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THE  
PROVINCIAL;  
OR  
HALIFAX MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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VOLUME II.

JANUARY TO DECEMBER.

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HALIFAX, N. S.  
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JAMES BOWES AND SON,  
1853.

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# THE PROVINCIAL.

HALIFAX, N. S. JANUARY, 1853.

## A FEW WORDS TO OUR READERS.

IN commencing a new volume of 'The Provincial,' it may not be out of place to address a few words to our Readers. It was not without considerable hesitation that we ventured to assume the duty and responsibility of doing what had been more than once done before: appealing to the taste and intelligence of our fellow Colonists, to enable us to sustain a Periodical, purely literary in its character.

We were encouraged to make the attempt in consequence of a very general desire expressed by a portion of the reading public—for a native publication of this description. In compliance with this feeling the work was ushered into existence, and in spite of many faults both of thought and expression, notwithstanding many defects both in plan and execution, we are sincerely glad at heart that we undertook the work. Wherever the Magazine has reached it has been received with kindness. Contributors, known and unknown, have rendered assistance with a cordiality and ability without which the Magazine small as it is, could not well have been carried on. To these ladies and gentlemen we return our hearty thanks, and trust that their labour of love will be continued, and that their exertions, combined with our own and that of others, will place the second volume of 'The Provincial,' in a much more commanding position than the first.

We have not bribed the Press even by an advertisement, yet their notices have always been kind and encouraging—generous—to an extent which goes far to prove the almost universal feeling in favour of the rise and progress of a native literature. We thank these gentlemen for their kind wishes and valuable aid, while their interest in our welfare is all the more gratifying that it has not been confined within the limits of our own Province; but has extended to Canada, New Brunswick and the other Colonies—even as far as the great Republic itself. We trust that this interest will expand itself still more generally, and that we will yet be able to count our circulation by thousands and not by hundreds.

On our part no effort shall be wanting to maintain and increase the interest and efficiency of the Magazine. We are aware of the difficulty of pleasing every taste; nor can we hope ever to succeed in doing so. One reader will tell us, 'let us have none of that trashy stuff which inundates the American Periodicals: give us solid, substantial articles!' A young lady reader informs us in confidence, that 'there is no use taking up the Magazine with cumbrous articles about Telegraphs, &c.—why not give us some more of your tales and sketches: they are pretty and everybody reads them?' 'Give us short articles and plenty of them,' says a lively young clerk, 'variety is the life of a Magazine!' 'What is the use of giving one a mouthful when he expects a meal?' says a rather testy 'constant reader.' In short, we find that to please every one is impossible: so we must content ourselves with supplying what we think will be most likely to minister to the general interest.

The year which has just passed has been, in many respects, an eventful one. At home it has been characterised, by much activity of preparation, for what is evidently about to become a great fact—the building of Railways throughout the colonies. Our fisheries have this year received an efficient protection from the Imperial Government, which may be productive of the best results. We have been talking of and preparing for an Exhibition during the approaching summer. We have for the first time got a steamer plying regularly between Halifax and Boston: a public convenience of the greatest importance.

Last year Sir Edward Belcher, a fellow colonist, was selected to command a searching expedition for Sir John Franklin. We record this circumstance with some feelings of just pride.

During the past year also we have had to lament the loss, by death, of our late Governor Sir John Harvey, as brave a soldier as ever drew sword, and as kind hearted and amiable a man as ever filled the high office to which he was called by his sovereign. Among our legislators death has carried from us a valuable, able and upright man, whose place it will be difficult to fill—James D. Fraser, of Windsor.

In the world at large, there can be no doubt that the crowning and most melancholy event of the year—which will mark it out when a thousand lustra have passed away—is the death of the Duke of Wellington, who, in the eloquent words of the "Times," 'had exhausted nature and exhausted glory—and left the scene with no honour unbestowed and no duty unfulfilled.' Webster, too, the great American statesman, almost at the same time took a final farewell of earthly ambition—but at a period the most unpropitious for his fame.

Australian gold has given an impulse to trade, commerce and emigration in England, sufficient of itself to stamp the year as the beginning of a new era.

1852 found us and left us maintaining an ignoble contest with a horde of fierce savages in southern Africa. The same year saw the beginning of a

contest, which will, in all likelihood, terminate in the annexation of another immense district to our over-grown Indian Empire. We might go on enumerating; but it is time that we drew to a close. Steam has had its successes and its disasters: the 'Amazon,' the 'Henry Clay,' the 'Reindeer,' the 'Atlantic'—their names tell their sad history.

America has looked with a longing eye to Cuba and the far distant Islands of Japan. The issue belongs to the future—and we shall not endeavour to divine it. The past year has been one of great vitality. The present is one of great promise—in which every one of us, however humble, has to do his part. We trust that our little Province will enjoy her due share of this new life; and that amidst the din of coming railways, and the commotions of party strife, our efforts to soothe the one, and allay the other, by carrying the mind occasionally far away from both, will not be without their use, to the social and intellectual well-being of our fellow Colonists. With this hope we launch our little bark upon a second voyage.

#### LITERATURE OF SLAVERY.\*

WHILE acknowledging the excellence and utility of the many discoveries and applications of science in this our age of progress, and looking upon them all as so many aids in the plan of ameliorating and exalting our common condition and character, we are still free to admit that the *pen* is the great agent of moral improvement; which, when swayed aright, can work more powerfully for good than any other means of human invention. There are a thousand objects which only its influence can touch; and more important changes have resulted from its endeavours than any attempt of ours could record.

The literature of the nineteenth century has exercised a most beneficial influence upon the world, and proved that the minds of modern days are working more successfully for the right than those of any previous age.

To assert the rights of almost every class of humanity, no matter how trampled upon or degraded, a band of energetic writers have come forward forcing their claims upon the sympathy of their kind, and obtaining redress by the very force of style in which their statements and arguments were conveyed. Long did the factory children of England endure the heaviest burdens of toil and suffering, often yielding up their young lives to the tyranny of their employers, without one word raised in their behalf, until the lamented

\* "Uncle Tom's Cabin: or Life among the Lowly." By MRS. HARRIET B. STOWE. Boston: JOHN P. JEWETT & Co.

"The Cabin and the Parlour: or Slaves and Masters." By J. THORNTON RANDOLPH. Philadelphia: T. B. PETERSON.

'Charlotte Elizabeth' with others like-minded to herself, in their eloquent appeals to British humanity and justice, for redress to the wrongs of those oppressed little ones, aroused an interest in their fate, and shamed their task-masters into mercy. So with the poor needlewoman and impoverished manufacturers of the mother country. The former class had pined and died, the victims of atrocious avarice and cruelty, when Hood touched a million hearts by his 'Song of the Shirt,' and gave the initiative to others who were zealous like himself in the cause of the oppressed, until England woke to a sense of the injustice, and plans were formed and put in execution for their redress.

Cooper, and Kingsley, with a host of others, set forth vividly the distress of the manufacturing classes, and did more in their favour, by the strong arguments of far-seeing intellect and large-hearted sympathy, than all the gatherings and petitions of the Chartists and their advocates. The destitute and outcast are now the heroes of song and story; and intellect works hand in hand with philanthropy, to benefit and exalt our species.

But there was yet a class more despised and wronged than any to which we have yet alluded. Men with immortal souls like those around them, kept as beasts of burden in a Master's service, bought and sold like cattle from the stall, at the white man's bidding,—cut off from the formation of those domestic ties which elevate and soften humanity,—and sunk by the injustice and cruelty of men calling themselves Christians, to the degradation and ignorance which only slavery can know.

In America, however, where this evil exists in its darkest extent, a voice has been lifted powerful and eloquent in their behalf. We allude to the work which has created so great a sensation on both sides of the Atlantic, entitled 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' It has been followed by numerous others—advocating the same cause—while as many have been written to oppose it. These aid at the same time in bringing the subject of slavery before the public, and in many cases furthering its abolition.

It is our intention only to notice the two principal works on either side, viz. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' to which we have just referred, and 'The Cabin and Parlour,' by J. T. Randolph. Both have been before the public for some time, and the extensive circulation of the former work, makes remark on our part almost superfluous. It has been reviewed and commended in nearly all the influential journals of Great Britain and America, and the only difficulty is to avoid saying what has already been said. We do not hope to adduce anything novel in our remarks, nor will we give our readers any extracts from either volume. They are works that should be in the hands of every reader—open to the discerning judgment of an intelligent mind.

Mrs. Stowe's volume is written in the style of a novel; and, apart from the interest and importance of its principal subject, is an attractive romance. Easily and gracefully written, it abounds with evidences of good judgment and

refined taste, and proves her to be an accomplished writer and an amiable woman. We will not go into the details of the story, now probably familiar to the reading part of our inhabitants, but confine ourselves to its sentiment and arguments.

It seems difficult to imagine how there can be two views taken of the subject of Slavery. Every principle of humanity, justice and Christianity, is opposed to it. The rule laid down by the founder of that faith which all profess to follow: "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," pronounces its condemnation. We do not believe that any one conscientiously advocates its legitimacy, though we may feel them to be sincere in asserting, that now, when once established, it has become a necessary evil. This is a question which has attracted the attention of the wise and good for many years. England evinced her determination to lift the yoke from every slave in her dominions, let the risk to her Colonial and general prosperity be what it might; and though much has been said of the adverse and deplorable condition of the West Indies, since the abolition of Slavery, the picture (at least if late statistical information be relied on) has been greatly exaggerated; and after the reaction, consequent on such a change has worn off, the state of these Islands will, in all probability, be materially benefitted. Such at least was the enlightened and humane hope of Great Britain, when she did away with this institution, honoured by time, but accursed by Heaven.

Mrs. Stowe has given us fresh proof, if that were wanting, to justify the use of such strong language. With her we think there can be no neutral ground; the system which justifies the tearing asunder of every human tie, which permits man to deprive his fellow man of every natural right and immunity, can have no justification—it should and must be abolished.

The striking injustice committed on George Harris (one of the characters in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin') is, we fear, of too frequent occurrence among the slaveholders in the South; and in cases like his, when negro blood only tinges the brow and cheek, this system of ownership and oppression seems more strikingly abhorrent. And we ask, is it habit, or in-bred inhumanity, that can make men commit such acts of cruelty toward their fellow creatures, those whom they know to be almost of their own parentage, often by birth and intelligence their equals, and in morality and religion how infinitely their superiors!

And yet, while we denounce Slavery as an institution, and its abuses as inhuman and infamous, we do not aid in elevating the African, either in his own or our estimation: while we talk and feel that all men are equal in the sight of Him who made them, we reject the conviction in our own individual life. Though we give charity and aid to those who beset us in our daily walks, how rarely do we extend friendship or esteem. We are unwilling even to occupy the same conveyance, and disdain to sit at the same table. Strongly and vigorously Mrs. Stowe condemns this aversion to the negro inhabitants

that exist in the Northern States, and which we know to be prevalent among us; but though the philanthropist may blame us, we will not so readily join with her in her denunciations.

From our own individual knowledge of the coloured inhabitants of Nova Scotia, we have no hesitation in pronouncing them far inferior in morality, intelligence, and cleanliness, to the very lowest among the white population; and this in those who have been free for nearly half a century, and surrounded with the example of their industrious and well conducted neighbours. With some advantages as regards education and culture, they have progressed but little from their original condition; while all the evils engendered by want of responsibility to others, have flourished in full force.

We argue from this, that either the negroes located in our Province have been very inferior to those described by Mrs. Stowe, or else that her picture of their intelligent, domestic and moral faculties has been greatly overdrawn. We will allow a little latitude to either case; but it does sound slightly extraordinary to us, when we read of the gratitude, intense affection, and genuine morality exhibited by negroes as a community, and are told that those virtues are peculiar to their race. Slavery, then, must certainly call into being all those desirable qualities, while freedom may be said to extinguish them, if the character of the Africans who form a part of our population be any criterion by which to judge.

The insufferable arrogance and uncleanly habits of Colonial negroes make it almost impossible for us to hold association with them. Habit and want of conscientious consideration, without doubt, foster this aversion; and perhaps it is unfair to judge of them collectively until we see what a well organized system of training and teaching might do for them. If slavery has sunk their moral and intellectual faculties to the debased state in which they now exist among us, then has that system a double sin to answer for; and we would have charged the whole weight of their inferiority to that degrading institution, had not Mrs. Stowe come forward to attribute to them those high, warm affections and virtues, the exhibition of which we never witnessed in one of the race.

But apart from what appears to us as an inconsistency, the authoress has written a most powerful and convincing story, displaying no ordinary habits of observation, and appealing not only to the sympathies but the justice and reason of every mind. Her characters may be exaggerated, but they are drawn with great power and beauty.

Little Eva from first to last is the embodiment of a poet's dream, and the tears that fall as we read her touching sentences, and the beautiful description of her death, are happy evidences of the appreciation of purity and simplicity, which fountain-like and lovely, linger in almost every human heart to raise and regenerate it.

But Cassy's story is to us more touching and melancholy than any phase of

little Eva's life: the tear of sympathy is only chased away by the keen flush of indignation that such wrongs are permitted on so fair an earth as ours. Wrongs which change the angel part of woman's nature, to demoniac phrenzy, cry aloud to heaven for vengeance.

A trifling with sacred things is perhaps the chief fault in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin;' but as this is characteristic in the race of which it treats, should not be censured with too great severity. From the unprecedented popularity of this work, and the strong argument and eloquent appeals it contains, we feel that its voice will ring like a trumpet through the land, until the foundations of slavery are shaken to their centre, and the bondman comes forth free as his fellows from the yoke of the oppressor.

We have devoted so much space to Mrs. Stowe's publication, that our comments on its antagonist, 'The Cabin and Parlour,' must be brief.

Mr. Randolph states distinctly in his preface that his work was conceived and partly written before 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' made its appearance. It is well he forewarned us of this fact, or we should have pronounced it to be a parody of the former work, so similar is it in character and detail.

Here we are shown slavery in its brightest aspects, on the plantation of a kind, humane master, who treats his slaves as his own family, and binds them to him by the strongest ties of affection and gratitude. All this is naturally and well drawn—such slave-life, we believe exists on many a southern farm—and contrasts favourably with the poverty and hardships of the free Negro. But the principle is still the same. The abuse of slavery meets us daily—but its use never. Because one man is happier under a system that renders thousand miserable, is no argument that such a system should continue.

Mr. Randolph's arguments in favour of the continuance of slavery, until some more feasible way for its abolition is opened than any that has yet been suggested, are specious and deserving of consideration, though we think his antagonists were more easily convinced than men who argue for a principle of truth and right ought to be. His description of negro life in the northern states, though a wretched one, is, we believe, a correct picture; and his story of the escape and misery of the two fugitive slaves is likely to be less exaggerated than Mrs. Stowe's account of similar characters.

Mr. Randolph has taken the same view of the African character, with the authoress whose views he opposes; attributing to them all the domestic affections and sympathies that mark the sable heroes of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' But in the view taken of the slave-holders, all Mr. Randolph's masters are humane and generous. Buying and selling of human beings, to the sundering of all their best ties, is unknown in his experience. He has closed his eyes to the dark scenes of wrong and cruelty which American law admits and justifies, and given us a state which the better portion of humanity will not abuse and degrade.

We do not think his work will at all counteract the influence of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' though, if written in a better cause, we would gladly recommend it. The story is well conceived and written: passages of great beauty and pathos occasionally occur. The character of Horace, is, we think, better drawn, because more natural, than Eva's, and his death scene is very touching. Mrs. Courtenay is a passing fair copy of Mrs. St. Clair, and has her types even in our own society.

But space forbids us to draw further comparison between the relative merits of these popular works. The press and the public have pronounced opinion and approval, and it only remains for *time* to shew, what good effects will result from their publication. Justice and benevolence alike hope that they are the heralds of a brighter day to the poor African, and that ere many years the reality of slavery will only be among the atrocities of the past.

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#### LINES FOR 'THE PROVINCIAL.'

WHEN Evening steals with sober gray  
 Upon the lingering steps of day;  
 And stars from out their azure dome  
 Gaze sadly on our sinful home,  
 Then like some harp by breezes stirred  
 The voice of 'Auld Lang Syne' is heard,  
 'Till by its tones to earth is led  
 The spirit of our early dead.

Alone with thoughts that bid us rise  
 Beyond the tomb to brighter skies;  
 Then Memory draws her veil, that we  
 May once again our loved ones see.  
 Before us as of yore they stand,  
 Each one from out their shadowy land,  
 And as with them this earth we tread,  
 We commune with our cherished dead.

The Mother's gentle hand is laid  
 Again upon the infant's head,  
 While happy voices rise to greet  
 The Father to his home retreat.  
 The Brother who has found a grave,  
 Beyond the dark blue restless wave,  
 In fancy speaks his last good-bye,  
 With swelling heart, and tearful eye.

Those mystic meetings, like the wind,  
 Sweep gently o'er the fevered mind;  
 And in some long forgotten strain  
 They fall upon the heart again.  
 Oft midst the crowd of festive halls,  
 A loneliness the spirit palls:  
 For then come stealing sounds long fled—  
 The voices of our early dead. C.R.C.

## THOUGHTS ON THE YEAR.

ONCE more have we commenced a new stage on the highway of life. Another year is lying before us: its sorrows unexperienced; its secrets unread. The future is a winding road, that discloses nothing more than the features immediately around us; but the past is a region that can be surveyed from the high hill of memory; and the waymarks, and vicissitudes of the road we have travelled, may have afforded some guidance and experience for the journey we have yet to make.

The year that has closed upon us furnished but little for the Historian or the Moralist. Nations and kingdoms rested from the turmoil of war, and the peaceful increase of arts and industry (though their influence will be felt to the latest generation), leave little of importance to record in the space of a passing year. The old and the new world have advanced in knowledge and wealth; but their annals in 1852, happily, are not written in blood. Only in the far-off East, where battle and suffering seem of necessity to exist, has the note of war been sounded; and while we deplore that the Cape difficulties have been handed over to a new year, without immediate prospect of conclusion, we can only hope that a more discerning and enlightened policy for the government of that important tributary, will be propounded during the present parliament, by which the war hitherto so fatal to Britain's army may be speedily terminated.

At home England seems awaking to the condition and interests of her working classes. The extensive system of emigration, proposed in the previous year, has been ably carried out during 1852, and a large number of persons, for whom no employment or means of livelihood could be found at home, have been provided with the necessary outfit, and otherwise aided in their voyage to the new lands of promise—Australia and America. In these the golden harvest has been abundant; and the larger number of British emigrants, have found in them employment and remuneration.

The well-being of the population remaining within her borders, has also been cared for by England. The rich and mighty of the land are aroused to the truth that the poor man also is a brother; and steps are taken to provide information and recreation for his leisure hours. One important movement in this direction is the new Crystal building at Sydenham, whose doors will be thrown open for the admittance of all, and every admirer of the beautiful, the curious, or the rare, may have his tastes gratified, by the diversified wealth of this *great treasure house*. Moral and mental improvement are working hand in hand, and we trust the day is not far distant when the upholder of slavery shall no longer seek a plea in favour of his institution, by pointing to the condition of the free operative and manufacturer in Great Britain, and shewing the balance of comfort and happiness to be all on the side of the slave.

In France the vaunted liberty (which for years has been but a name in that turbulent land) has been crushed down even in semblance by the iron heel of Louis Napoleon. The fool has proved himself to be master of those who would have derided his pretensions, and is now the idol of the populace. The empire is already his—and the destiny of that unhappy because unprincipled Country, seems now to tremble in the hands of a tyrant. Time only can fully develop what may be his policy; but, doubtless, he is eager to emulate the career of the first Napoleon—and Europe may again in the same century experience all the horrors of a continental war, engendered by the ambition of a characterless usurper.

Naturally might those thoughts occur, when Britain, with her dependencies, is called upon to deplore the most sorrowful event of the past year—the death of Arthur Duke of Wellington! Though in a ripe old age, and ready for the repose of the grave after a life of tempest and battle, still the departure of one who preserved the rights and liberties so dear to every free and protestant heart, was a matter to be painfully felt, and to call forth the question, who have we now, in the event of invasion or warfare, to take his place? But the same Providence that raised up Arthur Wellesley, as an instrument to defend and preserve the rights of Britain, still watches over that favoured land, and will, doubtless, raise up men when the occasion requires them, to serve her as faithfully and effectually as any in time past. The grateful enthusiasm of a nation, endeavouring by every means to render homage and respect to the memory of their lost hero, will stir up others to devote themselves, as he did, to the country that so nobly rewards those who have toiled for her peace and prosperity.

Death has been busy with the great public men of the earth during the past year. While England mourns over the loss of the greatest general of this or any age, Spain has also relinquished a hero, contemporary of Wellington, and emulating his prowess. America has lost two of her best statesmen: hoary with age and waiting for the reaper, Henry Clay pioneered in the death path, and Daniel Webster followed, both deeply mourned by the great nation whose interests they represented so faithfully, during a prolonged existence.

Once more has that Republic placed another in her presidential chair—Franklin Pierce—and his adherents predict much prosperity from their confidence in his enlightened policy. Art and Industry are there making rapid strides. A Crystal Palace in emulation of the great wonder of the nineteenth century, in Hyde Park, has been erected, and will be opened on the first day of May in the present year. These are the victories and rivalries the enlightened historian delights to record, and which may well be handed down to posterity as evidences of progression and glory.

With us in the Provinces little has occurred to mark the flight of time; Eighteen hundred and fifty two, has scarcely left an event to characterize its

dominion. We have as yet only talked of improvement. The Electric Telegraph, has, however, extended itself greatly in Nova Scotia and the other Provinces. Hardly a hamlet, that cannot now on occasion, send a message on its lightning wings, until time and space seem annihilated: this is one stage in the path to improvement. We regret that similar progression cannot be recorded with regard to Railways; the year has passed away with the usual amount of discussion on the subject, and yet only preliminary steps have been taken for the commencement of that important project—an Inter-Colonial Railway. It is hoped that with the new year all difficulties will be surmounted, and the colonies emulate each other for the advancement of a work which will ensure the general prosperity.

Some such impetus is surely wanting to promote the public good of the Provinces generally. Some undertaking to stay the progress of emigration, and provide employment for the industrious among us. Nova Scotia is slow to take the initiative in such matters; but we are glad to record that the past year witnessed the beginning of a movement in favour of an Exhibition of the Arts and Industry of the people, and that active measures were taken and are still in progress for the advancement of this undertaking; and we sincerely hope that Nova Scotians will arise and sustain their character for ingenuity and skill. New Brunswick has taken the lead, and during the Autumn of 1852 made a most creditable exhibition of her Manufactures and native productions, resulting in satisfaction to all concerned, and stimulating artizans and others to increased exertion in their several departments. We trust Nova Scotia will be eager in rivalry, and at least equal, if she cannot surpass, her sister Provinces in the race. We have the materials among us for a creditable exhibition, if only the people will unite, and endeavour for once to accomplish what will reflect credit upon themselves and their country.

While invention and industry increased and adorned the departed year, the labourers in the field of literature have not been idle: a large number of valuable works, illustrating every department of intellectual treasure, have been added to the library of 'our world. New names, bidding fair to rival those which have cast such lustre on the nineteenth century, but which have passed away forever, have given their productions to the world, and new thoughts and new arguments are surpassing those of former years. Mrs. Stowe, in America, has caused the whole intelligent public once more to discuss the question of slavery and this work so unpretending in appearance, may perhaps, be the lever that shall move the strong foundations of those time established institutions, which disgrace and darken the glory of that otherwise great nation, whose theory and first written principle in independance, is "*All men are born free and equal!*"

But while we are proud to acknowledge the wealth of genius bestowed upon other lands, in the same proportion do we regret the non-extension of literary

taste and development among ourselves. The people of these Colonies in their desire to be thought practical, seem to forget that the mind, as well as the purse, requires enriching, and that literature is as necessary to the well-being and advancement of a country, as either commercial enterprise or scientific skill. We need not adduce examples to prove the truth of the assertion; the almost total dearth of native periodicals among us is sufficient to substantiate the charge. A taste for intellectual pursuits wants more than encouragement: it almost requires creation. When will our people unite to sustain other literature than that of the political newspaper? When will their minds be awakened to a sense of what is good and pure, and suited to elevation of the mind, and eschew vulgar personalities, and low buffoonery? Right speedily we hope—and then may Nova Scotia, with her sister Provinces, assert pretensions to moral dignity; and with the feeling of self-respect, will come enterprise and prosperity.

Eighteen hundred and fifty three will doubtless see the completion of many events, which its predecessor has but dimly shadowed forth. Time now is fraught with stirring deeds. We almost live a Methusaleh existence as regards importance and knowledge, in our short span of three-score. A day now develops more than years in our forefathers' time, and the commencement of a new year is fraught with reflection. But it is idle to speculate on what may be its probable events. Its sun that rose in peace may set amid the darkness of battle: man's best efforts proving powerless to avert it. The experience of past years teaches us that it is no visionary's thought to anticipate sudden changes, and most important results, even in so contracted a span as the passing year. But as the Christian world has of late shewn its desire to promote good will, and the peaceful aims and labours of humanity, rather than the barbarous thirst for conquest and war, let us hope that all the changes the present year may bring, will be fraught with good and prosperity to earth; and that with other lands in the plenteous bestowment of wealth and happiness, the British Provinces of North America may receive an abundant share, to elevate their condition as a people; and while railways and other industrial or scientific undertakings grow and flourish among them, the gentler but not less important work of intellectual culture may bud and blossom in proportion, until the rich fruit and harvest is gathered as a reward.

#### OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We find that our literary drawer has some favours yet remaining, to which we beg to call attention in this the opening number of our new volume. Poetry still is in the ascendant; and from the manuscripts around us we

select a few for the perusal of our readers. 'Lines, addressed to a lady on her birthday,' is the first for insertion; which, though containing many pretty ideas, is written in such barbarous metre for a congratulatory or complimentary ode, that we fear even its recipient found it a difficult task to discover its intentions.

We would recommend our correspondent's selecting a more simple style for the expression of his feelings on the next festive occasion; or, indeed, on any; as even the sweetest fancies and loftiest images of Tupper, or Longfellow, shine but dimly through the tangled maze of such lengthened couplets:

In every leaf, with all its wondrous features, variety of shape and mystery of texture,  
And every flower—its tints, its form and odour—within our vision, through the wide creation;  
On stately tree, or shrub—on hill or valley—in forests trackless—or a hot-house fixture:  
We view with gratitude the bounteous Giver, whose works draw forth our willing admiration.

And yet these are but few among the many, the countless beauties that the eye doth gladden,  
Of things inanimate we scan in nature—beauties inherent while in silence glowing;  
Shedding their perfumes and contributing joy to the joyful and the heart that's sudden;  
Constant—unceasing—yielding forth their fragrance in one continual stream, forever flowing.

But what are they with their acknowledged beauties, compared with what th' inspired poet emblem'd,  
So faintly typified and yet poetically as 'Sharon's Rose'—'the valley's spotless flower,'  
But best portraiture he could give of woman—whose varied, untold, unthought charms assembled,  
No rose could typify, no lily picture—the last best gift to man in Eden's happy bower.

Light of his life—possessor of that spark lit by divinity, to check his wayward proneness—  
Stamped with the image of the Great Omniscient—with every grace embellish'd to his vision,  
To awe the erring—and to win with joyousness. Her life—how oft devoted with a oneness,  
A singleness of purpose, pure and lofty—as if to be his guardian angel were her mission.

Think not o'erdrawn this picture of thy sex, who by the varied graces it possess,  
Subdues and softens down man's inclinations, by kindly counsel and by bright example—  
Leading him on to virtue, and refining his rougher nature—whom they orally bless—  
My wish is this—be thou amid them all—'a bright and shining light within the temple.'

We have been favoured with several communications, above the signature of "O," and while grateful for our correspondent's attention, we must remark that, however eloquent or to the purpose, extracts from London journals are not suitable for 'The Provincial,' simply because in the prospectus of this magazine, we stated it as our intention that all the articles appearing in its columns should be *original*. Hitherto, without an exception, this determination has been fulfilled; and though well aware that 'The Provincial' would be far more interesting and worthy of perusal, did we select from the authors of the old and new world extracts for its pages—still, as our object, in commencing its publication, was to draw forth the literary talent existing among us, and make it a receptacle for Colonial literature, written expressly for its pages, we would be departing from our standard, by transferring to its columns copied matter, however excellent. If, in some future number, we have space to devote to the extracts furnished by our correspondent, we may perhaps make them available.

For the present we can only give insertion to some verses, entitled 'Mercy and Timorous,' paraphrased from Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*:

"The Pilgrim struggling in temptation's hour,  
Ready to yield to its deceitful power—  
Earnest—yet fearful lest the dangers near  
O'erwhelm her soul, and bow it down with fear.

Mercy at hand—but Timorous calls away :  
 'Hasten—let us begone, nor longer stay,  
 To tell Christina's dangers of the road—  
 Of rocky paths, and venturous gulphs bestrode.'

Mercy said sweetly, 'No—this sunshiny morn,  
 I will not leave her friendless and forlorn ;  
 Near her I'll stay, and aid her wasting strength :  
 Gladden the road and ease its weary length.'

So may it ever be ! may Mercy's power  
 Go forth to help us, in each trying hour ;  
 And teach us, us Heaven's blessings we receive,  
 Mercy to all, we ever gladly give !"

Another copy of verses, paraphrased from the same work, are so similar in expression, that we postpone their insertion for the present.

'Bend like the Reed,' is the caption of some stanzas, which have been laid aside by us for some time, and to which we now give publication :

" 'Bend like the Reed,' when chilling blasts  
 Sweep with relentless fury nigh ;  
 'Bend like the reed' before the blast,  
 The gale will pass you by .

'Bend like the reed !' see yonder oak—  
 Fallen and stern—the gale defied ;  
 Its giant limbs are broken off,—  
 Its leaves are scattered far and wide.

'Bend like the reed,'—meekness and love  
 Are always found in virtue's way ;  
 The attributes of Him above,  
 Who came from Heaven our souls to save.

'Bend like the reed'—for gentleness  
 Cannot on earth be too much prized ;  
 The followers of the Lamb should be  
 Both gentle, lowly, just and wise.

'Bend like the reed'—for gentleness  
 Is what all christians must obtain ;  
 O 'tis a spirit sweet and pure,  
 We all must humbly strive to gain.

'Bend like the reed,' when adverse winds  
 Blow fierce and keen, a sullen blast ;  
 'Bend like the reed' before the storm,  
 And Heaven you'll surely gain at last.

'Bend like the reed,' when angry tones  
 And bitter words flow thick and fast ;  
 No angry word or look return—  
 'Bend like the reed' before the blast."

In addition to these, we have have received a series of papers, entitled 'Sketches of Provincial character,' which shall appear at convenience.

Other articles, not alluded to here, will meet with an early insertion. We conclude our notices for the present, with a communication from a new correspondent, who has kindly favoured us with some sketches of travel, and who accompanies his manuscript by the following note :

*To the Editor of the Provincial* :—SIR—Having nothing more important to offer, as a contribution to your valuable Magazine, I venture to place in your hands some unpretending remarks and notes of a trip recently made to the mother country. It is not always the learnedness of a book or essay that makes it acceptable to the reading world. To most persons the great charm of

Dickens, as a writer, consists in his exquisite art in placing before his readers the most trivial details of life, invested with powerful interest.

We constantly stumble upon some apparently simple remark, so simple indeed, that we, of less genius, would have thought it quite beneath us to commit to writing; and yet it charms us because it is perfectly natural, and we feel that we 'could all have made it ourselves.' If he is describing a steam engine, a fire annihilator, or a pin, we walk with him among the machinery, or talk with him concerning the process; and we are more interested, and carry away vastly more information, than if we had risen from the perusal of a learned and scientific treatise. In short, he describes *everything*, no matter how apparently insignificant, and we are pleased at finding that another person, and that too a man in print, has had the same sensations on particular subjects as ourselves, just as we enjoy most, those parts of a book of travels which describe scenes, through which we have ourselves passed. One may read for information, as a matter of duty, the description of foreign lands; but one seizes with interest the new book, treating of the scenes through which ourselves have first passed; and no portion of that book is more pleasing than the remark here and there showing that the writer's sensations, at particular spots, or on particular occasions, were identical with one's own.

Therefore, the following remarks are submitted with no pretensions to the character of discoveries, or learned description. Those fields have been thoroughly ploughed up already, by persons duly qualified for the task. On some points, perhaps, the reader may pick up here and there an item of information, not before possessed, which it is hoped will be more pleasantly communicated and impressed on the mind, than if extracted from the dry pages of a hand-book, or a 'guide.'

## THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

### CHAPTER I.

It was at about 3 o'clock of a September morning, that we found ourselves on board a Cunard's steamer, on our way to a milder climate than Nova Scotia with all its advantages, is favored with. We had a pleasant run across the water, and found the society of our fellow passengers agreeable. There were not more than fifty of us altogether; a number quite sufficient for comfort, although the boat could accommodate three times as many; that is to say, one hundred and fifty passengers, could eat and sleep on board, but there would have been rather a deficiency of 'elbow room.' Having once made a voyage in a crowded 'Cunarder,' I speak from experience. At the same time, having crossed the ocean, from various points, in steamers of all descriptions, I pronounce those bearing the name of our countryman, superior in comfort to all. Those of the wealthy Oriental Company will bear no comparison.

Among the company on board, were two Frenchmen, who sat at 'our table,'

one of whom spoke not a word of English; the other was very feebly illuminated, and by way of trimming his lamp had a pocket dictionary as his companion, to which he appealed constantly, in his desire to learn the language, and his unwillingness to trouble his fellow guests when wanting something of the waiter. He told us that he had been in England before, and had seen "ze derbiddy." What this was, whether man or beast, or a new planet, we could not conceive, and it required a long cross-examination, to discover that he alluded to the Derby day at Bpston races. His companion looked as if he had just come out of a penitentiary, or a high fever. His hair was cropped, and had it gone no further, charity might have suggested that illness was the cause of his denuded poll; but the general appearance of the man, his dress, and his manners, certainly would have led Mr. Hill, the Recorder of Birmingham, to have set the police to watch him as a 'suspicious person.' He was constantly committing some *faux pas*, and as constantly receiving 'raps over the knuckles' from his dictionary friend. However, nothing I believe was missed on board: the spoons and forks were all right; and perhaps he was only just then 'down in his luck.'

There was a young scapegrace of a midshipman also at our table, who was as impudent and larkish as a monkey. His indignation was roused when one of us suggested that the dead-light should be put on the window near him, as 'having been accustomed to dine in the cockpit, he might find the unusual light troublesome.' A violent unexpected punch in the ribs, a few hours afterwards, rewarded the maker of this piece of impertinence. He was a fine boy, however, and very gentlemanly at bottom.

With an American, a Southerner, I used to have long and interesting conversations. It is a matter of great interest to observe the tone of feeling towards England prevailing among the people of the United States. No doubt, among the better educated classes in the States, there will be found a feeling of friendship for the old country, and an absence of jealousy; but the vast mass of the population is imbued with a sentiment of deadly hostility, by no means diminished by the consciousness, that, boast as they may, they do not as yet hold as important or influential a position in the world as Great Britain. True, they are becoming very powerful—they need fear no nation—but their position in the world is something analogous to the boy at school, whose prowess makes him a dangerous customer to be meddled with, but who, nevertheless, cannot attain the influence which is wielded by some other boy of older standing, who has long been the acknowledged head and referee. Nor is this sentiment of dislike swept away from the minds of the generality of Americans who travel, who are commonly slighted by the English whom they meet abroad, by no means ordinarily the best specimens of *their* nation.

The Americans whom one meets abroad, will generally be found intelligent, liberal, and pleasant companions; but, if by chance any topic is started,

involving a comparison between the two countries, the jealousy will become instantly apparent. Even where the superiority is conceded on any point to England, the concession is made with a sort of implied suggestion that it is exceedingly liberal on the part of the American to do so. So far is the feeling carried, that frequently, not only is England asserted to be now on the decline, but her ancient glories are denied. Some Americans will speak with a pitying expression of countenance of the late Afghan wars, and declare that our battles with the Sikhs were like those of their own country with the Seminole Indians;—and our southern fellow passenger, when one day the conversation had glided into this topic, pronounced that all the battles of the peninsula were child's-play; and when we asked in despair, whether then he did not admit that Wellington was an able general, he declared that the Duke was only a 'chance general,' and that the battle of Waterloo proved nothing, because the English had bribed Grouchy not to come up.

Such opinions as these—proceeding from ignorance of the subject, and founded upon the jealous misrepresentations of a violent partizan press, the conductors of which find it their interest to pander to the passions of their countrymen, and to flatter the national self-importance—although amusing, are to be deplored, as tending to keep up hostility between two great countries. From our fellow passenger we heard, however, that the jealousy borne collectively by the United States against England, is nearly rivalled in intensity by that subsisting between the North and the South in these States themselves. We mentioned that having been in New York a short time previously, we had not met with a particularly civil treatment at the Irving House; that is to say, the rooms allotted us were not suitable for our party, and that on complaining, our remonstrances were met with indifference; a treatment which we admitted to be not usual in the States, but which, in this instance, we conceived, from accompanying circumstances, to arise from our being 'Britishers.' Our friend stated, that just similar was the impression among the southerners touching their reception at the Northern Hotels. The slavery question had been for two or three years running very high, and had reached its climax, by the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, the enforcing of which, in the free States, had exasperated *them*, while on the other hand the obstruction given in the north to the enforcement of this law, had infuriated the slaveholders. A mutual feeling of hatred existed between the two divisions of the country, and our friend declared, southerners were always neglected and ill-treated at the hotels in the north. The south was retaliating, in a most practical manner, by withdrawing, as far as possible, its business from the States most conspicuous for abolitionism, and establishing manufactures within its own territories, to compete with these of the North. The publication and enormous circulation of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' it is to be feared will not tend to produce harmony between the conflicting States.

We took a Liverpool pilot on board, at 7 o'clock, on Saturday evening, having had a fine run of eight days. The bar of Liverpool harbour could not be passed for a couple of hours, and there we lay expecting, till the tide rose; but with the tide, came up a fog—thick, dark, palpable. We were compelled to be out all night, making a hideous din with gongs, bells, and other noisy instruments, to warn other vessels of our whereabouts. We made almost as much noise as a fast young man, 'keeping his birth-day.' Our captain, who for some reason or another did not like Halifax, and asserted that it had nothing in the world worth looking in for, except its 'fish and pretty women,' had been particularly witty during the voyage, at the expense of our country, and the principal burden of his song was the dreadful Halifax fogs. I took the opportunity, on this occasion, to glide behind him, on the paddle box, and to roar into his ear, 'Is this equal to a Halifax fog?' 'Ah,' said he, 'I thought I should hear from you;' and he then declared that he had never been stopped in the Mersey, by a fog, before; which assertion he sent for his chief mate to corroborate. From the hesitation of the mate's reply, although of course he could not 'contradict his captain,' I am afraid that the assertion of the latter must be put into the same category with those which a stranger, visiting a place, always receives from the natives. Either it has not been so hot, or so rainy, or so cold, or something unpleasant, for at least twenty nine seasons, 'in fact I do not recollect when, sir.'

At length, after a night of discord, the morning, it cannot be said, made its appearance; but the clock pointed to the hour when the almanac declared that it ought to have shewn itself, and on going on deck we found the custom-house officers aboard. During the preceding evening, all our luggage had been brought up and arranged in the saloon, the tables having been removed for the purpose. Formerly, all the luggage was taken to the custom-house on shore, and the passengers on landing from a separate tender, and arriving at the custom-house, had to pick out their several pieces of luggage from the mass. The present arrangement is much more comfortable. Each passenger's luggage is placed by itself, and the names of the owners are called, two by two, from the purser's list. Our friend the Frenchman, almost wept, when compelled to exhibit his furniture. One large case he had beautifully arranged in layers, the successive floors in it being fastened by nails driven from the outside through the side of the box; a plan very simple in its 'doing,' but involving much trouble and derangement in its *undoing*. He looked quite aghast, as shelf after shelf was torn away, each leaving a line of upturned, claw-like nails, to mark its whereabouts. All the carefully divided articles, some of them delicate enough, were now in a jumble, and how they were ever assorted and kept apart again, fit for another journey, (for the owner was going to France, where of course they would be further inspected), we never knew. Nor did the contents of this case enlighten us as to his occupation in

his own country. There were almost enough 'what-nots' to furnish a shop; and if they were intended for presents, his circle of friends must have been described with a very large radius.

The town of Liverpool seemed to stand pretty much in the same place where we had found it on preceding visits. There was the same fine Custom-house and Exchange, the same long rows of warehouses, the same splendid ranges of docks. However, our business did not lie there; and on Monday morning at nine o'clock, we were in the express train for London. We should have arrived at Euston Square by half past three, but were more than an hour late; a trifle, however, when it is considered that just about that time so reckless were the English Railway companies, that people thought themselves particularly lucky to arrive at all. Even in the very paper which we were reading in the train, was contained the account of a most fearful accident which had recently taken place, near Bicester, when some half dozen were killed, and twice as many injured for life. One man lay for three hours on the ground, with the railway carriage and the other passengers on his back, his mouth pressed against the earth, and his limbs distorted. His life was preserved, but he was crippled for the rest of his days. The railway company, it is said, offered this man *three pounds* compensation, and endeavoured to extort from him a written statement that he had been amply provided for. The man, by the advice of friends, refused, and at length, we heard, compelled the Company to grant him an annuity of forty pounds a year. Great excitement prevailed in England concerning this dreadful accident; law proceedings were talked of; but, I believe, ultimately, the various parties injured were satisfied, without resorting to legal tribunals.

Such being at the time the state of railroad conveyance in England, we were bound to feel satisfied at arriving in London only an hour late, though travelling by express train.

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## THE STRAGGLER OF THE BEACH.

Translated from 'The Provincial,' from the French of EMILE SOUVESIRA.

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The large peninsula lying between the mouths of the Loire and the Vilaine is indented by several bays, around which are grouped distinct races—which neither time nor close connection have been able to confound; but it is towards the North West where the ancient County of Nantes joins that of Vannes, that the difference becomes most striking. At Piriac, for instance, you will find on one side of the road the peaceable blood of Nantes mingled with the

rich blood of the Saxons, while the other side is occupied by the turbulent and belligerent natives of Vannes. The countenances of the former are mild, their manners gentle, their language slow and musical; while the features of the latter are harsh, their manners rough, and their accent hurried and abrupt. Towards the south of the bay, the inhabitant of the river bank will reply to a reproach by an excuse; towards the north by insults or by blows. Both at the north and south, however, the same absence of industry is apparent.

Content with his fishing, on the small plot which he cultivates, the *Piracese* accepts that place in the world which chance has assigned to him, not that it pleases him, but because he has been placed there. If you require any unaccustomed exertion from him, you must expect to pay him a hundred fold, as he would be very likely to say with the Indian of Peru:—‘For copper I open my eyes,—for silver I turn round,—but to induce me to rise, you must give me gold.’

This was true some years ago, before the *quiet and retiring* frequenters of the watering places, driven by the vicarries of fashion from Pornic, from Poulignion and from Croisic, were obliged to seek solitude and freedom among the rocks of Piriac. Since a practical road has been opened, visitors no longer require trains of mules as in the *sierras* of Spain, or one of those boat shaped ox-carts in which Gang Roll used to traverse his new domain of Neustria; now boats and *coucous* contend for the honour of conveying travellers. Now, the most hardy tourists of the Lower Loire and of Ille-et-Vilaine begin to venture as far as this old retreat of the Protestants, presided over in the 16th century by the famous pastor Francois Baron, and in reference to which the neighbouring Catholic boroughs were accustomed to ask: *Pire\* y a-t-il?* (Is there a worse place?) From whence has arisen, say the wise men of the country, the name of *Piriac!*

Thanks to these visitors, the altered population of the ancient Calvinistic village begins to assume more civilised manners: houses are fitted up for the reception of travellers; a sort of market is established; bathing-houses are erected here and there on the shore; but towards the close of the restoration nothing of the kind existed. Piriac was then known only to the antiquaries of Nantes, who had never seen it, although they published a description of it in the *Lyceæ Armoricain*. Thanks to them, a rock—not far from which one of the Officers of the Spanish garrison stationed here in 1590 had been interred—and since designated the tomb of *Almanzor* (a corruption of *Almanzur*, the *victorious*) was transformed into a *Druidical altar scored with shallow trenches for the reception of the blood of victims*; the remains of tin ore found on the sand became *mines formerly frequented by the Carthaginians*, and the village of Penhareng, so called from the shoals of herrings which frequent those places, was poetically styled the Promontory of Horangues.

\* *Pire*: French word for worse.

These curious discoveries were so much the better received, as no one ever thought of enquiring about their correctness. If by chance some stranger, fond of solitude, astonished the isolated village by paying it an occasional visit, no effort was made to detain him. If he wished to remain, he must be content to lead the same sort of life as those around him, without expecting to be served with either promptitude or zeal; inoffensive but indifferent, the population changed none of its habits on his account. No offer of service, no facilities granted to him on account of his ignorance of localities; he must seek his fish from the fisherman, his milk from the dairy-maid, his bread from the village baker; all was granted to him with a sort of surprise, as if they could not understand this appeal to the resources of others. They did not see why strangers should come to drink *their* wine, and eat *their* bread, when they had vines and lands of their own elsewhere.

One man alone in the village thought differently, and was ready to serve the new-comers. This was Louis Marzon. Born of an unknown father, and of a mother whose kindness and affection did not redeem her vices, he had been in a manner shut out from everything that might influence him for good, till the age of eighteen—when he was left an orphan burdened with a younger brother, whose origin was as obscure as his own. He had neither boat nor lands, and consequently no possible regular occupation. He lived at first by gathering what he could find on the sea shore; sea weeds torn up from the bottom of creeks, fish caught in the eddies, and shell-fish detached from the reefs. While others reaped their harvest on the Ocean, he gleaned on the *beach*, for which he was contemptuously styled ‘the Straggler of the Beach.’

The arrival of visitors at last opened up to him a new field for his exertions. Was it necessary to send a messenger to Guerande, a guide who could foresee every danger, and who was familiar with all the curiosities of the bay—Marzon was always ready. This zeal, however, for which they should have given credit, seemed rather to lower him in public estimation. In the eyes of men who could comprehend but one idea and follow but one plan, this multiplicity of employments savoured of inconsistency—and this cleverness, of intrigue.

Marzon being a rude representative of modern enterprise—tradition, always narrow-minded and immutable, was his natural enemy; he felt it vaguely without comprehending it; and this malevolent contempt with which he was treated, inspired in him a sort of timidity, which made the miserable creatures among whom he lived, still more insolent.

However, in the midst of this general ill-will, Marzon had managed to gain the friendship of a stranger, who had established himself in the little island of Metz, about two leagues from Piriac. No one knew how or why Luz Marillas, born near the mouth of the Adour, in the Lower Pyrenees, had transported himself to this wild rock of the ocean. Arrived at Croisie, near Bayonne, he

supported himself for several years by trading in cattle. He was a man of morose disposition, easily irritated, and visibly disgusted with the society of his fellow-men. When the right of pasturage of the isle of Metz, (which had remained unoccupied since the English privateers had driven away the original inhabitants) was offered for sale, Luz Marillas visited it, was enchanted with the wild aspect of the little islet, and easily obtained permission to farm it. He lived there alone for ten years, cultivating one corner of the island, and leaving the rest for the cattle which the *Riverains*\* brought thither in the spring; the compensation which he received for this pasturage constituting the largest portion of his income. It was not until the month of July, when the grass began to turn yellow, and the water to fail, that the peasants came to take away their colts and young cattle.

It was just at this time, that several of them were occupied in re-embarking their cattle for the main-land in the two shallops generally employed in that service. They were both commanded by Goron and Lubert (generally called *big Lake*) who, notwithstanding their difference in age and character, always accompanied each other in their expeditions. The former had served in his youth on board a man-of-war, which he had quitted only to become a fisherman. The wandering and adventurous life of the sea had become not only habitual but necessary to his existence, and the land seemed to him merely an anchorage rendered tolerable by the ale-house. To the habitual ill-humour of the county of Vennes, where he was born, he added a brutal contempt for all who did not, like himself, live by a constant struggle against the waves. As for Lubert, he was a *quasi* savage, as strong as a whale, as fierce as a shark, but incapable of following out the most simple idea. Therefore Goron was accustomed, according to his favourite expression, to *lead him to the oar*.

While the two captains embarked the cattle, Louis Marzon—who acted always as manager between the farmer of the island and the labourers of the main land—settled with the latter for the pasturage. When this was done, he returned to the cabin of Marillas, bringing with him the money which he had received on his account. This cottage was built at one end of the island, out of the remains of an old farm-house burnt by the English. It was only one story high, covered with a thatch roof, loaded with stones to protect it from the wind. A little to the left might be seen a pond; farther on a well, whose margin was formed of four blocks of granite, brought thither just as they had been detached from the rock; and on a little hill which overlooked Piriac, a signal staff. The remainder of the island appeared to be one vast savannah, bounded by projecting reefs, around which the sea continually murmured.

Throughout the whole island as far as eye could reach, there was not a tree or a bush, not even a tuft of heath. Only here and there were to be seen some tall thistles, so covered with grey snails that they looked like petrific-

\* RIVERAIN: Inhabitant of the bank of a river.

tions. The field cultivated by Marillas might have shown a more rich and abundant vegetation; but, placed at the other extremity of the island, it was concealed by the enclosure with which it had been necessary to surround it, to protect it from the cattle.

Marzon found the Bearnais (Marillas) sitting at the threshold of his cabin, on a piece of a capstan, the remains of a wreck that had been driven ashore. Notwithstanding the heat of the day, he wore large cloth pantaloons, a thick jacket buttoned over a striped woollen shirt, and a large white cap which covered his ears. From his shoulders hung as a mantle, the skin of a heifer, the head of which formed a sort of hood. The first shiverings of fever, however, made Marillas tremble under all this clothing; he extended his icy hands to the sun, and his ashy visage was agitated by convulsive tremor.

When Marzon had given him the money which he had brought, he enquired after his health.

'You see,' replied Marillas, in his usual harsh and abrupt manner, 'that I have snow in my veins.' If I were in the neighbourhood of Beam, I might think that while I was asleep, some sorceress had carried off all the heat of my blood, to invigorate some rich old fellow; but there are no witches here, and this is therefore a real fever.'

'Would it not be well, then, to send for a physician?' asked Marzon.

'*Diable*,' replied the Bearnais abruptly, 'since I live like the wolves, I will be cured like them, without the aid of any doctor but *holy patience*.'

'Very good,' replied the *straggler of the beach*, 'but you may require a little assistance, and you are quite alone here, Master Luz.'

'Alone!' repeated Marillas, 'do you not see the thousands of sea-gulls which are whirling around my cabin, and which as soon as you have gone, will come and eat at my feet, and converse with me? Then, I have *Debrua*! (a name which he had given to a pet sea-fowl). But heaven save me! I do not see him. Where is he?'

'I left him down by the water's edge,' replied Marzon, 'but do you know, Master Luz, that your tame gull is a wicked creature? he tries to bite every body.'

'Except me,' said the sick man, with a smile of satisfaction, 'but you must be joking, to complain of him; does not *Debrua* imitate you? He bites you in return for your shooting his fellows. You may call this wickedness; but I call it justice. Man is a savage animal; before he is able to stand he begins to throw stones at dogs and sparrows; as soon as he perceives a living thing, he aims to take away its life.'

'And you have done so, like all the world, master Luz,' said Marzon, smiling, 'for I remember correctly, you have told me that you were a hunter.'

'When I lived upon the main land, I thought that I had the power of life and death over every creature that did not bear the human face. I even brought a gun with me here. You may see it yet suspended near the door.'

'And have you never used it?' asked Louis.

'Once only, the first day,' replied Marillas. 'The vessel had gone away, I was alone, and was making the tour of my domain, with my gun on my shoulder like Robinson Crusoe; the sea-gulls that had never been frightened by sportsmen alighted almost on my head, and circled around me as if they wished to do me the honours of the island. I thought at first of nothing but the pleasure of seeing and hearing them; they were society for me; but on approaching some rocks, I recollected that I was carrying a gun. I mechanically took aim, and three of the birds fell into the sea. The report dispersed all the rest. I soon saw them descend one after the other towards those which I had killed, cleave the waves to get a closer view of them, and then fly away uttering piercing cries. A few minutes afterwards, there was not a single bird left in the island.'

'But they returned in the evening,' said the straggler of the beach.

'Neither that evening, nor for many days,' replied Marillas; 'my rock had become a desert on which nothing living was to be seen, nothing to be heard but the breaking of the surf. At first I was not much troubled about it; but you know they say that solitude gradually affects the spirits. I found it so: I became sad. It was in vain that I looked around: nothing was to be seen but the clouds, which passed over the island in silence, and the sea which dashed furiously against the strand below. At last, on the sixth day, two gulls appeared. I did not dare to approach lest I should frighten them; but, in the evening, I went and sprinkled some grain on a rock. The next day several more showed themselves, and since then they have all returned, as you may observe. I have recovered my company, and the *devil* take me if I drive them away again.'

'I understand all that,' said Marzon, 'one is contented with birds when one has no other company; but you would find much better society on the main land.'

'Ah! do you think so?' cried the Bearnais, 'and what should I find there? Tell me. Villains who prey upon one another? I can see plenty of them here; I have only to look at the fishes.'

'Come, come, Master Luz, you are in a gloomy vein to day,' said Marzon, smiling, 'there are some good Christians every where.'

'Have you found any,' said Marillas, ironically, '*you* whom they despise in the village, because you do not know the name of your father?'

'It is a hard trial,' said Louis, a little touched, 'but I endeavour to bear it without complaining.'

'Perdieu! neither do I complain of my fever. What we cannot prevent, we silently endure, but you see, in the long run, the canker eats into the heart! I know something of this; I who speak to you, because, like yourself, I am one of those who have no family.'

‘You, master Luz?’

‘Yes, and I have been reproached with it often enough to force me to quit the country; but, bah! one becomes accustomed to everything—since we have only *one* life, as they say. This explains to you why I had rather live with sea-fowls, than with men.’

‘I understand you, good Master Luz,’ replied Marzon, drawing near with interest. ‘Oh yes, I understand you, for there are times when I also would wish to fly to a desert island, out of the reach of human voices.’

Marillas looked at him earnestly.

‘True’ said he, abruptly, ‘what hinders you my friend, from coming here? There is room for two in the cottage, and what you eat will not be taken into consideration.’

‘You are very good, Master Luz,’ replied Marzon, ‘but I am not alone. There is a young lad with me who cannot do without his brother.’

‘Jammic!’ answered the sick man. ‘He has only to follow you; we will give him a plate of soup, and a seat. Of all the men I have met, you are the only one who has shown me any friendship. Are you willing then that we three should enter into partnership? You shall have your share of the profits, and your interests shall be as dear to me as my own.’

‘God reward you for such generosity!’ exclaimed Louis, much moved; ‘no person has ever spoken to me in this manner before, and you are the first who has treated me as a relation, and as a friend. As long as I live, I shall never forget it, and till the judgment day I shall thank you from my heart!’

‘Then it is all settled—you will come!’ interrupted the Bearnais.

Marzon appeared much embarrassed, and replied, hesitatingly: ‘I should like it; yes, indeed I should like it; but—there are many things to be considered—and when one is accustomed . . . so that . . . I cannot!’

The piercing eye of the sick man was fixed upon Marzon, who blushed, cast down his eyes, and stopped short.

‘You are confused,’ said Marillas; ‘have you some more profitable project in view?’

‘None,’ replied Louis, without raising his eyes.

‘What keeps you on the main land? is it interest or pleasure?’

Louis shook his head.

‘Then the thing is clear,’ exclaimed the Bearnais; ‘it can be nothing but a woman?’

Marzon started and looked behind him, as if he feared that any one might hear him.

The sick man drew the heifer skin over his shoulders with a gesture of impatience. ‘*A woman*,’ he repeated in an ironical tone, ‘I might have guessed it. I hope, however, Louis, that you have chosen well, and that the maiden is beautiful as a fairy!’

'She is a good girl—to whom Master Luz himself would render justice, if he could see her,' replied Louis, energetically.

'You think so,' said the Bearnais, sneeringly. 'Yes, yes, my son, you have found a four-leaved clover. I hope, however, that you have not seen double in counting them. But never mind, Goron will tell me all about it.'

'For heaven's sake, say nothing to Goron,' exclaimed Louis, seriously alarmed, 'neither to Goron nor Grand Luc.'

'The maiden, then, is something to them'—questioned Marillas—and, as if a new thought struck him, 'Ah! I have it,' added he, 'Goron had a daughter, brought up at Guerande with an aunt who died about a year ago, and she was obliged to return to her father's house!'

Louis made a sign of affirmation. 'Then it is she who has bewitched you,' continued the sick man; 'but it seems to me—yes, I am sure—I heard that she was promised to Grand Luc!'

'This is an idea of her father Goron, said Louis, but Niette herself has never agreed to it.'

'Because she prefers you—is it not so? Ah! I see there is nothing wanting to make your history a romantic one. A rival lover—that is not the most agreeable thing in the world for you. Follow your own way, my friend, I no longer wish you to take up your abode on the island: you had much better stay where you are. I can do without a companion, as long as I have Debrua: but he has not yet returned—where can he be?'

'Your sea gull! here it is'—said the harsh voice of Grand Luc, who came from behind the cottage; and approaching Marillas, he threw the bird at his feet, which fell with its wings extended, its beak open, and claws stiffened.

The Bearnais rose quickly and took the gull, which remained immoveable.

'He is dead!' cried he.

'So much the better,' said Grand Luc, tranquilly, 'I am glad of it.'

'You!' interrupted Luz, with flashing eyes and trembling voice; then you know how this happened—there is blood upon his feathers! Debrua has been killed!'

'Well, well, do not get angry for such a trifle,' replied the sailor, shrugging his shoulders.

'Who has done it? answer—who has done it?' demanded the Bearnais, rising.

Grand Luc threw upon him one of those looks, in which the ferocity of the bull was mingled with a sort of insolent brutality. 'Who!' replied he; 'Pardieu! some one who was tired of him. He was always at my heels, and biting my legs; to put an end to it, I gave him a kick, and, faith, he has never stirred since.'

The stupid laugh with which Goron accompanied these words, was interrupted by the Bearnais, who seized him by the collar.

'So it is you,' cried he, in a voice almost choked with rage. 'You struck a creature who was not able to defend itself; you came here to kill him, and you have the audacity to show me his dead body! Did you think, miserable wretch that you are, that I would not demand the reason of your cowardice?'

'One moment, one moment,' stammered the gigantic sailor, stunned at first by this violence; 'release me, Master Luz, one would think I had destroyed one of your own family!'

'Say, rather, *all* my family, savage brute,' replied Marillas fiercely; 'for he was my *only* friend, my *only* companion!'

'Well, so much the worse,' said the sailor, rudely; 'release me, I tell you,' and as the Bearnais continued to shake him, 'you will not,' added he—'Thunder! do not annoy me as your bird did, or else—'

He had detached the hands of the sick man from his neck, and pushed him so rudely that he fell back into the cottage.

Marillas rose with a cry of rage, and seizing his gun, levelled it at Grand Luc. Marzon had hardly time to throw up his arm, and would not have been able to restrain him, if Goron had not arrived with the peasants.

They all united in endeavouring to appease Marillas; but his rage was beyond all bounds. Driven into his cottage, with the dead gull at his feet, his hand on the trigger of his gun, there was something so terrible in the appearance of Luz, that none dared approach further than the threshold.

'Be off with you,' screamed he, 'and you, Lubert, remember that sooner or later the weak shall be revenged; once more, I tell you, be off. This island is mine; it is my own ground; embark immediately, or by the God who created us, I will fire upon you as upon thieves and assassins.'

There was something so dreadful in his look, lighted up by fever and fury, something so wild—that they obeyed him. Marzon was the only one who dared to approach him; but Marillas pointed to the door with his gun: 'all of you, all of you,' and, as soon as they had cleared the threshold, he rushed towards the door and barred it from within.

The two patrons and the peasants held a council together for a few moments, as to what ought to be done. Louis called to Marillas several times: not being able to obtain any reply, but a renewed injunction to begone, he and his companions determined to leave him, and set sail for Piriac.

[To be continued.]



## WILD FLOWERS OF NOVA SCOTIA.

## NO. IV.—THE PIGEON BERRY.

FAR in the dim wide forest,  
 Or by the green wayside,  
 Amid its fringing branches—  
 Lovest thou to abide.

Thy beauty doth not vanish,  
 With the spring's flowery birth:  
 For glossy scarlet berries,  
 Bedeck the emerald earth.

Through the long late summer days,  
 Where'er the wanderers' feet  
 Seek green wild turfy places,  
 So silent, cool and sweet.

Or by some lonely streamlet,  
 Where birds stoop down to drink,  
 And the 'Farewell Summer'\* glances  
 At its shadow o'er the brink.

Thou list'st thy brilliant head,  
 Amid companions fair,  
 Nor scorneth thy gay presence,  
 The rock-clefts gray and bare.

And for gay little children,  
 What treasures bright and dear,  
 Are the bead-like coral clusters,  
 Thy delicate stems bear.

How many sweet young fancies,  
 Too innocent to last,  
 Throughout our wiser wand'rings  
 Thou bringest from the past.

Still love we the delusions,  
 That made the days so fair—  
 When buttercups were beautiful,  
 And berries—riches rare.

But we recal such mem'ries,  
 As we do a pleasant dream—  
 We are awake—to marvel,  
 Like truth they e'er could seem.

Each time Experience meets us  
 Their hand—as on we stray—  
 Sweeps some sweet credulity,  
 Relentlessly away.

Grieve not, that by such teaching,  
 At last we wiser grow,  
 Thus lose we earthly yearnings  
 Whose fulfilment—is our woe.

MAUDE.

\* The 'Farewell Summer' is the pretty name given by the Indians to a plant that bears in Autumn a delicate lilac starry flower. It abounds in streamy land.

## THE HONOURABLE SAMUEL CUNARD, AND OCEAN STEAM NAVIGATION.

WE propose in the present article to give a brief, and we trust, interesting sketch of the progress of Ocean Steam Navigation, with which the name of Samuel Cunard has been so closely identified. In following out this subject, we shall make no curious inquiries into the family or personal history of Mr. Cunard. With that, the public, at least during his lifetime, has little or nothing to do. Like most eminent commercial men, he owes his success entirely to his own character and talents; is, to use an old phrase, the son of his own deeds; and has reached his present commanding position by the exercise of qualities which reflect far more honour on his name, than if he had entered the world with a fortune already prepared, and a station at once to be enjoyed, without the previous trouble of being climbed up to.

So early as 1819 an attempt was made, though not very successfully, to cross the Atlantic, by the aid of Steam. In that year an American Steamer, the Savannah, of 350 tons, left New York for Liverpool, and accomplished the voyage in 24 days. Thus far, the attempt was successful; but, in a commercial point of view, it was so disastrous that little desire was, for a long time, manifested to repeat the experiment. Her engines occupied so much room, and she was so badly planned, that every available space had to be taken up with fuel; and after all, it was felt by those connected with her, that she was indebted far more to the favourable wind upon her sails, than to her steaming capabilities, for reaching her port in safety.

It was a daring experiment, and excited wonder and admiration at the time, but was calculated rather to strengthen, than otherwise, the conviction among men of science, that to cross the broad and stormy Atlantic by means of steam, was to be placed among the number of things impossible. An eminent scientific authority even demonstrated with mathematical precision, and a long array of algebraic formula, that no steamer, however large, could carry a quantity of coal sufficient to enable her to reach the Western Continent. The truth of this demonstration was allowed to sleep in unquestioned security for the long period of nearly twenty years.

It was not till 1838 that a company of Merchants in England, ventured once more to test the practicability of the scheme, by building a vessel of large tonnage, and despatching her on a transatlantic voyage. It is true, Dr. Lardner was once more upon the ground, ready to prove the utter uselessness and absurdity of flying in the face of pure science; the Merchants did not pretend to question the truth of these figures—but they had also come to conclusions of their own, and resolved upon making the experiment. Two steamers left England for New York, nearly at the same time—the Sirius and the Great Western—and both arrived at their destination on the same

day: the former in 18½, the latter in 14½ days. The Sirius was only a coasting steamer; but the Great Western was built expressly for the trade. Both vessels consumed the same quantity of coals—453 tons—but the Sirius was obliged to make use of about thirty tons of resin to complete her voyage.

The practicability of the scheme was now triumphantly proved, though Dr. Lardner's calculations were still held up with confidence to show that the attempt *ought* to have failed: so slow are mankind in general to relinquish a favourite theory. The Great Western proved an excellent sea boat, and continued on the station for a period of nearly ten years, performing her voyages generally with great regularity—averaging 15 days outward, and 13½ home. She forms, at present, part of the fleet of the West India Mail Company. She is about 1300 tons burthen, 450 horse power, and 250 feet in length; so that even now she would be entitled to some consideration, both in point of size and power.

The success of the Great Western speedily brought competitors into the field; and the same year found two others—the Royal William, and the Liverpool—plying between England and America; then came the British Queen, and subsequently the President. Neither of these vessels continued very long upon the route; and their performances appear to have been much inferior to those of the Great Western. What became of the Royal William we do not know; the Liverpool was sold to the Peninsular Mail Company, and was afterwards wrecked. The melancholy fate of the President is well known: she made only three voyages across the Atlantic. On the 10th of March, 1840, she left New York for Liverpool, and what became of her will, in all human probability, never be known. The President was built upon the Thames, had two funnels, and stood high out of the water—an unfortunate property, which has belonged to almost every English built Ocean Steamer. The British Queen, a consort to the President, was also built upon the Thames, but engined by the celebrated Robert Napier of Glasgow. Her trips were generally successful; but for some unexplained reasons she was soon afterwards sold to, and is now in possession of, the Belgian Government.

The possibility of large steamers performing long voyages was now thoroughly proved; and the public convenience, as well as the many facilities opened up to commerce, were very great. It was felt by Government, and the public generally, that a new and most important means of carrying on trade was now presented to them; and that it was susceptible of great improvement by introducing something like system, and securing as far as possible that undeviating regularity of despatch, which is the pride of the English merchant. Above all, it was anxiously desired to bring our British American possessions somewhat closer to the mother country. And accordingly a tender for carrying the Mail by Steamships, between England, Halifax, and Boston, was published in 1838. The Great Western Company made an unsuccessful offer; and for some time no other seemed disposed to run the risk.

Our fellow Colonist, Mr. Cunard, now appeared for the first time, upon the field he was afterwards to occupy with so much honour to himself and benefit to others. Mr. Cunard had commenced life by trading, on a small scale, between Halifax and the West Indies. His industry, great mercantile talent, and high honour, soon placed him in the front rank among the leading merchants in his own community. He had sagacity enough to see, at once, the value of the prize, and, what was of more importance, confidence and self-reliance enough, boldly to compete for it. The obscure Halifax merchant went to England, made an offer, and—was accepted. In the manner of carrying out his enterprize, he proved himself fully equal to its vastness.

All the Ocean Steamships had been hitherto built in England; but a fleet of Coasting Steamers had been long plying between Glasgow and Liverpool, which, for speed and magnificence, had not their equal in the world. These vessels were engined by Napier, the most scientific and practical Engineer of the age.

To Mr. Napier, Mr. Cunard went, told him what he wanted, and asked whether he could build the engines for his vessels. We believe that at this time the Company was not even formed. The mind of Napier at once took in the grandeur of the proposal. He looked at Mr. Cunard's proposals, and suggested some alterations, but stated that if he would dine with him on the following day, he would introduce him to some friends who understood these matters much better than himself, when they could talk it over. On that day he met the proprietors of the Liverpool steamers, the Messrs. Burns of Glasgow; on that day the Company was formed, and their plan and range of action sketched out and adopted. This was in 1838, and early in 1839 the first vessels of the squadron were ready to enter on their duties.

For the sake of convenient reference we will here give a list of the various vessels built for the Cunard Company, down to the present date. And first those which have been built and are since disposed of:

Name.	When launched.	Tonnage.	Length—Ft.	Horse Power.
BRITANNIA,	February....1840	1154	204	440
ACADIA,	April.....1840	1135	203	440
CALEDONIA,	May.....1840	1138	203	440
COLUMBIA,	September 1840	1175	205	440
HIBERNIA,	September 1842	1421	218	500

Those at present in operation :

CAMBRIA,	August.....1844	1423	218	500
AMERICA,	May.....1847	1826	249	650
NIAGARA,	July.....1847	1824	249	650
EUROPA,	September 1847	1834	249	660
CANADA,	June.....1848	1826	249	660
ASIA,	January.....1850	2226	265	750
AFRICA,	June.....1850	2226	265	750
ARABIA,	June.....1851	2402	310	910
LA PLATA (since sold)	December..1852	2402	310	900

Building :

PERSIA,	.....	3100	350	1000
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The pioneer of this magnificent squadron was the *Britannia*, which performed her first voyage to Boston, including a detention of 12 hours at Halifax, in 14½ days.

Perhaps the early ships of this fleet cannot be said to have much exceeded their predecessors in point of speed; but they soon obtained the high character they have always kept for almost faultless regularity—and the care and skill with which they have been navigated.

All these vessels have been built upon the Clyde, and engined by Napier, and as a proof of the successful application of skill and science with regard to them—every boat has uniformly excelled its predecessor in speed and comfort. The *Britannia*, the *Caledonia*, the *Acadia*, and *Hibernia*, have been sold to foreign Governments. The *Columbia* was wrecked on the coast of Nova Scotia. It is, however, a remarkable circumstance, that during the long course of twelve years not a single passenger has suffered injury in life or limb. The same watchful care and caution have been observed in the face of a formidable competition, as when they enjoyed an unreserved monopoly.

The average length of a voyage by the first set of steamers, was from 14 to 16 days; the second set reduced it to from 12 to 14; and by the *Asia* and *Africa* the distance between New York and Liverpool has been effected within a few hours of ten days; while by the *Arabia* and *Persia* it is expected to be performed within ten days.

The *Persia*, now building, will be the largest vessel afloat, and differs from all the others in having her hull of iron. We hope we may be mistaken, but we have some misgivings about the final success of iron steamers. They possess the advantages, perhaps, of superior sailing, cheapness of material, and durability; but the non-floatability of iron in case of accident, renders them dangerous. Suppose that an iron ship strike, even although divided into compartments the part damaged fills with water. and as iron, unlike wood loses comparatively little of its weight in water, it will weigh down the rest of the vessel with such prodigious force as to break its back, though fastened by the strongest bolts that were ever rivetted. Such was the case with the *Orion* and the *Birkenhead*; and such beyond any reasonable doubt would have been the case with the *Africa*, the *America*, and the *Atlantic*, all of which have been firmly aground, had they been made of iron instead of timber. However, the experiment is being introduced on an immense scale—for out of 70 steamers lately launched upon the Clyde, only four were of the latter material.

The original agreement of the Government with the Cunard Company, was to carry the Mails once, and, shortly afterwards, twice a month between Liverpool, Halifax and Boston, and *vice versa*. Some time after, New York was substituted every alternate voyage for Boston. The allowance till lately was £145,000 per annum, for carrying the Mail once a week, except in the months of December, January, February and March, when they left only

every alternate week. Since 1850, the weekly trip has been continued throughout the whole year, and the Government allowance increased from £145,000, to £197,000, the Boston Boats only calling at Halifax.

It was a considerable time before the Americans thought of entering the field. In 1846 a Company was formed, who built three vessels: the Washington, the Herman and the United States. These Steamers fell far short of the Cunarders in speed and regularity—being often five or six days longer on the route, so that they could scarcely be said to enter into competition with them. The Franklin and Humboldt have since been added, and though still inferior, are a great improvement on their predecessors. The Americans, however, deeply sensible of the great value and importance of the trade monopolized by their neighbours, resolved upon another effort, which has been completely successful. The Collins line, as it is called, came first into operation about two years ago; and, though at the outset accompanied with some misfortunes, has upon the whole, perhaps exceeded the Cunard ships a little in point of speed, though only by a few hours, three or four we believe, in a voyage.

They are certainly noble specimens of marine architecture. They are worked, however, at a much higher pressure than the English boats—which adds immensely to their expense, must wear out their boilers in a much shorter time, and perhaps detract a little from their safety. These vessels are much larger than their rivals—being about 3000 tons each. We need hardly mention their names: the Atlantic, Pacific, Arctic, Baltic—and Adriatic, which is not yet built. Their voyages are bi-monthly, and their allowance from Government about twice as much as that given to the Cunard line. They are owned principally by English capitalists; the Barings it is said, having the largest interest in them. They have latterly had their full share of Ocean traffic.

All the vessels that we have hitherto mentioned have been propelled by paddles; but a new and more economical system has latterly begun to be largely adopted. In 1846, the Great Britain, a leviathan iron steamer, with a screw propeller, was put on the route between Liverpool and New York. Her speed did not realize the expectations formed of her, and on her second or third voyage she ran aground in Dundrum Bay, where she lay for nearly a year. She has since been refitted, and having performed a very successful voyage to and from America, has been despatched to Australia. The City of Glasgow, an iron steamer on the same principle—built by Tod and McGregor, of Glasgow—was placed upon the route between Glasgow and New York. Her success was perfect, accomplishing as she did, her voyages in from 14 to 16 days. This vessel was succeeded by the City of Manchester, and the Glasgow, both built by the same eminent firm, and with the same success. The Americans here also have attempted competition, but hitherto with little success. The City of Pittsburgh, the City of Philadelphia, the

Pioneer, the S. S. Lewis, and others, have all been signally unfortunate in their attempts to cross the Atlantic.

Latterly the Cunard Company have turned their attention seriously to this method of steam navigation, and are about to enter on a new and extended path, which, we venture to predict, will be crowned with a success even greater than all their former efforts. Hitherto their traffic has not extended farther than New York; but they are now about to push themselves as far south as the Isthmus, and away across the Pacific to the golden regions of Australia.

A splendid line of steamers is almost ready for this trade: the *Andes*, 1440 tons; the *Alps*, 1440; the *Etna*, 2000; the *Jura*, 2000; the *Saurus*, 1000; and the *Teneriffe*, 1000. All these ships are propellers, built of iron, first class, to possess the greatest possible amount of speed consistent with perfect safety. The *Andes* has already been tried, and proved herself beyond all question, the fastest propeller in the world, having steamed in very unfavourable weather from Greenock to Liverpool, 200 marine miles, in 14 hours, 55 minutes—equivalent to 27 hours between Boston and Halifax. What a sensation would have been created had the *Sir John Harvey*, on her trial trip, reached Halifax in 27 hours.

Within the next summer nearly 15,000 tons burden will have been added to the Cunard fleet, and their traffic will more than half belt the globe. The *Baalbec*, the *Melita*, the *Elk*, the *Stag*, the *Jackall*, are on the stocks for the Mediterranean and other trades—so that altogether the amount of shipping which will soon be in active operation, under the auspices of this company, will be more than 40,000 tons; a tonnage if we mistake not, exceeding that of the whole navy of the United States. There is something stupendous, and really grand in the vastness of their operations. There are, in the first place three large fleets of coasting steamers—between England, Ireland and Scotland—not only carrying the traffic properly belonging to their respective routes, but gathering up custom, constantly and steadily, for the great trunk line between Liverpool and America; another line collects the goods and passengers of France; a third line traverses the Mediterranean sea, from Smyrna to Gibraltar, bringing the fruits of Asia and Africa, with a speed and certainty formerly unknown, into the warehouses of American Merchants. With such vast means and the command of so many channels, the one constantly feeding the other, as it were, this great Company can scarcely miss being eminently successful; while the skill, the care, the liberality and the honour, which have always characterised their management, fully entitle them to deserve it.

Few, if any, Mercantile men, stand at this moment in so high a position as Mr. Cunard. He has given his name to the noblest Company of merchants that has adorned commerce since the palmyest day of Venice; and he has at the same time the proud consciousness that he owes that position entirely to his own sagacity, enterprize and honour.

It has struck us that in the matter of arrangement, a great improvement might be effected, were Halifax made the entrepôt of the Company's business, on this side the Atlantic—an advantage certainly to Halifax—but also an immense advantage and saving to the Company. Supposing the new line of steamers were to take their departure from this port for New York and Chagres, instead of from Liverpool, the whole expense of sailing them between the latter and Halifax would be saved; provided that the present large paddle wheel steamers were capable of conveying all the freight intended for them. Perhaps such a plan would involve the necessity of much larger steamships for the main line; but we should think, that such a vessel as the *Persia* would be capable of carrying at least 1500 tons between the two places—exclusive of fuel—perhaps much more. There would be the delay of transshipment; but with machinery fitted for the purpose, that would not be very great. It would certainly be a great and noble thing, and as we said before, in our opinion for the interest of the Company to have such vessels as the *Persia* discharging their immense freight weekly at Halifax, with subsidiary steamers waiting to carry it to Canada, Newfoundland, Jamaica, Chagres and the Pacific. The saving in coal alone, to say nothing of time and tear and wear, would be thirty or forty thousand pounds per annum. The work might also be done with fewer vessels. The only difficulty would be capability of the 3,000 ton ship, of carrying the freight for these various places, in addition to the large quantity for the United States. The whole of this new line of steamers would thus be supplied at a cheap rate with coal of Nova Scotia, and their transatlantic management kept, in a great measure, within British influence. Canada would thus receive her goods in a shorter time than she could expect to do by an independent line of steamers, and freight would be also conveyed southward more expeditiously than by the present mode. Perhaps the plan is impossible of adoption, but we should rejoice to know that the Company considered it an advantageous one.

There are several other points which we intended to touch upon, when we commenced this article; such as, a sketch of the vast progress made in steamship building on the Clyde, with some account of the establishments of Napier, Steel, Wood, and others. We should also have liked to give some indication of the extension and expansion of some of the other great Mail Companies. But, space is exhausted. We have watched their progress with interest and pride—till they have covered every sea, and penetrated to almost every part of every continent. The number of Ocean Mail steamers falls little if at all short of one hundred—capable of being converted at any moment into formidable engines of destruction—should any enemy be so rash as to assail us.

We have thus given a brief and very imperfect sketch of the rise and progress of the celebrated Cunard Company—which owed its beginning to a Colonial merchant, and which has always we believe been under his management as its leading agent.

In person, Mr. Cunard is under middle height, with a well knit frame, indicative of considerable physical vigour ; his countenance is full and firm, with great decision about the mouth ; while the brow and eye indicate intelligence and mental activity of no ordinary character. Altogether, the subject of this sketch is as fine a specimen of a self-made man, as this Western Continent can boast of ; and we trust that his success will be commensurate with the nobility of the principles which have hitherto guided him in all his great Mercantile undertakings.

It would be well for this community, did it possess a few more men such as Samuel Cunard. With strong political leanings he has ever made politics secondary to his interest—an interest which has always been identified with colonial and general progress. He has never wasted an atom of his powers in mere squabbles of faction ; but has lived and acted the pattern of an English merchant,—sedulous yet dignified in his devotion to business, subjecting every thing, in all fairness and honour, to the accomplishment of one object. May his example be a model, and his success an encouragement, to the young about to enter on a kindred path.

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### DYING WORDS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS.

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NO. V.—‘IT MATTERS LITTLE HOW THE HEAD LIETH.’—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

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THORNY indeed had been the hill  
 Up which the poet mounted—  
 A courtier's duty to fulfil,  
 The cost he little counted.  
 To scheme—to cring —to meanly fawn,  
 Were deeds his soul detested ;  
 Yet ere life passed to noon, from morn—  
 He fell—the broken crested.

For wily schemers girt him round,  
 Until at last he yielded ;  
 The heart without religion crowned  
 At best is badly shielded.  
 And yet his mighty soul was strong—  
 With patience and endurance ;  
 Chamelion web of truth and wrong,  
 The gold without insurance.

Erst the proud favourite of a queen,  
 The nursling of ambition—  
 His soul looked forth so strong and keen,  
 Beneath fame's fair tuition.

Now communing with holy things—  
That burn on nature's altar ;  
You felt the sweep of angel wings,  
You deemed he could not falter.

Now on old ocean's sunlit tide,  
In search of lands more vernal ;  
To spread fair England's haughty pride,  
And make her sway eternal.  
Oh! who shall say what ruled his soul,  
The politician's scheming ;  
Or loved he yet the pure control,  
That lights the poet's dreaming.

He played, he won, he schemed, he lost,  
He who had proudly risen  
O'er fortunes waves—was tempest tossed  
And rescued for a prison.  
Here thro' long years of strife and gloom,  
His jealous foes restrained him :  
And yet despite such cruel doom,  
His lofty soul sustained him.

And poet thoughts burst forth once more,—  
The beautiful, the glorious ;  
A captive on that dungeon floor,  
He yet rose up victorious.  
A light flashed thro' that lonely cell,  
A beam bestowed by heaven ;  
Oh! tho' he sinned—he suffered well!  
And is he not forgiven?

They brought him forth from out that Tower,  
He came in hero glory ;  
He looked beyond that death-girt hour,  
'To England's record story.  
And there he saw his own bright name,  
By memory's mists unclouded ;  
If he but cleared his poet's fame,  
The courtiers might be shrouded.

Then let them come and do their worst,  
The axe is brightly gleaming ;  
And by that savage army's burst  
They watched for life-blood streaming.  
The calm forsook not Raleigh's brow,  
His eye his foes defieth :  
"Little it matters," spake he now,  
In death "how the head lieth."

The voice was hushed—his soul was far,  
Where judgement never alters ;  
Where justice is the living star,  
And mercy never falters.  
They had the spoiled and lifeless form ;  
We have his mournful story—  
To guide—to terrify—to charm ;  
And England has his glory.

M. J. K.

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

A volume of unpretending literature has been added to the few that the Provinces can claim. Our gatherings of the past twelve months are pressed and bound to the hand of our publishers, and the 1st vol. of 'The Provincial' is in the market. It may be now procured at the Book Stores, but we trust will not continue *Stationary*. By the creditable appearance it presents in the finished state, we hope that its circulation may be enlarged, so that its successors may go forth to a numerous circle of acquaintance to whose homes it may be welcome.

The infant literature of these British American Provinces is but struggling into existence, and needs the fostering hand of a generous public. It would be out of good taste to say anything in self-praise, but we may allude in terms of laudation to a contemporary that has been ushered into existence since 'The Provincial' began its career, of which we find a notice in a Canadian journal as follows—the *Anglo-American Magazine*, Toronto:—

'The December number of this serial which now lies before us, is decidedly the ablest which as yet has chipped the shell. Varied as the hues of the rainbow are the articles which the tact and industry of the editor has gathered together for the delectation and instruction of the Canadian "million;" and difficult, indeed, to please must be the palate which will not find in these pages food, at once appetising and nourishing. We had no previous conception that Canada could have supplied the *material* for such a literary *olio*: and if the energy and enterprise of the publisher meet not with a liberal "metallic" reward, most assuredly public spirit has yet to become a settler in our Province. The present completes the first volume of the *Anglo-American*, so that new subscribers have a good opportunity afforded them of enrolling themselves in Mr. Maclear's muster roll of clients. We do not like to use the word *patrons*, inasmuch as our decided opinion is that the purchasers of such a sterling work, are in point of fact the parties benefited and obliged.

We have said that our Provincial literature requires encouragement from the public; for there are many drawbacks to the success of a monthly journal which tend to retard its prosperity. The following newspaper notice of the *Anglo-American* will exhibit some of the difficulties encountered by our contemporary, and we have also to complain that a Post Office charge equal to the price of the Provincial is imposed upon every number passing to England or elsewhere beyond sea. And this tax of sixpence sterling must be prepaid or the Magazine cannot be sent by mail at all. This tends greatly to cut us off from our friends in Great Britain and the Islands, whose acquaintance we desire to cultivate.

'LEFT-HANDED FOSTERAGE OF CANADIAN LITERATURE.—It was with feelings of no ordinary disgust and indignation, that we perused the subjoined passages, from the "Editor's Shanty," in the December number of the "*Anglo-American*" magazine:

"THE MAJOR.—Did I mention to you, Doctor, that for the future the *Anglo-American* is to be deprived of the privilege enjoyed by newspapers—A FREE EXCHANGE?"

THE DOCTOR.—No; what do you mean?

THE MAJOR.—That the Toronto Post-office authorities have decided that the *Anglo* is, in future to enjoy the *advantages* incident on paying postage on all Newspapers received, but as a set-off to this, and as compensation to the proprietor, I suppose, the Magazine is to go free to newspaper exchanges. I think, if this is not left-handed encouragement to enterprise, I know not what else to call it.

THE DOCTOR.—On what grounds is the difference made?

THE MAJOR.—The *Anglo* not being a newspaper—

**THE DOCTOR**—What steps do you intend to take?

**THE MAJOR**—Advise Mr. Maclear to memorialize the Departmental head quarters, and ascertain whether his praiseworthy exertions to diffuse cheap knowledge and enlighten the darkness that seems to prevail at home, respecting Canada, are, to go unrewarded, or are rather to entail pecuniary loss on him.

**THE DOCTOR**—I think the Emigration articles alone entitle him to have the point conceded, and now that he is about to issue his history, he has a double claim.

**THE MAJOR**—I think what he asks is little enough. Mr. Christie received some patronage for his history of Lower Canada; Smith's Canada had also a few crumbs thrown to it; while the *Anglo*, which has done little else but attempt to Canadianize the rest of the world is suffered to go not only unrewarded, but is positively to be punished for an attempt to increase its media of receiving information.

**THE DOCTOR**—Will not the Press come forward in support of our claims?

**THE MAJOR**—I reckon with much confidence in their co-operation in the matter, and have very little doubt but that, when the matter is fairly stated, we shall receive what we ask. In the meantime, we will ask our exchanges only to transmit us that copy of their journals which may contain a notice, whether favorable or otherwise, of the Magazine. Our pockets are light, and we cannot afford to pay for the great number of papers which we at present receive.

In a young country like Canada, where indigenous literature may be said to be struggling for a bare existence, it is, unquestionably, the duty of Government to foster the tender plant, by every possible appliance.

But little of general interest has occurred to mark the progress of the past month in these Provinces. The winter season has been more slow in its approach than usual, and up to the middle of December the lakes were still free, and the earth as void of frost as in October. Since then the weather has attained the severity usual to this season of winter.

The Supreme Court in Nova Scotia, has had its usual term during the past month, at which several interesting cases were decided. The most prominent of these was *Geikie vs. Elliot*, in which the plaintiff recovered £350 damages, for defamation of character.

The Hon. J. B. Uniacke and Hon. J. W. Johnston have been appointed to the rank of Queen's Counsel in Nova Scotia.

The schr. *Brilliant*, sailed for Melbourne, Port Philip, from Yarmouth, early in December, with twenty-six passengers bound for Australia.

His Excellency Kerr B. Hamilton, Governor of Newfoundland, arrived at Halifax per steamer *Canada*, on the 24th.

The General Election for the Island of Newfoundland has resulted in the return of nine Roman Catholic and six Protestant members.

Dr. McGregor, late a resident and medical practitioner in Charlottetown, P. E. I., has been barbarously murdered in the city of Senora, in California.

Letters have been received in New Brunswick, from Mr. Jackson, Railway Contractor. Matters connected with Provincial Railways, are stated to be progressing favourably in England.

New Brunswick is reported to be in a more prosperous condition than for many years. The season has been unusually productive; business increasing, and employment abundant and remunerative.

By the Cunard steamers *Niagara* and *Canada*, we have European news to the 11th ult.

Since the enthusiasm produced in England by the Duke's funeral, the public mind has been restored to its usual quiet.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has introduced the important subject of the Budget to Parliament. Various reductions and modifications of the revenue have been proposed.

Parliament was to adjourn on the 10th for a recess of nine weeks.

A meeting of the Ladies of England was convened on the 8th, by the

Duchess of Sutherland, for the purpose of addressing the Ladies of the United States on the subject of Slavery.

In consequence of the activity of the French Naval yards, Government has determined to call upon Parliament for the supplies necessary for the addition of 5000 men to the British Navy.

The amount of bullion in the Bank of England on the 3rd was £21,707,665, and of notes in circulation, £22,700,065.

The Countess of Lovelace, Ada Byron, only child of the noble poet, died at her husband's residence, Great Cumberland Palace, on the 27th of Nov., in her 37th year. By her own request she was interred at Hucknall Church, in the same vault with her father's remains.

Disastrous floods have occurred in various parts of England, especially along the course of the Thames, Medway and Trent.

Louis Napoleon was proclaimed Emperor of France on the 1st inst. under the title of Napoleon III. It is said the style employed in diplomatic acts will be, Napoleon Empereur des Français: the addition III. to be used only on national acts. This reservation has been accepted by the Russian Minister.

The majority of votes recorded by the *Corps Legislatif*, for the Emperor, were 7,547,718. On the 2nd Louis Napoleon made his triumphal entry into Paris as Emperor. All his overtures and annunciations are most pacific; but Europe evidently places little faith in them.

A great number of political prisoners have been set at liberty in Paris, since the proclamation of the Empire, and pardon offered to others not guilty of the highest crimes, on condition that they promise obedience for the future.

By the overland mail from Calcutta we learn that the second portion of troops had started from Rangoon to Prome, under the command of General Goodwin, and that the latter place had been taken. By the same despatch we are informed that the insurrection in China is spreading, and that the troops of the Celestial Emperor have, in several instances, been defeated.

In Spain the usual court intrigues prevail, with the view, it is stated, to overturn the administration of Bravo Murillo.

From Bermuda and the West Indies, we learn that H. M. Ship Cumberland had left the former place for Barbadoes and the adjoining islands.

The convict prisons at Boaz Island, Bermuda, have been lighted with Kerosene Gas, under the superintendence of Mr. Gesner, of Halifax.

The yellow fever has prevailed to an alarming extent at St. Thomas, and other of the West India Islands.

The Governor of St. Lucia, Maurice Power, Esq., had arrived at that place.

At Dominica a disgraceful quarrel had occurred between members of the House of Assembly.

Many valuable estates in Jamaica, have been abandoned from the want of labour to cultivate them. That island was deluged with rain, which had destroyed the roads and endangered life by the inundations.

From the United States we have nothing of much interest.

A meeting of the owners of fishing vessels has been held at Gloucester, in which the subject of the fisheries and reciprocity was fully and freely discussed.

New postal arrangements have been entered into, between the Postmaster General of Nova Scotia and the Government of the United States, by which letters not exceeding half an ounce may be transmitted between the two countries at ten cents each, and other letters and packages in proportion.