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## THE NOVA SCOTIA

## New Monthly Magazine.

## THE ESSAYIST AT HOME.

## NO. I.

Of all fame the poet's is the most enduring. Not only, like the warrior and the statesman, does he raise his monument in the temple of his country's glory,—but he lives, or, when he is perhaps forgotten, his works continue to survive in the memories and the hearts of the people among whom he sung. "Let who will make the laws of a nation," said a great man, "I would compose its songs." And commensurately with the greater influence of the poet is the licence which is permitted him. His fancy, boundless in its nature, springs at once from the limits by which other men are confined, and returns laden with the rich treasures of the climes through which it has wandered. However distant the height to which it soared,—however extensively the gathered fragrance may be diffused, all centre in the land from which the lofty imagination sent up its aspirings. And this is well—it is the influence thus diffused that refines in the human mind much that is harsh and rugged,—exalts that which is noblest and pure,—assists to harmonize the whole, and to excite within the breast a longing after those objects which are worthiest of strenuous and untiring efforts. But there is another task—less lofty, it is true, at times—less distinguished, but far more toilsome and arduous: to keep alive those desires in the mind—to continue with it step by step in the march of improvement—to open to it, one by one; the sources of a pure and rational enjoyment. This task, difficult and grand, is left often to humbler hands, but does not therefore remain unaccomplished. An unknown or unregarded writer—he who earns his bread in the more low-

ly and laborious walks of literature—may be sending a kindly power into many a heart and many a family. He is forever debarred from the gorgeousness and splendour which deck the pages of the poet—he must deal with homely, though deep-felt truths. He may not let his fancy wander far—he must check the faint rising of enthusiasm. He may not fly to that which is beautiful and majestic, and thereby strive to call up a kindred feeling in our bosom; but, with great objects in view, he must discourse of them calmly, yet earnestly,—and endeavour, not so much to exalt our ideas of the importance and power of knowledge, (for that is the higher duty,) but rather to promote the sure and gradual advance of that spirit of reason and of knowledge, with whose progress the happiness and prosperity of a people must ever continue to keep pace. And, lastly, he may not rove, however pleasantly, in search of that which may suit his taste, nor seek to diffuse too widely at first the benefits which he hopes to bestow. His sphere—whether for example or application—should be closely confined to the people on whom he ought chiefly to inculcate his lessons. As his strength increases, it is true, both his sources and his influence will become more wide; but as, when the pebble is thrown into the stream, the eddying circles, at first small, become broader and broader,—so the labours of the essayist, however extensive hereafter, must ever, like those of charity, commence at home.

It is a grateful reflection, that we have escaped perseded ignorance by knowledge—but it is a

*pleasant task* to add information to intelligence. He who has assisted to raise a people from a state of debasement, has performed a work of arduousness and difficulty,—and his reward is great and indestructible; less grand the triumph, but infinitely more pleasing the occupation, of him who but lends his aid, in the company of many labourers, in the like cause to improve and enlarge the already intellectual appetite of a population, and to contribute to the proper and laudable gratification of that appetite. The latter is the case with those who attempt to assist the cause of literature, in Nova Scotia. Its inhabitants, composed as they are of the descendants of various races, have risen hitherto in the scale of mankind by their industry and energy. They now see that the progress of wealth and of happiness depends greatly on that of a solid and refined literature, and of liberal and enlightened science. They are therefore an intelligent people. Of them it cannot be said, that “famine still urges on to labour—want still forbids knowledge.” Their bread, it is true, is still won by toil. But former toil and former perseverance have brought them thus far on, that a thirst for information—a desire for much that is lofty and noble—has been excited,—and they now present the appearance of a small and enterprising population, ready to press forward in pursuit of those objects whose triumph will add power and enlightenment, and consequent wealth and ease. In the domestic growth of a people, no point is more interesting than this. It is here that the ruler, who has laboured wearily to raise the people from ignorance, finds his way become more simple and more sure. He has not now to be in advance of the spirit of the age, and look back with depression at the toilsome march yet before the great mass of his fellow countrymen. He has only to keep pace with them in a steady progression, ridding—animating—them in their exertions, and ministering to their intellectual wants. In this he is assisted by all who have the welfare of their native land at heart. And this is the case with Nova Scotia. The mechanic, the farmer, the labourer, all who are toiling for their daily bread, feel the importance of an acquisition of knowledge. The merchant, the aristocrat, those who have already open to them the many doors of the temple of science, feel, or ought to feel, that a first duty—and not only duty, but interest—is to give an impulse to the literature of the land in which they live. And he who possesses an ability, however moderate,—a perseverance that is indomitable,—a soul embosomed of great things,—

will find no fitter goal for his loftiest and his brightest hopes—his high-strung and untiring energies—than the happiness which must flow from the prosecution of so grand a cause. It is for him to encourage a love of those pure and inexhaustible waters, which spring from every pore of nature to which the hand of science shall direct the magic wand;—it is for him to bid the spirit burn, as it grasps at those boundless subjects which the Giver of Good hath thrown open to its view;—and, when the long course of his labours shall have fulfilled their purpose, it is for him, as a rich reward, to look back upon the scene, and behold intellect brightened by his resolves, and a people ennobled by his toil!

And the usefulness—the moral influence of the man who pursues this path, are our aims. True it is that our sphere may be a contracted one, the difficulties many, the labour arduous, and at first unfruitful; but we are content that our own way shall be rugged, if we may but smooth, by a few flowers, the more toilsome pilgrimage of others. Should we succeed in promoting the love of books, which is the first proof of an intellectual dawning, and in furnishing a nutritious food to the mind thus awakened to its wants, among those classes who are destined to labour, our object will have been accomplished. The fruits of this are sure. Thereby shall many an hour in toilsome and weary lives be sweetened, thereby shall the culture of a succeeding generation be characterized by an elevation and refinement, and thereby shall want and penury, with their ghastly train, be diminished. Our share in producing this amelioration and improvement will be but small. In this great field there are many labourers. One unoccupied department we have selected, and to aid us in our task, we call the few who have gained that which we are desirous to bestow on all. The man of wealth, the man of influence, the man of talent, have power,—and they have duties. And so, likewise, have the graceful and blooming: power more resistless, though more gentle, than that of man,—duties as lofty, and yet the exercise of which is not incompatible with the social virtues. To the educated, in return, we offer much that is amusing, much, we trust, that is informing. But every class it is our desire not only to entertain, but to instruct—to improve. Should our motives be found pure, our efforts worthy, it will be in accordance with many virtues to lend an impulse to the labour. No man can sincerely love his country who is unwilling to assist in laying the foundation of her real welfare.

## THE LAST HOURS OF AN OLD MAID.

IN THREE PARTS.

### PART I.

"Season your admiration for awhile  
With an attent ear—till I may deliver,  
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,  
This marvel to you."

HAMLET.

THE village clock struck five,—five, P. M.,—and in a small apartment of that village, sat a Lady, who soliloquized thus:—

This day makes me thirty-nine, thirty-nine years of age,—and I am that despised of all, that suspected by every body, that confided in by no body, that withered branch—*an Old Maid!* Why do I utter the harsh words! they would be bitterness—"the gall of bitterness"—from another; and yet, while others refrain from exposing the truth, I feel it myself more painfully. I have long striven against the convictions of my mind, but I will conceal those convictions no longer. I, Cynthia Amelia Wraingsborough, am thirty-nine years of age—remember, thirty-nine,—no less;—and every morn—every sunny morn, that revives the hopes, and freshens the beauty of the lovely girl of fifteen,—every morn, that brings an accession of bliss and satisfaction to the wedded of my sex,—every such morn shall be an accumulation of my disappointment and misery, as I repeat to myself—"I am thirty-nine years of age." Each day will add to my age,—and on each day will I, in audible language, remind myself of it, even though my heart should burst in giving the sentiment an existence in words. To-morrow I will say—"I am thirty-nine and a day—in my fortieth year." Ay—it may be a satanic employment, but it is a satisfaction—a satisfaction.

Was I not formed to love—could I not love—was I not loved? In child'hood I was called pretty—was admired and caressed. Ah! yes! I was then loved. Let me repeat the words—they cause a glow in my heart—a struggling, sti-

fling, sensation. I—was—then—loved—loved! O, would that each one of those tears bore away in its course an item of existence—I would weep till the last tear had left the fountain of life, and the source of hope and fear and anguish had ceased to be. Poor Barnaby! in our childhood we loved, and we were loved,—perhaps he would have wedded me—I think he would. But why do I call up his name or his memory, as though there were hope connected with them—as though I awaited the arrival of one, who for many a long year has been unheard of? As children, we fondled each other—in maturer years we were separated. I cannot lament unrequited affection, though that would be an alleviation: but I can dwell in thought on those years of infancy—years of happiness, of tenderness, like the traveller in the wilds of America, thinking, as he is overwhelmed by the snow-drift, of some grassy spot on which he had but recently basked in the sunbeams.

Am I the envious thing the world call us? Do I view with hatred that happiness in others which I desire—do I sow the seeds of discord between those who enjoy it? Such is our character with men—and why should I contradict it? No, I will take no pains to undeceive them—let the remorse of having scorned and ill-treated us, make them writhe, when it is too late to retrieve their error—let them undergo the double anguish of having deprived themselves of as much happiness as they have caused us misery. Yes—I have wished for happiness: but I have not—I repeat it, I have never coveted that happiness. I have longed to be situated in similar circumstances, but have not sought to lessen theirs. And because my wishes were vain, and my longings remain unsatisfied, still would I feel no delight in depriving them of the smallest pleasure, though it enhanced my own. Every day do I see those,

with whom in childhood I played, pass with their husbands, in all the pride and confidence of having attained what others but vainly desire,—and I can look at them with calmness, and wish for them every joy of earth, though I then feel my own loneliness more sensitively. I can gaze with tenderness on their children, and pray for them a happier lot than mine. And yet how are we misrepresented by those who call themselves the *reasonable* portion of creation. For our misfortune the contempt due to dishonour only is heaped upon us in profusion. And this is *reason*—*shaw!* 'tis the vilest of prejudices!

But I will—yes, I am determined to undeceive them. Life has grown bitter—there is only hopelessness and misery in the future—and I am now a blank in creation. I would ameliorate, its sorrows—I would enhance its comforts—and I am denied the privilege in a world abounding with wretchedness. Then, I have taken my resolution—I WILL LEAVE IT. I will no longer belong to the most contemptible, in the eyes of men, of all classes of God's creatures. I will cease to obtrude kind services on my fellow creatures—see their sincerity doubted, and then, after all, refused. If I smile on a little child, to its mother there is poison in the glance—some dreadful fascination, like that with which the serpent allures the timid dove. If I offer to direct the steps of an old blind man, my designs are suspected,—and he is warned to beware and consider ere he trusts his life—(he, who is almost expiring from helplessness)—and his property—(of which I can know nothing)—with such a person, and then a whisper informs him that his conductor is—AN OLD MAID! Away with such judges! I have recorded my convictions, and the world shall have a proof of their sincerity—one which they cannot resist—which they must acknowledge: and future generations shall judge, by my conduct, between a despised class and those who despise them. They shall not delude themselves into the belief that I have died from despair—no, I could drag out this weary life to its close,—but I will show them, in living characters, their own illusion and my motives. But enough. \* \* \* \*

Ay, here is one—(picks up a nail from the floor, and glancing towards the ceiling, hammers it in one of the beams.) This, as the Roman hero said—"this shall end them all." I will cease to grieve—I will jest in death—I will even laugh—they shall know it was done willingly—cheerfully! Thus do I measure out my own destruction—(unwinding cord from a ball, one

end of which she ties round her neck, and the other to the nail)—and thus, before I forever sink, do I take an elevation—(mounting the table.) BUNNABY!—If yet thou wanderest the earth, adieu! Pity me not—you will not despise me. If thy wanderings have ceased, I rejoin thee—But there is noise!—ay, it is the well known voice of man—(a knocking at the street door)—no entrance here—ye are late—too late! Adieu, ye hard-hearted worldlings,—and remember, I die cheerfully—yes, laughing—ha! ha! ha!--(throws herself from the table.)

## PART II.

"All that's spoke's marr'd."

OTHELLO.

AND here concluded the soliloquy of Miss Cynthia Amelia Wrainsborough. That the reader may be made acquainted with the causes which abridged the Lady's meditations, we shall now conduct him to an inn a few miles distant from the scene of the foregoing tragedy.

In the very best apartment of this establishment was seated a gentleman in a travelling dress, and he seemed to be awaiting with great impatience the arrival of the hour when he was to continue his journey. His countenance was of a cast generous and manly, and his noble brow marked him as one fitted for great undertakings. There was a softness in his deep blue eye which gave an air of fascination to features otherwise dignified, and which, when those features relaxed, as the mind was occupied on some tender theme, was perfectly irresistible. In the contemplation of themes like these did his mind lose itself, after having partaken of the comforts which "mine host" had set before him. He threw himself back in his chair, and to rich and thick-coming fancies surrendered his imagination. Ah! sweet thoughts are they! See his face: now it looks dark and gloomy, as he cons over all the possible mischances which may have happened in his native village since his boyhood: but then it brightens, as he thinks of the many escapes he has had, and the difficulties he himself hath surmounted since his departure from it. And then, how few in comparison are the dangers in a little village, where all is so peaceful, every body so good-natured, to those which surround very large towns and cities. O, yes, there is hope,—there need be no fear: and anon, a calm, deep smile of anticipated happiness passes over his visage,—and a tear-drop, a gentle tear-drop, stands in that soft blue eye.

Yes, he was once more in his native village. Except for one he loved, 'twas with little regret

he had left it : but he had sought fortune in distant lands that he might the better deserve—*that one*. He had mourned his loneliness,—and, though he cared little for his birth-place, still his heart dwelt there : his bosom was filled with sacred remembrances, and there was sadness linked with them : then what wonder if that bosom was often heavy, and that heart not glad some as was its nature. But now, when he found himself among remembered scenes—scenes that called up so many old and dear recollections : O, how—how—should he have longed for them, had he but known with what emotions he should again behold them !

And where should he seek her, the guardian angel of his wanderings, the beloved of memory,—where was she whom his manhood regarded as the truth of boyhood's ideal ? How often, in absence, had he, from the recollection of their infant companionship, her sweet simplicity, unconscious guilelessness, grace, and loveliness : how often had he drawn comfort, delight, bliss, as from a spring in nature secret to all save himself. Often, in imagination, had he called up the green-wood path through which they had used to stroll, and the ponderous old tree whose heavy branches, spread over them, was like the hands of old age extended in blessings over their heads, seeming to sanction their love-meetings : and when, at parting, a dew-drop would often fall from its aged branches, how like was it to the tear of joy which will sometimes unknowingly steal from beneath the shaggy eye-brow of our grandsires, at witnessing the happiness of young and virtuous love. Her voice accompanied the remembrance of every trodden footstep, and her sweet tones and soft looks of greeting when they met, and of arch fondness when they parted, hung on every leafy branch, and clung with the mossy verdure round many a spreading trunk. Blessings—blessings—for that power of association : like a magic wand doth it open secret cells of treasure, and then leave us to luxuriate.

“How many tears of sorrow and sighs of—” but the gentleman was waxing melancholy : so the coachman sounded his horn, and in less than a trice he was again pursuing his journey.

Five miles more, and the coach drew up before a public house in the very centre of the village. It was surrounded by all the dirty urchins, lazy men, and gossiping women of the place, but our traveller recollected some of them, and he felt no wish to renew their acquaintance. He hurried from the astonished and inquiring looks of this select assembly and turned an adjacent corner ; but

he had no sooner gained another lane, than his eye encountered an elderly person, who was hastening towards him with energy far beyond his years, and a countenance whose anxiety evinced the exciting nature of his errand. Our hero's countenance slightly changed on meeting this aged person, and when the old gentleman accosted him, he almost trembled :

“Sir—Sir,” said he, in a tone of agitation, which, coupled in consideration with his age, made him an object of intense sympathy and curiosity : “Can you—that is—tell me, in one word : has the B—— mail arrived ?”

“I think, Sir, it has,” was the answer, made in a careless tone, as if to hide from the older gentleman the knowledge of his having himself been a passenger by the mail. Our friend had, however, forgotten that he was in a small village, where every new arrival was a matter every body made it their chief business to be acquainted with. But the old man seemed not to detect the doubt the other had expressed,—and perceiving he addressed a stranger, immediately said, as he hurried away,—with his head turned anxiously and his eyes looking for an answer to his enquiry :

“How long—how long—since did you arrive ?”

A new thought seemed to strike the mind of the younger person. He walked up to his companion, and said :

“Your pardon, Sir. I am a passenger by the B—— mail, and I am in search of a person whose residence you can perhaps inform me of.”

The old gentleman's hurry seemed to have grown tremendous. “The name !” he shouted, his speed almost resembling “locomotion,” and his agitation the very counterpart of a steam boiler.

“Miss Wainsborough !” was the reply.

The old man's impetuous course was stopped in an instant. He ran eagerly towards the other, and said, *very* slowly and calmly, but in a voice that showed how all his hitherto disturbed passions were breathlessly awaiting the answer :

“Have—you—a—let—ter—for—her ?”

Any other than a direct reply would have sent the man quite mad, and as a direct one was most convenient to the other, he said —

“Yes.”

The senior gentleman leaped from the ground three feet in advance of his companion,—and then taking him without ceremony by the arm, he pulled him along, crying at the top of his voice :

“This way—Sir—come—this—I'll show you where she lives : this—this—way—w—Cynthia Wainsborough, did you say ?”

"I think not,"—[the old man halted, and stared in the face of his new friend]—"I think the name is Miss Ame——"

"O—this—this—THIS—way," and the aged man fairly howled. He looked no more in the face of his companion, and 'twas well he did not, for that person's countenance so wonderfully relaxed from its former dignified appearance, and his heart seemed so strangely wrought by strong and deep emotions. He suffered himself to be led down the hill—then round a corner—then through a narrow alley—and then they stood before a small house. At the gate, the old man ran before his companion, and commenced a vigorous siege at the handle of the door: but though it resisted all endeavours at compliance, he seemed to forget all other modes, till he who followed him, reaching his hand above the head of the other, gave three "raps" which recalled him to recollection.

## PART III.

"If she should break it now."

HAMLET.

AND now for explanations.

The gentleman mentioned in our last chapter was, in boyhood, known by the name of Mr. Barnaby,—and Mr. Barnaby, when but a youth, fell in love with a beautiful girl, but was unable to wed her. He was a very hot-headed youth—was generous when the lower portions of his heart were excited,—but in general was not pleasing in his manners,—and had you known him, but never seen him in one of his generous moods, which he always seemed ashamed of—you would have stung him as a very dreadful kind of person. Certain young ladies—country girls they were—were always certain he was quizzing them;—they laughed terribly when he spoke to them, and generally blushed when they met him. One gentle and lovely creature there was among them—her face you would have called very lovely—not of a sparkling crimson, but with a beautifully fair skin, behind which the life-blood seemed sleeping, making the cheek like a beautiful transparency. She was very quiet in company—but the village lasses never would believe she was sincere—and hinted that she knew more than she would acknowledge. And during those hours when Barnaby and this fair girl did ramble through an adjoining greenwood, and did stop beneath the ancient foliage of an old tree, it really seemed as if what her companions said was true of her. She was then another being—no longer only gentle,

she was lovely,—and Barnaby no longer impetuous and quizzing—he was gentle and adoring. Enough of these.

Barnaby had an uncle. His uncle had never seen Barnaby in one of his generous moods, and he had a very ill opinion of him. Barnaby never studied character—he never once thought why this venerable relative was so extremely ill-natured to him—and so far from regarding himself as the cause, he attributed it to the base heart and narrow mind of the old gentleman in particular, and to the race of old gentlemen in general. They both mistook each other. One was rich, but would give nothing to a thankless boy—so he "willed" his riches to an asylum for the deaf and dumb: the other was independent and overpowering, and hated his patron and despised his fortune. He left his native village, without care or word from or to his old uncle—he struggled with men and circumstances in foreign lands—he amassed a large fortune—and Barnaby was now on a visit to his birth place. This was his simple history. The aged uncle was once met in the street by a poor man, who enquired with earnestness after his nephew, whom he had not seen for many years, but whom he remembered with gratitude: and then related a story in which Barnaby's conduct strangely contrasted with his relation's knowledge of him. The old gentleman stood for some moments after the inquirer had walked away. Then he too walked—then he stopped to consider—and when he eventually reached home, he sat down, and during the remainder of the day, was lost in deep meditation. He seemed to have discovered a sad mistake into which he had fallen, and his conscience trembled and his heart sunk within time. For a time, his anxious enquiries about his nephew were utterly fruitless—but this only sharpened his faculties, and he at length found a letter directed to Miss Cynthia Amelia Wainsborough, which, though merely from a female companion, threw some light on his situation and prospects. He made regular enquiries when the B— mail arrived,—but no further news reached him; he however still continued the practice,—and it was on an errand of this kind, that he was met by Mr. Barnaby, his own long-lost nephew. "But he knew him not."

They reached, as I said, the house,—and Barnaby knocked, as I related, at the door. "But answer came there none." Again they knocked—but none replied. Barnaby hinted the probability of Miss Cynthia Amelia being abroad,—but his venerable companion, in his blind eagerness, contended that it *could* not be so,—and then

proceeded to place his back against the door, which, before the other could interfere, fell inward with a crash, and the old man rolled over it into the entry.

The charge of house breaking never once alarmed the elderly intruder, for he gathered himself up,—and in opposition to Barnaby's wishes to pursue a more courteous line of conduct, ran eagerly up stairs, still followed by his nephew. But no one greeted them. 'Twas "silent still and silent all." Strange to say, our old friend seemed to have forgotten all common modes of entrance, and he was only deterred by Barnaby's strong arm placed against his breast, from a repetition of his former summary method. He had scarcely accomplished this with his right hand,

when his left was unconsciously raised in an attitude of horrified listening. What did he hear?—"Barnaby, if yet thou"—and then the old man, who had lost nothing of his impetuosity, made a rumbling noise with his feet, and the words which next caught his ears were blood-congealing in their bitterness—"Ha—ha—ha!" Barnaby was breathless, and his arm dropped to his side. Not so his uncle. "The letter—the letter!" he shouted, and instead of stamping the floor in his impatience, he kicked vigorously at the door, which immediately flew open before them. The younger of the two raised his eyes—his stupor was gone,—and making one leap to the centre of the floor, he caught in his arms the fainting form of a beautiful lady.

[To be concluded in our next number.]

## SWEET WERE THE WHISPERED WORDS HE SPOKE.

BY ALTHEA.

I.

SWEET were the whisper'd words he spoke,  
And clasp'd her to his heart the while,—  
One guiltless blush their tones awoke,  
One trembling tear—one gladdening smile.  
"Are we not one?" he fondly cried,  
"Our spirits as our arms entwine :  
Then though dis sever'd from thy side,  
Ah, still be true—*be mine !*"

II.

The moonbeams glisten'd on the wave  
That rippled 'neath the spreading boughs :  
The waters blue a murmur gave,  
That mingled with the lovers' vows.  
The hour is come—"One last embrace,  
Farewell until again we meet."  
Oh, sad funereal strain to fall  
From instrument most sweet !

III.

Amid the lands whose glories lie  
Beneath the bosom of the sun,  
The soldier's sword a crimson dye,  
His brow the brightest laurels, won :  
But still, amid those paths, a voice  
His footsteps homeward bid him tread :  
He came—his heart an echo gave ;  
He came and found—*the dead !*

IV.

Low were the tones her lover breathed,  
And from his lips how sad they fell,—  
As o'er her grave his sword he sheathed,  
His heart pour'd forth its last farewell :  
"Farewell?—ah, no! we part not—though  
Thou art not here, thou still art mine :  
And I? Oh, God! this heart—this love—  
Forever they are *thine.*"



## NEW BOOKS.

THE NATURALIST'S LIBRARY—CONDUCTED BY SIR WM. JARDINE.

THIS excellent, interesting and elegant work, the publication of which commenced in 1834, has now reached the thirty-second volume. The neat perspicuity, and intimate acquaintance with the various subjects, which are displayed in its pages, render it valuable, not merely to the man who dips casually into science for general information, but even to the zoologist and the ornithologist, or whoever has made the phenomena of any branch of this great philosophy the objects of lengthy study and close enquiry. At the same time, the clear and simple style uniformly employed, the interesting facts, anecdotes and observations which are interspersed with the more technical and profound portions, show that the intention has been to lay open its pages to the less cultivated reader,—and that even he who seeks only for amusement in books, may be attracted by its more entertaining parts, and imbibe, perhaps, unwittingly, the information which he is too indolent or unintelligent to seek. We had intended to select our extracts from the portion of the work last published: but on looking over some of the former volumes, and reflecting that, in all likelihood, our readers generally have not had access to them, we determined to notice these as well,—and shall therefore offer in the first place, from vol. 16, what must be interesting to Nova Scotians, viz :—an account of the method of conducting the

### SOUTH SEA FISHERY.

“The method of conducting the southern fishery differs in several particulars from that followed in the north, and these differences we shall now endeavour to point out. Some of the ships are fitted out solely for fishing the Sperm Whale, whilst others keep a sharp look-out for the mysticetus

also; and others, it would appear, in lack of these, hesitate not to attack almost any kind of Whale that comes within their reach.

When a whale appears in view, the signal is given, and the boats hanging at the ship's side, and completely ready for the attack, are instantly lowered. These boats are supplied with a mast and sail, and plenty fresh water, with headsman, steersman, and rowers; with harpoons two of which are attached to the lines, with lances and a buoy to which a signal is attached, &c. The boats steer so as to approach the animal from behind, and if there be more than one in view, each boat fastens to a distinct fish, and each crew kill their own. Some times the first stroke of the harpoon is mortal, but generally it is otherwise, and the harpooner on the instant, rapid like lightning, darts his second harpoon. On this the animal, irritated by the pain, plunges into the deep; and this movement, which the fishers call “sounding,” requires the greatest attention lest the line be entangled. When the line is exhausted, the buoy with its flag is attached to the extremity, and thrown into the sea. This buoy, carried along with the animal, is the compass which guides the boats till they again seize the end of the line, when the victim is encumbered, and its speed diminished by the loss of blood. So soon as its energy is relaxed, the line is carried round the holland, and all the resistance is offered that can safely be employed. When the animal requires again to come to the surface, the boat pulls upon the line, approaches the fast fish as rapidly as possible and renews the contest. On thrusting or darting his lance, the headsman calls out “stern-all,” when the boat immediately recedes. Upon feeling the

lance, the whale generally plunges, and throws itself in all directions, lashing the water with its tail. The dying struggles are sometimes tremendous, and the boats at this time generally keep aloof, as otherwise they might be dashed to pieces.

The larger Whales, such as yield eighty or more barrels of oil, not being nearly so active, are generally, by expert Whalers, killed easily and with less danger than smaller ones. These enormous creatures, however, are sometimes known to turn upon their persecutors with unbounded fury, destroying every thing that meets them in their course. Mr Beak was witness of an occurrence of this sort, off the Coast of Japan, in July, 1832. Captain William Swain of the Sarah and Elizabeth of London had, with two other boats, been engaged in chasing a large Whale, nearly the whole of the day. At four P. M. the Captain was considerably a-head of the other boats, and had succeeded in harpooning it; and, being a dexterous whaler, he succeeded in lancing the animal twice before it recovered from the blow; these wounds having penetrated, caused an abundant ejection of blood through the spiracle: it however suddenly descended to the depth of about forty fathoms, and as suddenly rose, striking the boat with excessive force, which threw it into the air in fragments, with the men and every thing it contained. The men, though much bruised, managed to support themselves with oars, &c. for about three quarters of an hour, when they were relieved by the arrival of another of the boats. All this time the Whale continued near them, and several sharks, attracted by the blood. The Whale was finally secured.

Numberless stories are told of fighting whales, one or two of which we shall mention. In the year 1804, the ship Adonis, being in company with several others, struck a large whale off the coast of New Zealand which "stove" and destroyed nine boats before breakfast, and the chase was consequently given up. After destroying the boats belonging to many ships, this whale was at last captured, and many harpoons of various vessels were found in its body. This whale was extensively known

under the designation of "New Zealand Tom," and many traditions about it are carefully preserved.

But it is not boats only, for ships even are sometimes destroyed by these powerful creatures. It is a well authenticated fact, that the American ship, the Essex, was destroyed in the South Pacific Ocean by an enormous Sperm Whale. When the greater part of the Crew were absent in the boats killing whales, the few people remaining on board saw an enormous whale coming up to the ship, and when very near it appeared to sink down for the purpose of avoiding the vessel; and in doing so, struck its body against some part of the keel, which was broken off by the force of the blow and floated to the surface. The whale was then observed to rise a short distance from the ship, and to come with apparently great fury towards it, striking one of the bows with its head with amazing force, and so completely stayed it in. The ship of course immediately filled, and fell over on her side; in which dreadful position the poor fellows in the boats saw their only home, and many hundred miles distant from the nearest land! On returning to the wreck, they found the few who had been left on board, hastily congregating in the remaining boat, in which they had scarcely taken refuge when the vessel capsized. With much difficulty they obtained a scanty supply of provisions from the wreck, their only support for the long and dreary passage before them to the coast of Peru, whither they endeavoured to make their way. Three only of the whole crew survived; the remainder having perished under unheard of suffering and privations, over which we willingly draw a veil. These three were found in a state of stupefaction, allowing their boat to drift along where the wind and waves listed. One of the survivors was the master, and by kind and careful attention they were eventually rescued from the jaws of death.

The flensing or "*cutting in*" process is somewhat peculiar. On being attached to the side of the vessel, a frame-work is thrown over the fish, and a strap of blubber is cut in a spiral direction, which being raised by certain purchases, turns the fish

round as on an axis till nearly the whole blubber is stripped off. The head matter when congealed is put into casks in its crude state, and refined at the conclusion of the voyage. The blubber, however, is reduced into oil immediately in "try-works," with which every ship is provided for the purpose. The coppers in the try-works are two in number, and are placed near the fore hatchway; they are surrounded with a casing of brick-work, which forms a cistern, the water in which is changed every two hours so as to defend the deck from injury. The fuel is the blubber fitters, which produce a fierce fire. A large fish produces about three tons of oil, a small one from one to two. A hundred Whales sometimes go to form the cargo of a ship, the produce of which, in boiled sperm Oil, may be from one hundred and fifty to two hundred tons, besides hard matter."

If our limits admitted we should very willingly dwell longer upon this department of the "Naturalist's Library." Many perilous adventures, hair breadth escapes, &c. of the hardy whalers are mentioned, and much solid information is given connected with the fishery, and the trade both in England and America. We may, perhaps, resume the subject at a future opportunity; but at present we shall proceed to give a delicious *morceau*, an example of the delicate touches by which the character of the work will be greatly heightened in the estimation of the man of letters. Like the writer, we have never heard the bird which he describes,—but, in default of this pleasure, are well content with his elegant account of

#### THE NIGHTINGALE.

"This far-famed songster has been alike celebrated by historians and poets. We have never yet enjoyed the treat of its midnight music, for the food or climate of North Britain seems hitherto unfavourable to its existence; and even the perseverance of Sir John Sinclair has failed to naturalize it to our colder soil; nevertheless, we can conceive the power of its melody swelling on the balmy breeze of evening,

or poured forth during the stillness of night. There is little else attractive about the bird, for its manners are shy, and its dress unobtrusive. In some parts of the South of England the Nightingale appears to be far from uncommon, but at the same time it is very local in distribution. On the eastern side of the island, it scarcely reaches York for its northern demarkation, while on the western side it is said to have extended to Carlisle. It does not visit Wales and has not been yet heard or seen in any part of Scotland or Ireland, but on the Continent it is said to extend as far north as Russia and Sweden. This country is visited for the purposes of incubation, and on the first arrival of the males, which occurs some days before that of the females. (Similar to what takes place with most of our migratory birds,) the song is commenced immediately, and for this short period they are in great request by the London bird catchers, for if taken after a mate has been gained, their melody is not continued in confinement. It frequents the lower coppices, rather than the grown or aged woods, plantations, or countries thickly interspersed with lanes and hedges, and, according to Mr. Yarrel, the grounds of the market gardeners near London, are favorite haunts with this bird, where undoubtedly they find an ample supply of suitable food. When disturbed in these retreats, the call or alarm is even less pleasing than that of other surmace warblers, being a kind of guttural croak, or "jug," as it is termed, frequently and quickly repeated. The nest is formed upon the ground, and is rather carelessly built of dried grasses and slender roots. The eggs are of an uniform olive-brown colour, without spots, which is somewhat at variance with the tints and markings generally seen in those of Cumi-ca.

Of very plain and unobtrusive colour, the male has the upper parts of the plumage yellowish-brown, tinged with reddish on the crown; the quills are of a darker tint; the outer webs, the whole tail and rump are reddish chestnut-brown; the throat, breast, and flanks, greyish-white, shading to nearly pure white on the centre

of the belly and vent; under tail coverts yellowish-white. The female is rather less in size, but otherwise does not vary much in the shades of plumage."

This work is much enriched by biographies of great Naturalists, one of which very appropriately introduces each volume; and we are thus presented, in succession, with the lives of Linnæus, Buffon, Banks and many others, all of which are pleasant and many of them highly interesting. We cannot do better than extract a memoir of the French Naturalist and Statesman, Lacepede, not omitting, wherever the original is from its length unsuitable, to throw the circumstances briefly before the reader.

#### MEMOIR OF THE COUNT DE LACEPEDE.

"Bernard German Etienne De La Ville was born at Agen on December 26, 1706. He was descended from a long line of honourable ancestors, and his father, Jean Joseph De La Ville, was lieutenant-general of Senechaussee. Lacepede, however, did not value himself on his extraction, but entered life with the determination of exhibiting his birth only in the urbanity of his manners and the uprightness of his conduct. This resolution he maintained with the most scrupulous uniformity throughout his chequered history; his politeness was proverbial, whilst it was universally acknowledged that he was as obliging as he was polished, and that he did not more indulge in compliment than in rendering important services, and in bestowing substantial favours."

We are glad to learn this, as a large portion of mankind seem to imagine that a polished manner is a substitute for generosity, and a Frenchman is not the last man in the world to think so. Lacepede's education was superintended by his father, which was probably not a slight cause of the remarkable simplicity and purity which, we find, characterized his younger years, "the idea of a bad author or wicked man scarcely presenting itself to his mind." The works which he studied were those of Cornille, Bossuet, Fenelon and the like; and the pure morals and amiable tendencies

thus imbibed gave him a great leaning to optimism, "so that he would scarcely believe that any one was actuated by bad feelings or intentions, or that any one wished to deceive; and this prepossession had great influence over his conduct and writings as well as on his social habits." The life of such a man could scarcely be a miserable one. The next beautiful passage displays not only his early inclination to natural science but his sense of the beautiful, and consequent appreciation of one of the most poetical of philosophers.

"Buffon's Natural History was a book which was early put into his hands, and it instantly became a favourite; it was the companion of his walks and that in one of the finest countries in the world. It was on the beautiful banks of the lovely valley of the Garonne, in the neighbourhood of those smiling hills which are so majestically terminated by the peaks of the Pyrennes, that he studied the eloquent pictures of this great writer: his passion for the beauties of nature thus originated at the same time with his admiration for that great painter who pointed them out to his contemplation, and these two sentiments always remained united in his mind. He took Buffon for his master and his model, and read him till he almost knew him by heart."

We are, of course, not surprised to find in such a man as Lacapede a deep love of music. A delightful taste for this science would seem inherent in the nature of the mind before described, and we find that he cultivated it until it "became a second language to him, which he could speak and write with equal facility." His compositions were much admired, and sufficiently well executed to lead to a correspondence with the celebrated Gluck. His proficiency in the art, and the solicitations of many of his friends that he should compose an opera, led him afterwards to devote himself to music with remarkable assiduity, for two years; but the opera which was the fruit of this application, was never performed, some trifling cause having led to its suppression. To return, however, to that for which we chiefly search the pages of a philosopher's biography—the indications of his progress in science—we find that

"At the age of thirteen, he formed, with some of his school-fellows, a juvenile society, several members of which subsequently became members of the Institute (of France.) Their investigations became more important as their year advanced,—and electricity and magnetism, among other subjects, engaged their attention. Lacedepede having made some experiments, and deduced conclusions which appeared new to him, he transmitted them to Buffon, who noticed them in the supplements of his work."

This was indeed an honour to the young philosopher,—and as he went about this time to Paris, he made the "formal acquaintance" of the two great men with whom he had before corresponded. In the society of Buffon, Gluck, and the elite of the Parisian academicians, his time passed away "in a kind of enchantment,"—and having, at the request of his relatives, accepted a nominal rank in the army of one of the German states, he then followed the bent of his own inclination, and, as we before said, devoted himself to music—his pursuit of which, however, closed with the composition of his unacted opera, and of a work entitled "The Poetry of Music," which introduced him to the notice of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, and of many other eminent men. We pass over a period during which he published two philosophical works, which added nothing to his reputation, and continued that part of Buffon's Natural History that related to animals, in a first volume of the History of Reptiles, judged worthy of the great work to which it was appended.

The year 1788 arrived,—the French Revolution commenced, and that which changed alike the destinies of the monarch and the peasant, did not fail to alter "the prospects of the young naturalist." He suddenly found himself popular—for the people had their eyes directed to talent;—"he was successively chosen President of his section, commander of the National Guard, extraordinary deputy of Agen (his native place) to the Assemblee Constituante, member of the General Council of the department of Paris, president of the electors, deputy of the first legislature, and president

of that assembly." But the native kindness of his heart was opposed to the views of the principal actors in these great events. He was denounced by the press as an enemy, forced from Paris by his friends,—and when, in the simplicity of a heart that judged no evil of his fellow creatures, he desired to return to a city where his life would have been immediately sacrificed, and caused an application for permission to do so to be made to Robespierre, that monster, for once actuated by a spark of humanity, replied—"He's in the country? Tell him to stay there!" an answer which saved the philosopher's life.

"Of all the occupations in which M. de Lacedepede had been induced to engage, the sciences alone, as is usual, remained faithful to him in the time of misfortune, and it was with them he consoled himself in his retreat. Resuming the habits of his youth, passing the day in the midst of the woods or on the banks of the rivers, he traced his plan of his Natural History of Fishes—the most important of his works. Immediately after his return, (to Paris,) he commenced its composition,—and at the end of two years, in 1793, he found himself in a condition to publish the first volume. Five volumes appeared in succession, the last in 1803."

Of this work it is said by Cuvier, "Even at the present day there is no work on the History of Fishes superior to Lacedepede's, and he is always quoted on the subject: when the immense materials collected in these latter days shall have been put together in another work, the brilliant pieces of colouring, full of sensibility and deep philosophy, with which he has enriched his work, will not be forgotten. Science, from its nature, is every hour advancing; but the great writers will not remain the less immortal."

This work was soon followed by his *Cetacea* (History of Whales), and several others more or less important; but the change of Government by the master-spirit which now appeared—Napoleon—brings us to a renewal of Lacedepede's political career. He was replaced in all the high offices he had held, and elevated to others still more important,—being appointed Pre-

sident of the Senate, Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, and lastly, in 1804, Minister of State. In the high station to which he had now attained he preserved his reputation unsullied, while his great ability and uniform kindness won for him the respect and the affection of all. Napoleon could see but few of the many instances of the Count's disinterestedness, but he admired it. Lacepede refused to receive any salary, and his private fortune was soon exhausted by the exercise of his benevolence. Napoleon then ordered all arrears to be paid up to him as well as a regular salary; and the generosity of the Count increased with his wealth. One instance of this generosity we may quote.

A young man who was employed in one of the offices under his control, appeared depressed and ill. The count supposed there was some latent cause of anxiety, and employed his physician to discover what it was. Having learned that the young man's circumstances were hopelessly embarrassed, he immediately sent him 10,000 francs. The gentleman hastened to him with tears in his eyes, entreating him to fix the terms of re-imbusement;—"My friend," he replied, "I never receive any thing of that sort."

The next passage displays some of the peculiarities of a philosopher—the union of great talents and the most tender social qualities.

"What rendered his disinterestedness in every degree conformable with his munificence, was the fact that he had very few personal wants. He had no expenses but what were rendered necessary by the situation which he held. He never possessed more than one suit at a time.

After dressing in the morning he never changed throughout the day. His diet was as simple as his clothing. From the age of seventeen he never drank wine, and a simple and very slight repast was all he required.

But what was most surprising, was the small quantity of sleep he took; he usually slept two or three hours, and the rest of the night was employed in composition

—HIS MEMORY RETAINING ALL THE PHRASES AND THE VERY WORDS; they were as

if written in his brain, and early in the morning he dictated them to his Secretary. He has stated, that in this way he could retain whole volumes; could change them as he saw fit in his mind, and remember what he had thus corrected as accurately as the original text. It was thus that nearly the whole day was free from business, for his public duties and especially for the sweets of the family circle; for his external life, so to speak, however brilliant, was to him nothing in comparison with the domestic enjoyments, in which he ever found delightful solace for all his fatigues and trials. His attachment to his wife was beyond all praise; of which a satisfactory proof may be found in the impassioned language of the introduction to the *Cetacea*. "After I had commenced this work, misfortune felled me to the ground, and lacerated my heart; I lost my beloved companion. Grief without hope,—gratitude,—veneration,—have inscribed the name of my CAROLINE on the dedication of my work on fishes; and again in this work; and they will consecrate all those I may undertake, till the end of my fearful banishment!—Her name which is dear to every virtuous and tender heart, will recommend my feeble efforts to the lovers of nature!"

This is delightful! We here find, in the same paragraph, mention made of high intellectual qualities and a sweet and affectionate disposition of heart. The man possessed of appetites so simple, character so noble and untainted, and genius so rare and well-directed, could not pass a life (however chequered by circumstances) undistinguished by a severity which mocked the jarring of the world without. The Count De Lacepede died at the age of 70, on October 6th, 1826. Thousands of the poorer classes attended their benefactor's remains to the grave. After his death the rare fact was discovered, that the man who had filled offices in which immense wealth might have been accumulated, left a fortune much smaller than he had inherited.

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We must here conclude our present notice of the "Naturalist's Library." The se-

ries, we perceive, will be completed at the fortieth volume. Each volume is perfect in itself, confined to one subject, contains about forty beautifully coloured plates, and may be had as a separate work, with title-page, &c. The portions which we have presented to the reader render recommendation unnecessary; one word, however, we would sum up with,—it is cheap.\*

\* The Naturalist's Library, conducted by Sir William Jardine, F. R. S. E., F. L. S. &c., published by Liziers, Edinburgh, and sold at the London Book Store, Halifax.

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## THE FOSSIL.

ADDRESS'D TO \* \* \* .

ONCE in the young earth's golden prime,  
'Ere care made grey the wing of time,  
There fell a green leaf on the shore;  
And it floated away on the wandering wave,  
And found in the deep green sea a grave,  
And ne'er was thought on more.

Ages rolled on,—and the rocking earth  
Had seen a new creation's birth,  
And empires rise and fall;  
But none e'er thought how that green leaf slept,  
Like a treasured thing by Enchanter kept,  
'Neath the old earth's marble wall,—

Till on a day, as it befel,  
A sage unsealed the mighty spell  
Of nature's treasure cave,—  
And, changed to a hard engraven stone,  
Lo! the frail leaf that, ages gone,  
With its fall scarce stirr'd the earth.

St. John 27th Oct. 1839.

And hath not the heart full many a dream,  
That falls as that noiseless leaf on the stream,  
And as silently sinks to rest—  
And the tide of life rolls o'er its sleep,  
In those shadowy caves—the wondrous deep  
Of the fathomless human breast.

But when shall *those* caverns yield their dead—  
The dreams of the past—the thoughts long fled?  
Oh! not for the prying world:  
But in that last dread day, when souls  
Must give to light their hidden scrolls,  
Will their secrets be unfurled.

And then on *my* heart will thy memory  
Be read engraven lastingly,  
Like that leaf on the marble bright  
But halo'd around with purity,  
That will not shrink from an angel's eye,  
In that blaze of perfect light.

H. C.

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From the Juvenile Scrap Book, by Mrs. Ellis.

## MY SISTER'S GRAVE.

THE sun is shining on the grave  
That rests thy head, my sister dear;  
Above that spot the green boughs wave,  
And summer skies are bright and clear.

Sweet are the gentle gales that blow  
The grass that clothes that lovely sod;  
And lovely are the flowers that grow,  
Around the path thou oft hast trod.

But were I sleeping by thy side,  
With the same turf above my breast,  
Not summer scenes in all their pride,  
Could lure me from the place of rest:

Not gentle gales though laden sweet,  
With perfumes from the scented rose,  
Could win me back their balm to meet,  
Might I but share in thy repose.

## CHARLES DICKENS IN NOVA SCOTIA.

THIS subject is a pleasurable one ; we do not consider it unimportant. It is true that Mr. Dickens, during his six hours stay in this province, could perform nothing which was calculated to confer a benefit on the country ; but it is also true that something might be made of such a visit, not only interesting but really useful. We should be sorry to trumpet forth the mere circumstance that this popular and brilliant author landed on these shores, and that we, with a number more, went to gaze at him, because, in so doing, we could, at most, only impart some slight degree of our pleasurable sensations to the reader ; but when the subjects to which the genius of such a man has been directed and the effects which it has produced, are considered, then, we think it possible, that the arrival of Mr. Dickens in this Colony, so far distant from the immediate scene of his labours, may awaken attention to the objects to which his works have been directed ; may cause a reflection of the good by them produced, and, if taken advantage of, may render a powerful assistance to those whose efforts, however distant and humble, are engaged in the same great cause as his—the correction of foibles, prejudices and inaction,—the promotion of whatever has a tendency to inform and to improve.

On the 20th of January Mr. Dickens arrived at Halifax, in the Steamer Britannia. We had expected that the literati of the Metropolis would have proposed some plan whereby the inhabitants might welcome so worthy a guest,—but no such manifestation appeared. Even on the wharf but few out of the crowd assembled seemed met to have a look at “the Lion.” Here and there was a small group from which a glass was now and then directed to the passengers on the after-deck, and various surmises hazarded, one opinion being that the “chap” with a sentimental countenance, consisting of snub nose, and eyes of strange obliquity, who stood “apart from all” wrapped in a blue cloth cloak was he, (oh ! ye Gods!) while another was,—that the short thick man, who with his hands stuck hard in his coat pockets,

stood the centre of a laughing circle, must be the man, the—author of Nicholas Nickleby !

As the steamer drew up to the wharf, the expecting loungers became impatient, the passengers began to land, and in a few minutes the Speaker of the House of Assenby, who had gone aboard, reappeared at the gang-way, a gentlemanly and very slight young man leaning on his arm. There was no mistaking him ; it was the form, the bearing, the long auburn hair, the eyes, the expressive countenance of “Boz” ! Up the wharf he walked, followed by the eager eyes of those who recognized him, and of many who hearing the exclamations of “that’s he” and the like, imagined probably that it was a Chinese Ambassador ; while a few (among whom we are not ashamed to confess were ourselves) hastened on, like children at a show, to have “one more look.” What were we all, indeed, but children, near the *Giant* upon whom we gazed ? But least did *he* appear to feel that he was “the centre of all eyes ;” the intellect beaming in his features,—the total absence of anything like pomposity in his manner,—would have convinced us, had proof been needed, that he was most surely

“In wit a man—simplicity a child.”

But, as in most other cases, we were at first somewhat disappointed. We had expected, from his portrait, to have seen in Mr. Dickens’ bearing something more noble,—and, when we afterwards saw him in the Council Chamber, we did think it more dignified and commanding. What we particularly noticed, however, was the extremely winning gracefulness of his manner, and in this he surpassed our expectations. We saw Mr. Dickens once more before he left Nova Scotia.

As we walked away in the afternoon, after having seen the Britannia glide down the harbour with Mr. Dickens on board, we felt not a little gratified that we had seen the author of many works which had not only so often excited the mirth and the sympathy of so many thousand hearts, but had in all cases tended to improve

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them. Yes! the fictions of "Boz" have fulfilled the legitimate purpose of such productions. They have not awakened a mere sensibility never carried out in prompt and active benevolence, but they have arrested us all in the execution of our daily business, in highway and byeway,—and thrown into our hearts a powerful sympathy for the naked and the destitute, a hatred of oppression and injustice. They have crushed the race of puny tyrants who in Yorkshire were wont to lord it over the defenceless children in the falsely-styled seminaries of education. The infant voice that had been unheard by the legislator was borne to the ear of the people of England by a genius whose importunity would take no denial. The dens of London depravity, too, with all their wiles and allurements were laid open, not disguised in the claims which Ainsworth has thought proper to throw round them, but in all their real and naked hideousness.

And poverty—the poverty of the meek and the gentle, or of the mourner,—the poverty too of the wretched outcast from society, the being of crimes and of punishment,—has found in these books a pleader, earnest and yet "most musical" withal. The delicate sensibilities of the "exquisite" may have been shocked by the exposure of deep misery and vices, but not so the man of true heart and sound reason; he felt that a great duty had been performed, and that to render it of avail every one was now imperatively called. He knew that the same lessons had been often

inculcated before, but in the present age, at least, not more winningly or more earnestly. He who peruses the picture of the distress in the manufacturing district which is inimitably painted in the account of the wanderings of little Neily, is aroused from the torpidity in which all the cold descriptions of Commissioners &c. would for ever have left him. A thousand striking scenes he has pictured in those great master-pieces of beneficial literature,—and many a wrong he has thus redressed—many an evil he has remedied.

The mirth, too, which he draws forth—why, man, this is no common mirth; this is the very wand of the magician. Say, ye who have laughed over the jests, found ye not something lurking behind which tended to improve you? Did not the humour, the fun, prepare you to receive the cull, near at hand on your compassion; and without bringing your laughter to a discordant conclusion, were you not soon reminded that, while you were all gaiety, many another heart was drowned in sorrow? Ay, so it was; "Boz" is a cunning magician,—he is a man of great genius, and he is a philanthropist. We felt it as we looked at him, and a thousand of his "sayings" rushed into our recollection to confirm it. He has bid "grasping, lawless tyranny" beware. He has told wealth and rank their duties. He has—but why go on? There is poverty, misery, and crime in Nova-Scotia,—would that a portion of the spirit of the great Dickens may have rested here.

From Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap Book.

## CITIES.

BY MARY HOWITT.

A CITY pleases me; I have intense  
Delight in human effort, and my soul  
Becomes as 'twere a portion of the whole  
In all its beauty and magnificence.

No thought of my own nothingness intrude;  
I am exalted to the utmost height  
Of that concentrated intellectual might;  
Am with new vigour, with new life, endued.

I feel as if I could achieve great things,  
As if unto my mind there was no goal,  
Whilst I regard this greatness as a whole,  
I am superior to crowned kings!

But gazing on one master-piece of mind,  
Be it of chisel, pencil or of pen,  
How cast aback how humble am I then!  
In that strong light of genius poor and blind!

## TRAVELLING REMINISCENCES.

NO. I.

I HAVE read of a noble lord (I presume he was not a very wise one,) who said to George the Third that his Majesty's marriage would be quite an ornament in the history of his country: Now I think it might be said, at least with equal truth, that the establishment of steam communication between Nova Scotia and Old England, will be esteemed an era in the chaste, quiet little city of Halifax. I once heard an orator tell his audience to suppose the Atlantic ocean annihilated: I found my imagination quite incapable of this flight, so I gave up the sublime idea in despair. However, I have since thought that this same fancy-loving speaker must have robbed some old prophet of at least a part of his mantle—for who would then have thought of gliding over that majestic deep in nine days and a half. We feel as if we had been, by some fairy's wand, brought a thousand miles nearer the envy of all nations—our fathers' home. For a few hours, now and then, our little town is honoured by the presence of some of England's proud nobles: some persons may feel flattered by this circumstance—others may deem it a thing of no importance; but all have esteemed it an honour, and have felt pleased, to see the author of *Nicholas Nickleby* walk our streets, shake hands with our citizens, grace by his presence our Council Chamber—all were anxious, proud, and delighted to get a glimpse of the immortal Boz.

Every body has been seized with a locomotive mania. Travelling seems suited to every diversity of character: there is food for the reflective mind, amusement for the pleasure seeking, recreation for the anxious and oppressed; it is an antidote to melancholy, and often the restorer of the drooping invalid. Oh! if I were a poet, I would apostrophize steam boats and stage coaches! But although this mania for travelling is universal—not so the means for indulging it. Refined taste, cultivated mind, lofty imagination, ardent thirst after knowledge, dwell not alone in lordly halls. A richly stored mind is not confined to the possessor of wealth. How many noble souls there are, whose desires are never gratified,

whose fondest expectations are never realized, for want of that which may be pandering to the base appetites of the sensualist. All may be indebted to the steamers for news, letters, visitors: but all are not equally benefitted; for who but the man of wealth can pay thirty five pounds for his passage to England,—and who but he can devote time enough to range over our beloved country, with the hope of improving his mind, and seeing what is there only to be seen. Those who are not possessors of fortune and leisure must wait till the ocean is annihilated. But they need not wait to travel until a convenient season arrives—no, if they cannot find time and money to visit England, let them take a tour through *our own province*; and let none despise the beauties of Nova Scotia because they do not here behold the magnificent scenery of Europe. Let no one shut his eyes to the intelligence, talent, ay, and genius, that dwell with many a mind, perhaps, in our own country, because he cannot see and converse with the mighty intellects of the old world. And, lastly, let none complain, or lament, or say at home, because they cannot travel in their own carriage. If you wish to enjoy a journey or a tour, *travel with the public*. There is nothing so amusing as being thrown into the company of a number of persons, of whose history you are wholly ignorant—whom you never saw before—whom you never expect to see again—each of whom is a stranger to the rest. There could not be a better place to study character—you could not possibly have a fitter time or place for moralizing; and if you are a physiognomist, here you may sit and feast your eyes and take your notes. You may either indulge your reflections or gratify your curiosity,—and, if you please, add a chapter to your knowledge of men and manners. Here, too, is a fine place for the selfish man, and the supercilious man, and the man of family, to get rid of a few of his semi-barbarous ideas and feelings. Never take your passage in a stage coach with the determination to be “somebody”—for depend upon it, before you have gone twenty miles, you will

have a thousand times wished yourself at home again, and every body else will wish you any where but where you are.

I have often been amused at such a specimen of human nature, who folded up in the cloak of his own importance and reserve, sits holding converse with his own selfish thoughts while all around him are giving and receiving pleasure.—One, perhaps, communicating his thoughts and feelings, and in return, meeting the grateful look and smile of some lonely traveller journeying, not for amusement, but to seek a living, and who he is cared for by no one. How many a sad heart has found sympathy in a Stage-Coach—how many a benevolent, merry hearted traveller, has diffused happiness on those around him, some of whom, but for him, would have been brooding over their sorrows. What a difference have I seen in the countenances of some at the end of our journey, to what there was when we set out—for there has been some lover of his own kind—some one whose heart has been full of the milk of human kindness, who knew no pleasure like that of bestowing happiness, and, therefore, did not wait till the journey was concluded before he spoke—but commenced at the end of the first mile by saying, “Fine roads”—“Going to B. Sir.” “Allow me to raise the wiewow for you, madame,” until all were conversing as freely and pleasantly as if they had all been friends, and at the end of the drive, all regretting that they must part. (This is not fiction.) How many pleasing friendships have had their commencement in a public Coach—how many have been made to feel ashamed of their cold, selfish natures, and been compelled, for at least one day, to lay it aside.

But there is the pleasure of stopping to dinner and breakfast, or being overtaken by the dark in consequence of bad roads and an overstocked vehicle, and being obliged to put up at some house where they cannot possibly muster more than three beds for twenty people. Now all are on a footing, if they never were before: farewell to exclusiveness for one night, at least,—or no bed for any. Well, the ladies must sleep three in a bed,—and the gentlemen be contented with a pillow and a chair, (if it be cold) a snooze before a good fire, and not murmur either. Murmur, indeed!—why they may be glad there is even a house so near; murmur, indeed!—why I never enjoyed myself more than I once did, in such a predicament. To be sure I was not obliged to pass the night in a chair instead of a bed,—nor to sit up straight instead of lying down. But there

is also the pleasure of breaking down—yes, pleasure, at least so it has been to me,—for it was the means of introducing me to some I shall never cease to love, and of my witnessing a scene nothing can erase from my memory. I do not mention the spot—suffice it that it was in this province.

It was a beautiful day in April,—the sun shone most brilliantly,—the sky was cloudless,—all nature seemed joyous. There were no April tears this day,—every thing looked smiling; but the roads were execrable, the frost was oozing from them, and rendered it really dangerous travelling, especially in a coach crowded inside and outside. We had been journeying very pleasantly for some miles, when the coachman, just in time to save us an upset, perceived that a wheel was loose. He immediately descended from the box, and informed us of our situation,—and, in order to make us more patiently bear our misfortune, depicted in glowing colours the dangers we had escaped. The man—yes, the coachman was a philosopher. I found myself, in the midst of our troubles, contemplating his character.

He very respectfully desired us to alight, and walk only a short distance, as we were but a quarter of a mile from the inn. It is said, a misfortune never comes alone: it is true—I never met with one unaccompanied by some signal good. In a few moments we were all making our way through the mud, in couples and triples, as sympathy or congeniality happened to draw us together. I found myself, before I was aware of it, marchly very gaily in company with a young Irishman, who had been the life of the party.

It was discovered, on examination of the coach, that we should be detained some hours. On receiving this piece of intelligence, we all “set our wits to work” to find some way of amusing ourselves. Literature was denied us, for there were, of course, no books in the house—who ever saw any thing but an Almanack in an inn? Oh! I forget. Once, when travelling in the other province, in a house we stopped at I found a volume of Byron,—and on enquiring by what chance they had come by it, was informed that a lady from Halifax had left it there. However, in this house no lady had left Byron nor any other poet, and every body could not read one Almanack: so it was agreed that those who neither wanted rest nor the said Almanack, should take a stroll through the woods. I was one of those who signified their assent, by pronouncing that little word, so sweet to every egotist—I. On the way I stopped to look for that sweet little gem of the forest—the

Mayflower,—and was thus left quite in the rear of my companions. When I discovered my lonely situation, I hastened on, intent only on finding them, when I suddenly found myself before a small cottage, which had been intercepted from my view by an immense old willow. There was something in the appearance of the place that immediately attracted my notice. There was nothing that denoted wealth,—but there was such an air of refinement and taste thrown over every thing, that it really looked enchanting. On a low rustic seat, at the foot of the flower garden, sat two children, whose lovely faces wore such a sorrowful aspect, that had I not been attracted by their beauty, I should have been by their gravity. Solitude is suitable enough for age,—and even then, I think, the less the better; but who can bear to look upon a lovely, sorrowful child? it is unnatural—these sweet ones looked out of place. I went up to the fence, and looking over, addressed some simple questions to them.

“Hush!” said the eldest, a boy about six years of age, “do not talk so loud, you will wake Marion!”

“Wake whom?” I said.

“Wake Marion,” he answered.

“And who is Marion?” I asked, “and what is the matter with her?”

“Oh,” said he, “she is our dear, good sister, and she cannot play with us now, nor tell us stories, nor sing for us, and she says she is going to leave us.”

“But where will Marion go to, Willie?” said the younger, “for we will go too.”

“No,” said the other, “Marion says we cannot go now; but if we are good, we shall go bye and by.”

“I’ll be good—I’ll be good!” exclaimed the child. “Willie, I’ll go with Marion.”

Sickness in this lonely spot seemed to call for sympathy from every passer by,—and my inclinations were all powerful in convincing me that it was my duty to enter and offer my services: perhaps I might do something—say something. I opened the gate, and went up to the house. I knocked softly at the door, which was opened by a middle aged, genteel looking woman, dressed in black, to whom I said:

“I hope I shall not be considered an intruder. You are in affliction—can I be of any service?”

The large tears were coursing rapidly down her pale face, as she said in an impassioned tone, and seizing my hand, “Oh, lady! if you could restore me my Marion, my child! But, Oh, it is all right—it must be right—why cannot

I feel it? But, come in—you shall see her—you will love her”—and she led me into a small room, that was so beautifully in keeping with the appearance of all outside the house, that I need give no description of it. On a bed, in the middle of the room, lay the beloved sufferer. She appeared to be about eighteen years of age. It required no physician to tell the disease—there was the fatal hectic spot giving to the beloved one an appearance of health, even when just in the embrace of death—as if the foul monster were tantalizing those who dreaded his approach by making her looks more beautiful e’er he made her his own.

At one side of the bed, holding her head, sat a girl a year or two younger,—and near a window sat a young man, apparently more than eighteen, with his eyes resting on the bed. As I entered, he raised them, and looked at me, but did not appear to see me, nor to wonder who I was, nor where I came from—for he immediately directed his eyes again towards the bed.

I never saw a countenance whose expression was so fixed; his lips were compressed—his brow was anxious—and his eyes seemed attracted by but one object—and his thoughts to dwell upon but one subject. When I entered, Marion appeared to be dozing, but in a few moments opened her eyes, and looked at each, as if wishing to bid farewell; all started; but the young man rushed to the bedside, and seizing her hand, he said “Marion! Marion! speak once more. I will ask her,” he exclaimed hurriedly, as if talking to himself. “Marion, tell me and I shall be happy; Say! did you not, do you not, love me: not as your cousin, but as your lover. I thought I was too young to ask you, but I am not too young to know now. I must know.”

For an instant Marion’s face was flushed as if she was agitated, but not painfully so.

“Walter!” she said, “you shall know. I did—I do love you;” and then, as if the exertion had been too much, she appeared for some moments as if no longer of earth.

Walter’s countenance had visibly changed: there was a softness in the expression, a satisfaction in the look, but poignant grief was engraven on every feature. He stood gazing on his cousin.

Again she opened her eyes, and looking up at the young man, said, “Walter, I do; but here is one (taking her sister’s hand) who will love you as ardently as I have done, and with less selfishness; love her for *my sake*—and forget not my Mother. A change passed over her beautiful face—Marion’s spirit had fled. C. L.

## THE STEAM ENGINE.

### THE VARIOUS PURPOSES TO WHICH THE POWER OF STEAM IS APPLIED.

[From the *New Library of Useful Knowledge*, now publishing.]

THE manifold purposes to which the power of steam is applied, thereby superseding an immense quantum of manual labour, cannot but form a most interesting topic for reflection. There are still, however, some ignorant prejudiced, or misguided persons, who think that the introduction of machinery is injurious, because it necessarily lessens the number of hands required for employment; but nothing can be more shallow, or mistaken, than any arguments based upon so sandy a foundation. In the case of machinery, as Shakespeare says of human life, "the good and ill are mixed together;" but it would be no sound policy to reject a permanent good, on account of its being attended by some transient evil; more especially when the former greatly preponderates over the latter. That wages should be reduced and hands thrown out of work, by the increase of machinery, are consequences that must be endured with patience; for the inconvenience is only temporary and local, while the advantage is lasting and general.

"All partial evil's universal good"—POPE

But if the machinery has an inevitable tendency to decrease the demand for manual labour, for a time, and it is only for a time, and then but in particular channels, on the other hand, it increases to an incalculable extent the produce of our manufactories, and other necessaries of life, consequently diminishing the costs to the consumer, and thus conferring the most important benefits on the tradesman, the artisan, and the labourer, as well as the rest of the community. The plough is a piece of machinery; yet the man who should propose to discard its use, for the sake of employing the hand-spade, would justly be considered as a bedamite. Without the aid of the steam engine, the costs of production of our manufactured goods, and of the mineral dug from the bowels of the earth, would be enormously enhanced; nor should we possess those facilities in na-

vigation which we now enjoy. Without the assistance of this stupendous power, it would be impossible to make such vast exports to every part of the world, the returns of which enable us to pour annually into the Exchequer an unparalleled amount of revenue, to bear up against a load of debt that would otherwise be overwhelming by its weight, and to maintain a character for wealth, splendour, power, and influence, superior to that of all other nations.

"The steam engine," says a useful and popular work, "has infinitely increased the mass of human comforts, and rendered cheap and accessible all over the world the materials of wealth and prosperity. It has armed the feeble hand of man, in short, with a power to which no limits can be assigned; completed the dominion of mind over the most refractory qualities of matter; and laid a sure foundation for all those future miracles of mechanical power which are to add to and reward the labours of after-generations. Already it has become a thing alike stupendous for its force and its flexibility. The trunk of an elephant that can pick up a pin, or rend an oak, is nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush masses of obdurate materials like wax before it; draw out without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift a ship of war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin and forge anchors; cut steel into ribands; and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and the waves."

The invention of the spinning jenny, which was brought into general use by the perseverance of a poor barber, Arkwright, doubtless gave an extraordinary impetus to one particular branch of the manufacturing interests; but it was immeasurably inferior in comparison with the importance of the improvements made by WATT, and others, in the steam engine. How many of our great towns are indebted almost solely to this mighty agent for their rise from insignificance and

obscurity to consequence and renown—from thinly inhabited places, to cities densely crowded with a busy and indefatigable population! Look again at the phenomena presented on the bosom of rivers and the surface of the ocean! Vessels propelled in every direction, in opposition to wind and tide, across even the broad Atlantic, and through the most perilous storms, with a speed and regularity almost miraculous!

The following curious description of the Phœnician ships of old, recently detected in Homer by an ingenious mechanic, has been well observed by Dr. Birkbeck to be no inaccurate description of steam navigation.

"So shalt thou instant reach the realm assigned,  
In wondrous ships, self-mov'd, instinct with mind.

\* \* \* \* \*

Though clouds and darkness veil the encumber'd sky,  
Fearless, through darkness and through clouds they fly;  
Though tempests rage—the' rolls the swelling main,  
The seas may roll, the tempests swell in vain.  
'E'en the stern god\* that o'er the waves presides,  
Safe as they pass, and safe repress the tides,  
With fury burns; whilst careless they convey  
Promiscuous every guest to every bay." POPE.

It would almost appear, from the above passage, which for ages was considered merely a bold flight of the imagination, that the ancients were not unacquainted with some method beyond the ordinary one of sailing-ships, of propelling vessels through water, with great safety and celerity. At all events, the idea of the poet is no longer a fiction, but has, on our own days, become a positive reality.

#### STEAM NAVIGATION.

The application of the power of steam to the art of navigation, first on rivers, and then on seas, is one of the most magnificent of human triumphs. It is to an American of the name of Fulton, that we are indebted for the first successful project of this nature; but certainly not to the Americans generally; for while he was proceeding with his experiments, it was ridiculed under the name of the "Fulton Folly," and he had the mortification of experiencing every discouragement, instead of support, from his own countrymen. But by indomitable courage and fortitude, as well as confidence of ultimately attaining the consummation of his wishes, and by unconquerable perseverance, he finally overcame all the prejudices by which he was surrounded and retarded in his career, but, alas! himself doomed to a fate that but too frequently awaits the sons of genius and the benefactors of mankind. Bd. let him tell his

\* Neptune.

own story, it cannot be read without feelings of deep interest, and is taken from an American quarterly work published some years since.

#### THE FIRST STEAM BOAT.

"When," said Fulton himself to a friend, in an animated and affecting manner, "I was building my first steam boat at New York, the project was viewed by the public with either indifference, or with contempt, as a visionary scheme. My friends, indeed, were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenances. I felt the full force of the lamentation of the poet,—

"Truth would you teach to save a sinking land,  
All fear, none aid you, and few understand."

As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building yard, while my boat was in progress, I have often loitered unknown near the idle groups of strangers, gathering in little circles, and heard various enquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, or sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh often rose at my expense; the dry jest; the wise calculation of losses and expenditures; the dull but endless repetition of the Fulton Folly. Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, a warm wish, cross my path. Silence itself was but politeness, veiling its doubts, or hiding its reproaches. At length the day arrived when the experiment was to be put in operation. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I invited many friends to go on board to witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favour to attend, as a matter of personal respect; but it was manifest, that they did it with reluctance, fearing to be the partners of my mortification, and not of my triumph.

I was well aware, that in my case there were many reasons to doubt of my own success. The machinery was new and ill-made; many parts of it were constructed by mechanics unaccustomed to such work; and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from other causes. The moment arrived, in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety mixed with fear among them. They were silent, and sad, and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, and then stopped and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment now succeeded mur-

more of discontent, and agitations, and whispers, and shreds. I could hear distinctly reported, 'I told you it would be so—it is a foolish scheme—I wish we were well out of it.' I elevated myself upon a platform, and addressed the assembly. I stated that I knew not what was the matter; but if they would be quiet, and indulge me for half an hour, I would either go on, or abandon the voyage for that time. This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below, and examined the machinery, and discovered that the cause was a slight malformation of some of the work. In a short period it was obviated. The boat was put again in motion. She continued to move on. All were still incredulous. None seemed willing to trust the evidence of their own senses. We left the fair city of New York; we passed through the romantic and ever-varying scenery of the highlands; we descried the clustering houses of Albany; we reached its shores; yet even then imagination superseded the force of fact. It was doubted if it could be done again, or if it could be made, in any case, of any great value." What an affecting picture of the struggles of a great mind, and what a vivid lesson of

encouragement to genius, is contained in this simple narration.

Fulton's steam boat was launched at New York, on the 3d of October, 1807, the trip between that city and Albany is a distance of 140 miles. It was not until five years later that any one was constructed in this country. The first was built in Scotland, and called the Comet, in 1812; and soon afterwards steam vessels began to ply in some numbers on the Clyde. They were built at Greenock, Dumbarton, and Port Glasgow, and towed up to Glasgow to be fitted with their engines.

It would occupy a volume of no mean bulk to pursue the history of steam navigation, even from that recent period to the present day, and would therefore be incompatible with our space. Steam vessels are now familiar to every one. They cover the ocean, cleaving their rapid course across the Atlantic; they perform the voyage between our ports and those of the United States of America, in the limited space of a fortnight, seldom varying many hours, which the swiftest vessels cannot effect in less time than from three to eight weeks.

## MORALS FROM THE CHURCHYARD.

[From Tait's Magazine.]

WE have been struck with the tenderness, beauty, and originality of this small quarto for young persons. It is an allegory, and somewhat in the style of the German "Story without an End;" but less mystical, and possessing far more human interest. The graves utter their voices; they hold a solemn dispute. Yet these cheery fables are so managed, that nothing revolting, nor even improbable, is heard. We listen to the vaunting speech of the "Proud Man's Grave," and the tender tale of the "Little Child's Grave," and the "Mother's Grave;" and we have "Sabbath among the Graves," and "The Graves beseeching the Angels to bring them some Rain," and the "Angel of the Little Spring," which are all finely poetical, as, indeed, many of the brief chapters are. We have a sort of consciousness, though no remorse whatever, that, being very good-natured, we may, at some rare times, say

more for little innocent books, whether of juvenile or senile entertainment, than they, perhaps, deserve, were all the pros and cons weighed in the nice scales of criticism. Now, we should be sorry if this "amiable weakness" tended to impair the effect of our serious judgment pronounced on any little work, like the "Morals from the Churchyard." But why call we it "little?"—It is great in every sense, save size. It may help our readers to understand its nature, if, by a short-hand process, we say, in one word, "Here is a book for the young, in the spirit in which Charles Lamb would have delighted! though, at the Suicide's Grave he would have been more gentle." It is steeped in natural pathos and delicate imagination, and in the spirit of that religion whose first principle is love. One specimen we shall give, in proof of the good grounds on which we rest our admiration of this delightful little book.

## CHRISTMAS DAY.

“ And the Old Grave perceived how winter was passing away ; yet the graves had not settled which was the worthiest. So he spoke and said, “ My friends, I have contrived a way whereby ye shall discover the most worthy. I will speak to the Archangel who comes hither this eve, and he shall decide for us ; for, behold ! is not this eve Christmas Eve, the eve of all eves, which angels and men keep together ! ” So the graves agreed to what the Old Grave said, and sang thus in honour of Christmas Eve :—“ Sacred is the Eve of Christmas ; sacred to the angels and to man. Already hath the holly been cut ; the church is green with it. Wherefore hath the holly been cut ? Wherefore is the church green ? Because it is the eve of Christ’s birth, when the world grew green again ; for it was old with years and crime. But when Christ came, the ever-greens sprang up before him. Glory to the holly which grew up on that day ! It is the same through all seasons ! Its leaves are not sacred by the winter winds. They are prickly and bright. The beasts of the field touch them not. It grows in stormy places : its berries are round and red. Thick they cluster, that they may do honour to Christmas. They are revered by angels ” When the graves had sung thus, they waited for the Archangel to come with his host : nor long did they wait, for presently, in the soft rays of the moon, with low melodies hovering about them, there came down angels in multitudes infinite, with their Archangel in the midst. Bright was their presence, though men saw it not : they filled the church-yard with peace.”

We must omit the figurative dialogue between the Old Grave and the Archangel, who was called upon to settle the dispute, by pronouncing which was the most worthy grave.

“ Behold where the first snow-drop shall spring up in the new year : that is the most worthy grave.” For three days they looked, and saw naught ; but on the fourth day, behold ! there was a snow-drop on a lowly despised grave which lay in a corner, and was neglected by the other graves. No tombstone it had, and no tree by its side. So the graves were astonished among themselves, and said, “ Why is the lowly grave exalted above us all ? What hath it done that it should be so honored ? Let us speak to it.” So they asked of the despised grave ; who answered and said,—“ My friends, I cannot tell you this thing. Ask of the Angel of the Sabbath who lives among us all ! ”

The Angel of the Sabbath answered, “ Have ye forgotten the

Beggars Grave which was crowned by angels when man had not crowned it ? This is the Beggars Grave. Much sorrow was in his life time, but he did not complain. He was deserted by the friends of his young days, but he remembered that he had a Friend who knew no change. His faith held fast in adversity. He knelt to say his prayers on the cold stone : silent in his affliction, silent before his Saviour. Therefore when he died, he was taken whither Lazarus went before him ; and this his grave is honoured with a snow-drop rather than the other graves.” Thus spoke the Angel of the Sabbath ! whom the other graves answered, and said, “ It is a just judgment. Let the Beggars Grave be honoured from this time. The grave of *wealth* shall hide his head ; the grave of *glory* shall boast no more. Our dispute is ended. Welcome, thou young snow-drop ! White thou art as the virgin snow. Thou bringest pleasant tidings of the spring.” So the graves gave honor to the Beggars Grave, and it was exalted above all the graves from that time. And when the graves had given honour to the Beggars Grave, they spoke to it and said, “ Tell us what grave we must honour next to thee ; and, for thy sake, we will honour it.” And the beggars grave answered, “ No kin have I. I am a solitary grave. Let the Mother’s Grave—the mother of the little maiden—be honoured next to me.

Also when the grandfather and granddaughter die, let their graves be honoured along with the Mother’s Grave. What is so pleasant as a Christian family joined together in one hope under the same turf ? ” So the dispute of the graves was ended. And the little maid got well ; and her brother came back from sea ; and Spring came again, with its angels ; and flowers sprang up anew in the church-yard. But of all the graves there, no grave was so fair as the Beggars Grave ; for with the sweetest of wild-flowers the angels planted it about. They guarded it by day and night, and moistened it with early dew.”

Such is a small specimen of this sweet little book. We hail it as an omen that, though the minds of children are crammed with “ Useful Knowledge,” the imagination-starving system is about to give place to one permitting more generous nurture. This juvenile volume, we ought to say, is very prettily embellished.

[The reader will perceive that the tenor of the last remark is not such as to throw a slur upon the early instruction of children in that which is useful—but is rather a denouncement of that system which undoubtedly tends to cramp the tender mind of infancy.]



## THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

[From the London Spectator.]

THE chivalrous courage of the Knights-Templars, and the remote scenes in which it was displayed—the mixture in their singular order of the soldier and the priest—the mysterious accusations against them, the sudden destruction of their body when in apparent vigour, and the cruel fate of the Templar chiefs—possess the elements of romance in the highest degree; of which poets and novelists have not been slow to avail themselves. Popular literature has thus added a deeper interest to that which was in its own nature mysterious or romantic, but at the expense of accurate knowledge. A good history of the Knights-Templars is still a desideratum in literature! although a series of public documents and many contemporary historians, Greek, Latin and Oriental, furnish materials for a copious view of their character and career.

The order of the Templars originated in the commencement of the twelfth century; long before its close they had reached the acme of their reputation and power both of which immediately began to decline. After various vicissitudes of fortune, in which the ill predominated, Acre, the last of Christian fortresses in Palestine, was wrested from the military orders, in 1291. In 1308 Philip of France began his persecution of the Templars; and in 1312 their existence was formally abolished by the Pope.

The sudden rise and the sudden fall of the Templars are not an anomaly, but natural. At their first institution they were not only useful, but necessary. The "phrensy of the Crusades,"—or to speak more truly the eager awakening of the European mind, taking a religious direction on its first excited outbreak, poured myriads of pilgrims upon Palestine. But the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem was a nominal

kingdom; the bulk of the population was foreign; several strongholds of a strong country were in hostile hands, and the territory was surrounded by the armies of the Caliph, or the predatory hordes of the Bedouin. The establishment of an order was hailed with enthusiasm, which flattered the prejudices and promised to supply a pressing want of mankind, by undertaking the defence of the Temple and the Sepulchre, as well as the protection of the devotees who thronged to Jerusalem. But the Templars were not only useful by protecting from the Infidels the pilgrims who journeyed to the Holy Sepulchre, and that in the mode of a spiritual knight-errantry, or mounted police. It may be questioned whether the profoundest policy could have framed an institution better adapted to the occupation and defence of Palestine. The mass of surviving Crusaders never settled in the country; it was still possessed by the original inhabitants; so that no native force could have been raised for its defence. No secular power, much less the petty princes who remained in the Holy Land, could have raised a regular army from Europe. But this was easy to the Templars. The example of the Romish Church gave the corporation a received mode of acquiring immense wealth in every Christian country, the military character of the institution opened its ranks to the most fiery spirits, without depriving it of the gifts of the feeblest and most devout, celibacy secured its members from individual or family objects, and the vow of "obedience" was a means of discipline which no other army of that time could make the least approach to. Whilst the head quarters of the order were at Palestine, its different estates and establishments throughout Christendom were fiscal trea-

suries and military despots, whence money and soldiers were regularly supplied to Palestine. So well did their institution harmonize with the feelings and wants of the times, and so rapidly did they increase in wealth as well as repute, that some have estimated their annual income at six millions sterling!—a preposterous fact if not a impossible amount. Matthew Paris, with more probability, fixes the number of their manors or lordships in Christendom at nine thousand, besides a casual but large revenue arising from the gifts of the pious. The Popes granted them many spiritual privileges—such as freedom from clerical domination, and power of providing their own priests independent of any authority short of the Pope himself; and many temporal advantages—such as freedom from tithes, and the power of holding that species of property. Monarchs bestowed upon them, and the tenants of their estates, various secular privileges. In England, they had power to hold courts, to impose and levy fines and amercements upon their tenants, to judge and punish their villains and vassals, and to try thieves and malefactors belonging to their manors and taken within the precincts thereof. They were also relieved from royal and sheriff's aids, from tolls in all markets and fairs, and upon all bridges and highways, as well as from different feudal burdens.

Wealthy, privileged, and powerful, and combining in themselves the consideration paid to the sole principles of their age, arms, knighthood, and religion, the ranks of the Templars were constantly recruited by the scions of the aristocracy; for it is a trait of the upper classes, and perhaps of human nature, to neglect every thing whilst its success is doubtful, and to fasten themselves upon it as soon as credit or profit is to be gotten. The consequence, as may readily be supposed, was corruption. Pride was the characteristic vice imputed to the Templars by a monarch who knew them in their efflorescent state. Scott, in his notes to *Ivanhoe* charges them with copying closely the luxuries of the Asiatic warriors, but adduces no authority whatever for this charge; and writers in general have

assumed their dissoluteness. That their vow of chastity was always kept by the younger spirits of the order, is not probable, when the notorious conduct of contemporary priesthood is considered: that, in the compliance with the rules of their order, "none of the brethren followed the sport of catching one bird with another," or "presumed to go forth with a man following such diversions," or "ventured to shoot in the woods," and so forth, is very unlikely: ambition or love of enterprise may have prompted the professions of many, and the hopes of remaining idly and luxuriously at home of some, though their history contradicts this last supposition. For, as Gibbon remarks, "in the most dissolute period, the Knights of the Hospital and Temple maintained their fearless and fanatic character; they neglected to live, but they were prepared to die, in the service of Christ." Constantly trained to arms, experienced in the warfare of the country, and yielding implicit submission to their superior, less as soldiers than as vowed monks, and attended by a body of professing or paid followers, the Templars formed the flower of the Christian forces. As circumstances required, they led the assault, restored the conflict, decided the victory, or covered the retreat. We believe no stain of cowardice, no suspicion of apostacy, rests upon the order. Wherever impatience or cupidity broke the ranks to pursue too early or to plunder, or fear impelled to flight, or treachery deserted with contrivance and purpose, there the Templars sustained the combat, till the action was restored, the retreat insured, or their lives or liberties lost. And if secret scepticism obtained in the order, whenever the stern alternative to the captive Templars was Mahomedanism or death, the point of honour led him to choose the grave.

At the battle fought near Jacob's Ford, on the River Jordan, the whole of the Templars present were killed or taken prisoners; a similar event befel the order at the battle of Tiberias; and when Saladin, after a series of successes, marched upon Jerusalem, two knights and a few serving brethren alone remained to defend

the city and the temple. When Europe, stung with these disasters, poured forth another crusade, the Temple, at the battle before Acre, which the Christians were besieging, upheld the fight with the loss of more than half their number; in the attack upon Gaza, during the Carizimian invasion, only thirty-three Templars escaped; and when, after barren victories and losses which European enthusiasm would no longer replace, they were driven to Acre, the Templars and Hospitallers persisted to the last, though a safe retreat was open and no hope existed of saving the place.

“William de Beaujeu, the Grand Master of the Temple, a veteran warrior of a hundred fights, took the command of the garrison, which amounted to about twelve thousand men, exclusive of the forces of the Temple and the Hospital, and a body of five hundred foot and two hundred horse, under the command of the King of Cyprus. These forces were distributed along the walls in four divisions; the first of which was commanded by Hugh de Grandison, an English knight. The old and the feeble, women and children, were sent away by sea to the Christian island of Cyprus; and none remained in the devoted city but those who were prepared to fight in its defence, or to suffer martyrdom at the hands of the Infidels. The siege lasted six weeks, during the whole of which period the sallies and the attacks were incessant. Neither by night nor by day did the shouts of the assailants and the noise of the military engines cease; the walls were battered without, and the foundations were sapped by miners, who were incessantly labouring to advance their works. More than six hundred catapults, ballistæ, and other instruments of destruction, were directed against the fortifications; and the battering-machines were of such immense size and weight, that a hundred waggons were required to transport the separate timbers of one of them. Moveable towers were erected by the Moslems, so as to overtop the walls; their workmen and advanced parties were protected by hurdles covered with raw hides; and all the military con-

trivances the age could produce were used to facilitate the assault. For a long time their utmost efforts were foiled by the valour of the besieged, who made constant sallies upon their works, burnt their towers and machines, and destroyed their miners. Day by day, however, the numbers of the garrison were thinned by the sword, whilst in the enemy's camp the places of the dead were constantly supplied by fresh warriors from the deserts of Arabia, animated with the same wild fanaticism in the cause of their religion as that which so eminently distinguished the military monks of the temple. On the 4th of May, after thirty-three days of constant fighting, the great tower, considered the key of the fortifications, and called by the Moslems *the cursed tower*, was thrown down by the military engines. To increase the terror and distraction of the besieged, Sultan Khali mounted three hundred drummers with their drums upon as many dromedaries, and commanded them to make as much noise as possible whenever a general assault was ordered. From the 4th to the 14th of May, the attacks were incessant; on the 15th the double wall was forced; and the King of Cyprus, panic-stricken, fled in the night to his ships, and made sail for the island of Cyprus with all his followers, and with nearly three thousand of the best men of the garrison. On the morrow, the Saracens attacked the post he had deserted; they filled up the ditches with dead men and horses, piles of wood, stones, and earth; and their trumpets then sounded to the assault. Ranged under the yellow banner of Mahomet the Mamlooks forced the breach, and penetrated sword in hand to the very centre of the city; but their victorious career and insulting shouts were there stopped by the mail-clad knights of the Temple and the Hospital, who charged on horseback through the narrow streets, drove them back with immense carnage, and precipitated them headlong from the walls.

“At sunrise the following morning, the air resounded with the deafening noise of drums and trumpets; and the breach was carried and recovered several times; the military friars at last closing up the pas-

age with their bodies, and presenting a wall of steel to the advance of the enemy. Loud appeals to God and to Mahomet, to Heaven and the saints, were to be heard on all sides; and after an obstinate engagement from sunrise to sunset, darkness put an end to the slaughter. On the third day (the 18th) the Infidels made the final assault on the sixth next the gate of St. Anthony. The Grand Masters of the Temple and the Hospital fought side by side at the head of their knights, and for a time successfully resisted all the efforts of the enemy. They engaged hand to hand with the Mamlooks, and pressed like the meanest of the soldiers into the thickest of the battle. But as each knight fell beneath the keen scimitars of the Moslems, there were none in reserve to supply his place, whilst the vast hordes of the Infidels pressed on with untiring energy and perseverance.—The Marshal of the Hospital fell, covered with wounds; and William de Beaujeu, as a last resort, requested the Grand Master of that order to sally out of an adjoining gateway, at the head of five hundred horse, and attack the enemy's rear. Immediately after the Grand Master of the Temple had given these orders, he was himself struck down by the darts and the arrows of the enemy; the panic-stricken garrison fled to the port, and the Infidels rushed on with tremendous shouts of "Allah acbar! Allah acbar!" ('God is victorious.')

Three hundred Templars, the sole survivors of their illustrious order in Acre, were now left alone to withstand the shock of the victorious Mamlooks. In a close and compact column they fought their way, accompanied by several hundred Christian fugitives, to the Temple, and shutting their gates, they again bade defiance to the advancing foe.

Their stronghold afforded them a refuge for a few days; when the Master and a chosen band, bearing the treasures of the order and ornaments of the church, sallied out of a secret postern, and reaching the harbour, embarked in a vessel and escaped to Cyprus. The remnant of the band retired into "the Tower of the Master," which they successfully defended against the flower of the Mahometan army. Find-

ing force unavailing, the Sultan resorted to military art. The place, we are told, was undermined; beams of wood propping the foundations as the workmen advanced; and when the whole excavation was completed, the wooden pillars were consumed by fire, and the last defenders of the Holy Land were buried in the ruins of their falling tower.

The loss of Palestine induced the downfall of the order, for which previous circumstances had prepared the way. Their ecclesiastical privileges exasperated the churchmen; the sovereigns and the nobility looked with an evil eye on the vast possessions which their superstitious ancestors had bestowed upon the order; men in general, now that the crusading fervour had passed away, begrudged the annual drain of treasure sent to Palestine; and reflecting minds, who had seen the insolence of the priesthood and the domination of the Popes, might well regard with suspicion an organised and ramified body like the Templars, uniting to a religious character a military force, which the clergy could not command. Had the necessity for their services continued, these things would scarcely have sufficed to cause their ruin, even coupled with their alleged pride, luxury, and irregularities; for much is always borne from men who supply a tangible want. Could they have retained a footing in Palestine, the Templars would have held their own in Europe; for the time had not yet arrived when its voluntary abandonment to the Infidels could have been openly recommended. But their enemies turned their failure into a crime, declaring that, had they been Christians, they would not lost the Holy Land; their occasional alliance with Mahometan powers, sometimes against a common enemy, but sometimes for the purpose of temporal conquest, did not escape animadversion, and Frederick the Second had commented upon it as a heavy offence: whilst, though containing in their institution the germs of an intellectual organ, they never seem to have thought of making a regular appeal to popular opinion,—unsupported by which, force falls, when opposed to a greater force.

Putting aside the charges relating to ecclesiastical discipline or theological niceties, the accusations against the Order are either so monstrous or so absurd and motiveless as to be incredible; except the existence of Deism.

There is, however, a mystery over their

destruction, which seems only resolvable in the popular belief of guilt of some kind, or a great popular odium. Everywhere, the armed and organised Templars had some time for resistance—yet they were arrested, tortured, spoiled, and their order suppressed, without any difficulty.

## ADVENTURE WITH A LUCIFEE.

### A FARMER'S STORY.

\* \* \* \* "Your story is a singular one" said the farmer, after I had related the accident which had led me to seek shelter for the night under his hospitable roof, "But I can tell you an incident which occurred to myself equally as strange and which I have far more reason to remember. As it is not late, and you will easily be in Fredericton early to-morrow, draw your chair closer to the fire and I'll relate it. It was on a fine winter's day, many years ago, and shortly after we had settled in this Country, that my father, my two brothers, and myself were chopping in the woods about three and a half miles from here. I, being the youngest of the party, a lad about sixteen years of age, was dispatched to the house to bring dinner to the others, in order to save time. I had got about half way on my return when I discerned, a few yards before me and directly in the path, an animal, which I afterwards discovered to have been a lucifée. Never having seen one before, I was very much frightened, for it had a tiger-like appearance, and letting fall the provisions which I carried, I climbed up the nearest tree. The lucifée, to my great surprise immediately ran up another tree a yard or two distant, and sat eyeing me as if with the intention of making a leap. I hallooed as loudly as possible, but there was no one near; and, as I could hear the breathing of the demoniac creature, and see his eyes glaring full upon me, my situation was by no means comfortable.

"For a few minutes we stared at each other, and my heart was dying away within me, when the lucifée sprang towards me; but it being rather a long leap for him,

he only fastened his claws upon my leg, from which he tore away the calf, and fell with it to the ground. The pain of the wound seemed to me as if a red hot cannon ball had taken away my leg—indeed it was probably far more acute. A faintness came over me,—I felt an inability to hold on by the tree,—and indeed I know not what it was that prevented me from falling. I preserved my senses, however, and, perceiving that the lucifée was close to the dinner intended for my father and brothers, was in some hopes he would turn his attention to that. But he had tasted human blood, and was voracious for more. Started into action by the horrible thought of being eaten up alive, I drew my jack-knife from my pocket, cut a stick off one of the branches about a yard long, and tied the knife to the end of it with a piece of string which, luckily, I had in my pocket. Armed with this spear, I now directed my eyes towards the enemy, who answered my look by a glance which seemed to say, "I'll have more of you yet." However, my confidence had now returned,—and when the animal ascended the tree, on one of the lower branches of which I stood, I exerted all my remaining strength, and plunged the knife into his breast.

"That is the last part of the affair I recollect. My father, who apprehended that some danger had befallen me, hastening towards home about an hour afterwards,—found the lucifée and myself, side by side, at the foot of the tree. After a few weeks' illness I was again able to walk, and have since suffered no permanent inconvenience from the accident."

# OUR "MONTHLY."

## OUR OPENING NUMBER.

SHeltered by the impenetrable mystery of the magic "WE," an editor has the greatest temptation to loquaciousness and egotism. We do not claim to be exempt from the common failing, and can only hope, therefore, that our long "yarns," being all about ourselves, may render us more familiar, and more at home, in the many circles which, in this form, we hope to enter. We come forward, however, we trust, with a proper degree of diffidence. Modesty ever meets our approbation and encouragement,—and we should be sorry to inculcate upon others what we fail to set an example of in ourselves. We come forward, therefore, with diffidence; the public are our audience,—the printer is our prompter,—and his devil is most surely the *call-boy*,—we ourselves are the actors, (no, not actors, performers,) and the curtain being drawn up, we beg leave to make our first bow.

Seriously, however, in introducing to the inhabitants of Nova Scotia a work which, it is hoped, will be peculiarly their own, it is but right, the Publishers having elsewhere stated their objects and intentions, that we should let the reader know what he is to expect from us.

Of the project of this work we shall say nothing, save that it is one eminently useful, and for which the time has come. In the conduct of its pages, the one great object which we shall always have in view, will be—to furnish what is useful. From this idea we do not exclude that which is amusing—but this we consider only a means to obtain the important end. By means of imagination, of fancy, or of wit, we shall endeavour to convey instruction or to induce a love of reading. That which is merely fanciful, which carries no moral, may tend to refine the taste and elevate the thought. And we shall always recollect the different degrees of cultivation of mind of those to whom we address ourselves, and endeavour to present to each class something they will not only look at, but read.

Such being our plan, we may proceed to ex-

amine how far we have carried it out in the present number, and though we shall never make it a habit to speak of the articles which may appear in this Magazine, we may be allowed in the present instance, to pass a few remarks upon such of them, as are the productions of other hands.

In the tale which is entitled "The Last Hours of an Old Maid," the writer seems to have given way to an extravagance of imagination which, however, does not fail to heighten both the humour and the interest. But it prevents any thing of a moral which might otherwise attach to the story, because we are not at all afraid that a single lady of 39 ever was, or is, or is to be induced from that circumstance to bid farewell to the world. Such ladies are much too sensible a class to do any such thing, and indeed our own opinion is that they find the sublunary things of earth (such as scolding and gossip) much too comfortable to think of taking so hurried a leave of them. Our author, however, is entitled to his own opinion, and, as long as he lays open his case in as good a story as the present, we shall be most happy to usher it into light. Of the short poem which occurs here, as well as of every other which appears in our pages, we shall only say, that if we had not considered them equal to such as appear in the generality of the Magazines of the day, they should not have been inserted. Of the Review of the "Naturalist's Library," we shall say nothing, but to the work itself we may point as most useful and valuable, and one from which we shall make further extracts as the future volumes come out. The sketch termed "Travelling Reminiscences," is the production of a lady, and is very pleasingly and truthfully written. It is an earnest of what we shall do in that way. The selected article on the Advantages of Steam, takes a proper and familiar view of a powerfully interesting subject. We shall, most probably, in a future number, enter into the nature, purposes, and origin of steam.

The Literary Register, is a department in which we shall briefly notice the principal works which

may appear in England and the United States, and any which may be published in the Colonies. The uses of the Parliamentary Register will be obvious. It will be a reference, at all times on hand, respecting all measures of importance which are discussed in the Legislature, with the course which the members took. It will comprise, in a short compass, the acts of each session.

These, we think, afford an example of what our efforts shall produce; but we have no intention of standing still; we shall endeavour to improve in each succeeding number. We trust soon to leave all defects behind,—that, from the present humble beginning, this periodical may become a standard work,—and that, some few years hence, we may look back with an honest pride and satisfaction—to OUR OPENING NUMBER.

#### OUR DRAWER.

We have already spoken of the contributions which appear in the present number. In addition to these we received others, which were either too late for insertion, or were necessarily omitted from want of space. As we are anxious however, not to be behind-hand with the favors of those who are inclined to write for our columns, we shall endeavour to find room for a few of the shorter ones, in this department; and as they will be principally poetical, in every humour, grave or gay, we trust that all our readers who may wish to indulge the “laughing or the pensive mood,” will resort to “our drawer,” where they will find our correspondents always “in the vein.” The first production we take up, on the present occasion is from St. John N. B., and is termed a “Valentine,” though it has no form of address. It is rather *at* than *to*, and is a very delicate hint “intended,” the fair writer informs us in her accompanying note of explanations, “for the law-student, over the way, whose little attentions (poor child) being received without any kind of encouragement, he was silly enough to get angry at the young militia officer, with black hair, beautiful moustachios and quite a military air, who, coming to town *on duty* (!) met Mama in the Stage-coach, and was afterwards kind enough to pay *us* (?) a few visits. By the bye, Theodore, who assists to touch up these lines, intends to return next”—&c. &c. &c. Really our fair correspondent’s pen is like Caleb Quotem’s tongue, and runs on without any cessation.

She shall tell her own story in the verses; which, we presume, are to be privately dispatched on the 14th instant:

#### THE MOUSTACHIOS—A VALENTINE.

If Cupid, in this busy city, e’er deigns  
To alight with his bright bow and quiver,  
(He wouldn’t stop long because of the rain,  
And the fogs that arise from the river,)  
He’d be struck with the woe-begone looks of a  
swain,  
Whose complaint seems to lie in his liver.

He once was a fine little boy of sixteen,  
So nice and “purite” and engaging,  
So handy and pleasant, and witty and keen,  
A war in *bon-mots* always waging;  
But now—his thoughts wander to Gretna Green,  
And the sound of a pun sets him raging.

Should he see a young man with a sweet Grecian  
“snout,”

And black curly hair and moustachios,  
Who asks, with a wink, if his “marm knows  
he’s out,”

“Sadden death” from our hero’s eye flashes,  
And he mutters, and hints at the bow string and  
knout,

While his grinders he constantly gnashes.

Should you go to a popular lecture some night,  
(A thing which I’m sure is no evil;)  
And suppose it bad walking, and not very light:  
Should Theodore chance to be civil,  
He rages, and fumes, and is ready to fight,  
Or tells you to go to the devil.

In short, he has grown so moon-struck of late,  
That if Cupid should see the poor “creetur,”  
He’d certainly pity his desperate state,  
And tell the poor youth how to treat her;  
Says he—“My good fellow, if I was ‘you, fair,’  
I’d add a *moustache* to the feature.”

From the brogue of the last two lines, we are to suppose that Cupid is an Irishman; (Good heavens! that last slip will establish our own descent from the “Green Isle;”) however, we don’t care whether the god of love be a Milesian or not: if he be, it accounts for many of his wildest pranks, and for the general reputation which he bears, of being “a very sad dog.”

The next contribution “our drawer” yields, is in a graver and more pensive strain, and though never brilliant in idea, and sometimes insipid in

expression, it is, on the whole, easily and fluently written, as well as in a very good feeling. It bears no tittle—but as from its tenor it appears not to be addressed to the gentle zephyr, we shall bid "it say its say," with all proper form.

TO THE WEST WIND.

'Tis night, calm night, the hour of dreams,—  
No star amid the wolkin gleams,  
The moon is seen no more on high,  
And clouds of darkness veil the sky.

Soft airs of balm are whispering round,  
Breathing a sweet, a solemn sound :  
Oh ! blow ye happy winds of night,  
And I will listen with delight.

Your murmur I would ever hear,  
It breathes a music doubly dear,  
Ye from the far-off west have come,  
Oh ? wand'ers near my childhood's home.

The odour of its flow'ry vales,  
Is in your breath, ye balmy gales ;  
And on your wings ye bear along  
The echo of my brother's song.

Oh ! fly ye golden slumbers, fly,  
And let me hear the west winds sigh ;  
They that have kiss'd my native streams,  
Are dearer than your brightest dreams.

They tell my heart that they have been,  
In play upon the joyous green,  
Where oft with bosoms young and gay  
I've whil'd the glowing hours away.

Around my long-lost bow'rs they've play'd,  
And loiter'd in the willow's shade,  
Sweet as the raptme they bestow,—  
Oh ! blow soft winds for ever blow.

W.

LITERARY REGISTER.

*Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon*—edited by *Harry Lorrequer, with Illustrations by Phiz, 2 vols.*—This work, which at first appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine*, is now published in a separate form. Delighted as we are with its rich Irish humour, and the piquancy of its style, we cannot refrain from quoting the following remarks from the last *Metropolitan* :—"Our admiration of its wit must not prevent us

decidedly announcing to all, wherever our influence may extend, that, in a moral point of view, a more pernicious work was never published. Everything which can tend to make the here effective is lavished upon him—and what is he in reality? A deepiser of social order, a male jilt, and an inveterate duelist. Jack Sheppard, and the demoralizing stories of the same class—a disgrace to our literature, and a reproach, to our age—are not half so bad in their destructive tendencies as is this same *Charles O'Malley*. The vulgar villainies of a *Jack Sheppard* can seduce only the uneducated, and those in the humble walks of life ; but how many a well-intentioned youth might be, and we fear is, totally ruined by the false glitter by which the author has surrounded the *Irish Dragoon*. What father would not tremble to have such a son ; what mother would not shrink if she saw such an one approach her daughter. By the work the *Irish character* is degraded. Were its portraiture true, the higher classes of that high-spirited nation would be nothing better than half-educated savages, have no notions of glory beyond the duel, and making animal courage the primal virtue of humanity. There is in this novel, or whatever it may be called, a character held up to admiration, called the "Count," than whom a more blackguard assassin never existed. For everything that a man either does or fails to do that displeases him, he is shot. And then the preparations for the duel, the advice as to its successful termination, the gloating over and nursing of the instruments of death, all evince the fell spirit of the murderer. Whenever two men meet to fight a duel, under any circumstances, one of them must be an assassin, and the other a fool, if not an assassin also. Human ingenuity cannot conceive that, in all things, the two combatants can be exactly equal, and whenever one has the least advantage of the other, if a fatal termination ensues, there must be murder, even according to the absurd code of modern honour. In either a moral or a religious point of view, the very idea of the thing is execrable. The author has written his book with a moral blindness that is truly pitiable, and if his conscience should ever be awakened to what he owes to his God and to his fellow-man, his repentance must be bitter, and we hope, that it will be sincere and accepted."

*The Blue Belles of England*—by *Mrs. Trollope. 3 vols.*—This is a novel by that powerful and truthful writer—*Mrs. Trollope*. It exemplifies some important principles in the morality of social life. Many lessons are thus incul-



cated in an interesting manner : but the fashionable vices at which it is aimed, will never fall unless continually and generally attacked. Single-handed prowess will do little to subdue them.

*Barnaby Rudge*—by Charles Dickens.—The last number of this masterly work has been received. In spite of its being as a romance the best “got up” of all the author’s works, prefer us by a thousand times to the “Old Curiosity Shop.” It wants the touching pathos of that beautiful production. To the lovers of tales of deep interest, however, it will be invaluable.

THE ANNUALS :—*Fisher’s Drawing Room Scrap-Book*, 1842—by Mary Howitt.—There is a peculiar interest attaching to this, “The Favourite Annual,” from its having been formerly edited by the late lamented Miss Landon. It has fallen into the hands of a very able successor, and though it cannot be denied that there are many instances of common place verse, yet both the literary and artistical departments are, upon the whole, excellent.

*The Rhine, Italy, and Greece*.—This is a splendid example of what an Annual ought to be. Seventy four first-rate engravings, of the most magnificent scenery of the Continent, accompany literary descriptions, and highly interesting historical accounts, by the Revd. G. N. Wright.

We hope in our next number to present our readers with a review of a new work by Sir E. L. Bulwer which was announced for publication at the end of January. It is entitled ZANONI OR THE SECRET ORDER.

One of our native writers, Moses H. Perley, Esq. of New Brunswick, has in the Press, we understand, a History of New Brunswick.

Want of space obliges us to omit the notice of several other new works of a more matter-of-fact character.

#### PARLIAMENTARY REGISTER.

*Thursday, January 20th.*—The session was opened by a speech from the Lieutenant Governor. An Address in answer was adopted by the Legislative Council, and by the House of Assembly on the following day.

*Saturday, Jan’y. 22d.*—House of Assembly. The Bankruptcy Bill, and the Bill respecting Letters of Administration, both Government measures, were introduced by Messrs. Uniacke and

Young. Hon. Mr. Uniacke’s Imprisonment for Debt Bill was deferred to this day three months.

*Saturday, January 29th.*—House of Assembly. The House in Committee passed the various clauses of the Bill for Ameliorating the Condition of the Indians.

*Wednesday, February 2d.*—House of Assembly. The House in Committee deferred, after an important debate, the Bankruptcy Bill by a majority of 8 ; 25 to 17.

*Friday, February 4th.*—House of Assembly. House in Committee, Mr. Huntington rose and asked whether it was the intention of the Administration to resign in consequence of their defeat on the Bankruptcy Bill. The Solicitor General replied in the negative. The Bill involved no important principle which rendered such a course necessary. Mr. Huntington gave notice of a motion for Monday respecting the composition of the Executive Council.

*Saturday, February 5th.*—Mr. Huntington withdrew his motion respecting the Administration, stating that on consultation with his friends, they considered that the Bankruptcy Bill involved no principle which called for the resignation of the Government.

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#### ORIGINAL LITERATURE.

It is necessary to observe, in this place, that all articles in this number which are not marked as selected, are original contributions. The principal design of this periodical being, to encourage and represent the literature of Nova Scotia, we have not pursued the custom too constantly adopted in the colonies, of filling the pages of such a work with selected matter. Even though unable to present articles possessed of literary merit equal to those we might obtain from the English periodicals, we are confident there is no inhabitant of this Province but will be far more disposed to encourage the present design, in which original literature chiefly is given, than one, the object of which might be, merely to amuse, or even to inform the reader, by means of articles before published.

The Publishers regret that owing to the haste with which the present number is issued, inaccuracies have inadvertently crept in ; but they assure readers of the Magazine that in future numbers, these errors will be wholly avoided.

This work will in future be published on the 1st. day of each month ; the second number will, consequently be issued on the 1st. of March.