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THE FARM AND THE GARDEN.

THE daylight of the awakening earth has come and gone in our changeful, uncertain month of April, and now the sunrise of the husbandman and the horticulturist is breaking upon the landscape with the sunshine and showers of May. Nature is waking up from her long sleep, and the bursting influences of life and vegetation are at work within her; there is a sense of relief in every heart,—a brightening up of the dullest sympathies,—a quickening of the most languid pulse,—a freshness of feeling to the most jaded. There is no disguising it—we are glad Spring is coming. Although the past winter has been of a most unusual character—milder than that of old England's clime—bright, soft and pleasant, with little inconvenience from frost or snow, and passing rapidly away unmarked by many of the hardships that often characterize the North American winter—still we are glad to escape from that grim old season, even in its most mitigated form. We are tired of the fireside and confinement; we have been longing for the flowers and the singing birds,—for a long bright ramble among the green old woods and beside the rushing streams,—to feel once more the softened breezes of our pleasant land that sweep over the fair hill-side and ruffle the blue lake below,—for the careless pleasure, the reviving brightness of life and spirit which comes with the glad summer time. The man of business, the Student, the Farmer, and the Florist, are all eager for Spring's coming: for say what we may with regard to the unimportance of externals, they effect us more than we willingly admit. The embellishments of life are not the least among its blessings. It must take a great amount of inward sunshine, to make the heart bound as lightly beneath the cold grey atmosphere of a December day, as beneath the bright rejoicing skies of July. Nature exercises more influence over our spirits than we are willing to allow: and it is from this cause that mankind in general turns with eagerness and hope to the first awakening of Spring, and hails with pleasure any token of a newer and fresher raiment than the bleak earth has hitherto worn.

But while all expand and rejoice in the gladness and beauty of animated nature, there is a class of our population to whom the change (though it brings

pleasure) also adds a large amount of anxiety and labour. We allude to the agriculturist and the gardener. They watch the change of the skies and the temperature of the atmosphere with more interest than any others, for their living, it may be, depends upon making use of every advantage that nature or science has presented. To them the early season is fraught with great importance, and the genial showers and warm sunbeams are looked forward to and valued with more enthusiasm than even by a poet.

In our provinces the husbandman's operations are usually tardy at their commencement. He has so many difficulties to contend with before he can commit the tender seed to the furrows, or work in good earnest for the development of his future stores. There is so much to repair after the effects of a long winter. Fences thrown from their foundations by the heaving frost, are to be restored and strengthened,—drains to be repaired and barn-yards attended to, before the legitimate work of the farmer, tilling the soil and sowing the seed, is commenced. But with the industrious and considerate husbandman all these preliminaries, in an ordinary season, are completed in the month of April. Sometimes, indeed, his grain with a portion of his potatoe crop is planted in that month, but May is the usual season for the bulk of his labour in the planting department. So that with the present month agricultural proceedings may be said to have only commenced in earnest in our provinces.

We do not intend to write a treatise on farming, or do more than weave together a few remarks which may call attention to this most necessary and healthful branch of labour; one on which so many of our comforts, and our very living depends. There is a dignity in the farmer's profession, unknown to any other. It is a heaven-directed work. When this world, far more lovely, more blessed with fertility, enjoyment and beauty than it now is, came fresh from the hand of its maker—a possession for the first man who gazed upon its wide spread grandeur and magnificence—the duty allotted to that man was to keep a perfect garden, and watch over its blushing flowers and ripening fruits. No bartering in trade for gain! no abstruse mysteries of the law or sciences! These professions were only incidental to the wants of a fallen world. The duty of the uncorrupted man was to watch over a sinless earth, and gather the harvest as it ripened into perfection. And even when that earth lost its pristine glory, and man no longer walked forth lord of an unsullied heritage, but doomed to the punishment 'to live by the sweat of his brow'; cursed though the earth was, for the trespass of the first of our race, still has not the dresser of the vineyard or the tiller of the soil parted with his early birthright or the dignity that ennobled it. Still is it the task of him who succeeds to the profession of his progenitor, Adam, to hold the nearest communion with his God, as he offers his incense upon the altar of nature, drawing forth from the bosom of the virgin soil the fruition of the seed he has planted in hope. It is his better privilege to watch the development of vege-

tation and the growth of the tender blade, free from the anxieties of professional life, the excitement of politics, the evil passions of ambition.

We are glad to see that so many of our young men from those families whose wealth and station lead them to make choice of more ambitious professions, have preferred the peaceful endeavours and healthy toils of the farmer's life. A number of these young men, with enough of competence to eschew the ceaseless drudgery entailed upon the more needy agriculturist, have settled in the various counties of this fine province, devoting themselves to their labour with hearty good will, adding the appliances of science to the efforts of their workmen, testing the theories of old world writers who have devoted their energies to the study and developements of agricultural chemistry—proving how beneficially their discoveries are adapted to the soil of their native land. Steady practical farmers are these young Nova-Scotians for the most part, and very influential among their neighbours who lack the means to test the value of new discoveries, and scientific research, whose results though not so generally taken advantage of in the British Colonies as might be desired, are yet, by the efforts of a few enterprising landholders, working their way slowly but surely in our midst, till ere long their gratifying issues will make glad the hearts of our fraternity of Provincial yeomen.

Nova Scotia has never taken much systematic interest in the Farmer's cause, in a public point of view. There is a Central Board of Agriculture, however, which dates its origin as far back as 1818. It was first established in the days and under the auspices of Agricola (the late John Young, Esq.) whose writings then called the attention of our farmers to scientific or well directed labour, and whose interest in the soil of his adopted home never ceased until he was laid beneath it. The present Society has extended considerable encouragement to the various branches of agriculture, and similar local institutions have been organized in the several counties throughout the Province. These Societies are of great benefit to all within the reach of their influence, stimulating to industry, and encouraging, by the prizes they are enabled to bestow, a deeper attention and more sustained exertion in developing the fertility of the land, and striving for the highest excellence in the different branches of the farmer's calling.

We hope the day is not far distant, when, with the growing prosperity of these Colonies in their Commerce and Manufactures, Agriculture will be here a science as well as a means of livelihood; that the labour of our farmers will be lightened, by a judicious use of those improvements and discoveries of modern times, and that agricultural chemistry will be familiar as the ordinary tillage of the soil. Our republican neighbours have done a great deal to elevate the farmer's profession; they have not only introduced new methods and added many important discoveries to those already in use, but they have circulated this information cheaply and comprehensively in a large number of

periodicals devoted to the improvement and advancement of the farmer's toil. Some of these Journals are finding their way to our Colonial homes, and we are glad to see our local newspapers republishing from their columns some of the most valuable suggestions and information they convey.

We should be glad if some of our Provincial farmers would select this Magazine as a medium for the publication of the results of their own experience, with regard to the adaptation of the soil to the various branches of Agriculture. Articles on this subject would be of general benefit and interest to a large number of our people; and we have penned these remarks to shew our appreciation of the farmer's profession, and our conviction that his labour requires lightening, which result can best be attained by the diffusion of popular information, on the various departments of husbandry. But while we would contend for the support and better extension of Agricultural efforts, the Horticultural and Floricultural branches should by no means be neglected. While so many of the necessities of life are supplied by the tillage of the field, a large part of its luxuries result from the cultivation of the garden, and there cannot be a more pleasant occupation in the whole department of manual labour than this. Such a variety of branches are included under the denomination of Horticultural, that it would be difficult to enumerate them in the compass of a brief article. A pleasant task truly it is, to watch the springing of the blades of corn until they result in the golden ear,—to train the graceful tendrils of the pulse family until the drooping fruit clusters among the still forming blossoms,—to watch the development of the stately lettuce or the wayward cucumber,—to bring to perfection the tender cauliflower and the luscious melon,—or watch the growth of the numerous tribe which send up green leaves as earnest of the increasing root. Pleasant and even more interesting is the branch of culture that embraces the denizens of the orchard, and the minor race of the currant and gooseberry. Budding and grafting and pruning are agreeable duties to the experienced in such matters, and much of the fulness of the harvest depends upon the proper attention to these departments in the right season.

Here information is even of more value than in any other direction, and we would recommend to the owners of orchards as well as to those practising the other branches of horticulture, a newspaper published in London, and entitled 'The Gardener's Chronicle and Agricultural Gazette.' It apparently supplies information on every point connected with the profession of gardening and husbandry, and must prove a valuable auxiliary in prosecuting these branches. We mention this publication, because it is a weekly issue, and consequently contains all that is novel in improvement and discovery; but to those who wish to go more fully into the subject, among the variety of works published on the merits and science of husbandry, we would call attention to a late work by Charles McIntosh, published by Blackwood and Sons, under the title of the

'Book of the Garden.' From the very favourable reviews accorded to this book from the leading agricultural and other journals of Great Britain, we may confidently recommend its perusal, while to those who admire the lighter but more beautiful employment of floriculture, its hints and suggestions will prove of great interest.

And before we add our tribute in praise of this last mentioned branch in the Gardener's calling, we would direct attention to a very beautifully written paper in the February number of Blackwood's Magazine, purporting to be a review of McIntosh's 'Book of the Garden' already mentioned, but in reality an unfolding of the passion the writer cherishes for the dominion of FLORA. It will be read with pleasure by all, as much for its charming style as for the interest it evinces in the cultivation and improvement of flowers. We quote an opening passage.

"The love of man's primeval calling seems yet to linger fondly in the bosoms of the exiled race. The first pleasure of children is to gather flowers from the daisied mead, or to ply their little hands in the allotted patch of garden ground. 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy'—some faint visionary gleam from Eden seems yet to rest on the infant soul, and with the dawn of reason the first voice of childhood seems to say that paradise should have been its home, and horticulture its proper vocation. It is sadly true no doubt that adverse lessons in gardening have come to us from paradise—promptings of an apostate kind, from beyond the Euphrates. Boyhood and the succeeding period of immature manhood, with their tumultuous passions and noisy pleasures, shew themselves alien to the tranquil delights of the garden. But years that bring the philosophic mind, and that chasten humanity with their mildening influence, conduct the belated pilgrim back to the garden, and teach him there to find pleasures, serene and unalloyed. The Gentile imagination placed the future home of renovated man in the Elysian fields—gardens of the picturesque type. It might almost seem that the poor worshiper of nature had gathered from some faint tradition or deep instinct of the soul, tidings of the paradise whence man had sprung, and whither it was meant he should be translated."

After this beautiful exordium, follows a dissertation on the poets and others who have loved the flowers and written in their praise, shewing us that genius and beauty ever go lovingly together—that the brighter the hidden soul, the better will it love communing with the holiest things of nature, and draw its enjoyment and luxury from the beautiful things by which it is surrounded, but which the grosser nature would pass by unnoticed. Nothing that we have seen since we bade farewell to those beautiful children of culture and nature—Flowers—bright flowers—has afforded so much pleasure as the article we allude to. Beside the pleasant information it imparts, the light thrown upon the difficult passages in Mr. McIntosh's book, the reference to old customs and new innovations, there is a fragrance from the summer flowers around it, an

incense which tells us that there is yet a love for the pure and the beautiful in this bustling political atmosphere of ours. 'The breath of the roses' steals upon us with the fall of each melodious sentence, and we almost turn to gather them, so vivid is the picture brought before us. We give another passage, which urges and explains the views we wished to adduce, infinitely better than any remarks we could offer.

"The pleasures of gardening depend not upon economic considerations. The fascination is in the very acts of cultivation,—in the very growing of your own fruit and flowers. Is there no pleasure in tending flowers, and watching their opening blossoms,—in nursing the sickly, and rejoicing over the strong,—in culling a well-chosen bouquet for the adornment of your *cara sposa*? Is there no pleasure in being able to send well ripened grapes or peaches to a sick neighbour who has them not,—in bestowing a capful of rosy cheeked apples on a rosy cheeked boy,—in inviting the children of the village to partake of your gooseberries,—in sending at the close of a severe winter, a hundred cauliflower plants to the minister of the parish? Is there no pleasure in exchanging rare flowers,—in getting and giving floral gifts? Does your heart not leap up when the first snow-drop, bold chider of lingering winter, and adventurous invader of his icy reign, shows its welcome face on the green? Is there no transport when the seedling hollyhock bursts on your astonished vision in unexpected beauty? Thousands there are who are doomed by dire necessity never to have a garden of their own; but those who can and ought, and yet have not, for the sake of cheapness and from motives of a mean economy, ought to be banished to some desert wilderness where the green earth and nature's flowers may not waste their sweetness on them." And such should be the destiny of those who will not cultivate a garden with the means and opportunities at their disposal. They do violence to the taste and feeling, implanted in us with life. They cut themselves off from the purest pleasure this fallen earth can afford. There is no occupation at once so spiritual and so full of delight as the cultivation of flowers. To stand among those bright beings of the material world, and watch the unfolding of the delicate petals, and inhale the delicious fragrance borne upward by every murmur of the breeze, partakes of enjoyment more nearly akin to that inherited by our first parents in Eden than anything else around us can afford. And the pleasure is yet heightened by the consciousness that our skill and labour have brought those bright children of light into being,—that but for our exertions this patch of garden ground that now glows so beautifully with the thousand hues of an odorous myriad, would have been a dreary waste, a banquet ground for but thistles and weeds.

Any one who has planted and watched a garden, however small, will sympathise with these assertions. The roses and carnations of our own cultivation are more beautiful to us than those grown in a stranger soil, and what speaks still more in favour of their cultivation, is, that while it is a healthful and a

happy employment, our hearts are lifted away from the turmoil and evil passions of life, and if we indulge in emulation or rivalry it is in the service of our flowers—that the *Dahlia* we are watching so carefully, or the pansy we have experimented with from its birth, may prove finer and better than those undergoing the same process of training in a neighbour's garden. To love flowers is at once a passport in our favour. The cold-hearted or the narrow souled man, will never be seen to bend in ecstasy over the opening blossoms of some curious plant, or lost in admiration of the delicate hues blending together like a lace embroidery in the elegant bells of the fox glove. Show us the man who loves flowers with a genuine earnest-hearted affection, and we will show you one keenly alive to all the better sympathies of our nature, with a soul for poetry, and a capacity for improvement.

The love of flowers should be universal, and we rejoice to see the prevalence of this taste among our countrymen. Round many a cottage home in the glorious summer, blooms beautiful evidence of this predilection, and many an hour is spent in the cultivation of these floral treasures—the best applied perhaps in our existence.

We would close this paper by urging the adoption (where not already inherited) of this taste by the people of our provinces. We all feel a thrill of pleasure in glancing once more at those old companions of our childhood, when they revisit us again in spring—the *Mayflowers* from our own rugged forests. Not less will the pleasure be found, of cultivating for ourselves and those who by ill-health and want of leisure, are deprived of the enjoyment—the bright multitude of garden flowers. It is an occupation which elevates and refines, and adds the fairest embellishment to our outward world,—an occupation lauded by philosophers and poets; and not the least beautiful tribute from the latter breaks forth in the song of *Mary Howitt*, when she tells us that flowers were given

“To comfort man, to whisper hope
Whene'er his path is dim;
For He that careth for the flowers
Will care much more for him.”

LINES TO THE MAYFLOWER.

LET the loftier poet praise,
In his smoothest number'd lays,
Flowers whose gen'rous odours rise,
Under cloudless, tropic skies;
Where old Ganges flows in pride,
Or La Plata's waters glide—
I, content, of thee will sing,
Fairest off'ring of the Spring.

Welcome, modest little flower,
 Earliest gift of Spring's first hour ;
 Ere the snows of Winter flee,
 Well I love to gaze on thee.
 Sweetest gem of Flora's world,
 In thy tinted bloom unfurled,
 Beauty's symbol I behold—
 Symbol true as type of old.

When thy leaves in calm repose,
 Slumber in surrounding snows ;
 When thy gentle buds unfold,
 Treasure to the storm and cold ;
 And thou sheddest sweet perfume,
 In the silent forests gloom—
 Thou, of Hope, the emblem art,
 Shedding sunshine o'er the heart.

Gentle flower—Acadia's child !
 Memory bears me to the wild,
 Where in boyhood's mirthful glee,
 Sportive hours were spent with thee ;
 Where with heart as light as air,
 Gather'd I thy forms so fair,
 For a chaplet for the gay,
 Lovely, laughing Queen of May.

And thou bloomest now as then,
 In my childhood's lowly glen ;
 But my heart, alas ! how chang'd,
 Since those early haunts I rang'd ;
 Then each pulse to pleasure played,
 Hope each joyous thought array'd ;
 Now each pleasure brings its pain,
 Hope and Fear alternate reign.

Yet with thee, thou little flower,
 Sorrow loseth half its power !
 Mem'ry, led by thee, doth stray,
 Back to sunny boyhood's day ;
 And the man once more the boy,
 Revels in life's morning joy.
 Welcome, then, Acadia's flower,
 Fairest form in Flora's bower.

W. A. C.

CHURCH COTTAGE, WILMOT.

HALF-HOURS WITH OUR POETS, No. 6.

WHEN we first contemplated the publication of this series in which we wished to call attention to the fragments of literary beauty scattered in our midst, we hoped at the close of the brief biographies of those who dwelt among us and have departed, that *he* to whose productions we are now about to call

attention, would by his living talents, have adorned still more the treasury we were gathering for the readers of 'The Provincial.' But one has been before us, and the name of SAMUEL ELDER must now stand among those who wear a sanctity because they are touched by death. Rarely indeed does a youth of promise, attain its full maturity, or shew the development of the powers entrusted to its care, ere the hand of the spoiler arrests the laurels in their bloom, and the strong intellect departs to brighten a holier sphere. From all that we have heard of Mr. Elder from those most intimately acquainted with him, his varied literary attainments must have been of uncommon excellence; while his peculiar ability in poetic lore was well established by the various productions from his pen, appearing at intervals in the periodicals of his country. He was a son of the Rev. William Elder, for some years a clergyman of the Church of England, officiating in Cape Breton, where he closed his labours and his life. This gentleman with several other members of his family, long enjoyed a reputation for intelligence and mental ability; and to his instruction and example Samuel Elder (the subject of this biography) doubtless owed the formation of those tastes whose subsequent development reflected so much credit on himself. Early in life he became a member of the Baptist Church in Nova Scotia, and his pen was principally engaged in the furtherance of the objects of that denomination, which left him but little leisure to attend to subjects of general literature. He studied at Acadia College, Wolfville, and during the period of his residence there, distinguished himself in nearly every department of study. As he had made choice of the ministry as a profession, theology in a great measure usurped the place of lighter matter, and afforded little time for poetical indulgence; but his mind was so active, that during his college life he found leisure to weave together chaste and beautiful ideas in smooth and elegant version. He contributed a large number of poems to the Journal in connection with his denomination, above the signature of 'L. R.,' and though all were more or less imbued with the same spirit of religious fervour, they possessed strong originality and a command of language rarely equalled by one so young in literary pursuits. We must pass over a number of sacred strains, which, though pleasing in diction, would not possess the same charm for the general reader, as for those whose views they advocated and extended, to others whose language is universal, because descriptive of the scenes and thoughts familiar to us from infancy. Among his early poems we quote some passages from lines entitled 'A Cottage Scene,' in which the painter and poet alike blend their hues:—

It was the eve of lovely day in Summer's richest bloom,
 And twilight o'er a cottage scene had shed its mellow gloom;
 A group of happy children played within a garden-nook,
 Where sportive airs from many a flower a dewy fragrance shook.

The parents of those joyous ones in love were seated near,
 To view their pastime, and their tones of merriment to hear,
 And smiles of bliss were interchanged, as on the balmy breeze
 The gush of laughter broke, that told of childhood's ecstasies.

And as with lithe and buoyant limbs they pressed the velvet green,
While lifted in the frolic chase their locks of gold were seen,
The vale, that into silence sweet stretched slumberingly away,
Returned in echoed syllables the music of their play.

So springing was the mirthfulness of that young festive band,
Ye would have deemed them denizens of some fair spirit-land :
It seemed as if no weariness could blanch the dimpled cheek,
Or dim the eye whose lightning-glance the soul's delight would speak.

And when Eve's viewless hand began to shut the pouting rose,
They sought within their cottage-home a calm unmoved repose ;
But ere the balm of slumber steeped those pleasure beaming eyes,
The hymn of praise the voice of prayer, breathed upward to the skies.

The most elaborate and lengthy poems of Mr. Elder that have come under our notice, are those entitled 'External Nature Coloured by the Soul's own Emotions,' and 'The Expulsion of the Acadians from their native Land,' both written for and delivered at anniversary meetings of Acadia College.

The former of these poems is a very beautiful and polished composition, though we think it deficient in originality. The metre is the same, and the language very similar, to that employed in Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope,' and it challenges a fair comparison with that fine poem. True, the subjects are different, but hope is yet the brightest emotion of the soul, and life and nature wear lovely colours viewed through its medium. Its length presents the insertion of the entire poem here, but the extracts we give will enable our readers to judge of its merits:—

There is a nameless sympathy that reigns
Within the human breast,—its viewless chains,
Like fibres round our inmost being twined,
To all it sees and loves the spirit bind.
Its winged power, with inspiration's force,
An empire holds o'er passion's latent source ;
The shapes of beauty clustering round the heart,
Their coloring owe to its creative art ;
The dreams of fancy rise at its command,
As if evoked by the enchanter's wand,
And visions oft, that language cannot tell,
Flash on the mental sight—waked by its spell.
'Tis this mysterious principle that gives
Grace, beauty, harmony, to all that lives ;
This lends the musing soul her power to share
Kindred with all the beautiful and fair,
And bids the light of thought and feeling shine
O'er nature's works, to brighten and refine.
And dark and cheerless were this beauteous earth,
Her fairest spot a waste of gloom and dearth,
Did not our inward life communion know
With all that beams above, or smiles below.
In vain were nature's affluence unrolled,
If on the spirit witheringly and cold
A death-like torpor pressed, a mental night,
Whose sombre shadows quenched the bosom's light—
And hung, like an impenetrable screen,
Between the breast and each external scene.

There is an hour embalmed in rapture's tear,
Sweet as the ray of Luna's silver sphere ;
An hour of deep, deep happiness, that brings
A pensive gladness on its gentle wings,
And weaves o'er every scene its veil of light.
Till earth appears an Eden of delight.
Ask ye the bliss its hallowed moments prove ?
'Tis the soft transport of requited love,
The fond heart's trembling beat of ecstasy
Beneath the glances of a loving eye,
When passion's flattering tongue has humbly sued

For Beauty's partial smile—nor vainly wooed.
 O happy he, whose breast has wildly stirred
 To the low music of that whispered word
 Which grants, with fond affection's sweetest tone,
 Love's richest, purest treasure—all our own!
 How strongly wake those mutual sympathies
 That link each heart in interwoven ties;
 How blest the interchange of smiles that teach
 The unuttered thought without the aid of speech:
 That winged hour of joy! who has not felt
 Its fervent hopes and keen emotions melt
 Into an Iris of the heart, whose rays
 More lovely made each object to the gaze?
 Who has not known how nature's charms improve
 Beneath the beamings of an eye we love?
 More grateful, then, the sunset hues that weave
 Their golden braid along the bow of eve,
 More hushed the deepening twilight's Sabbath calm,
 More bland the evening skies, distilling balm;
 And with a minstrel's more softly sweet
 The streamlet glides that murmurs at our feet.
 And brighter from its amber wave looks up
 The image of the wild flower's dewy cup.
 And then, O then! when o'er the mountain far
 Glimmers the radiance of the evening star,
 It seems the semblance of that melting eye
 Whose lustre meets our own in soft reply.
 Such is that hour of genial love and hope,
 Which shines the brightest in life's horoscope;
 Enthroned in memory's seat, its beams shall cast
 A glory o'er the visions of the past,
 And wed with future years the pledged truth,
 The unwavering trust and ardent love of youth.

The expulsion of the Acadians is a subject that appeals powerfully to the strongest feelings of humanity. The forcible ejection of this quiet and simple people from the homes they had reared, and the land which they loved, is ground sufficient for the keenest burst of poetic indignation, and the deepest pathos of its melting strains. We think there is no subject more worthy the attention of a Nova Scotia poet; and though Mr. Elder has done well, and touched with powerful pen many of the strong points in the touching story, we are not yet satisfied, and hope the day is not far distant when the lyre of Nova Scotia will ring forth a noble strain, fitting tribute to the memory of those whose peace and happiness were destroyed, and their homes offered as a holocaust to the vengeance of their destroyers.

But we would not detract from the merits of Mr. Elder's poem, but rather call attention to its many passages of interest and beauty. Like the composition before alluded to, it is too long to give more than an extract, and we select a passage in which he finely touches upon the sorrow of the aged and helpless when called upon to leave forever the land which they hoped would afford them a grave:—

It came, that hour of scathing woe, and well
 Did cruelty perform her mission fell.
 In long and mournful train I see them stand
 Near the blue wave that laves their native strand,
 While on each tear-wet cheek, and forehead pale,
 Sorrow hath written down her dismal tale.
 Hark! to the plaintive moan—the deep drawn sigh
 Which the heart utters in its agony—
 The wild lament—the deep impassioned tone
 Of prayer appealing to the eternal throne;
 While mingles with them, in low breathing swell,
 The moving strain that hymns their last farewell.

Lo! where the hoary patriarch bending stands
 With tearful eye, and clasped convulsive hands—
 Indignant grief is in his earnest gaze,
 That seeks the spot where passed his early days.
 The holy spot to which his spirit clings
 With all the force that love and memory brings.
 And lo! it seemed, that o'er life's sunset hour
 So dim a cloud of wretchedness should lour;
 For he had hoped to lay his head in death
 Where slept his kin, the hallowed turf beneath
 But ruffian hands have torn him from the sod
 And forced him from the altars of his God,
 His weary pilgrimage at last to end
 In foreign land, without a home—a friend!

And thou, O hapless mother! whose loud wail
 Of anguish passed unheeded on the gale,
 Methinks I hear thy voice for pity sue
 To marble breasts that pity never knew.
 The direst evil in thy cup of woe,
 Was love's long tried endearments to forego;
 All other sorrow could not break thy heart,
 But from thy children's dear embrace to part
 The loved, the beautiful—O who can tell
 The pain that on thy anguished spirit fell!
 And dost thou plead for pity? Hope not here
 For Pity's hand to dry thy falling tear.
 Vain, as entreaties uttered to the deep
 Is thy beseeching voice—GO THOU AND WEEP,
 Or plead thy cause before a higher throne—
 Thy maker's ear will listen to thy moan.

Mr. Elder finished his course of study, we think, in 1846, but regret that we have no authentic information as to this or the subsequent events of his life. We should be glad if this brief notice had the effect of calling forth from some of his numerous friends, a full biography of this intellectually gifted young man, with some further specimens of his literary labours. We have only the ordinary sources of information, and the testimony of a few friends as to his rich, mental capabilities; and this sketch is consequently an imperfect one.

If the idea could only be carried out, as already suggested in these pages, of making a collection of *poems*, by the various Nova Scotian writers, we feel sure that some friend of Mr. Elder would come forward and give additional interest to the volume by contributing a number of his poems, with, it might be, the additional value of his own final revision.

Until such a volume is added to our limited native literature, we fear our readers must rest content with the foregoing extracts; but we feel sure that all of poetic taste will be gratified by a glimpse into the treasure of beauty we are endeavoring to open up for them, that a newer and more permanent interest will be felt in those writers whom we can truly call our own, and that hereafter endeavors will be used to form a literary garland studded with blooms from our own wild flower land.

We conclude our quotations from Mr. Elder's writings, with a poem of great thought and vigour, entitled 'The Street.'

A scene of curious study is the street,
 Where many a curious phase of life we meet;
 Where human character and human fate
 In varied forms the observant eye await;
 Where, like the transient colours on the tide,

The many tinted world doth by us glide
 In changeful waves, that as they onward flow,
 Reflect all lights of joy, all shades of woe.
 He who but casts his easy vision o'er
 The living stream—not caring to explore
 Its mystic depths—intent alone to spy
 The objects of a laughter-loving eye—
 Will not have far to seek, nor seek in vain :
 As thick as bubbles in a shower of rain
 Upon the tide, life's comic shows appear,
 Amid its heaving anguish, guilt and fear.

The time has been—ere I had learned with sadness
 How much of human mirth is laughing madness—
 When Fancy through her merry-making glass
 Saw half the world in comic aspect pass,
 When aught of ludicrous in form or mien,
 Garb, port, or gesture—from each passing scene
 Was singled out and charged with wondrous power
 To amuse the freakish humour of the hour.
 But I have taught my spirit to restrain
 The heartless promptings of its lighter vein,
 And with a kindlier, deeper purpose scan
 The outward and the inward life of man.
 No longer now for selfish merriment
 I watch the shifting crowd, but with intent
 Of serious meaning,—and with solemn thought
 From many a solemn view of Being caught.

I ask not for divining power to see
 Beneath life's surface—there is much to be
 Seen in what floats above, that plainly tells
 Of its dark flowings and its hidden swells.
 The foam, the eddy, the vortiginous swirl—
 And even the ripple and the wrinkling curl
 That fret the shining bosom of the tide—
 Show what may lurk where its deep waters glide.
 So on the living current there are signs
 Plain, palpable—from which the soul divines
 Their causes, and detects the secret life
 Of many a heart—its guilt, or pain, or strife.
 Despite the cunning masks that men invent
 For public wear—concealing discontent
 With patient aspect, anguish with a smile,
 Hatred with blandest air, with frankness guile,
 Fear with defiant look, with pride despair,
 With an unruffled brow heart gnawing care ;—
 Yet oft the man forgets that other eyes
 Are near—and drops a moment his disguise,
 Revealing his true features—as I've seen
 The rocks start out when winds withdrew the screen
 Of air-hung mists :—and of the o'er acted part
 Reveals the latent mystery of the heart. }
 Working suspicion by its studied art.
 Oft have I met the wild and demon glare
 Of some unquiet soul, outflashing where
 The moment previous I had seen an eye
 As calm and gentle as the summer sky.
 'Twas but a flash—a fierce and vivid gleam,
 Gone in an instant, like a flitting dream ;
 And then again the placid eye and mien
 Were smiling there as they before had been.
 Oft too I've marked some smooth and laughing brow
 Scowl with despair—now like a day—and now
 Like night,—the darkness passing like a cloud
 That o'er the sun a moment trails its shroud.
 Others I've known of passions less intense,
 Or with superior will their violence
 Curbing within the breast—yet you might see
 The workings of the spirit's agony,
 That like the sullen heavings of the deep,
 Amid the calm told of the tempest's sweep,—
 The restless surgings of the troubled soul
 Which the strong purpose could not all controul.

But there are beings of a gentler mood
 Oft seen amid the hurrying multitude,
 Pensive and quiet, sorrowful and meek,
 Who but concealment for their sufferings seek ;
 Gliding so softly few their presence note,
 Like night-birds that with noiseless pinions float.

Or like the harmless shades that haunt some spot
 Beloved in time—and ne'er to be forgot.
 These are Life's stricken ones, that fade away
 Mist-like—the world scarce heeding their decay.
 A tranquil grief, an unobtrusive woe,
 Steals with them as they gently come and go,
 But seldom noticed as they glide along
 Amid the rush and clamour of the throng.

Mr. Elder, shortly after leaving College, was ordained a minister of the Baptist Church, and removed to Fredericton to take charge of a congregation in that city. We have little to record of his literary labours from that period. He was admired and beloved by his people as an eloquent preacher and a faithful overseer of the flock entrusted to his charge, but further than this we have no memorials. The duties of his profession doubtless fully occupied his time and attention, and when ill health came, which it did after a very short time, his mind was probably too deeply engaged in higher considerations to devote any time to the pursuits of literature. If he occasionally gave expression to his feelings in the glowing language of song, we have not any such memorial among his published efforts. His disease, pulmonary consumption, soon made such inroads upon his strength that he was compelled to relinquish his church and seek a milder climate, in the hope of recruiting his wasting health. He went to Philadelphia, but the dread messenger of death accompanied him—human means were of no avail to save the summoned from his call. The disease gained upon him rapidly, and in a few weeks after his arrival in Philadelphia, though surrounded by kindness and skill, he passed away from the land of shadow to that mysterious world where life is glorified and poetry made immortal.

Like a number of our minstrels his harp was broken before the summer breeze stirred its sweetest strings; we heard but the prelude to the burst of coming melody, and now the lyre has added immortality and holiness to its sweetness, and the strain is perfected in glory.

As we close our half hour's communing with this gifted spirit, we feel as though the shadow of the influence of our early and honoured dead, still enwrapped us in its beauty, beseeching us to give their eloquent memorials an imperishable place,—telling us that if we have no stars in our galaxy, we have sweet wild flowers in our wilderness,—gems of fragrance and beauty still dearer to us because they are our own,—flowers breathing of eloquence and pathos, touching us by their very simplicity, and beseeching us to gather them with the hand of affection and pride, as the choicest wealth of our home literature. Thus strengthening the hearts of those who still are spared to us, shewing them that Nova Scotians are alive to the merits of their own writers, and eager to foster by every generous encouragement the sweet thoughts of the minstrels of Acadia.

STRAY STORIES.—No. 4.

WHAT an inexhaustible theme is love for the poet and the novelist! without its inspiration and accidents, how many pages would be left unblotted, how many songs unwritten, how many readers unoccupied! May we not also add that but for its presence and mischances, how many hearts would be left un-darkened and unscathed! Often, indeed, are tales of love but 'love tales,' the idle dream of the bard and romancer; but occasionally real life has its own little interlude of romance, in which love is the presiding deity. Such was the case in the true tale we are about to relate, which, without the aid of any colouring or fancied results, is a touching, (and apart from any merit in the recital), a most interesting story of that most capricious of all human passions.

Annie Milton, as we will call the heroine, was the daughter of one of the most aristocratic and influential of our provincial inhabitants, who filled a lucrative and responsible Government situation, and was esteemed and respected by the public generally. Even now, were his real name given, many would be willing to testify to his kindness of heart and urbane manners, which still mark his descendants. His family was very numerous, and Annie and her sisters were among the most admired of the young girls of Halifax. She was, however, the prettiest of them all, with graceful person and most winning and gentle manners. From his position and wealth Mr. Milton's house was the scene of many a gay party, and the constant rendezvous of gentlemen belonging to the Army and Navy, who were stationed in great numbers at Halifax in those days, when arms were more necessary for defence than in the present peaceable era. In summer he had a most delightful country residence, where his family with many of their young and merry companions, passed the few bright months of our climate, and many a glad laugh and witty jest has echoed from that old mansion which now seems but the relic of former times. We have often thought, while looking at its stained walls and shattered casements, how often young voices had rung through those walls that are now silent in death, and of the many changes that time has brought to that once large and happy family—laying its best and dearest in the tomb, scattering them over land and sea, to sleep in far different church-yards, while those who were left were changed by the trials of care and sorrow, and now appear the most improbable persons to have joined in the scenes of mirth and gaiety. But long ago when they were all young, few were ever more gay and light-hearted, and their many jests and merry deeds are still remembered by those whose more sedate deportment was somewhat ruffled by their mischievous pranks.

At a large ball given by Mr. Milton, to which all the officers of the garrison and fleet were invited, a young midshipman was present. Harry Barton was a gay, good humoured, thoughtless sailor, but possessed of deep feeling and steadiness of purpose. Few thought as they heard the gay tones, and met

the mischievous glance of the young Englishman, that his heart was capable of such pure affection and enduring remembrance and devotion. That evening at the house of her father, was the first time he had ever met Annie Milton, and her beauty and fascinating manner made a deep impression on his hitherto untouched heart. He was a scion of an aristocratic and high-born family, and had often mingled with the gayest, and gazed upon the loveliest of old England's fair daughters, but never yet had he seen one who could enthral his young fancy or quicken the pulses of his heart, until he met with the fair mayflower of Nova Scotia, in the person of Annie Milton. First impressions are often the most lasting, and it was so in the present case; every future interview still more strengthened the impression her first appearance had made, and the gay young sailor, subdued by the invincible power of affection, determined if possible to win and wear the fair flower as his own. The time passed rapidly on during his sojourn in Halifax; he had constant opportunities of meeting with Miss Milton, and the happiness her society gave him, caused the hours to fly with more than wonted rapidity, and made him look forward, with reluctance to the time of his departure from her home. He was still very young, and she was in the early bloom of girlhood, and he felt it would be more than absurd for him with his present prospects, to speak of love or marriage. The feeling was too deeply rooted in his heart to allude to it lightly, as many would have done; it was one of those rare instances of honest and unselfish love, which holds its hopes too sacred to be divulged until the time when all obstacles are removed, and the prize can be manfully sought for, that has so long been the aim of existence. Annie was told nothing of the deep love she had so unconsciously awakened; the society of the young midshipman was very agreeable to her; but among so many admirers he was no more favored than the rest, nor did she dream that for one word or smile of hers Harry Barton would have risked everything but his honour. The time soon drew round when the fleet was ordered to leave for another station, and after a few months of happiness, engendered by new and more delightful feelings than he had ever before known, young Barton left the land of his lady-love, leaving his heart as a hostage behind him. Annie regretted his departure exceedingly, and perhaps there was something in the farewell of the young man that told her how dearly she was loved, and awakened feelings of a similar nature. It was since observed by her family that she grew more thoughtful from that time, and took less pleasure in gaiety and scenes of mirthful festivity than before.

But we will follow the young man through his involuntary exile from the place of his affections, and mark the untowardness of fate, which rudely destroys the fairest visions and aims a blow at our most vulnerable feelings. The ship to which Harry Barton belonged was ordered to a far distant station, to engage in the warfare that then raged so fiercely between the English and

French nations, and took a prominent part in many of the victories which are now matters of history, almost household words; but the strife of battle or the allurements of glory, could not obliterate or weaken the impression made upon his heart by Annie Milton. Her image was ever present with him; for her sake he sought the thickest of the fight, and struggled for its laurels only to place them at her feet. He was a brave and gallant officer, and rapidly rose to promotion, from his many acts of valour and daring while yet almost a boy in years. Who shall say how often the memory of some fair girl has been the inspiration that induces the hero to dare peril and death, and may more often be the cause of success and triumph than patriotism and loyalty. Such was the case in the instance before us, for although the young sailor's natural gallantry and bearing would have urged him to daring deeds, still the hope of winning a name that Annie Milton might yet be proud to wear, was the secret of his real courage and success. It was some time before the war was terminated, and peace declared, and during this space no tidings from Nova Scotia had reached the now distinguished sailor. When, however, the nations rested from the toils of battle and bloodshed, he returned to his home in England, covered with glory, and once more wandered through the scenes of his boyhood, which had been unvisited for many years. The warm welcome of his family in receiving him once more in their midst, though very dear to him, still did not cause him to forget the dream he had formed of a home of his own and made bright by the fair young girl whose memory he had cherished through many a perilous hour and stormy scene, and it was not long before he announced his wish to cross the Atlantic and endeavour to win her as his wife. His father's wish, however, was strongly opposed to this proceeding. The aristocratic pride of centuries could not brook the idea of an alliance with a nameless family, in the far off and little appreciated Colonies, and he earnestly urged his son to forget the fancy of youth, and peremptorily refused his own consent to his wishes. It was a difficult task for the young man to choose between filial duty and love, but at last he reluctantly obeyed the first for a time, as he was dependent upon his father's will for his future establishment, and, moreover, was loth to grieve him by any act of opposition, as he had always been a most indulgent parent; and with the hope and buoyancy of youth he trusted that time would change his determination, and at last induce him to consent to the only course which young Barton felt could secure his happiness. His feelings, however, were too strong and deep to brook delay; he had staked too much of his happiness upon the issue of his love, and now removed from active occupation he grew listless and melancholy; his health suffered from disappointment, until he finally gave way to its influence, and subjected himself to solitude and gloom. His family observed his increasing dejection with great sorrow; their pride in their gallant son had been excessive: he had always been a most dutiful child, never having

thwarted their wishes or excited their displeasure in any instance save the present; and his father felt he had dealt too severely with his feelings, which he had not imagined had been awakened to the extent he now discovered they had been. Still it was long before he could feel it at all possible to consent to his union with the fair Nova Scotian girl who had so absorbed his son's affection. The pride of birth and alliance was very strong in the old man's heart, and he had hoped to see his son connect himself with a family even more distinguished than his own, who might reflect new lustre upon their already ennobled house.

But as day after day passed on, and he saw his son sinking beneath the feelings of despair and unpropitious love, all his parental anxiety was awakened, and he felt no sacrifice would be too great to ensure that beloved son's happiness. He was already an old man, his son was the pride and support of his age, and as he reasoned with himself he felt that the laurels which he had won would more than balance any advantages that might be gained by a noble alliance. Much time of course elapsed before so total a revolution in feeling could be made; but gradually the triumph of affection over pride was completed, and his father consented to gratify the wishes of his dutiful son, urging him to proceed on his errand, and wishing him 'God-speed.' The delight and gratitude of the young man may easily be imagined; he had known nothing of the change in his father's feelings, until his full consent was announced, and the revulsion of ideas for a time was almost more than he could believe. Hope and prospective happiness soon wrought their cure,—his eye took again its frank, cheerful appearance,—his merry, ringing tones resounded through the old halls,—and as his father looked upon his renovated child, and proudly gazed upon his fine manly countenance, he felt that any sacrifice was light compared with the health and life of his beloved son. Full of high hope and joyous anticipation, his preparations for the voyage were soon made, and he left his father's residence which was situated in the delightful country of Devonshire, gaily promising to return soon and bring with him another and a fairer child to share their affections and brighten their coming years.

There was not one who looked upon the young man as he proceeded to London, to take his passage in the first ship that left for Nova Scotia, that did not envy him the gay joyous spirit that laughed out in his bright eye, and spoke in his frank, winning tones. He had been so sorrowful and despairing for months, that when the bar to his wishes, in the shape of his father's prohibition, was removed, he felt nothing but hope and joy—no dark presentiment of failure shadowed the bright visions that clustered in his fancy. True he had never told Annie that he loved her, or received any token of affection from her, but with all the flattery of hope and pertinacity of love, he felt that he would be able to win her. Sometimes a pang would shoot through his

heart as he remembered the long weary time that had passed since he had heard of her welfare, and once as he remembered how beautiful she was, and thought of the many admirers that surrounded her, he trembled lest she had been won from his grasp, and become the bride of another. But hope whispered otherwise—he shook off the brooding shadow of evil omen, and though as each stage brought him nearer to the place of embarkation, his suspense grew more exciting, still it was always coloured by bright anticipation and promises of happiness and success. He reached London in safety, and immediately made enquiries as to the time when a vessel would leave for America. In these days of slow sailing ships and packets, a voyage across the ocean was no light undertaking, as often six or eight weeks elapsed before they reached their destination—trying enough to the patience of all, but more particularly to a lover, whose natural impatience was heightened by suspense. Henry fortunately discovered that one was to sail the next day; and delighted by the prosperous issue of his undertaking so far, his spirits rose in proportion, and he went out to view the wonders of the great metropolis in a most enviable state of mind. He met with some old friends and brother sailors with whom he spent some hours most pleasantly, and then went into a coffee house to seek refreshment and rest. While here his eye suddenly fell upon a file of Nova Scotia newspapers; he eagerly seized them, anxious to hear something of the land that held the reward of all his hopes and love; rapidly he scanned the pages, glancing at familiar names, and dwelling upon the trifling items of colonial news their columns afforded, when his eye fell upon the obituary list, and there he saw the name of Annie Milton! yes—she whom he had loved so long and well, whom he was even now about to claim as his wife, and offer her the homage of a true and devoted heart, was far away from the warm words of affection, silent to every tone of entreaty, a dreamless sleeper in the quiet grave. There are no words to give an idea of the young man's agony at that moment. Was this the reward of all his long cherished hopes? He thought he could have borne change, rejection, all else but death! it was too awful—he reeled beneath the blow, and his friends bore him to his room insensible and motionless.

* * * * *

Years had passed by since we last saw Annie Milton bidding adieu to the gay young midshipman, and time had wrought its wonted changes upon her and her family. The light-hearted girl of sixteen had grown a thoughtful woman, and who shall say how much the memory of her absent lover had contributed to the change; her family were still merry and gay as of old, and still their old house in the country was the scene of many a festal occasion. But as the years passed on, Mr. Milton's health failed, and his affairs became embarrassed, so that his family could no longer indulge in the pursuits of luxury and gaiety, as they once did. It was not long before they were

called upon to relinquish their kind and beloved father, who had contributed so largely to their happiness, and his death was a severe blow to his sorrowing family. It also brought them pecuniary troubles: with it his official income ceased, and the expensive manner in which his family had lived left them but little for their future support. Sorrow and difficulty naturally changed their mode of living altogether, and from preference as well as economy they retired to their country house and made it their permanent residence; but how changed was everything there since the last summer they had spent in its haunts. Prosperity has too many butterfly friends—and when the Milton family had no longer inclination or means to entertain gay or fashionable society, their circle of acquaintance speedily narrowed, and in a short time they were left comparatively alone. Annie's health, which had never been robust, now gradually but surely declined; her love for her father had been extreme; his death was a severe shock to the sensitive feelings of the delicate girl, and her grief told but too fatally upon her health. The seeds of consumption which had long lain dormant, flourished fearfully beneath her melancholy and despair; it was the very time when she needed the kind and soothing tones of affection; and perhaps it may be that the absence and silence of Harry Barton contributed to add to her feelings of sorrow; but as she never alluded to him or spoke of any secret sadness, there are no true grounds for believing he was more to her than an agreeable acquaintance. But when the heart is so sorely wrung, the words of love have a healing that belongs to nothing else; and but for the obstinate pride of his father, too late repented of, Harry Barton might have been there to soothe, with his devoted love, the last moments of her life, perhaps to have prolonged it by his watchful and assiduous care. But heaven had ordered it otherwise, and the young girl faded daily away. Never had she seemed more lovely or amiable than in the closing scene; the bright but fatal hectic in her cheek, gave her soft eye more brilliancy, and the touching sadness and patient submission to the fever of both body and mind, endeared her still more to the family she was so soon to be parted from. Everything that affection and kindness and medical skill could afford, was done. One of her relatives, a physician, was almost constantly with her, but human aid was useless for poor Annie,—the dread messenger came,—the silver cord was soon loosed, and the golden bowl broken at the fountain. The weary heart found a better resting place than on any earthly love, and ere her morning sun was shadowed altogether by a cloud, her spirit was with him who gave it.

It is sad to record the death of the young and beloved; but here there was no sorrow for the dead: she was far from the trials and grief that awaited the rest of the family: theirs was the agony—another link was broken in the household chain that had bound them so lovingly together, and as they stood round her lowly grave the observer would not have recognized in the dim eyes

and sad faces, the young bright countenances that once beamed with pleasure, and basked in the sunshine of enjoyment. Just two months from the period of her death, its announcement met the eye of Henry Barton, as we have described, and bitter was the thought when the young man was restored to consciousness, that he had yielded to any will save his own, and had refrained from seeking, ere it was too late, her who was the love of his boyhood, and the star of his maturer years. A long and dangerous sickness followed this total overthrow of his fondest hopes. His family was summoned to his bedside, and as his father listened to the wild ravings of his beloved son, he saw how deeply he erred in trying to subdue his affection, and felt that his punishment was almost more than he could bear. A good constitution, and time, however, restored Henry to health again, but his cheerfulness and elasticity of spirit was quenched forever, and he lived in the world but not of it. He had staked every hope upon the one sole dream of his life, and their failure was terrible indeed. He staid and sustained the last years of his aged parents, proving all to them that the most devoted son could be, anticipating their wishes, and making the vale of years a pleasant path for them. But he was blind to the charms of woman; his idol never came down from its pedestal; her memory was as fresh and green in his heart as when he first saw her a young lovely girl in her father's house, mingling in the gay dance, and charming all by her winning address. After his parents' death he became a traveller; there was neither home or ties for him; he felt himself an alien and a wanderer; fate had closed the doors of a domestic paradise against him, and he bestowed all his remaining admiration on works of nature and art. After the lapse of several years, when time had softened his grief to a calm sorrow, he once more resolved to embark for the land where he had so early given his young affections.

Years had wrought great changes. Passengers were no longer subjected to the chance and tedium of a sailing vessel. Noble steamers were crossing the great ocean almost weekly, and it was in one of those that he proceeded to the birth-place of Annie Milton—to stand beside her grave, and tread once more in the familiar paths he had so often trodden with her. He came, and though much was altered, memory was true to her trust, and brought back scenes and places with a painful vividness he had almost thought impossible. He stood at night before the casement of the house where the 'starlight of his boyhood' had shone, and almost fancied he could once again see the light graceful form, and hear the joyous thrilling tones of his lost angel. Memory was too keenly alive for him to stay long at the scene of those painful recollections. He refrained from seeking any of his former friends, but from some stranger made himself acquainted with the circumstances of her death, and the change and sorrow that had visited her family, and then bearing some flowers and fresh turf from the grave that held all he had loved so well, he left Nova Scotia

once more, feeling what a sad contrast he now presented to the light-hearted hopeful boy that had left its shores so many years previous. Now he was a lonely and a homeless man; the heart that could have been so faithful and affectionate had no resting place on earth—memory was its only portion, and that was so mingled with regret that he was glad to escape from its communion. It is seldom, indeed, in real life that we meet with such unwearied constancy; those who appear to love the deepest often change the earliest; but Henry's temperament was peculiar, and unlike the majority of mankind when he once loved it was forever.

But a year or two since his acquaintance was made by a lady, a near connexion of Annie Milton's, and perhaps from that circumstance or a wish at last to experience the blessings of sympathy, he unfolded to her the sad story which has been related in the preceding pages. He was then past the prime of life, when feelings are generally subdued, and disappointments borne more calmly; but there was a depth of sadness in his tone as he recalled the circumstances of his early love and its sorrowful result, that went to the heart of his listener, and told how deeply the strong man had yielded to his anguish. His last visit to Nova Scotia seemed, however, to have soothed him more than any other subsequent event, and his meeting with one who had known and loved her who had been his hope and his memory through a long life, contributed to his further tranquillity. It is probable that he is still alive, true to the image of his early affection, an almost solitary instance of man's constancy.

Several members of Annie Milton's family are still living, and can tell of this 'ow'er true tale.' How often do they revert in thought to the untimely end of the one, and touching sorrow and devotion of the other of the two beings whose history is briefly traced in the pages of this simple narrative.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

CHAPTER IV.

"Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney and Sark are populous small Islands near the Coast of France."—
GOLDSMITH'S GEOGRAPHY.

THE above line comprehended nearly the sum total of my information upon the geographical, social, ecclesiastical and political condition of the Channel Islands, previous to my taking up my residence among them a year or two ago. That there was something anomalous in their position I was aware. In turning over the pages of an encyclopedia, or a magazine, articles

having reference to them occasionally met my eye, which being read with about the same degree of interest which would attach to a history of the Devil's Island, left a hazy impression that there was something very singular about them. Having no connection with them to keep up the desire for information concerning them, and unaware of any imports thence into Halifax save in one article, very useful in itself, but not bespeaking necessarily any very great degree of proficiency in the arts and sciences, denominated 'Guernsey shirts,' my mind gradually lost again any little knowledge which it might occasionally pick up on the subject in random articles; and at the time of my visit it is doubtful whether had I been asked concerning the Channel Islands, I should not have dreamily answered in Goldsmith's words: 'Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney and Sark are populous small Islands near the coast of France.' Certain it is that the picture of them conceived in my mind, presented the idea of a small rocky group, with boats in the foreground, nets and fishermen lying about, and any number of women sitting at the doors of their cottages, weaving the aforesaid 'Guernsey shirts.' It is needless to say that we found something a little more advanced than this. We found fine houses, elegant shops, expensive public works, and a teeming and industrious population. Whether I shall succeed in conveying to the minds of my readers (if I have any) the impressions with which I left those Islands, or whether they will rise from the perusal of this treatise with the same hazy ideas which occupied my own brain before my visit (those readers of course I mean who have not derived sound information from other sources), remains to be proved. Would that I could know beforehand the probable result of my labours—whether the readers of the Provincial 'skip' when they come to the article headed 'Channel Islands,' and wish that stupid thing was finished—or whether they go right through in a patient and kindly spirit, stimulated, if they approve, to contribute something themselves towards carrying out a laudable endeavor to create a literature for their country—resolved, if they disapprove, to write something better for the credit of the name of their native place. Would that this little matter could be ascertained at once, for verily quill driving is not my forte,—it is an abomination unto me,—it inks my fingers and makes me stoop,—and nothing but an overwhelming sense of duty to my fellow creatures has thrust me before the public in the shape of a printed page. There are two situations in which a writer may be placed: he may be read and applauded—or he may not be read at all. Both of these are better than being read and pooh-poohed.

Vamos.

Let any one take up a map of Europe, and he will find in the North west corner of France a somewhat capacious bay, wherein is situated a cluster of islands. This bay is called the Gulf of Avranches, or Bay of St. Michael—the tips of its horns are Cape LaHogue and Brest. If a line be drawn from Cape to Cape it will include these islands within it, except perhaps the very edge of

the outermost one, while the largest and most important of them lies far within. Jersey, the principal island of the group, is but 29 miles from St. Malo, and but 24 miles from Granville on the French coast, while it is distant from Weymouth, the nearest point of England, eighty-five miles. Guernsey, the next in size and importance, is sixty two miles from Torquay, the nearest point on the English southern coast, and but sixty from St. Malo. The other islands are situated between, and around these two principal ones, and the whole as before stated are within the headlands of this French bay. They, geographically, belong as much to France as the Isle of Man does to Great Britain. Moreover, their vernacular language is French, and their laws are administered in that tongue. Notwithstanding all these circumstances, the inhabitants of the Channel Islands are deeply and devotedly loyal to England. They have steadily and with undying courage resisted all attempts of the French to obtain possession of their soil, and while rootedly attached to a most un-English constitution, so long as that constitution is not meddled with, they cling to England with a love and reverence as true as can be found in any English heart that beats in Cornwall, Middlesex or Yorkshire.

It is not my purpose to weary the reader as I used to be wearied myself, with an account of the ancient circumstances and history of these Islands. To do this would be merely to copy sundry pages from 'Ingli's History,' and the information imparted would doubtless be forgotten almost as soon as acquired. To say that Guernsey bore in times long distant the name of Sarnia, and Jersey that of Cesarea or Cæsar's Isle, and that they may be found under these appellations in any ancient atlas, will be sufficient. *Ey*, we are told in the language of the northern nations, signified an Island, as in the name of Anglesey or Island of the Angles. And *Jer* or *Ger*, and likewise *Cher* is but a contraction of Cæsar. Jersey, therefore, is a corruption of 'Cæsar's Island,' from which fact we may gather that possibly Julius Cæsar among his boon companions, went by the name of Jerry. There are several Roman remains in Jersey, proving that Cæsar's troops if not Cæsar himself were once there, and there is an old fortification there called to this day *Le Fort de Cæsar*. Likewise in the north of the Island there is a remarkable entrenchment bearing the traditional name of *La petite Cesaree*. Moreover, a number of Roman coins has from time to time been dug up, and this is considered conclusive evidence of Roman conquest.

'Very little,' says the guide book, 'can be said of the Island (Jersey), previous to the time of Rollo, the first Duke of Normandy, to whom it was surrendered by Charles the Fourth of France, with the sister Islands, and Normandy itself in 912.'

William the Conqueror, attached these Islands to the British Crown, since which time their history is blended with that of England. France has several times endeavoured to repossess herself of these stragholds, which are not only

important in a military point of view as fortifications, but being, as before stated, within the headlands of a French bay, the French people conceive it a sort of impertinence that England should own them. From the time of Philip Augustus, various attacks have been made upon them by France. That king was so bravely repulsed that King John expressed his gratification by giving the people of Jersey and Guernsey that constitution which they still value as the Magna Charta of their liberties.

During the commonwealth these islands were faithful to the house of Stuart. They resisted the Parliament to the last, and were the first to proclaim the son of the murdered Charles, as rightful Sovereign of England. Twice did Jersey afford a refuge to its exiled monarch. Charles the Second held his court here during several months, and when he afterwards ascended the throne of his father, he was not unmindful of his loyal subjects in Jersey. Charles not being in general remarkable for remembering benefits received, the islanders naturally were peculiarly flattered. They obtained several privileges, and were presented with a silver mace, with a Latin inscription, acknowledging their loyalty and the services of their leaders.

The last attempt of the French upon these Islands was in 1781, when they succeeded in landing in the night, and making their way to St. Heliers, the chief town of Jersey, without being observed. They surprised the Governor in his bed, made him prisoner and compelled him to sign a capitulation. Two gallant Officers, however, disputed the terms. The island Militia gathered, attacked the French impetuously, defeated them with great loss, killed their General and took the principal portion of them prisoners. Since then the islanders have not been invaded, and their Governors have slept in peace.

The Island of Jersey is from twelve to thirteen miles in length, and from four to seven miles in breadth, according to the form of the various parts of its coast. Its circumference, following the sinuosities of its outline, is about forty eight miles. This small space of earth comprises within itself as many natural charms as perhaps any other in the world. It has bold cliffs and sunny bays, fertile fields and waving woods, delicious fruits and a fine climate. Mountains it has none. Its principal charm to me was found in its numerous bays, along which one could walk for miles over the smooth sand, watching the glorious waters which to-day lay placid and just marked with a silver line the ripple of the tide; and anon came tumbling and galloping in, all green and white, the curling waves with crest half a mile long, chasing each other till they toppled over with a roar, while the fresh sea-breeze braced the frame. My great delight was to get down to St. Clement's Bay, just behind Fort Regent, where there was a curved stretch of sand nearly two miles long. In this bay the weather was more pleasant than in most other places. If it was cold and raw in the town, it generally seemed either warm or fresh and bracing here. Many a time and oft when the east wind felt chill in the streets, did we escape

to this pleasant bay, and there find it soft and balmy; or when the wind was high and blowing the dust about us in the town, we could here enjoy an invigorating and sea-smelling blast. About half-way along this bay is a bathing establishment, with hot, cold, and every other kind of baths, and in the summer time machines were provided for sea bathing. For be it known that in Great Britain and her European appurtenances, people bathe out of machines which run them out along the sand till the water is about waist deep; people then creep timidly out, sneak into the sandy water, paddle about and creep back into their box to dress. The poor cockney creatures do not know what it is to leap from a rock into clear deep water, and run a race with the startled fish.

And yet it is hard to say whether the winter climate of Jersey is one to be recommended to a decided invalid. It is very changeable. The morning may be fine, and at ten o'clock a torrent of rain may pour down, accompanied with chilly gusts of wind. To a person liable to take cold, nothing is more dangerous than such weather. Tempted to go out by the brightness of the morning, suddenly the wind becomes piercing, a storm of rain or hail dashes in your face—it lulls for a moment, and you rush from the shop or porch in which you have succeeded in finding a refuge, only to be caught again by another and perhaps fiercer shower. There is a good deal of east wind; and one cannot always be walking in St. Clement's bay. As much clothing is required there as in our own climate. Indeed, the clear cold weather of our winter is unrivalled for health, and could we escape the chilly breezes of Spring from March till the end of May, our whole climate could not be exceeded for salubrity and enjoyable qualities. To a person leaving home to go a great distance in search of a mild climate, I should say that the winter of Jersey was not mild enough. To one able to take plenty of exercise, but unable to stand a keen frosty air, it might be suitable. For dyspeptic and bilious people it is very bad. There is one drawback at present existing, which, however, I believe is being remedied in new buildings, and it is a fault which exists all over England and other countries where the winters are not thermometrically severe. There are no hall stoves, and the passages are always cold and raw. When the door of the sitting room is open, a draught enters which cuts you to the bone. It is impossible for unaired passages to be healthy, and I am convinced that more than one half of the colds which prevail in England are attributable to the want of fires in the halls. Even in sunny Italy, on days when the sky is bright and the sun unclouded, from December to April fires are necessary in sitting rooms, and would be acceptable in the courts and passages. In rainy weather, which forms the principal part of southern and 'mild' winters, the want is doubly felt. In coming home from our walks along the sands, in a pleasant glow from the exercise and warm sun, the passage from the door to the sitting room would feel like an ice-house. There was a

Gallery of Art in Jersey to which I frequently went, in which fires were never made, and I doubt if a room in Halifax in the depth of winter or the chill of spring, would feel more raw and uncomfortable. As in Dawlish and the South of England, you are told of the number of plants and flowers that bloom in the open air. But this is quite compatible with extremely unpleasant weather. It is severe frost that kills plants. It is not severe frost that is unwholesome or unpleasant. The thermometer with us is higher by many degrees in April than in December; yet no one complains of cold in the latter month: the cheeks are ruddy, and the eyes are bright, and the spirits elastic. But in April the air smells like damp cotton wool, the skin roughens, the lips crack, and people tell you they feel uncomfortable. Yet a myrtle would live through a winter of Aprils, while a December day would cut it off in its prime.

The Channel Islanders are proud of their climate, and their guide-books, and histories always loudly vaunt its merits. In summer it may be readily believed that it is beautiful, but then summer seems to be tolerably fine in most northern places. Where could finer weather be found than in these provinces from June to November, accompanied as it is by opportunities of sea-bathing such as are unrivalled, or at least not to be exceeded in the world. What people want is a fine *winter*; and, as far as my experience goes, winter is disagreeable everywhere, the superiority of southern and other boasted climates consisting principally in the fact that their winters are short and spring really exists. In the South of Spain a December which I once spent there was delightfully warm and mild. In Italy, at Naples and Rome it is likewise generally fine till the middle of January, when heavy and incessant rains commence, and continue till the middle of April. The latter parts of Spring and Autumn in those climates seem to be the finest. But in the Southern climates the summer is unendurable, and the inhabitants have to fly North from the heat and malaria. Taking the summer and winter together, perhaps the island of Jersey has as fine a climate as any place in the world, being not very cold in winter, and beautiful in summer. This, however, will not suit a person in search of a decidedly warm winter, to whom it is no satisfaction to state as he shivers in January, that the average of the weather is very mild. What the invalid wants is a warm *winter*. Pleasant summers are to be had in plenty.

The conclusion of the whole matter is this, and I had better state it at once before I get too complicated, that there is no perfect climate on earth;—that Nova Scotian summers are delightful, and her winters not bad, but her springs are not to be commended;—that if Nova Scotian winters are too cold, Southern summers are too hot;—and that taking all things into consideration, the Jersey climate, counting the whole year round is as good as any in the world;—but that as people who go two or three thousand miles from home,

merely for a warm winter, are likely to want a decidedly mild one, and not an average one, the South of Spain or Italy is more to be recommended for the winter months, leaving it to the invalid to summer in Jersey, if he pleases.

To those who are not satisfied with my observations, the following *ex cathedra* remarks of Dr. Hooper, may be accepted.

“The season of Spring is marked by the same unsteadiness of temperature, and harsh variable weather, as in most spots under a similar latitude. In diseases which require the avoidance of great ranges and variations of temperature, the objectionable qualities of the months of April and May, though in a certain degree tempered by the causes which mitigate the severity of our winter, are nevertheless such as to call for great care in the use of exercise in the open air. To those who quit warm clothing or in any other way relax their precautions against the effects of cold by anticipation, these months too often prove very dangerous. * * * The winter, however, is the season which most of all contributes to the peculiarities of this climate. With rare exceptions it passes off in soft rainy or windy weather, with intervals of astonishingly mild days, and with scarcely any frost or snow.”

I will take leave of the subject of climate by remarking on the above that the very weather bestowed by Dr. Hooper upon the spring months, was experienced by us during the winter, but then we happened to light upon one of the ‘extraordinary seasons’ to which I alluded in my first chapter as generally falling to the lot of travellers. And further, that the ‘intervals of astonishingly mild days’ in my opinion, spoil a winter for a person to whom weather is an object of importance as regards health. They relax the frame and put it into exactly the condition to be injuriously affected by the succeeding chill.

We were much astonished to find that these islands were looked on as almost entirely a *summer* resort, by the English. The boarding houses were empty, and we found that though so near and in such ready communication with England, comparatively few English people spent the winter there, although the climate is undoubtedly, and by a series of observations proved to be, milder than any of the English watering places which are generally thronged. The South Coast, containing Torquay, Dawlish, Teignmouth, &c. is much more resorted to than the Channel Islands. The fact that the English living so near do not resort to them in winter, seems to corroborate what I have said that they are not looked upon as particularly desirable as a winter place of residence, not, at least, sufficiently so to induce people to migrate thither from the main land. But in summer we are told that the Island of Jersey in particular swarms with strangers. Then it is said to be exceedingly beautiful, and to offer great charms to the visitor. In the winter it is principally resorted to by old East Indians, who endeavor to drag out their existence without a liver, and who find the climate better adapted to their non-jecoral condition than that of

England. Clouds of young aspirants for military fame are also to be found here, 'waiting for their commissions,' hanging round the club room door, or lounging about the streets, talking pipeclay and Bell's life, beyond which they seem to have few ideas, at least very few on tap. These young men get up races, go to balls, do the flirtations and make themselves generally ornamental. While we were there a steeple chase was got up which excited great enthusiasm. The day was wretchedly raw, something like one of our very worst March days. The course was sandy and otherwise inappropriate, but the fun was just as good. All the horses fell at every jump, and the race was won by a baker's pony. The best part of the whole transaction was the description of it which appeared in one of the local newspapers, written by one of the youths above named, the terms used in which were much more applicable to a heathen missionary station to which the gospel had just been preached, than to a steeple chase. It spoke of the lapsed state of the Island as regarded the sports of the field, commented in glowing terms upon the labors of the committee who had exerted superhuman efforts in bringing this affair to a brilliant conclusion, and congratulated the inhabitants three or four times upon the 'better and purer light' that had commenced to dawn upon them. The article was a perfect model of a description of a small affair by a frivolous hand, and it is quite possible that the writer of it may at some future day describe Halifax as dull and benighted, because we no longer patronize the horseraces, which used in former days to collect together within the circumference of the common all the profligacy and debauchery of the country.

The liverless East Indians and the youths waiting for their epaulettes, form the principal floating stranger population of Jersey. But a large proportion of the permanent population consists of Englishmen of moderate fortune, whose residences adjoin the outskirts of the town of St. Heliers. Never have I seen a town of which the buildings gave me a better idea of comfortable circumstances. In England the expenses of living are so enormous that a thousand or two a year goes for nothing. In Jersey the owner of such an income is very well off. And as men of such fortunes are tolerably plentiful in England, many of them prefer living in affluence in Jersey, where they are somebodies, with the power to run over to the home Island for a visit when they please—to passing their days in England where their fortunes would be frittered away in unsatisfactory attempts to keep pace with their neighbours; or even if they were not so foolishly ambitious, still the enjoyment of society at all and the education of their children would render the strictest economy absolutely and constantly necessary. The houses of these English residents were perfect specimens of easy comfort; they realized exactly the idea of the *simplex munditiis*. Built of freestone, of moderate size, generally of two tall stories, slightly ornamented with pilasters and with large expansive windows, they were elegant without being grand. The grounds around them were ever well kept. The paint was

always fresh, the lawns trimmed, the walks swept. Conservatories were visible, attached to almost all, and the furniture was of the best. Jersey is the head quarters of furniture. It is beautifully made and very cheap. When you looked at these residences you felt a comfortable sensation, they bore so evidently the appearance of being the abodes of people well to do in the world. They are just the sort of houses we ought to see in Nova Scotia. Stafford House or Eaton Hall are a little beyond our means, at least until the railway has transferred the seat of commercial operations from London to Halifax ; but the Jersey houses are just the thing for us.

The whole town of St. Heliers, the principal town on the island, is well built. Some of the older streets are rather narrow, according to the fashion of ancient times when opposite neighbours used to like to shake hands with each other out of their respective windows. But even in them the shops are spacious and extensive with handsome plate-glass windows and showy fronts. In the more modern part of the town the streets are wide and the houses regular and handsome, built almost entirely of freestone. The place looks busy and thriving. It is perhaps the most populous town in the world, unless possibly some of the cities of the celestial empire may exceed it. The Island, as has been stated, is altogether but twelve miles long by seven wide at its broadest part, yet it contains a population by the last census, taken in 1851, of 57,155, being an increase of 9,599 over that of 1841. Of this the town of St. Heliers alone contains more than one half or 29,741 being an increase over the population of 1841 of 5,753. At the time of our visit it was suffering from the effects of the Great Exhibition in London. The shop keepers and tradesmen were complaining bitterly. All the money that could be scraped up had been gathered in by parties desirous of seeing the great show. London was very expensive, lodgings were high, and their houses at home were unlet during their absence. All their spare cash was left in London, and on their return they retrenched their expenditure to the intense disgust of the tradesmen. The same complaint was made by the rural towns of England, the shopkeepers of which asserted that all the loose monies of their customers had been carried off and spent at the metropolis, to their great detriment, and yet strange to say the London tradesmen also asserted that they had suffered severely. Where did all the money go to? If the lodging house keepers got most of it they also would have spent a good deal of it again among the shops, for they like finery, good living and amusement. It is easy to understand how it is that places like Jersey should suffer from this species of absenteeism; but why London into which the money was poured from all parts of the earth, should also complain, is not so easily to be accounted for. We must all grumble, however, we Anglo-Saxons. When things don't go right the next best thing is a good growl, and when everything does go right, we grumble out of sheer happiness, as a cat purrs loudest when seated in the most comfortable part of the hearthrug.

LETTERS FROM 'LINDEN HILL,' No. 4.

Most trusty and well-beloved:—I am constrained to remark, upon looking over your numerous inquiries and demands, that (mentally speaking) you appear to have as little conscience or discrimination in your appetite as a 'Cassowary,' and you are aware that red-hot coals and broken glass form choice dishes in their repasts. As, however, the caterers for these occasionally reclaimed and eccentric prodigies, limit them to less unusual viands, I, upon the same principle, say to you, take what you get and be peaceable.

Perhaps I cannot do better at first, than satisfy one of your reasonable wishes, respecting the kind, good, and charming man, who has been our twice-chosen, and well-beloved, though temporary ruler. Surrounded through a long life by household love, and public regard, his hair has grown honorably grey in our midst; yet G—lle street still presents few more welcome sights than his handsome popular face, and elegant horsemanship.

And, speaking of 'dignities,' I am reminded that I am writing now, upon the anniversary of the very day that good Sir John Harvey laid down his white benevolent head among us, and recalling his manly gracious countenance, I know you will not refuse to remember a few words of his funeral song:—

" Make room for his memory, when heroes are nigh,
Room—where poor men, and gentlemen stand,
His bold heart had ever for sorrow a sigh,
And for want, a warm bountiful hand."

Of him who fills the place of the 'brave man of sorrow and toil,' we shall venture to say not one word. He is in the hands of the politicians, whom in salutary and reverent horror, we eschew, and please or displease whom he may, will have abler advocates than we, and can at all times easily dispense with our commendations. But we may be permitted to speak of the refined face of the youthful owner of the pretty pony carriage, and to believe that we may safely prophesy all good and pleasant things for the coming manhood of the little gentleman.

The fresh west wind begins to sweep gently over us again, and here, (though the bright waves of our harbor roll between us and her early home), it sometimes lifts the soft brown hair of the native maiden, whose fine and highly-cultured intellect is already identified with our dawning literature. And for many a returning Spring, may it breathe hopefully over the head of that superb child—the son of one of our finest native races—who has inherited not only the rich maternal Spanish tints, but the curling locks, and regal beauty of his reverend Grandsire. More than one of this young Cupid's nearest elder kindred, went forth among strangers—young, handsome, hopeful men, who lived and early died upon foreign shores, doing no dishonor to the little land of their birth; but let us hope that the day of this family darling may be long and honored upon 'our wilderness soil.'

And as we have been speaking of 'regal beauty,' I am tempted to step for a moment slightly beyond our limits, to recall that with which you and all the world have been long familiar—the lovely face of Josephine. Never can we forsake the city without visiting the window whence her mournful spirit looks forth, and every day forgetful of the commandment—'covet our neighbour's goods.' Despite the crowned head, the advancing dread and loneliness of the tortured heart have already made the face a prophecy and completed its wonderful fascination. Think of the soft, low, anxious forehead, and exquisite mouth, the straight intellectual brows, the pained, tender pleading eyes, and if you care for my fulfilled notion of feminine grace—look at the shadow of the desolate Empress, and fond woman, who was blessed with a heart that could be broken.

Nor do I wish to pass heedlessly over one, for whom I did not quite share all your admiration. I shall apostrophize him, if it please you—in verse :—

Not merely dainty carpet knights,
Adorned thy ancient name ;
Heroes and Poets graced the Line
That reared the A——le fame.

The brave old blood, 'tis thine to claim,
Of that majestic race
Whose lofty aspect faintly gleams
Across thy handsome face.

But thine are triumphs which mature,
True manhood should disdain,
And other victories than thine
A ——— might attain.

(To manage an unrivalled steed,
With conscious elegance ;
'To move, the 'god of ladies' eyes,'
Amid the graceful dance.

To foster poor small vanities
To crown thy manly prime,
That leave no shade to dignify
The telling touch of Time.

To conquer boldly in the street,
The glance of modest eyes,
And deem no woman can resist
Thy paltry flatteries.)

Such gallant thoughts and deeds have earned
Thy own peculiar fame,
And such the lustre thou dost lend
An old chivalric name.

Yet thou canst show a soldier's sword,
In crowded city-way,
And wave its bright blade round thy plumes,
Upon a gala-day.

(And, doubtless, fiercer fray could lift
Thy spirit to its need,
None deem that thence thy cheek would blush
To own thy right-arm's deed).

The glittering pomp of Martial Line
It fits thee well to share,
But they who seek thy face—find most
Of pomp, or glitter there.

Well thou becom'st the splendid garb,
That marks thy warlike band,
Art skillful at a 'tandem gay'
Or dashing 'four in hand.'

Unequal'd for a courtly speech,
Matchless—for smile and vow,
But, never manhood's burden high
Honor'd thy worldly brow.

Hast thou no grander dream of life,
No nobler, wiser care
Than haunts thy soul in G—lle Street,
Beside some simple fair.

Surely—some loftier aim will rouse,
Gifts—like the hidden ore ;
DANDIES were rare among the Sons
Of great Mac—more.

But, returning to prose, and in the midst of our observations upon all here, I think suddenly of one who is here no more, and not carelessly would I evoke the peaceful shadow of her who 'has dipped her sainted foot in the sunshine of the blest,' to glide again for a moment through these sauntering groups. Do you not still remember one, of whom you once said, 'That woman is very nearly an Angel.' One, not beautiful, yet so palpably clothed in spiritual loveliness, that hers was the only face I ever saw, that literally realized to me 'the beauty of holiness.' You know that in our street studies and speculations, we often thought that her work was nearly done, and you have said, that she was one of the wise-hearted sojourners among us, who might any day be summoned home. So you will be little surprised to hear, that with slight warning she lately passed away, leaving behind her a new-born babe, and a place in many hearts, filled with the 'memory of the just.' Many a child of poverty will long miss her generous hand, and gentle words, and others may feel and say, what has already been beautifully felt and said of bereavement :

"So have we guides to heaven's eternal city,
And when our wandering feet would backward stray,
The faces of our dead arise in brightness,
And fondly beckon to the holier way;"

When the drooping, unostentatious form rises before them, of the young christian woman, who was early fit for heaven.

And she, too, is here—your old friend, Mrs. Loring—as absurdly grand and high-flown as ever. She still knows the names of big books, and can discourse fluently upon their title-pages. She is eloquent also, as formerly, upon her 'native land,' and the lack of appreciation for 'native talent'—and enlarges greatly upon 'old theories,' 'the majestic head of Dante,' and other excessively blue topics. Having once been pretty, she is evermore dignified with the remembrance of it, and sometimes by superhuman exertions extorts a compliment, when the old reply is ready: 'Ah! if you knew my fair Lora, you would not think so,' and the fair little unsophisticated Lora, proceeding in like manner, gets a chance of saying: 'If you had but known my dear Mamma, a year or two ago,' &c. The prudent matron still borrows the Army or Navy list, as the case requires (when a new acquaintance unwarily enters her enchanted circle), with a view to the acquisition of a correct idea relative to the respective rates of pay; and with praiseworthy foresight, invariably

breaks up the 'tete a tete,' which any available bachelor may chance to hold with some unconscious rival of the afore-mentioned Lora, my love'—and succeeds in nothing particular but the display of her intentions.

There, too, at intervals, is seen that erring star, from whom we could never withhold our interest, and whose wandering course we watched with a better feeling than curiosity. The great personal beauty of your favorite is fast diminishing, but the nobly shaped head is still adorned with its bright 'Hyperion locks,' and the lustrous eyes have not lost all the passion, feeling and intelligence that ruled their brilliant spheres. But the handsome face is growing reckless, and the somewhat infirm mouth shows that, lacking ambition and a strong will, he needed much the safe-guards and influences that are far away. A character made up mostly of beautiful elements, but without even the poor but often efficacious preservative of vanity, he is drifting headlong to ruin. He is one of many such men, who might be saved, but the wise old proverb is as yet meaningless to him :

"Whoe'er thou art, thy Master see,
He was, or is, or is to be."

And unless soon overtaken by the universal Conqueror (for but one human tie will arrest his present speed), there will be bitter weeping at no distant day in a lovely English home, for the son of many hopes, who will be peacefully wrapt around by the green grass and clover blossoms of Nova Scotia; while some few may look on, and say : ' A prodigal he might have been, a hardened sinner he never could become ?'

And now as you insist so positively upon having one at least of the 'graceful trio,' mentioned formerly, more distinctly marked out, will you take the younger of the three ? the gay, brilliant belle, with her small, spirited, perfect head, and clear, keen, delicate features. Too clever to be vain, yet quite conscious of her power, and yet 'fancy-free,' I dare aver—

"Her atmosphere is festival,
Her hand is on the lute,
And lightest in the midnight dance,
Is seen her fairy foot."

Nor must we forget one, whom you and I hold in earnest admiration, though seldom seen in this vicinity, and but little understood by its belles and beaux. The unobtrusive and sensitive form is still the true type of the refined and self-depreciating inward-man,—and the exalted and beautiful standard of character unconsciously presented by his own nature, combined with too much abstraction and solitude, render the inevitable infirmities of humanity perplexing and burdensome to him. Did he realize more, the pleasant and unpleasant daily actualities of common life, he would enjoy it more ; and did he measure himself with his kind more frequently, by close association, the certain contact with the meanness, ignorance and frivolity, so sadly abundant everywhere, would force upon him beneficially the comprehension of his own great superior-

ity. When engaged in his sacred duties, you need but listen to the eloquent utterance of his benignant spirit to feel how far he is above all ordinary cant or arrogant affectation. At these times the very gestures and attitudes betray the unselfish personal unconsciousness of the man, and prove him to be absorbed in reverence for his calling, rather than admiration of himself; and those who agree with Cowper, in his fine sense of the becoming in these matters, may come to listen, saying—

" I seek divine simplicity in him
Who handles things divine,"

And find what *they seek*. And those who do not hear, may read at home (for he is an Author) the evidence of his elegant spiritual and poetic mind. Perhaps I might analyze more closely, and with some success, but not even for your enlightenment will I speculate upon the pale weariness of the brow, or the subdued yet passionate melancholy of the voice, of one whose name I respect so much. Peace be with him, until he reaches the land—where 'fruition' still is rapture.'

I know, too, that you will not object to hear, that the fair daughter of our southward neighbour, is more charming every day, and will be always delightful with the smile that few can boast, modest womanly head, and sweet, innocent, musical eyes.

And now let me say—ere I conclude—that you and I have comfort which falls to the lot of few critics. We have made, or, to say the least, we deserve to have made, *no enemies*, for though we were not always desirous to conceal the application of our remarks—knowing that few were too fastidious to be admired—though our fairest interpreters have gone somewhat astray—we yet, in our less pleasant commentaries, kept the matter tolerably between ourselves, and (having a 'conscience void of offence') may afford to laugh a little at the very literal-minded people, who, seeing a sketch localized, run instantanously to the avowed locality for every incident and character. Not understanding contrast to be one of the commonest necessities of writing, and feeling, perhaps, a conscience-twinge themselves, these expounders put an ugly cap upon the heads of others, and then quarrel with its unbecomingness—raising a little Halifax tempest, and fastening on objectionable head-dresses more firmly by the very strokes which might have tossed them off.

Both you and I are proud and fond of poor little Nova Scotia, and would gladly aid—would we not—in proving that she holds sons and daughters of the soil, and of adoption, within her narrow bounds, who are good, and wise, and fair, and honored.

I am anxious, too, to say here (what his well-preserved incognito will not permit me to say elsewhere) to the generous friend who sent from beneath the 'Star-spangled Banner,' words of delicate kindness and manly encouragement, to his unknown countrywoman—that 'Maude' can be grateful, and would

gladly know the name of which she is yet in ignorance. And now, my true and actual friend, (the same—dead or living), good-bye for a season, and when I have any new pleasantries for your benefit, you shall hear again from

MAUDE.

SCENES FROM "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

ELIZA CROSSING THE ICE.

SHE has laid her weary child to rest
Upon the stranger's bed,
And at the window anxiously
A watchful hour has sped.

She has turned her gaze adown the street,
But her ear is watching too,
And sudden she springs from the window back
At the timely cried 'Halloo!'

Her sleeping child in her arms she's caught
Nor a moment stays to think
But she rushes down the sloping bank
Down to the river's brink.

Right on behind pursuers come,
'Tis a fearful gulf before—
But with one wild cry and wilder leap
She springs the dread gulf o'er.

The ice is smooth and floating loose,
A dark deep stream's beneath,
As headlong she leaps from cake to cake—
Nor pauses for look or breath.

Her tender feet are cut and torn,
Yet still she struggles on
Till she falls on the firm rough earth and knows
The Ohio shore is won.

Oh! wondrous love—that mother's love
Which a dreadful death can brave,—
Can peril and pain so great endure,
Her helpless child to save.

Oh! mothers of Columbia!
That such a need should be:
Rise up and *all* be heroines
To fight with Slavery.

UNCLE TOM'S PARTING.

No help—but he must part from all—
 His wife, his child, his cheerful cot,
 And in a ruffian master's thrall
 See the dark side of Slavery's lot.

One long fond look around he cast
 On all his bursting heart held dear,
 And with the thought—'it is the last!'
 Was ill repressed the rising tear.

'I'm in the hands of God,' he said,
 'Nothing can go beyond His will;
 Though hard the yoke that's on me laid,
 The Lord will be my helper still.'

Noble the heart that thus could speak,
 In sorrow such as few can bear,
 When that poor heart was nigh to break
 Beneath its awful weight of care.

And noble when at that last hour
 He blessed the hand that gave him o'er
 To such a master's brutal power,
 Such certain misery to endure.

Around, his weeping comrades throng,
 To bid so loved a friend farewell;
 And every comrade's willing tongue,
 Serves but the more his worth to tell.

But ah! the worth of *heart* is nought,
 'Tis useless from his doom to save
 The wretch who thus is sold and bought,
 To be a *heartless* villain's slave.

Remorselessly his limbs are bound;
 One moment his farewell to say,
 With mournful gaze he turns around,
 The next—he's roughly borne away!

GEORGE HARRIS TO WILSON.

'And am not I a man as much as they
 Who o'er me dare to hold this lawless sway?
 Are not my face, my hands, my feet the same,
 And can I not an equal nature claim?
 Yet hear my tale. As my own father's slave,
 When scarcely yet his corpse was in the grave,
 One of his many chattels I was sold.
 Men, beasts and lands all to be had for gold:
 My Mother and her children all were brought,
 Each by a different tyrant to be bought,
 And when she begged at least that I might be
 Spared to console her in her misery,
 My brutal owner spurned her with his heel,

Callous and deaf to the torn heart's appeal.
 But she—my beautiful sister—ah! for what
 Was she allowed to soothe my wretched lot!
 Oh! better far a hideous dwarf be made
 Than beautiful only for an end so bad.
 I saw her whipped, nor the least help could give,
 Because she would not as a leman live,
 And last, I saw her in a stranger's band
 Led off to *die* in the far Southern land.
 And thus I lived—long year came after year,
 And yet I ne'er knew aught of friendly care
 Till from *your* lips I heard the first kind word
 And *your* advice my latent senses stirred.
 And then—I loved—and found a faithful wife
 And then I led a too, too happy life:
 I might have known such bliss was not to last,
 My fate could ne'er in such a mould be cast.
 The tyrant comes—and I my work must leave
 And live "as every negro ought to live!"
Ground to the dust—nor this my worst of life
 But parted too, *forever*, from my wife.
 And all of this is law! *my* country's law!
 Never mine rightly, it is mine no more:
 But that bright land whose laws make all men free,
 That is the country, those the laws for me.
 Thither I go. Let him oppose who will,
 On his own head be aught that haps of ill,
 Your fathers fought for Liberty, and I
 Will fight to gain *my* liberty—or *die*!"

ROANOKE.

DYING WORDS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS.

NO. VII.—"I FEEL THE DAISIES GROWING OVER ME."—KEATS.

Light from the upper world streamed round him,
 Though death a shadow brought,
 Which like a pall of midnight bound him,
 And stayed the tide of thought.
 His heart had been a holy altar,
 Where gifts of beauty burned,
 And sunbeams, though their light might falter,
 Still brightly home returned.

For he had been a child of nature,
 The beautiful, the true;
 He loved each sweet and simple feature
 The green earth ever knew.
 The birds and flowers, the stars and fountains
 Had music for his soul,
 Nor climbed he e'er the dark lone mountains,
 That bound ambition's goal.

But all the incense of the censer,
 Rose not on rainbow wings;
 For sorrow is a strange dispenser,
 And clouds the loveliest things.
 And often were such sad notes chanted,
 Throughout that spirit air;
 By such dark spells his heart was haunted,
 He fainted in despair.

And now the golden bowl was breaking,
 Beside the wasted fount;
 Sweet rest to heal the spirit's aching,
 Whose sleep no dreams surmount.
 And now the darkest strife was over,
 And nature came again;
 To woo with fond caress her lover,
 And sing her farewell strain.

No gloom or shadow lay before thee,
 Oh! child of light and dreams;
 "I feel the daisies growing o'er me,"
 Such were life's farewell gleams.
 No darkness filled the opening bosom,
 Of his fair mother earth;
 Nought save the bloom of bud and blossom,
 Might near his tomb have birth.

Oh! lovely dream of dying hour,
 The gentlest and the last;
 To feel alone Spring's sweetest flower,
 The Autumn pall was past.
 Bright through the temple glory darted,
 A radiance so divine;
 That blending life and light departed,
 Up to the holier shrine.

True to its morning sunset blended,
 The hues of lovely things;
 Still growing holier as they ended,
 Borne hence on glorious wings.
 Simple and pure, thoughts shining river,
 Flowed through his dying hours;
 Until the poet bloomed forever,
 With God's immortal flowers.

M. J. K.

 OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE Nova Scotia Legislature, after the passing of several important Bills, was prorogued on the 4th April.

The amount voted by the House of Assembly in aid of an Industrial Exhibition in Nova Scotia, was lost in the Legislative Council by the adverse vote of the Hon. Michael Tobin, *Prest.*, Honbles. Hugh Bell, Alexander McDougall

and James McNab, *Members of the Executive*; Honbles. Mather Byles Almon, Edward Kenny, James Delap Harris and Jonathan McCully. At a meeting of the Commissioners held on the 25th April, it was finally resolved to postpone the holding of an Exhibition until the Autumn of 1854.

The sitting of the Supreme Court commenced at Halifax on the 5th of April. Bills of Indictment were found by the Grand Jury, against several of the crew of the American Ship Winchester, which vessel entered the port of Halifax in distress about the first of March last. True Bills were also found against several persons said to have been engaged in the riots which occurred on the 3rd of March.

A slight shock of earthquake was felt in the vicinity of Halifax, on the night of the second and morning of the 3rd April; it is also reported to have been felt in the Upper Provinces as far as Niagara.

H. M. Steamer Simoom arrived on the 23rd, in 45 days from Malta, bringing the Head Quarters of the 76th Regiment. She landed a detachment at Halifax, and proceeded with the remainder to New Brunswick.

A Public Meeting was held at the Masonic Hall on the 27th inst.—His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor in the Chair to consider the best means of appropriating the grant of the Legislature, for the promotion of Agriculture and the Improvement of Agricultural Stock in connection with a General Provincial Agricultural Exhibition, to be held at Halifax during the ensuing month of October.

We have to record the death of Robert Hume, Esq. M. D. in the 78th year of his age. It occurred in Halifax on the 25th inst. He was one of the oldest medical practitioners in this Province, and universally esteemed for his integrity and professional skill.

By late arrivals from England we have intelligence that Her Majesty had given birth to a Prince on the 7th April.

Both Houses of Parliament resumed their sessions on the 4th, and have been engaged in the discussion of the Canada Clergy Reserves Bill, the repeal of the taxes on knowledge, &c. The Ministry had been left in a minority in a division upon a resolution for the repeal of the Advertisement duty.

A magnificent project for the promotion of Railways in British America has been started in London. The object is to amalgamate existing and projected Railways into one Grand Trunk Line, extending to nearly a thousand miles, with the combined capital of nine millions and a half. Of this amount about a million and a half has been already raised, and three millions and a half is to be taken up by the contractors.

The Cunard Steam Ship Company are increasing their number of vessels. The Taurus, 1126 tons, which has just been completed, will be speedily followed by the Melita, of fully larger dimensions. The Teneriffe and the Carnac, will be appropriated to the opening of a new line to Egypt. The Persia, of nearly 4000 tons burthen, and a 1000 horse power will be the first iron steamer upon the Liverpool and New York line. The Etna and the Jura of 2000 tons burthen each, will reinforce the Andes and Alps on the New York and Chagres line. The Elk, the Stag, the Lyux and other steamers are also in course of construction or under contract for the Cunard Company.

France is quiet. The trial of the parties supposed to have circulated the lampoons at the date of the Emperor's marriage, had commenced.

A great deal of excitement is said to prevail throughout Italy, Turkey and Russia. Arrests are daily being made in Milan.