good round fee (it takes better to charge well) for cranial examinations, to pay travelling expenses, which, thanks to my talent for shaking hands combined with my capacity for assuming a sociable disposition generally, and to the well known generous hospitality of the country, ought not to be very great, I have never been able to proceed further in my magnanimous undertaking than to the formation of a rude draft of my project, and the contemplation of its undoubted success—in a pecuniary point of view. To tell the truth, I have some little misgivings relative to the real benefits which I should confer upon mankind by my contemplated scheme. I do not base my doubts upon the truth of the threadbare quotation, "A little learning, etc." A little learning is a dangerous thing; but so also are the first locomotive efforts of a child. My misgivings arise partly from a consciousness that the more attractive of my subjects of lecture, stand, to say the least, upon very disputable foundations,

and partly from the fear that with respect to those sciences, whose principles and utility are alike unquestionable, the amount of real information which I should impart in the course of an evening, in a country school house, would be too small even to be dangerous, and would not be an equivalent for the price of my tickets. M.

COAL.

[*Fourth Article.*]

In our last article we endeavoured to show the vast preponderance of vegetable life during the carboniferous era, and to illustrate the flora of the period by its fossil botany. We now propose to call the attention of the reader to the fauna of the age. In this our task is comparatively easy, for although the sea of the coal period must have swarmed with life, yet so rarely have evidences of the existence of land animals been met with, that but a few years ago, it was confidently asserted by the Palæontologist, that none had existed during the formation of coal, or the strata just above it. So strongly was this impressed upon Hugh Miller, that in his great work, "The Testimony of the Rocks," where he endeavours to interpret the vision of the creation as seen by Moses, he describes the day in which the Bible says plants were created, as the period during which coal was being formed, thus ignoring altogether the existence of animal life. And, although he must have been aware of the discovery of the three German fossils which we now intend to describe, yet he evidently considered that they bore so small a proportion to the evidences of vegetable life, as not at all to affect his theory, that the vegetable kingdom reigned supreme during the carboniferous era.

Sixteen years ago it was confidently held by geologists, that reptiles had not been introduced into the earth until after the Permian period, or that comprised in the Magnesian limestone, above the coal; for up to that time no fossil remains of them had been discovered. And yet it seemed very extraordinary to the naturalist that a period so remarkable for its vegetable life should not present us with co-existing animals. At length in 1844 a portion of the skeleton of a small air-breathing reptile was found in a coal mine at Munster Appel in Rhenish Bavaria. It is known as the *Apatconpedestris*. Three years after, the remains of three more fossil reptiles of the same type were discovered in the Saurbrück mines of Germany. These animals were all about three feet in length and were quadrupeds. They belonged to the very lowest order of reptiles, and from the evident fullness of their limbs, it is thought by naturalists that they were more adapted to move in water than on land.

In 1852 while Sir Charles Lyell and Mr. Dawson were visiting

the coal formation at the Joggins, Nova Scotia, they discovered in the interior of a fossil tree (*Sigillaria*) the bones of a small animal which they called the *Dendrerpeton Acadianum*, from the way in which it was found. They also discovered in the same tree the shell of a land snail (*Pupa*), the first ever found in rocks of the age. We were informed by the only person who witnessed these discoveries, that nothing could have exceeded the delight of Sir Charles and his companions when they made them. No gold miner could have looked with greater joy upon his first nugget, than they did on this indistinct jaw bone of one of the very smallest, and lowest animals of creation, and the little land shell associated with it. And yet the delight of these geologists was not extravagant. These fossils were more valuable than the most precious of stones; for in all the enormous coal fields of North America, they were the only evidence of the existence of the two class of animals to which they belonged, during the vast period of time which must have elapsed during the formation of the American carboniferous rocks. It is by such discoveries as these—it is by thus bringing to light, and interpreting the indistinct hieroglyphics of nature, that we are enabled to read the wondrous history of the past.

The *Dendrerpeton Acadianum** is supposed by the most eminent comparative anatomists who have examined the fossil, to be a perennebranchiate batrachian, or in plain English a description of frog. It is thought to have been about two feet six inches in length, and not unlike in its form to the labyrinthodon, and the fossils already described found in the coal formation of Germany, thus forming another link in the chain which connects the carboniferous rocks of Europe and America, showing that they belong to the same geological period, and were deposited under the same circumstances.

When in Nova Scotia three years ago we were shown the place where the *Dendrerpeton* was found, and an upright fossil tree (*Sigillaria*), which we were informed was like that in which it was discovered. It was not however sufficiently developed from the bank for us to examine it, but we have understood that Mr. Dawson discovered last summer in a tree near the same place, probably the same one, another fossil animal. We have not seen a description of this fossil, but presume that it was of the same genera as the *dendrerpeton*. Mr. Dawson has also found since his first discovery some cranial bones in the Pictou coal mines of Nova Scotia, embedded in a lump of coal, which undoubtedly belonged to the tree labyrinthodon, or in other words to an extinct genus of frogs, so called, from the intricate windings, or labyrinthine markings observed when a section is made across their teeth.

One fact we think will now be evident to our readers, that although land animals did exist during the formation of the coal

* The tree fossil of Acadia.

measures, yet the rare discovery of their remains clearly prove that they could have borne no comparison to the vegetable life of the age. This cannot be said in reference to the ichthyolites or fishes of the period, for Agassiz in his noble work on fossil fishes, describes upwards of one hundred and fifty different kinds in the carboniferous rocks, all belonging to the two great families of placoids and ganoids. The placoids were so called from their being covered with bony plates. In the shark, one of the few representatives of this family now existing, these plates are reduced to small points, and it is this which causes its skin to be so rough, and this makes it useful as a polisher. The ganoids are so called from the brilliancy of their angular scales, which were formed of bone covered with enamel, the enamel being outside. The bony pike of the Canadian lakes and rivers is the living representative of this family. Of the ganoids the remains of one curious family are found in the coal measures, they are called sauroid fishes, or in other words lizard like fishes, from their likeness to lizards. And it was at one time supposed, that they in consequence evidenced a more highly developed organization than other ichthyolites, or in fact a step towards land animals, but late discoveries have proved the fallacy of the idea. In the shale in the County of Albert are found some very fine ganoids. We had one in our possession in which every part of the fish was perfect even to the most minute portion of the membrane of the fins. We saw a few months ago a very fine large specimen found this spring imbedded in shale, which was covered with the scales of both ganoid and placoid fishes. The presence of these fossils near the Albertite* is one of the strongest proofs that it is true coal, and that the strata which overlie and underlie it form a true carboniferous rock.

Having given a short description of the flora fauna and ichthyolites of the coal measures, we now purpose to conclude with an imaginative picture of the appearance of the earth at the time coal was being formed.

The whole surface of the world was then covered with great flat continents and islands, which were crossed by ranges of mountains of not very great height, from which ran streams, which widening into rivers went sluggishly in winding courses through the great marshes, carrying with them the soft slimy mud from their banks, and forming great deltas at their mouths. Where the Atlantic now tosses its dark waters—the deepest and most stormy of oceans, then stretched a vast continent, containing hill, and valley, and every variety of scenery. In the far east from a mountain range ran a little brook, and as it poured westward, it received the waters of a hundred tributaries, and increased in size until it became the mightiest river of the earth. Onward it rolled its great volume of waters, emptying itself where now exist the great Appalachian coal fields of Ohio. At its mouth stretched an

* The name given to the Albert Coal.

enormous delta upwards of seven hundred miles in extent, and beyond it where now waves the tall grass of the western prairies, rolled the great dark pristine ocean. Mountain and valley and hill were clothed with a most luxuriant vegetation of the most singular types, but on the deltas it was so rank as to appear one mass of matted foliage. The tall and slender calamite cast its lance-like shadows in the sunlight. The graceful sigillaria crowned the banks of the rivers, its engraved and fluted stem giving the forest all the classic majesty of a Grecian portico, but with more gorgeous capitals of feathery foliage of the brightest emerald. While the lepidodendron rose o'er all, the mouldings on its bark caused by its imbricated leaf stocks anticipating all the fret work and tracery of Gothic architecture. And as a background, clinging to the hills, stood sombre forests of the great conifer or Araucanian pine, rising two hundred feet into the air, the forest king of that empire of vegetable life. Yes, of vegetable life! Oh how quiet must have been the face of nature. How silent those woods. Not a thing of life moving among those hills. There was no immortal intelligence to gaze upon that glorious prospect. But a great work was going on. For the whole earth was then a mighty laboratory. Nature was toiling for man. We reap the benefit. Is there then a heart unwilling to pay a tribute of gratitude and thankfulness to the beneficence of that God who formed the carboniferous series? We think not.

P. F. O.

BRITISH AMERICA.

CHAPTER V.—[Concluded.]

HISTORY OF THE LOWER PROVINCES TILL THEIR SEPARATION IN 1784.

43. About this time* the Indians gave the colonists much trouble. A feud was now raging between the Mohawks of Canada and the Micmacs of the North (i. e. the Gulf) Shore, in which the former, who were superior both in numbers and courage, got the advantage, driving off many of their enemies, and the *habitans* settled among them, to St. John's Island. They returned about the year 1670. About twenty years after, the Micmacs themselves becoming jealous of the growing strength of the *habitans*, rose against them, and slew or drove off many of them. Generally speaking, however, the Indians were much better friends with the French than with the English, because the former intermarried with them, and also because the pomp of the Romish ceremonials were more congenial to their taste than the plainer Protestant ritual. The coldness and neglect, indeed sometimes active opposi-

* 1651—-as stated in preceding number

tion, La Tour had experienced from his own Government, being believed by him to be owing to his religion (Huguenot), he changed his allegiance, and got his grants confirmed by the new rulers, selling them afterwards to Sir W. Temple. At the peace of Breda, however, Temple lost his bargain, for the Province was ceded a second time to France.

44. These frequent changes of allegiance, and the bickerings they caused, contributed with Indian lawlessness, the attacks of pirates on the coast, and the differences of race, language and religion, to retard the progress of the colony. Yet it grew apace in spite of all drawbacks. In 1672, emigrants from Northern France settled several places on what is now termed the North Shore. But on the breaking out of another war with England (1690), Sir W. Phipps, Governor of Massachusetts, invaded the colony with a force principally composed of colonists, and took Port Royal, and Chedabucto. Villabon, a new French Governor, was then sent out with reinforcements, retook Port Royal; and, aided by Iberville, Governor of Canada, and also by a remarkable Frenchman named the Baron Castine*, he also recaptured the forts on the St. John. After some fighting on the St. John between Villabon and a Colonel Church, who commanded a small British squadron, the French remained masters of the ground, and this advantage was confirmed to them a few years after at the peace of Ryswick, in 1696, when Acadia was ceded to France for the third time. On the renewal of a war scarcely interrupted by this peace, Church returned to the attack, but was again twice repulsed before Port Royal. But in 1710, the place surrendered to another New England force under General Nicholson. Castine, with some Indians, tried to retake it by surprise, but failed; and at the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, contrary to precedents, France gave it up to Britain, who has ever since remained mistress of the Province, and is likely to remain so.

45. The British, however, now that they were finally acknowledged masters, seemed strangely to neglect their new possession. They contented themselves with appointing General Nicholson Governor, and changing the name of Port Royal to Annapolis, in honour of the reigning Queen. The French settlers on the contrary eagerly cultivated the friendship of the Indians (a party of whom in 1720 attacked Canseau, &c.), settled themselves on the isthmus, under the name of Neutrals, and attempted to draw such a distinction between the extent of the terms "Acadia," and "Nova Scotia," as would leave themselves yet masters of what is now New Brunswick, giving up only the Peninsula to the English. Phipps, the successor of Nicholson, handled the Indians and habitants severely in an encounter at Canseau, and then at Bloody Creek on the Annapolis, where they were again headed by the

* This singular man married a squaw, and lived twenty years in the woods with his adopted people. He was the terror of the English settlers. He succeeded Villabon as French Governor of Acadia, but was recalled, being a Huguenot.

determined Castine. On the breaking out of the first war with France in George II.'s reign, Quesnel, the French Governor of Cape Breton, took Canseau, but failed before Annapolis. In 1746 the French sent a fine fleet of seventy vessels, under the Duc D'Anville to retake Acadia; but in this instance, as in some others yet more memorable, the elements seemed to befriend Britain. A fearful storm shattered the fleet, and the commander died of excessive chagrin, while the officer immediately under him committed suicide. The Governor of Canada, who was on board, intended still to sail up to the attack of Annapolis, but at the entrance of the Bay of Fundy they met with a second storm, which so disabled the ships that they had to return after effecting nothing. The English colonists everywhere offered thanks in the churches for this timely storm. De la Jonquiere, the Canadian Governor, again sent out thirty-eight vessels on the same errand; but they were met and beaten by a British squadron under Anson and Warren.

46. Meanwhile the habitans had been silently gaining ground. They had fortified themselves at St. John and at Beau Sejour (Horton) and were preparing to rise against the English, if their efforts would be seconded by Canada or France. The settlement of Chebucto (Halifax) by about 4000 English in 1749, gave the English more equality in numbers, and perhaps precipitated the next contest. The French Government, who were kept apprised of the proceedings of the Neutrals, sent two ships to make a diversion in their favor, but they were taken by Admiral Boscawen. A party of New Englanders then took Beau Sejour, and about the same time (1752), a further reinforcement to the English arrived at Lunenburg, consisting of 1450 Swiss and German refugees. As yet, however, the French still outnumbered the English. They were located in thriving agricultural villages at Baie Verte, Shediac, Richibucto, Miramichi, along the south of the Bay of Chaleur, at Minas and Grand Pre, and along the east of St. Mary's Bay. They numbered about 18,000, and owned 60,000 head of cattle. Persisting in their refusal to acknowledge allegiance to the British Crown, and being known to abet the constant and harassing attacks of the Indians, their attitude provoked Gov. Lawrence and Admirals Boscawen and Martyn in 1755, to confiscate their goods and expel them from the colony. Accordingly 7000 of them were taken from the southern settlements and sent to the colonies*; while others fled to the more remote settlements of Richibucto, Miramichi, or the woods of the interior. This measure, however harsh, settled the question as to the future masters of the Lower Provinces; and the final capture of Cape Breton and Canada in the seven years' war which immediately followed, confirmed British supremacy throughout North America. In 1760 a French fleet

* 1000 were sent to Mass., others to Georgia, &c. At the peace 1300 returned under the permission of England.

sent to relieve Quebec, was chased into the Bay Chaleur by Capt. Byron. The force which manned it fortified themselves in the French village of Petite Rochelle, but the English captured them and burnt the place. The remaining habitants, seeing resistance hopeless, repaired to Fort Cumberland, and gave in their allegiance to the British Crown.

47. In 1758 the first Assembly met and took measures to obtain settlers from New England, in which they were, to a certain extent, successful. They next made peace with the Indians, and Joseph Argimault, one of the most powerful chiefs, being chosen speaker by his brethren, gave in his allegiance to Britain in 1761—the Micmac tribe being then estimated at 6000 souls. In 1764—the year after France, by the treaty of Paris, had relinquished all claim to this part of North America—Messrs. Simonds, White and Peabody settled at the mouth of the St. John; Mr. Davidson, a Highlander, arrived at Miramichi; and about the same time Mr. Walker (also a Scotchman) on the Bay of Chaleur. These were the first British settlements at these important points. The first English settlers up the St. John were some New Englanders from Massachusetts, who settled in 1766 at Mangerville, in sufficient numbers to open a Court, and to organise what is now New Brunswick into the County of Sunbury, which then formed the fifth County of Nova Scotia. In 1763 the Province imported goods to the value of £4,300, and exported £16,000 worth, which amounts increased by 1772 to £63,000 and £83,400 respectively. The population which in 1763 was 13,000, had during the same interval increased to 20,000. During the American war a large influx of refugees from the revolting colonies gave these northern provinces increased importance. In 1783 the settlers at Manger-ville numbered 800, and had raised a fort on the Oromocto to keep the Indians in check. During the next year Sunbury County was made a distinct colony under the name of New Brunswick; Cape Breton being also at the same time separated from Nova Scotia.

THE GROUSE.

The partridge or quail is well known in Canada West, but does not frequent, in any abundance, any part east of Kingston, at the lower end of Lake Ontario. The bird is a denizen of the treeless plains or open forests, and as these seldom occur on the rugged ridges of hills, the partridge cannot there support existence, and so it is that this bird is confined almost exclusively to the West.

The bird, which is generally named the partridge in this province, is really the grouse. There are two kinds, the ruffed grouse or birch partridge (*Tetrao Umbellus*), and the Canadian grouse or spruce partridge (*Tetrao Canadensis*). The birch partridge is found over a great extent of country, stretching from Maryland in

the south as far north as the Saskatchewan River. The geographical distribution of this bird is, therefore, much more extensive than that of the American partridge (*Ortyx Virginiana*). Their food consists of seeds and berries of all kinds; and in the winter when the ground is deeply covered with snow in all the northern portion of their territory, the grouse feed principally upon the buds of trees, such as those of the birch and soft maple. They spend the greater portion of their time upon the ground in search of food. Audubon has observed their habits most closely, and describes them thus minutely:—"The female makes her nest in May beside a prostrate tree or at the foot of a low bush, on the ground, in a spot where a heap of dried leaves has been formed by the wind. The nest is composed of leaves or dried twigs. The female lays from five to twelve eggs, which are of a uniform dull yellowish colour, and are proportionate in size to the bird. She never covers them on leaving the nest, and in consequence, the raven or the crow, always on the look-out for such dainties, frequently discovers and eats them. When the female is present, however, she generally defends them with great obstinacy, striking the intruder with her wings and feet, in the manner of the common hen.

"The young run about and follow the mother the moment after they leave the shell. They are able to fly for a few yards at a time, when only six or seven days old, and still very small. The mother leads them in search of food, covers them at night with her wings, and evinces the greatest care and affection towards them on the least appearance of danger, trying by every art in her power to draw the attention of her enemies to herself, feigning lameness, tumbling and rolling about as if severely wounded, and by this means generally succeeding in saving them. The little ones squat at the least *chuck* of alarm from the mother, and lie so close as to suffer one to catch them in the hand, should he chance to discover them, which, however, it is very difficult to do. The males are then beginning to form small parties, and continue separated from the females until the approach of winter, when males, females and young mingle together. During summer these birds are fond of dusting themselves, and resort to the roads for that purpose, as well as to pick up gravel."

In the spring the woods where these birds are common, resound with the drumming of the male, which is caused by his beating his sides with his wings in the manner of the domestic cock, but more loudly, and with such rapidity of motion as to cause a tremor in the air not unlike the rumbling of distant thunder; in perfectly calm weather this sound may be heard two hundred yards.

Audubon says that the prevailing notion which exists in almost every district where these birds are numerous, that on firing at the lowest bird perched on a tree, the next above will not fly, and that by continuing to shoot at the lowest in succession, the whole may be killed, is contradicted by his experience; for on every attempt which he has made to shoot several in this manner on the same

tree, his efforts have proved unsuccessful, unless during a fall of snow, when he has killed three and sometimes four. The same cause produces the same effect on different birds. It may happen, he says, that in districts covered with deep snow for several weeks, during severe winter, these birds, become so emaciated and weak, may stand a repetition of shots from a person determined to shoot grouse even when they are good for nothing, but not when they are in good order.

The Canada grouse or spruce partridge are much similar in their habits to the ruffed grouse. Along the shores of the Bay of Fundy they are much more abundant than the latter, which become rarer the farther north we proceed, and are unknown in Labrador, where the willow ptarmigan supply their place. The females differ materially in their colouring in different latitudes; in Maine, for instance, they are more richly coloured than in Labrador. Audubon thus describes an encounter he had:—"One day, while on the coast of Labrador, I accidentally almost walked upon a female Canada grouse surrounded by her young brood. It was on the 18th July. The affrighted mother, on seeing us, ruffled up all her feathers like a common hen, and advanced close to us as if determined to defend her offspring. Her distressed condition claimed our forbearance, and we allowed her to remain in safety. The moment we retired, she smoothed down her plumage, and uttered a tender maternal chuck, when the little ones took to their wings, although they were, I can venture to assert, not more than *one week old*, with so much ease and delight, that I felt highly pleased at having allowed them to escape.

"I have frequently heard it said that these birds could be knocked down with sticks, or that a whole covey could be shot while perched on trees, by beginning at the lowest one; but I have never witnessed anything of the kind, and therefore cannot vouch for the truth of the assertion. The flesh of this grouse is dark, and fit for being eaten only when it has fed on berries."

According to Dr. Richardson, all the thick and swampy black spruce forests between Canada and the Arctic Sea abound with this bird, and considerable numbers exist in the severest seasons as high as the 67th parallel.

Our markets every autumn are generally well supplied with both kinds of grouse, so that we may spare our readers any description of these beautiful birds. The pleasantest and easiest of New Brunswick sport is the "partridge shooting," and in a short time the young birds will be ready, as some are now of good size. Next to the wild Turkey, the ruffed grouse is considered to surpass, as an article of food, all other land birds of America, while to the sportsman and the student of nature its habits are full of interest.

CONSTANCY.

While yet my heart was young, I saw a face,
So pure, it resteth with me evermore ;
I cannot lose it in the world's hard race ;
My heart can ne'er be what it was before.
It is the day-star of my life, and how
Can aught that leaves me life e'er dim its shine ?
'Twas bright before, methinks 'tis brighter now,
I hardly dare to love, it seems divine.
And yet my heart yearns to its tender light ;
If that fair star were lost, how deep the night !

C.

MEMORY.

BY A O A D I E N S I S .

As the exile looks back to the home that he's leaving,
And sighs to its fast fading prospect, adieu ;
Even so while our barque life's wild ocean is cleaving,
We love the dear scenes of our youth to review.

Their remembrance is cherished in moments of gladness,
Imparting to pleasure additional zest ;
While it soothes our short hours of desponding and sadness,
Like music's soft strains from the lips we love best.

And beheld the bright glories of daylight declining,
As o'er the hushed wave sinks the sun to repose,
Yet sweet twilight long lingers resplendently shining,
Ere night in the west her dark veil can disclose.

Thus while onward we speed through a world dark and dreary,
Fond memory prolongs the bright scenes of the past,
To inspirit earth's pilgrims dejected and weary,
Ere they with the shadows of years are o'ercast.

Thus our bosoms still glow with the fond recollections,
Of those whom we loved in the heyday of youth,—
Of our kindred—of home—of those deep, warm affections,
That burned with the strength and the fervor of truth.

But as stars the fair brow of pale evening adorning,
Shed nightly on earth their illumining ray,
Through the dimness of time, till eternity's morning,
The visions of memory beam on our way.

If when Death's darker shadow is over us stealing,
 We turn to review a course pure and upright,
 They, deep fountains of joy in that dread hour revealing,
 Cheer on the freed spirit to mansions of light.

SUMMER TRIPS IN ACADIA.

The following sketches of the valleys of the Annapolis and St. John must necessarily be superficial, as they were taken mostly *en route*. We can scarcely lay claim to the acuteness of perception possessed by the "Reverend" Doctor who composed a paper for a learned society on the geology of the country between Dublin and Cork, founded on observations taken *from the top of a mail coach!* Hoping to disarm severe criticism by this modest avowal, we will summon courage to proceed.

We have often thought that many American readers must lose many of the allusions in English poetry to the scenes of an old country spring, and debated within ourselves as to the comparative beauty of our summer and that of the British Islands. What a scene would Thomson have made of our summer opening! True, we have no long gradual spring to prepare us for its transcendent beauty, but its glorious burst of life-gushing is all the more welcome, perhaps, for its suddenness. And then July, fervid July, crowned with wreaths of the blushing eglantine, the stupidly staring ox eye, the aureate butter cup, and the perfumed honeysuckle, her robes redolent of ambrosial clover fields and ripening hay—who then could wish more favored scenes than our waving meadows, our everlasting hills, or the dells which gird in the impetuous tide of our brawling brooks? But it is useless to "rush" it thus; let us therefore premise that having in these dull times a few weeks leisure, we resolved to see the far famed Annapolis valley, and in the beginning of July, '58, started for Digby. In about three hours from starting we passed the trappean cliffs that form Digby Gut. Here we ventured on a little bit of theorising. The natural appearance of these cliffs points to the probability of a volcanic disruption as the origin of this remarkable debouche of the Annapolis River. And from the general character of the whole North Mountain district, one would feel inclined to think that it must once have formed an island, lying parallel to the main peninsula, bounded at the two extremities by Black Rock and Cape Blomedon; and that the tides of the Basin of Minas on the one hand, and of St. Mary's Bay, or Digby Gut, on the other, gradually washed up the sand, mud and gravel of the valley, till the island was joined to the mainland by a constantly increasing isthmus of alluvium, and where a strait once ran, sprang up the grand old pine woods, beneath whose shade meandered the two streams

which now drain the district. After these changes (if they occurred) came the Micmac, in search for his furry or scaly prey, reared his rude wigwam by the river side, and called it Toowabscot. Then came the early *voyageurs*, who under Potrin-court felled the giant pine and founded Port Royal. Lastly the English, driving out the *habitans*, and christening it anew after their "good Queen Anne."

Clearly Digby was suffering from a fit of the blues. Hotel keepers looked glum, and wondered where the fair denizens of St. John were going to spend their summer. A quiet little place under almost any circumstances is Digby, basking on a hillside fronting the noble Annapolis Basin, waiting in hopes of better times. It lies parallel to the shore, with cross streets running uphill out of town, and ending apparently nowhere. By and bye it must be quite a provincial emporium, constituted as it is by nature to be the depot of the Western district, and possessing many charms as a watering place. Behind it the scenery is bare and uninviting, but by the waterside there are some pretty walks, and the fine expanse of water prophesies of regattas and yachting, though now the tune is cordwood and "Digby chickens." Some years ago we saw it in winter, and Heaven preserve us from Digby in winter! In summer it is very pleasant and deserves to be more visited. It has recently started a creditable local paper.

Roused at four in the morning to take the mail to Weymouth. Yawning and chilly for most of the journey, we feel too *ennuye* at first to notice the scenery. First, through suburban gardens and trim fields, then catching a peep of Marshalltown on the left, then through the usual swamp, black mounds, puddles, burnt stumps and brushwood of the less kindly districts, lastly through fifteen miles of pretty scenery, with the mountains of Digby Neck bounding the view on the far right, and between us and them the blue expanse of St. Mary's Bay, which we keep in sight till we reach Weymouth. The road is continuously settled by the population of Weymouth Township, partly French, and all around us speaks of moderate prosperity in the neat homesteads, the well cleared potato patches and smooth meadows. Early labourers trudging to the field; some already there, hoe in hand; vessels laying in cordwood, or fishing; buxom lasses beguiling the cows into corners with sinister designs, as the milk pails testified; such were the scenes on the road.

Weymouth is a pleasant village, but thriving only moderately; supported mainly by farming, the cordwood trade, and fishing. Its river, now generally called Weymouth River (the *Sissiboo* of the Micmacs, and *Cisebeau* of the French) brings down some timber from the interior, which is sawn at a mill at the lower falls, a little above the bridge. The soil being only moderately fertile, the farms are not so productive as in the more northern parts of the Annapolis Valley. Still, proper attention to the soil is well repaid. The two days we spent there glided by in a perfect elysium of enjoyment. Think, ye dusty and fog-ridden cits, of a snug farm

house inn, so little in "the beaten track of travel" that the path to the door is a grass plot through a luxuriant cottage garden. Around are the homes of Weymouth, half hidden in their environing wealth of green. In front the river winds into St. Mary's Bay; and, purpling in the distance, the heights of Digby Neck notch the far horizon. The bee flits busily about in the dewy dawn, the tinkling bells resound as the cattle swing drowsily by on their way to the pasture, and the breeze sweeps by, heavy with the dainty scents of a thousand wild flowers. Oh cits, close for awhile your starving ledgers in these "hard times," and brace yourselves for a sterner grapple with fortune by a few days of such bliss! Sweet is the lot of the tiller of the soil. Though simple his fare, coarse his attire, rude, perhaps, his speech; yet the soundness of his sleep, the keenness of his appetite, the pure free ether it is his privilege to breathe, and his everyday communing with nature, make his life enviable; and how well worth the price which yet so few in this enervate age are willing to pay—*hard work*.

On the road back to Digby the mail coach was full. One of the innumerable American agents with which these provinces swarm in summer, was the lion of the coach; and the driver, a relic of the old coaching times, and in deep awe of his "fast" friend, was "talking horse" with him. The writer (perched on what the American chastely termed the "mail fixins," and striving to accommodate the various points of his somewhat angular anatomy to the lay of the parcels beneath), with several Irishmen, completed the load. They were all, when we entered, if not exactly "fou," certainly with a "wee drap in their ee," and when we add that the "wee drap" had been taken at Montegan, the most unsophisticated will understand the hint. The road was none of the smoothest, and the jokes of the Columbian threatened to upset not only the gravity of the passengers, but that of the wagon itself. We swept by a wretched looking log hut. "What's that?" said one to his neighbour. Pat answered, "Faith a schule. Ould Dunahoo used to keep there." "Who keeps there now?"—to us. "I dunna who either." But jesting was evidently dangerous in that narrow coach, with a load just enough "prined" to explode at the smallest witticism. So we desisted. Pat, who evidently knew the road well, was very communicative and anecdotal. "He was well posted up among the ould French," he said. The smart Yankee turned to us and let us know that he had read *Evangeline*—"Guessed the British must feel mighty small about it." Couldn't very well defend it certainly.

Verily, a seat in a crowd in a "wagon" guileless of springs, in a hot July day, is not conducive to the best frame of mind. We hailed the sight of Digby again most heartily.

Grace Thornton :

A TALE OF BRITISH AMERICA.

[CONTINUED.]

"And now," said Edward, who was the first to rise from his seat, "let's up and away. If we mean to overtake the red-skins, we must not let the grass grow under our feet. There is a mystery about this business I cannot fathom. Why the Indians, who are on friendly terms with the settlers, should have committed such an outrage, is a question that has puzzled me more than a little. Then again, why they should push as if the devil himself were at their heels? Surely they cannot be in dread of pursuit from the settlers on the coast! But as I have said, we have no time to lose, and our motto must be "*Push!*"

"Aye, aye," heave ahead. The sooner we lay alongside the lubbers, the sooner we shall make a prize, or lose the number of our mess," quoth the young sailor, now quite recovered from the effect of his recent encounter.

It may be necessary, in order to the better understanding of our story, to refer to some particulars in the early history of the country, which was inhabited by several Indian tribes—the Miamees, who were confined to the eastern and southern coasts washed by the Gulf of the Saint Lawrence and the Bay of Fundy—the Micicetes, who hunted on the lakes and streams of the middle country, tributaries of the beautiful Ouangondy, the Indian name of the Saint John—the Penobscots, who pitched their tents on the western borders—and the Mohawks,

and some other nations, whose chief seats were near the great lakes of Canada and the upper waters of the Saint Lawrence.

Although that part of Acadia in which the scene of the story is laid, had been in the hands of the French and English alternately from the year 1627, when Claud de la Tour, having obtained a large tract of country on the river Saint John, built a fort near the mouth of the Jemseg, about fifty miles above the mouth of the former river, the struggle for dominion between the two nations was principally carried on in the peninsula, or that part of Acadia or Nova Scotia, which lies to the south of the Bay of Fundy. Hence it was that while the Micicetes, who were nearer the scene of strife, which extended from Canseau to Fort Cumberland, were constantly fighting on the side of the French, who had secured their attachment long before the arrival of the English, the other tribes, more especially the Micicetes, had been left to pursue their associations in comparative peace; and although they had occasionally fought under the banners of France, circumstances conspired to render their conciliation by the English a work of no great difficulty, on the latter becoming the undisputed possessors of the country by the treaty of 1763, which secured to Great Britain the whole of the present dependencies of the British crown in North America.

CHAPTER VII.

We will not encumber our story with a relation of the various incidents of the day's journey through the wildwood. Suffice it to say, that having traversed a rich intervalle country, covered with wild grasses and almost every variety of tree and shrub

known in the country—now sheltered from the hot sunshine by the giant arms of the Norway pine and other evergreens, through whose umbrageous foliage scarcely a ray was suffered to penetrate, and now traversing groves of birch, maple and poplar,

among whose sunlit leaves innumerable song-birds sang and sported, our little band stood at nightfall on the bank of a smoothly flowing stream, winding through an extended plain, now known as the Oromocto, noting, with bated breath and straining eyes, the proceedings of a large party of Indians, who occupied the further bank of the river.

Although they could not hear anything that was said, it was evident, from the wild gesticulations and the extravagant attitudes of the actors in the strange pantomime, that unusual excitement prevailed among the natives. That it related, in some degree at least, to Grace's capture, was also apparent, by the frequency with which the speakers pointed to where she sat, surrounded by squaws, some of whom seemed to regard her with vengeful looks.

The major part of the motley assemblage (for they were clothed in a variety of costumes) were Milicetes. Some had but little clothing; others wore tunics and leggins of skins, embroidered with bright-coloured beads, ribbons and porcupine quills; while a few were arrayed in the woollen or cotton cloths obtained by barter with the French and English settlers, in which the blue and scarlet dyes were observed to preponderate.

Standing apart from the main body were a group of six men, distinguished from the others by their dress, features, and general appearance. These Arthur immediately pronounced to be strangers, probably Mohawks or other tribes of the Iroquois, from Canada, on a mission of some kind to their red brethren of the coast; and his sagaciousness at once led him to suspect that these were Grace's captors.

To learn how their conduct was regarded by the Milicetes, and whether the latter were in any way implicated in her abduction, appeared to him an object of great moment; and he proposed to take this task upon himself.

In this he was stoutly opposed by Captain Thornton and Edward, both of whom disputed the right to undertake the hazardous enterprise.

"I will hear to no such thing," Arthur replied to their vehement protes-

tations; "if either of you should fall, your relative will have one natural protector the less; if I am killed, they who have the strongest interest in her fate, will still be on the track of the Indians." Finding that this reasoning would not go down, he urged his own superior acquaintance with the habits of the Indians, and the probability that his capture would not lead to the suspicion of the presence of others, while the detection of a person who was personally unknown to them, would be sure to lead to the destruction of the little party.

"Lastly," said he, "what good could you do by going? what could you find out without a knowledge of the Milicete tongue?" Their ignorance in this respect had not occurred to them, and probably would not have been thought of by Arthur but for his generous zeal to find some conclusive reason for his occupying the post of danger; and it prevailed. Nevertheless, Edward insisted upon sharing the danger with his friend; but finding that he was determined to go alone, he ceased his importunity. After agreeing with his friends as to how they were to act in certain emergencies, Arthur stole noiselessly away. Retiring from the stream for some time, he shaped his course in such a way as to approach it obliquely, some hundreds of yards lower down, intending to swim it if occasion required; but on arriving at the bank he discovered a canoe at a little distance from him, and finding that a bend in the river shut him out from the observation of the Indians, he resolved to push boldly across, judging that there would be no stragglers from the camp on so important an occasion as the present. It was the work of a moment to launch the light bark upon the water, in which the stars, which had now begun to twinkle in the heavens, shone with an intensified brilliancy. "And now," he ejaculated, "if I can only reach that shore without being seen!" A few vigorous strokes of the paddle drove the canoe under the shadow of the tall elms that fringed the stream and diminished the chances of detection. After making fast the friendly bark, Arthur crept through the canes and alders until he reached the high ground, when,

taking advantage of the cover afforded by the trunks of the great trees in the vicinity of the Indian assembly, he approached to within a few paces of them. A wild looking brave was addressing the listening throng in a torrent of savage declamation. At times wild and fanciful, at times terse and simple, he pourtrayed with dramatic power a scene of violence enacted by a party of white men at a distant Indian village. It appeared that the whites had been partaking freely of intoxicating liquor while out on a hunting expedition, and coming in sight of the Indian lodges they observed an old squaw sitting by herself on a log near one of the wigwams, when one of the party, more insane than his companions, regardless alike of the suggestions of prudence and the feelings of humanity, levelled his gun at her and fired. Unluckily the ball lodged in her head and she fell dead on the spot. The report of firearms alarmed the inmates of the lodges, consisting only of a few boys and squaws, who rushed out to see what the matter was, when one of the boys, incensed at the outrage, let fly an arrow at the intruders, which wounded one of the number. This was the signal for a rush among the defenceless natives, several of whom were grievously wounded, and otherwise maltreated, before one of the white men, more humane than the rest, could succeed in persuading the assassins to desist from their nefarious work. The news of the outrage had reached the absent Indians almost at the same moment that Grace and her captors made their appearance among them. These last consisted of a party of Mohawks, as Arthur had rightly conjectured, who were returning from a visit to the Micmacs, when the young girl fell into their hands. Had this event occurred at any other time, it is more than probable that the Millicetes would have regarded it as a breach of hospitality, and insisted on the maiden's release; but being stung to madness by the ill-timed aggression of the white men, they only exulted in the opportunity of retaliation which so unexpectedly presented itself, and they were now deliberating whether they should suffer the captive to be taken away by the Mohawks, or ap-

pease the vengeful spirit of their slaughtered kinswoman, by putting the hapless girl to death.

Thus it is that the wickedness of one man often involves the innocent in the sad consequences, and not unfrequently fans the smouldering fires of human passion into the fiercest forms of national hatred.

Meanwhile Grace, who could not help observing the difference in the demeanor as well as in the dress of her captors and of the other Indians, began to be cheered with the belief that the angry vociferations of the latter was nothing less than a vehement denunciation of the conduct of her captors, who stood aloof, and seemed to watch the proceedings with no little anxiety, not to say alarm.

Her sweet face, radiant with the hope thus excited, turned towards one, and again towards another, of the excited red men, began to cast a spell over the untutored children of the forest, not wholly unimpressible by the witchery of beauty. Observing the effect produced by the silent appeals of the maiden, on the sensibilities of the younger members of the Council, the orator turned upon them in irony and scorn—"What!" said he, "will the son of the red man be taken by the eyes of the white woman? Will he be shorn of his strength by the daughter of the pale face, while the blood of his mother calls for vengeance on the enemies of her race? They came to us with words of peace and friendship. They call us brothers. They ask us to trust and confide in them. But behold, when our backs are turned, they invade our homes, they kill our wives, they violate our hearths, they burn our wigwams, and they will some day want to take away our hunting grounds! What will you say then, if you find among the spoilers the brood of the woman whose blood alone can appease the anger of the Great Spirit at the murder of our kinswoman?"

During this harangue, such of the Indians as had felt inclined to the side of mercy, hung their heads as if they were ashamed of such weakness, and none ventured to reply to the appeal for vengeance; and it was soon decided that the unfortunate cap-

tive should suffer death at the stake.

Accordingly, a dozen hands were soon busily engaged gathering fuel and heaping it round a stake which was driven firmly into the ground near the centre of the encampment. As Grace watched these proceedings, hope changed to fear. Having often heard of the horrible cruelties perpetrated by savage tribes, and noticing that the attention of the Indians was more than ever directed to herself, while some seemed to regard her with a compassionate interest; a suspicion of the dreadful portent of the preparations she had witnessed took possession of her mind.

Meanwhile Arthur, who understood enough of the *Milicete* tongue to comprehend what was said by the speaker, was in an agony of suspense, until he noticed the hurrying of the Indians to and fro in search of fuel. Then the terrible truth burst upon his mind with an almost stunning effect. What was he to do? His first impulse was to rush to the rescue; but reason whispered that this were madness—that a hundred knives would be buried in his bosom before he could bear her beyond the area of the camp. His next resolve was to start back to his friends and concert with them some plan for her deliverance. Then other schemes were revolved in his mind; and in this state of irresolution he remained until the preparations for the sacrifice were completed, hoping, nevertheless, that some opportunity might occur to save the poor girl; but resolved, at all events to do whatever human arm could do to save her life.

The victim was now led, or rather dragged, towards the pile, vainly supplicating for mercy. Then she was bound with thongs of raw hide to the green stake, and a brand was applied

to the faggots. Arthur's brain was now on fire. Could mortal man stand such a sight? "Now," said he, they shall see what a white man's arm can do," and clutching his knife, he was about to spring from his concealment, when a sudden movement was perceptible near the now blazing pyre.

"Hold!" said a stern voice in the *Iroquois* tongue; "the pale-face must not die."

Fierce looks were cast upon the speaker, and angry words passed among the multitude at this unwonted interruption, while several persons advanced towards him with threatening gestures.

"Back fools," he said; "do you wish to provoke the wrath of the *Mohawks*?"

"Are the *Milicetes* cowards? are they women, that they will be stayed in their purpose by a handful of braves from the north country?" replied a voice which Arthur recognised as that of the orator of the evening.

"Our scalps may hang in the lodges of the *Milicetes*; but know that my nation is like the leaves for number, and like the whirlwind for swiftness and strength."

This allusion to the ability of the dreaded tribes of the confederacy to avenge a wrong upon one of their kindred, had the desired effect. The crowd fell back sullenly; and with a bound the *Mohawk* cleared the flames that were spreading rapidly from the circumference towards the centre of the pile, and cutting the ligatures that bound the captive to the stake, he bore her in triumph towards his companions.

"Thank Heaven!" Arthur exclaimed, drawing a long breath, though scarcely crediting his senses. "There is yet hope!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EDUCATION IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

A TEACHER'S OPINION.

Mr. Guardian :—

In my last I strove to show that the immediate interests of our teachers were not always compatible with cor-

rect returns, so that we must consider it doubtful that the sum of twenty six thousand pounds was received as tuition fees by the teachers of Parish

Schools during last year. The teacher can of course appeal to the law, and sue for his just dues; but this, strictly followed up, would necessarily cause him to lead a life of vagrancy, as he would be obliged to move every six months. He would in a short time be obliged to "board round," and so become the "gossip" of the neighbourhood. To require people to pay the instant that an article is delivered, in fact to go on the cash principle, is decidedly the best manner of doing business; but there are but few people who can manage it, and in country places it is quite useless to expect it.

It is everywhere a recognised principle that steady attendance is the hinge upon which the whole machine of education turns; and next to the regular attendance of pupils is the steady location of the teacher. Ability on the part of the teacher or pupil is a personal matter, to which the old simile of the horse and the water may be applied with truth; but any legislation upon the school system of a state should have those two objects particularly in view—viz: regularity of attendance and steady settlement. In several despotic states in Europe, the regular attendance of pupils is compulsory; and in Great Britain children under a certain age, employed in manufactories, are bound by law to spend a certain portion of their time in schools provided for them. To show that there is a need of this matter's being canvassed here, I will only mention the fact, that out of every sixteen scholars nominally attending our schools, nine actually attend, as shown by the report of last year. Compulsory legislation upon this subject is not to be thought of. The teacher has no power to remedy the evil; it lies with the parent; and it may be of importance to inquire into the influence that may be wielded by the legislature to induce the people to send their children steadily to school. Whatever may be done by advice or mere word-law, it is through their power over the treasury that any real good can be wrought. This power has been in my opinion misdirected. If anything is wrong, or reported to be wrong, it is the teacher that is to suffer. Instead of the legislative aids being given to the people

to assist them in paying their teacher, the money has been given to the teacher irrespective of the school he taught. The grants ought to be given to the people, and in proportion to the number of really attending scholars. As an example of the misdirected influence, the legislature some few years ago wisely determined upon encouraging the people to tax themselves for the support of their schools, and offered a bonus to those districts that would adopt the taxation principle. This was a step in the right direction, but it was of no practical avail, as the bonus was given to the teacher. The people had no direct interest in the matter. Their teacher was better paid to be sure, but where was the bonus to them? They could not see it.

In Canada the Government money is distributed in a different way. A certain amount is granted to a county, and the county authorities, municipal or otherwise, divide this money among the townships or parishes, when it is again subdivided among the school districts. These divisions are settled according to certain relations the schools bear to each other, one of which is the amount of attendance. The teacher makes his agreement for a year with the trustees of a district, to teach their school for a certain sum to be paid quarterly. He looks to these trustees for the money at the specified time. They are a body corporate, and can sue or be sued. They receive the subscriptions, fees or taxes, and that part of the public money that by right falls to the district. A district meeting is held every year, when the place of the retiring trustee is filled up; the amount that the people are willing to pay, and the manner in which that amount is to be raised by the district, and any other school matter requiring adjustment, are settled by the vote of the inhabitants of the district. The trustees are then fully authorised to enter into a written agreement with the teacher, in which they bind the district to the sum, and the teacher binds himself to teach all the children of proper age, who present themselves at school, and are residents of the district. The district being thus bound to pay him, it is the interest of the residents or other

employers, to send as many scholars as possible, and so lessen their own share of the teacher's salary. The people have thus a direct pecuniary interest in the existence of a flourishing school, an interest which is wanting in this Province, on account of the manner of giving legislative aid. The teacher's salary does not depend on the returns that he sends in, so that he may send a correct statement without any fear of losing part of his hardly earned wages.

In this brief sketch I have attempt-

ed to point out a defect in the manner of giving Provincial aid, as practised here, and to suggest a principle, which if embodied in a school law, would, I think, be followed by the happiest results to the children that are fit for school, and place the teacher in a position more independent and safe than he has heretofore occupied; at the same time causing more work to be done for the same amount of public money expended.

Yours, &c.,

N. R.

LINES ON ART.

[CONCLUDED.]

But brightest shone the glory of thy reign,
 O nymph divine! when the Greek Empire fell,
 And Moslem zeal had laid Byzantium
 Low in the dust, driving thy vot'ries thence.
 These sailing to Italia, recommenced,
 'Neath kindred skies, their world-enriching tasks.
 Then Angelo, thou camest! Heralded
 By satellites, each princely in his fame,
 Giotto, Cimabue, Massacio,
 (Unhappy pioneer of happier peers)
 Da Vinci, he who woke his country's love
 And admiration of all after times!
 These came like paler stars in summer eve,
 Before the empress-moon's completer glow.
 Last thou appeared thyself, one soul uniting
 The sculptor, painter, and the architect;
 A prince's protege, but greater still;
 Prince of a realm thyself, of prouder name
 Than Italy or earth itself contains.
 What shall I say of ardent young Murillo,
 Of Teniers, and of Vandyke; Titian too,
 Of dark Salvator, from a thunder-cloud
 Seeking supernal inspiration—all.
 The glorious names, who earned themselves high shrines
 In Art's bright fane? What shall my muse essay?
 My hands drop feeble from the sacred strings;
 Some master hand must strike them—I may not;
 But, like the eldersmen on Horeb's mount,
 Must stand afar, gazing in breathless awe!
 Add Rubens, Rembrandt, Raphael divine,
 Of north, and southern art the chief, and all
 The galaxy of stars around them grouped;
 Like to the heavenly Pleiades, on each
 The glory of his fellows bright reflected.
 Nor wert thou Albion scanty in thy gifts
 Upon her shrine. Priests of her worship here
 Thou boasted Richardson, and Turner too,
 Gainsborough, Barry, Chantrey, Kneller, West,

And honest Hogarth, who the courage had,
 To paint his moral lessons to an age,
 When vice stalked unrebuked in light of day.
 These all in Britons' hearts, as in their halls,
 Stood hierophants to Art, on Albion's shores.
 And thus they nobly lived, and toiled, and died,
Embalmed in memory of all after time,
 Yearning for something beautiful and good,
 Not born of earth.

Art's highest lesson this:—

"*Admire the beautiful and virtuous.*"
 Then with bewildered look she sudden stayed,
 Her earthly mission could no farther go.
 But thou, bright heaven-born queen of light and love,
 Religion, thou it wast who ledst us on,
 Higher! from nature up to nature's God;
 And thou didst teach that, but t'admire was nought;
 'Twas action, battling in the ranks of truth,
 That made us soar above these realms of earth,
 To brighter scenes than here can meet our eyes.
These groves have felt the simoon-breath of sin,
 Which leaves its blight upon each earthly flower;
Those have seen nought but spotless purity,
 Giving each blossom there a holier radiance.
These soon must fade and fall; *those* brighter grow
 In fadeless bloom. This can religion teach.
 Yet art, though with a humbler embassy,
 Is from the same high source and spring divine.
 And but the humblest weed from heavenly fields,
 Surely is worth far more than all the blooms
 Earth's Edens shew! All hail then Art divine,
 And may thy lessons be auxiliary
 To thy more noble sister's. So wilt thou
 And she co-operate, to teach all men
 To love the beautiful and good, and emulate
 In life the lessons ye so nobly give;
 So bless us with your teachings.

COMETS.

[From the Speech of Lord Wrottesley, President of British Association. Oxford, June 1860.]

Of all the phenomena of the heavens, there are none which excite more general interest than comets—those vagrant strangers, the gypsies as they have been termed of our solar system, which often come we know not whence, and at periods when we least expect them; and such is the effect produced by the suddenness and strangeness of their appearance, and the mysterious nature of some of the facts connected with them, that while in ignorant times they excited alarm, they now sometimes seduce men to leave other employments and become

astronomers. Now, though larger and brighter comets naturally excite most public interest, and are really valuable to astronomers, as exhibiting appearances which tend to throw light on the internal structure of these bodies, and the nature of the forces which must be in operation to produce the extraordinary phenomena observed, yet some of the smaller telescopic comets are, perhaps, more interesting in a physical point of view. Thus the six periodical comets, the orbits of which have been determined with tolerable accuracy, and which return

at stated intervals, are extremely useful, as being likely to disclose facts of which, but for them, we should possibly have ever remained ignorant. Thus, for example, when the comet of Encke, which performs its revolution in a period of a little over three years, was observed at each return, it disclosed the important and unexpected fact, that its motion was continually accelerated. At each successive approach to the sun it arrives at its perihelion sooner and sooner; and there is no way of accounting for this so satisfactorily as that of supposing that the space, in which the planetary and cometary motions are performed, is everywhere pervaded by a very rarefied atmosphere or ether, so thin as to exercise no perceptible effect on the movements of massive solid bodies like the planets, but substantial enough to exert a very important influence on more attenuated substances moving with great velocity. The effect of the resistance of the ether is to retard the tangential motion, and

allow the attractive force of gravity to draw the body nearer to the sun, by which the dimensions of the orbit are continually contracted and the velocity in it augmented. The final result will be that, after the lapse of ages, this comet will fall into the sun. This body, a mere hazy cloud, continually flickering as it were like a celestial moth round the great luminary, is at some distant period destined to be mercilessly consumed. Now the discovery of this ether is deeply interesting as bearing on other important physical questions, such as the undulating theory of light; and the probability of the future absorption of comets by the sun is important as connected with a very interesting speculation by Professor William Thomson, who has suggested that the heat and light of the sun may be from time to time replenished by the falling in and absorption of countless meteors which circulate round him; and here we have a cause revealed which may accelerate or produce such an event.

GLEANINGS.

A humble man is like a good tree—the more fruit it bears, the lower it bends.

PERVERSY.—Some men put me in mind of half-bred horses, which grow worse in proportion as you feed and exercise them for improvement.

Greville.

The following beautiful lines, dated 1632, quoted in the *Atlantic* for June, in an article on Chess, allude to the pawn's "going to queen."

THE PAWN.

A lowly one I saw,
With aim fixt high:
Ne to the righte,
Ne to the lefte,
Veering, he marched by his Lawe;
The crested Knyghte passed by,
And haughty surplice-vest,
As onward towards his heste,
With patient step he prest,
Soothfaste his eye;

Now, lo! the last door yieldeth,
His hand a sceptre wieldeth,
A crowne his forehead shieldeth.

So mergeth the true hearted,
With aim fixt high,
From place obscure and lowly:
Veereth he nought;
How many loyall paths be trod,
Soe many royall crownes hath God.

EPIGRAM FROM THE GERMAN OF LESSING.

<p>While Fell was reposing himself on the hay, A reptile concealed 'till his leg as he lay;</p>	<p>But all venom himself, of the wound he made light, And got well, while the scorpion died of the bite.</p>
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