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# THE PROVINCIAL.

HALIFAX, N. S. FEBRUARY, 1853.

## A FEW WORDS ABOUT OUR EXHIBITION.

WHILE endeavouring in the pages of 'The Provincial,' to foster and promote every undertaking that may be of benefit to these Provinces, and their inhabitants, we feel called upon at the present time to address ourselves more peculiarly to our own countrymen of Nova Scotia, in behalf of the project which a few individuals, zealous for the advancement and prosperity of their native land, devised some months since, and have subsequently advocated with indefatigable zeal and earnestness, viz. : an Exhibition of the Arts and Industry of Nova Scotia.

The Committee of the Halifax Mechanics' Institute, was the first to advocate and organize this measure, by the devotion of a hundred pounds to the funds necessary to carry out such an undertaking. The Legislature subsequently promised to aid the project to a limited extent. An exhibition of fireworks took place on two different occasions, the proceeds of which were devoted to its furtherance ; and a number of private subscriptions have been secured, until the friends of the undertaking are encouraged to believe that the necessary sum will be forthcoming when the occasion requires, by dint of continued exertion on the part of those more immediately concerned as collectors and managers.

So far, then, the prospects are not so discouraging, as other circumstances might induce some to believe, but still the work is far from progressing as favourably or successfully as could be desired. True, that committees have been formed, and men placed upon them possessed of energy and industry, who are willing to devote much of their time and ability, to the furtherance of the objects with which they have been entrusted—meetings have been called, and speeches delivered worthy even of the cause which they advocated ; and yet the Exhibition is an object of interest to, comparatively, a very small number of our people. Cold assent and uninterested replies have at best met its advocates ; the bulk of the people for whose benefit it is proposed, look on in apathy and unconcern.

To the question so often addressed, 'what will you do for the Exhibition?' nearly as often comes the reply, 'Nothing. I take no interest in it—nothing has ever succeeded in Nova Scotia, and this is certain to be no exception.' And a failure it will most assuredly be, if this spirit is allowed to prevail. Why is it that nothing has succeeded in Nova Scotia? Simply because her people will not unite, and bring all their interest and energies to the promotion of one common object. Because the objecters are so many, and the workers so few. Not that we would insinuate aught against the industry of our countrymen, for we believe a more active, laborious people does not exist in any land; but it is because they will not *unite* that activity and labour, and produce together what can never be accomplished single-handed. Our monied men nail down the coffers which they have filled from the produce and trade of the land they will not make an effort to serve. Our public institutions are disregarded and deserted because men of one creed or party will not work with those of another. Our Schools and Academies, are inefficient and unprovided for, because men suffer sectarian prejudice to eclipse common sense, and merge the advancement of the country in the gratification of private opinion. And when men less grasping than their neighbours, have devoted their wealth and their energies to the promotion of an object, which has for its aim the benefit and convenience of the public in general, because a few selfish individuals are justly excluded from its management and proceeds, a work of opposition is set on foot, and plans laid to wrest their lawful profits from the enterprising few who have conferred the benefit; private and public prejudice is brought to bear against them; the press teems with opposition, based only on the most selfish and avaricious grounds; and thus any good work is endeavoured to be frustrated, because a party chooses to oppose it.

But why should this state of things, disgraceful and painful, as every right-minded person will acknowledge, be allowed to continue? Here is an object in which all, for once at least, may unite. The project for an Industrial Exhibition was got up by no political faction; it is based on the broad principle of love of country, a desire for its advancement in knowledge and prosperity,—a laudable emulation to raise it in the estimation of other countries,—to foster its infant manufactories,—to draw forth the skill, art and industry of its inhabitants,—to place Nova Scotia, by her productions, on a footing with her sister provinces,—to take away the reproach that we can do nothing well among us. These are the aims that influenced the founders and promoters of the scheme for an Industrial Exhibition in Nova Scotia; and surely if there is any patriotism to be found in our country, this is an occasion to call it forth, and prove to us who are our friends, and who are the men we should entrust with our rights and our government.

It is a subject on which we as Nova Scotians eager for the welfare of our country, may be permitted to speak warmly, and we wish to inspire the like

spirit into the hearts of all within reach of our remarks. We need not adduce facts to prove how beneficial are such exhibitions to the prosperity of a country. The experience of the last few years has shewn, if proof were wanting, how they act as a strong stimulus to exertion and laudable rivalry; how they have called forth talents and energies which might otherwise still have been hidden in inglorious shade; how the necessity for action has developed the powers of the brain and the hand, until master productions of science and skill have been presented to the gaze of an admiring public. The good resulting from the idea that called into being the Crystal Palace of Hyde Park, with its treasury of wealth unexampled in all the world's previous history, is incalculable. The influence will be felt to remotest generations. It taught the artizan to think, and the manufacturer to indulge in imagination, until the fairest fabrics the earth ever saw, devised in the mental loom of thought, came forth from the cumbrous machine, as proof of what opportunity and encouragement can bring to light.

And though insignificant and paltry as a Nova Scotian Exhibition may be, in comparison with that lofty project which reflects so much honour on those who suggested it, still the motive is the same. Theirs was a world-wide scheme; ours is but to benefit a little province; and yet the good results may be the same, commensurate with the limited sphere in which they work. The neighbouring Colonies have profited by the example set before them in England. Canada and New Brunswick, have called their resources together, and so far stimulated the industrious and ingenious within their limits, that a most creditable display of manufactures and productions peculiar to the several Provinces, has been the result. Thus, if the example of England seem so far above us, that to imitate it were ridiculous as for the fly to follow in the path of the eagle, yet we have encouragement from those nearer home, and not so much our superiors in resources and intelligence, to go and do likewise. We have seen the good resulting from the course they have pursued; and the path is free for us to follow. Shall we then, from lack of energy or interest fail the land of our birth at the very time when we may be instrumental in advancing her prosperity; or will any of us endeavour to retard, by indifference or opposition, any plan however small, for her welfare? We trust not—we will believe that the coldness and apathy with which this project has been met, is owing to want of consideration on the subject, or to its claims not having been yet sufficiently set forth. We trust, however, these grounds of excuse will not longer continue, and that with a sense of its importance, the necessary interest will be aroused, and mind and hand work together for its accomplishment.

And first let it be remembered that an Exhibition is for the benefit of all, and consequently requires the labour of all. Let no one suppose because he has neither artistic or mechanical ability, that he can do nothing. There is not a man or woman in this Province endowed with health and strength, that

cannot do something to assist in carrying out this object. It should be borne in mind that it is to be an Exhibition of *industry*, as well as of skill, and he who can do nothing else, let him turn to his field, or his garden, and see if he cannot produce something better than his neighbour—if it be corn, beans, or potatoes; in short, anything that labour or care can accomplish. Let each do what he can, and urge his neighbour to do the same; and our Exhibition will silence forever the reproach that Nova Scotia can do nothing well. Let no one fear a want of materials to work with, or sufficient skill to handle them; why one can hardly go into a country village in Nova Scotia, that he will not find one or two individuals distinguished for their skill in some department of mechanics or taste. We have seen pretty toys and more useful articles, cut and carved from the wood of our forests with a taste and beauty that would have done credit to many a celebrated name in older countries. There is an abundance of ingenuity and graceful fancy scattered through our Province which only requires opportune inducement to make it available and successful: as proof of this, look at the many pretty and tasteful articles displayed on the tables at fancy Fairs and Bazaars, the productions wholly of our own people, and manufactured in their leisure hours, not for their own use or credit, but merely as saleable and for charity. Were this taste directed in another channel, and with the desire to excel, what results might not be produced? Let our Industrial Exhibition of 1858 be the best answer! There is work for all to do. The lover of the 'pathless woods,' and 'green old forest,' will know of much in their recesses that can afford gratification to the lovers of nature in her familiar or curious attire. Mosses, grasses, berries, ferns of a thousand hues and forms—all these may be acceptable to the more ornamental department of our native Exhibition; but though they linger there in abundance and beauty, it is necessary that they should have some skilful hand to gather them for our display. Let private or individual taste for once become public property, and we predict that the Exhibition room of Nova Scotia will be second to none in the Provinces, in beauty of appearance or gracefulness of design. Let that which is now confined to the adornment of our homes and our persons, be given to benefit and embellish our Province, and then will the croakers and cynics hide their diminished heads before the combined industry and taste of the sons and daughters of the land of the Mayflower.

We speak thus confidently because we know well of what our countrymen are capable, if they will only unite and endeavour. We need no new statement to call attention to the natural wealth of the Province. The approval its productions met with at the Exhibition of the wonders of the world, decided their worth. We know we have those to display, but we want them moulded into those forms of use and beauty which can only be done by ingenuity and skill. We want the head to labour with the hand. We want

mind to direct the 'hard fisted labour' without which nothing will succeed. We want all the sterner products of our country in their rude unmanufactured condition, and we want them worked up and beautified by the hand of the artist into those shapes which gratify the eye by their gracefulness, and the mind by their utility. We want to see the fair flowers of green Acadia in their living beauty, and we want to see them re-modeled in wax, on the canvass, breathing out from the speaking picture the work of our countrymen. We want to see the homely craft of the housewife by the silken texture of the luxurious dame. We want to see the result of the sun-burned farmer's honest toil by the graceful bijouterie of the worker in metals. In a word, from the unambitious product of the vegetable world up to the loftiest and loveliest production of nature or of art, we want to see them united beneath one roof in our Province, to proclaim to our own countrymen as well as to strangers, that the land we call our birthplace has within her the germ of future prosperity; because her children are determined that her advancement shall depend upon their united efforts and industry, of which the display before them is but an earnest of what they can accomplish in her service.

Shall not such be the case, mechanics, farmers, manufacturers, artists, and labourers, of Nova Scotia? Will you not, in the few months that intervene between this and the time appointed for our exhibition of your industry, make every effort, strain every nerve, that such an exhibition shall not be a failure, a mockery, in plain terms an exhibition of your apathy, your indolence, your indifference to the claims of your country? Will you lose the first opportunity given you of rightful ambition and generous rivalry? Unite and show them who think that only wares from a foreign market are deserving of trial, that your articles are superior in strength, beauty and durable qualities. Trust more to your own efforts than to the measures of your political leaders, for the advancement and well being of your country. Call back your truant brethren from their republican home. Point out the path by your skill in which they may labour. Exhibit proofs of your ingenuity and industry before the eyes of your rulers and your fellow countrymen. Let each show by his individual efforts what Nova Scotia can produce. Do not hang back, because nothing has ever succeeded here. Aid for once in making it succeed. Do not think the field too small, or the object too paltry; it is our day of small things; but it may be the foundation of great and noble enterprise. Remember the adage Shakspeare has left us with regard to the 'tide in the affairs of men;' it is the same with nations as with individuals. Ours may perhaps have arrived; let us take it in its turn and it may eventually lead us on 'to fortune'. But whatever may be the result, it is the duty of every Novascotian to contribute according to his power in aid of the object in whose favour we have made this appeal. Let each one think and work for himself, and urge its claims upon his neighbour. For once let individual gain be merged in the love of country.

Let us remember that there is such a thing as *indirect profit*; that the failure or success of this Exhibition will be felt through coming time. It will affect our character as a people, our sympathies as brethren, our future as instruments in the work of human elevation and improvement. If we each only determine to do something and to do it with right good will, regardless of the sneers or indifference of those around, we will accomplish something that will be beneficial to the country and creditable to ourselves.

Let us bear in mind that we stand on our own responsibility, and not on that of our neighbours; that we ourselves should work, no matter who remains listless or idle. And then at worst, should it fail, we will have the satisfaction of knowing that we did what we could. While should it succeed and prosper, which we earnestly hope with the blessing of Heaven it may, the general honour will be reflected upon individual merit, and the Exhibition of 1853 be a triumph and a glory to Nova Scotia and her children.

#### HALF-HOURS WITH OUR POETS, No. 5.

WE are often told that genius is not hereditary; and striking instances have confirmed the truth of the remark; but poetic taste does seem to be an heirloom in some families. It may be, from the softening and beautifying influence which one mind exercises upon another, that this similarity of feeling arises; but certain it is that in the same family connection it is common to witness a development of strong poetic feeling and ability. Even in Nova Scotia we could point to several families, as corroboration of the assertion.

In these brief sketches we have witnessed its descent in the Cotnam and Tonge connection, touching the lips of one or more of each generation with fire from that spirit, whose wayward wanderings we essay to follow in those simple recollections of our Nova Scotia minstrels. And in the verses we present to our readers in this article, we can also trace the lineal descent of poesy among the various members of the family, to whose latest poet we called attention in a previous paper of this series.

And here we must apologise for not deferring the publication of that biography, until the insertion of the present article; but at the time when it was written, we did not hope to be favoured with the manuscripts which have since come into our possession, or the liberty to go into further detail with regard to their merit or authors. Since then, however, by the kindness of a near relative of Mr. Desbrisay, we have been favored with verses composed by

different members of his family, to which we now call attention, not so much for the value of the manuscripts, but because it affords us an opportunity to pay a just tribute to the virtues and abilities of a family, whose residence in Nova Scotia has done much for the moral and social improvement of its inhabitants.

Mr. Desbrisay's maternal ancestors have done much for the literature of the new world; we need but allude to Cotton Mather, as corroborative proof. The venerable Dr. Byles, who takes an honored place among American Poets, was also a near relative. His son, also a Clergyman of the Episcopal Church and a Doctor in Divinity, was the grandfather of our Poet. This gentleman came to Nova Scotia at the period of the American rebellion, being expelled from his native land by his devoted loyalty to his Sovereign, and eventually settled in this Province, where his descendants now form an influential part of its inhabitants.

Dr. Byles was a divine of no ordinary abilities; and in addition to his scholastic attainments, was distinguished for his literary powers, more especially in the poetical department. From the manuscript entrusted to us, we select a few verses as specimens of his excellence in composition; but as the number of his poems in our possession is very limited, it is more than probable that our selections are not among his best productions. The following lines, however, entitled 'Epithalamium,' are happily expressed:

“ Can mortal tongue explain the bliss  
Of raptured saints above;  
Their bosoms rest in perfect peace,  
Their hearts expand with love.

Peace how complete—without a jar,  
Affection how refined—  
Pure as the light, as ether fair,  
Possess the immortal mind.

Such be the blessings of this pair;  
Your portion—love and peace;  
Oh may you taste of heaven while here!  
The bliss that cannot cease.

May He who gilds the morning sky,  
And youthful praises loves,  
Till the fond heart o'erflow with joy—  
And what he sees approves:

Shade you through life's meridian day,  
Bid every prospect smile,  
And soft celestial sympathy,  
Your mutual cares beguile.

Calm conscience crown the happy scene,  
Each anxious thought compose;  
And sweet content with face serene  
Your cheerful evening close.”

From the remaining verses written by Dr. Byles, we give insertion to some lines addressed to his grandson, evincing a degree of quaint but philosophic humour not often excelled in such brief compass:

“ Attend, my grandson, fresh from foreign schools,  
And moral lessons learn from grammar rules;  
Four sorts of verbs successive scenes display;  
Age and experience echo what they say.

See the gay youth his ACTIVE powers employ,  
Eager and rapid fly from toy to toy ;  
Inspired by fluttering hopes and blooming health,  
Gets wife and children, and perhaps gets wealth ;

PASSIVE is tired—loves quiet, hates a noise,  
Sick of the world, he seeks domestic joys ;  
Pains, troubles, losses, disconcert his plan :  
Pity the suffering, disappointed man.

NECTER is next—the good man's worn with years,  
And what a strange neutrality appears ;  
He knows that death will finish all his woe,  
Longs to be gone, and yet is loth to go.

Welcome or not, the fatal hour will come ;  
View the cold corpse DEPOSED in the tomb ;  
PASSIVE it terminates, but know the truth,  
The soul's the sense as ACTIVE as in youth."

The venerable man has now passed through all the states described in his verses ; but his mantle descended to his family. His daughter, the amiable lady from whom we received these records, often devoted a leisure hour to the gathering of blossoms in the path her father trode before her. Her tastes however, led her but to the indulgence of those domestic hopes and visions, which, though beautiful in themselves, and of touching and superior value with those to whom they are addressed, are yet not always suited to the public eye.

We cannot, however, refrain from giving a few extracts from these ' household words,' which speak so touchingly of a mother's love and devotion, of a mourner's sorrow and resignation. The very simplicity of style and humbleness of sentiment, disarm criticism. They are only the outpourings of a deep affection, which found its best channel in the sympathizing tones of song. Written, to use her own words, 'when her heart felt sad and lonely, and the leisure of sorrow required some occupation.'

We extract a few passages from a poem written in memory of one well loved and early lost, in which sorrow and resignation blend together at last into a rainbow of hope :

"No time, alas ! can heal a broken heart,  
Or force from memory affliction's dart ;  
No time can soften bitter grief like mine,  
Unless assisted by a hand divine.  
That hand can heal—that power I think I see,  
Which says, 'be comforted and trust in Me.'  
On thee, my God, I place my fullest trust,  
Thy ways are merciful—my trials just ;  
Oh ! may I profit, while the cup I drink,  
But spare to fill it lest my spirit sink.  
Oh ! hear and grant a widowed mother's prayer,  
And let my children be thy tender care.  
Bereft of him who would have helped to teach  
The path to virtue ere thou gav'st them speech ;  
Whose fond affection would have joined to trace  
The seeds of error in our infant race.  
Left to perform the tender task alone,  
My hopes all blasted—spirits almost gone—  
Robbed of a friend to soothe my lonely hours,  
And rouse to energy my feebler powers,  
My time has passed in mourning's bitter tears,  
Painful anxieties and weary fears.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Listen, my children, to the heavenly strain,  
Nor let these charmers wisely charm in vain ;  
Let a fond mother ere she yields her breath,  
Believe you will, and she will smile in death ;  
My hopes are cheered, nor shall my spirit faint,  
The consolation cancels the complaint."

As these verses were never intended for publication, so they may possess little to attract the attention of the general reader: but few can fail to admire the deep spirit of piety and affection that prompted, and who that has looked upon that form venerable with years and sorrow, treading with humility and cheerfulness the pathway to the tomb, and recalling the quiet beauty of that life now nearly spent, which has been a living lesson of good works and gentle virtues, that would not gladly hold communion with the inner workings of her spirit, even though it looked not forth upon the world for subjects to exercise its thought upon, but found them in the holy sanctuary. And who are there that remember the piety and devotion to his master's cause of him to whom the following lines are addressed, (and from many a home once cheered by the tones of consolation and love that fell from the lips of that faithful Pastor, will rise up the grateful recollection at the very name) would not sympathise with the gentle spirit whose prayers and teaching aided in forming the character of him who was so loved, but so early summoned from his people, the Rev. Mather Byles Desbrisay:

"In other days you turned your mind to arms,  
And saw in victory ten thousand charms;  
Fancied the plaudits of an earthly king  
The proudest boast to British hearts could bring;  
Saw in a nation's smile the certain meed  
Of every brave, heroic, valiant deed.  
All that could give the human breast delight,  
Or pay for toil or peril, in the fight;  
But He who guides the destiny of man,  
And with unerring wisdom lays his plan,  
Now calls you to part in a different part,  
And says, 'my son—resign to me your heart,  
Give me your time, your talents, and your praise,  
And to my service consecrate your days:  
A door I open, and to you 'tis given,  
To bring home wanderers to the fold of heaven—  
Support the weak—confirm the feeble knee—  
And bid the fearful put their trust in me.'

Go forth my son, rejoicing in His might,  
Firm in the faith that He will guide you right;  
That He will make the wilderness to spring,  
With roses blossom, and with triumph sing;  
True, all the faithful must their trials bear,  
And of the ills of life partake their share;  
But trust that strength which God alone can give,  
Nor let a doubt his holy spirit grieve.  
And oh my son! think on the closing scene,  
When you shall hear the righteous judge of men  
Pronounce this gracious, this rewarding call:  
'Come enter fearless to the Lord of all,  
Come take the blessing that a God can give;  
Enjoy my Sabbath—in my presence live—  
You have I known among the sons of men—  
Your name is written without spot or stain.  
I've many mansions—faithful servant take  
The seat the Father gives you for my sake.'  
Oh rapturous sound! would you my son be free,  
No! own allegiance on your bended knee—  
Accept this offer—serve this heavenly king—  
His is the plaudit that will honour bring."

And well might mother address words of endearment and promise to such a son. Fulfilled to the letter was every requirement submitted to him in the foregoing lines and He who so early sent the summons:

"Servant of God well done,  
Rest from thy loved employ,"

in calling him to 'come up higher,' also bestowed that reward laid up for those 'who turn many to righteousness,' even to shine 'as the stars for ever and ever.'

We might well turn aside from the subject matters of these biographies, to linger for a while in the contemplation of the character of him whose whole life was a living incarnation of the poetry of self sacrifice and holiness, but our space forbids us to indulge in further license. Enough that his memory is still embalmed as precious incense in the hearts and homes of those among whom he laboured, and with whom he died—still dwelling like a beautiful and purifying spirit, to warn wanderers from their errors, speaking even from the tomb to the flock who still mourn, though so many years have passed away, for the faithful shepherd who led them by precept and example to the living waters beside which he is now sheltered forever.

' He is gone to the grave, but we will not deplete him,  
Whose God was his ransom, his guardian and guide ;  
He gave him, He took him, and He will restore him,  
And death has no sting for the Saviour has died.'

But we must not linger longer with these memories or records of the past, but bring our 'half-hour' to a conclusion. We could quote several other poems from the materials before us, but fear to exceed the limits of indulgence. Enough, however, has been given to prove that poetry is the ministering angel at a thousand hearthstones, and that wherever purity of life and all the precious sympathies of love and benevolence exist, there will the spirit of song also be found, cheering the sad places of the hearts that woo its healing and regenerating influences.

### THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION.

THE wise king of Israel, who seems to have studied human nature very attentively, and marked every winding of the heart of man, appeared to be particularly alive to the advantages of early training, and the blessings attendant upon a well-regulated system of Education, notwithstanding his own wandering from the path of duty ; a mighty evidence of the power of evil example to weaken those bonds, which he probably once thought impossible to sever. Among his numerous axioms, none perhaps is more self-evident than the following, with regard to the subject under consideration : ' Wisdom is very unpleasant to the unlearned : ' a fact which every day's experience tends to make impressive, and one which ought to be well meditated upon, particularly in the present state of uncertainty in which the educational interests of our own Province are involved.

It is evident, then, that if we want wisdom to preside in our land,—to sway our governments, our courts, our social or domestic relations,—and to regulate our religious aspirations by leading us to that divine wisdom which upholds all things, we must diffuse learning among the people, and shake off that great incubus, Ignorance, under which we are groaning; for undoubtedly it is the great social evil which corrodes, and the disease which enfeebles us. A powerful lever, then, is wanted, and willing hands to grasp it; a fearless and discriminating mind to direct its operations; and combined effort in a people, to accomplish the removal of the great impediment that Ignorance erects to bar the progress of man towards the high goal which providence has destined should be the reward of patient effort, and earnest perseverance.

It is not that wisdom's aspect is repulsive, or her deportment too lofty for the sons of men, for she is beckoning us continually towards her 'ways of pleasantness,' and 'paths of peace.' She bends her pitying eyes, often tearful, upon the children of earth; but the mists of Ignorance obscure their sight, till experience, her great 'licensed teacher,' forces them to acknowledge her worth. Pursuing her noiseless way through town and village, she sees on the one hand the rich mansion with all its pomp of furniture, and often gaudy decoration; and then turns with a sigh to the ill-conditioned school-house, with its insufficient accommodation, its lack of apparatus, its dingy walls, and more than all to its ill-paid teacher—a priest whose vestments correspond to the melancholy temple. It is no marvel that under such circumstances the path of knowledge should be a gloomy one, and what must be the consequence in a poor country, where learning is made of secondary importance to fine houses, showy equipages, and costly entertainments—but degeneracy both of mind and body.

'Hast thou children, instruct them,' is not advice only, it is a command; and a judicious parent will feel the solemnity of it by watching with sedulous care, the progress of the mind of his child. If he be well educated himself, he can judge whether the precious charge committed to him is fulfilling the requirements of its being, retrograding, or advancing in those studies that elevate and refine; if otherwise, he may perhaps learn from his child what was denied to his own youth; so that in either case watchfulness is imperative. Indeed, every one is a teacher directly, or indirectly; and if any individual or body of men would influence the community of which they form a part, they must be 'apt to teach,' if not by precept, by example, and they will obtain their reward in the advancement of their country in happiness and prosperity.

'A wise judge will instruct his people,' saith the same illustrious authority before quoted, and rulers will do well to heed it; they must do what mere parental authority has failed to effect, and provide a sound system of instruction, before the canker reaches the root of the tree. The seed deposited in the ground must have sunshine to nourish its growth; and surely the seed for

whose fruition we must look to a higher state of being, needs a more luminous atmosphere; it ought not to be nipped by the frosts of neglect, nor allowed to wither for want of proper cultivation; the root ought to be protected or the leaves will be of a sickly green, unsightly to the eye, and poisonous instead of healing.

To provide instruction for those who have no visible means of obtaining it for themselves, is the true and legitimate aim of all good government; for, in the provision for a sound state of mental culture, there will arise a permanent benefit to the state, as well as to the individual. Give the people but a taste of those waters which animate, and invigorate the mind, and they will not find 'wisdom unpleasant.' Let legislators but legislate for the diffusion of light in the 'dark places of the earth;' let them keep the torch of learning bright, and it will prove a beacon to guide them from the quicksands of anarchy, and misrule; but if noxious vapours are allowed to extinguish it, they may at some future time be tossed upon the troubled waters of contention and misgovernment.

In conclusion, it is to be hoped that the art of public teaching in this Province, will ere long assume a more elevated tone, and be acknowledged a profession in the same manner as law, physic or divinity; for the furtherance of which a public Institution should be established, for the study of those requisites for a good teacher which all will acknowledge are so imperatively called for. A lawyer must fulfil his course of study, before he is qualified to become an advocate, or pleader; a clergyman, before he is considered competent to become a spiritual guide; and a physician, ere he can grapple with the ills that 'flesh is heir to.' Why, then, should the science which professes to sway the mind for good, be thought inferior to those above mentioned? What an advantage must the trained teacher have over the one who has been imperfectly grounded in what he is obliged to follow as the business of his life. The former, will, undoubtedly, be the best qualified to raise the moral nature to an appreciation of its boundless capabilities, and to teach the imperishability of whatever is good and true, and to allure to a higher state, where the great teacher will make all things plain.

A training School, or College, then, is the great want felt among those who feel their own inability; who have sincere and earnest hearts, and willing hands, but who are clogged in their exertions by the want of learning the art of teaching in a professional manner.

To bring education within the reach of the lowliest, is the duty of every enlightened government; and may the hearts of our legislators in the forthcoming session, be earnestly turned towards this interesting subject; and may they feel the great importance of it in advancing the welfare of a people, whose natural capabilities entitle them to a higher place in the world's arena, than they have hitherto occupied.

## ANNIVERSARIES.

How they come like mill-stones by the way side of life—measuring out for us the distances of Time. New Year—Christmas—Birth-days—Wedding-days—these are the anniversaries that dot the Calendar ; but they more often speak of the eclipse than the morning star. Who can bear the weight of memory that presses on the spirit, when time again brings round its annual circuit, and these days, by custom termed holiday seasons, stand once more before us.

We speak of Christmas as a joyous time—holy—beautiful—circled round with all that gives loveliness and peace to the heart and its hopes ; and, truly, when we consider the cause *why* we have such a festival, all these feelings may well wake up in deepest gratitude. But apart from the love of Him, whose advent at this season has made us commemorate it at Christmas, and feel it the holiest and most blessed time earth ever saw—there are many shadows to rise up and make the day one of sorrow and tears. Call it a holiday time we may, but in common with other anniversaries we are prone to celebrate, it has heavier hearts than any other day in the chequered year.

We need not ask why it is so. Life is a term made up of changes and losses ; and alas ! that we must record it—but the web has two dark threads to every bright one ; and though we feel these darknesses as they come upon us, keenly and bitterly, and though memory fosters them through many a weary year, still they never crush with such stunning weight as at these annual seasons. Then the heart takes one quick leap into the past ; and as it surveys all that was its own in that homely but most touching phrase, ‘ this time last year,’ all that *is not* seems dearer than ever, and we feel as though that loss were more than we could bear.

It may be that on us or before us lies some memorial presented to us when that festival was last here—by some dear friend, whose voice will never more welcome our coming, but whose tones was the dearest gift the heart could treasure. And, perchance, we can recall a thousand things peculiar to those vanished hours, which made them so dear and pleasant to us : all bestowed by the heart now silent forever—by the love we shall know no more upon earth. Perchance, some little child then nestled near to our hearts, weaning us away from the cares and sorrows of life, winning smiles and quick sympathy by its innocent delight at the coming of these festivals, and the toys and pleasures in store. But that little child may be gone from us forever ; the broken toys may remain to tell of the tiny hands that once sported with them ; those inanimate things may linger as relics of what once was ours. But to us life has festival time no longer, for the blossom that shed so much fragrance on our path is blighted ; the child is far away—gone to keep its Christmas day in heaven.

How often comes death and desolation to a home, in the space that fleets between two anniversaries. However the sorrow came—whoever it was that was taken—it is always our best and our dearest;—the link that bound the whole chain together—the dearest loved—and so touched by death to make it more holy; and if that beloved one made our sunshine at that last holiday, how can we bear its coming again—and our music silent, our light departed. Well may we wish time had no anniversaries: for though daily life presents darkly enough the contrast to what earth is now, with those when we had our treasure with us—still it stands not out in such gloomy guise as on the eve of some festal day. If we once had joy—jealous sorrow determines to be mightier, and the pall hangs dark and heavy.

Yet all the darkness and grief of life are not spoken in that one word—death. The heart may faint and sink in gloom and bitterness, and yet the destroyer may not have been near our homes. But there are such things as change and absence. It may be that we had some beloved son, brother, or friend, who made a sunshine for us in the shady places of our common lot; and stern necessity, or love of change, or some one of thousand things which affect outward life, he taken them far away—on the stormy sea—in some foreign land—we know not where. Those who once shared in our mirth and brightened our daily walk are wandering far off. It is a holiday time—and while we yearn for their presence, we have also to bear with the consciousness that if in life, they are drooping heart-sick exiles, for the love and sympathy of home. We have felt their absence, deeply, painfully, each hour that has passed since we parted from them; here is a season, in which we were once so joyous together—but now the shadow has settled, and the memory of the days that are no more—the change—the uncertainty—the absence—make the holiday time, days of sadness and desolation.

But life has yet harder things than partings or death. Ay, start as ye may, there are sorrows which have no parallel in the grief death brings. Are there not such things as the dying out of old affections, as friendship becoming indifferent, and love growing cold? We may look back and remember the time when we had friends to whom we knew we were dear; who watched for our coming, and sheltered us in the warm folds of their loving hearts; and truly, then life was one glad festival to us. But time has rolled on and brought with it change and decay, not only to material things, the palace and the roof-tree, but to the deeper hidden treasures of the sanctuary of the heart. Others may have stepped in and taken the place where we once were all in all—we know not why—we reck not what; we only feel the change is there—that our altar is broken and a new idol before the shrine; we were but the sacrifice—an unaccepted offering. And is not sorrow like this greivous to be borne? If death has taken the light from our hearts—it is ours still—in dying even they loved us; we had the last words; the last beatings of the

faithful heart were ours ; and death has only added holiness to the treasure that had every other charm.

But the living death of the heart's rich affections, the estrangement from those in whom our life dwelt—ah! there is no sorrow equal to this sorrow. To feel they live and love us no longer. And as we sit lonely and forgotten in our deserted home, and things around, though not within us, tell that it is a festival time, and we remember how once they sought us out who care for us no longer—how we feel that the time which now has sackcloth and ashes, had once garments of gladness and oil of joy. Sick at heart, we turn from the coming of the dread anniversary ; we know we cannot bear its memories.

Is it the New Year we are called upon to celebrate ? What does backward thought bring us as a legacy ? Can we not remember when youth and hope were ours, of the plans we formed and the gay dreams that floated before us, as we embarked upon another year ; and deeper still, perhaps, we staked our all upon some one thing—it may be fame—it might be love—and year after year swept by, and still with unabated hope we hailed the coming of another, trembling sometimes, but always dreaming of success—until by some unlooked for stroke we woke up from our reverie—and looking out upon life saw nothing but its sombre reality. The hope was destroyed and gone forever, and though we lived, it was but the existence of material matter—the freshness and bloom of life was over—and he who once takes a long deep draught from the bitter waters of reality, toys never more beside the deceitful fountains of hope. And can we take pleasure in the coming of another year, when the season brings back in their fullest force, the hopes we once indulged, the dreams so rudely and forever dispelled. Ah! these anniversaries are days of darkness truly—the eclipses in the calendar of life.

And so it is with birth-days, wedding-days, and other seasons to which humanity attaches a value ; it must be because they are sanctified by the sorrows of memory. How few there are to whom a birth-day is aught but sadness : the thought of all we have lost, of mis-spent years, of unlooked for trials, of drearier change. Oh! the illusions of life are very beautiful, and when they lie before us torn into fragments, what other mantle have we save the dark folds of melancholy. The wedding-day is, doubtless, a bright anniversary to a myriad of hearts, for if still together, and still loving, though the trials may have been many, and the way thorny, still with love and life, beautiful must be the rejoicing that God so willed it that their dream of happiness should be realized. But who that wakes up widowed on that recurring morn, is able to bear the darkness that memory and death have brought ; for deep as the sorrow may present other times, still on the very day that once perfected all of human happiness, how surpassing must be the agony. And who that is wedded, but without the sympathy and love that such a state should bring—the partner of selfishness, coldness, or vice—is that

not a sad anniversary that brings round the day when freedom and hope were resigned forever ?

We will not say that a rightful and humble contemplation of these sorrows, would not bring at last the resignation and peace for which we strive. It is not that we murmur at the corrections of One who is wiser than we, that we record our impressions of these anniversaries to which we have alluded ; but simply, that when we know that nearly every heart grows sadder as these seasons come round, we marvel at the levity with which they are surrounded by some who know full well of the changes they have brought to these with whom they mingle. And even though in outward guise, time has passed and left no record, the heart has its own hidden volume, and few indeed are the pages that have not some mark which dreads the approach of an anniversary.

### EARTH'S MUSIC.

STRONG is thy power, O music! deeply thrilling  
 Man's inmost soul with harmony divine :  
 The heart unsealing, and its cistern filling  
 With feelings, wishes, thoughts, that softly shine  
 Like evening stars upon the unclouded sky  
 Which fix us with a spell the gazer's eye.

Like some bright spirit of the æther winging  
 His viewless way along the trackless air,  
 Thou passest o'er the heart, a freshness flinging  
 Of thine one joy through all its atmosphere—  
 Like scents of rosebuds through some secret bower,  
 Or woodbine's perfume at the sunset hour.

Nor yet alone like stars of gentle beaming  
 Thou shin'st upon the current of the soul—  
 But like the swift Aurora's fitful gleaming,  
 Thy radiant flashes pass without control,  
 And bear us upward to their dizzy height,  
 Too much entranced in too intense delight.

The tide of triumph through the bosom rushing,—  
 The impassioned feeling of our holy love,—  
 The heart's deep tenderness in fulness gushing,—  
 The soft, sweet spell that spreads around, above.—  
 Bear witness, in their varied moods, to thee,  
 Thou dweller of the earth, and air, and sea.

But why within our souls a restless yearning  
 Still dost thou leave for something yet unbound—  
 A lonely sense of thirst,—a dreamy burning  
 That with its fever haunts our hearts profound.  
 Making the breast like some deserted hall,  
 Where harp notes echo in their dying fall ?

Is it because there yet within us linger  
 Traces of that deep harmony that thrilled  
 The Universe, awaked by God's own finger,  
 When love man's soul and all creation filled;  
 Ere sin's harsh discord broke the anthem high  
 Which, sung on earth, was echoed by the sky?

Is it the longing for those angel voices,  
 Which erst were heard in Eden's virgin bowers  
 With man conversing, while each glade rejoices  
 In songs of birds and perfume of sweet flowers?  
 In higher still, communion with that God  
 Who walked with man upon that stainless sod?

Is it some latent yearning for the glory  
 Of that bright land where discord is unknown;  
 Where countless harps will ring with one glad story,  
 Above the sea of glass before the throne,  
 Where never string shall break, or harsh note jar,  
 But 'glory to the Lamb' resound afar?

Oh surely in that land of light and gladness  
 An aching heart its music will not leave,  
 Nor sounds of joy be mixed with notes of sadness,  
 Nor thrilling bosoms wake again to grieve;  
 No—the full soul shall feast without alloy  
 On strains that never jar, and cannot cloy.

Through Heaven's broad arch the mighty chorus swelling  
 Its floods of joy shall pour on sounding waves;  
 Hearts filled with peace and love forever telling  
 The grace and glory of the Lamb that saves—  
 No longings linger there, nor discords fall  
 From any harp—for Jesus tunes them all.

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## THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

### CHAPTER II.

At the time of our arriving in London, the Great Exhibition was near its close. It had risen on the world all glorious from amidst clouds of doubt and dark forebodings, as to the influx of hostile foreigners, and the machinations of seditious and turbulent subjects. After the first week, little thought was there of anything but the splendor of the show, and the perfect success of the enterprise. All the nations of the earth had contributed specimens of their wealth, their progress in the arts, and their industrial resources; and the representatives of every people greeted one another kindly beneath the glass roof of the great World's Fair. So admirable was the police organization,

that the cases of irregularity or crime throughout the whole course of the Exhibition have been incredibly few. London supplied a force of four or five hundred men; the other towns throughout the country sent each a few; and almost every nation represented, furnished a couple of policemen acquainted with the persons and features of the swell-mob of their respective cities, who on being perceived within the Exhibition, were pointed out to the London police, and thus there was ever on the watch a vigilant eye that never slumbered. Clever must be the rogue that can dodge a London detective.

At the time of our arrival, as I have said, the great fair was drawing to a close. The princes, the nobles, the bigwigs, the councillors, and the sheriffs, had all had their fill of it. The prices had been reduced and the great bulk of the nation, especially from the country parts, was now thronging in. The admittance was but a shilling for four days in the week; on Friday and Saturday it stood at half a crown, which now was sufficient to keep the building in a healthy state of ventilation, that is to say, not more than thirty or forty thousand people went in. On the shilling day the attendance varied from fifty to a hundred thousand. I was present once when the last named number visited the Exhibition. 'Tis true, I believe, that this number represents all who came and went during the day; but the shilling people generally got their money's worth, took their baskets of provisions with them, and made a day of it, seldom retiring till they were gradually pressed out by the police. It may thus be presumed that during the greater part of the day, at least 80,000 people were present at one time. Even with this immense number of persons congregated under one roof, there would have been abundance of room had the people 'moved on.' But as all crowded round the principal centres of attraction, it must be confessed that for one who was not confined to a single visit, an hour's attendance in such a cram was sufficient. The order, good humor and gentle demeanor of all present was by no means the least satisfactory part of the show.

On the morning after our arrival in London, I set out on a proposed excursion to a hair-dresser, tailor, and such other improving acquaintances; first, however, driving to the residence of a friend near the top of Piccadilly. Not finding him at home, I returned to the street, and finding myself so near to the Exhibition, and seeing the crowds hurrying in that direction, I could not resist the temptation. It was in this case with me as in many others: the best resolutions fade away before temptation. How often in going to a place of amusement or interest, have I sauntered along at first starting, having determined in my mind that I did'n't care much about it, and resolved to do the thing philosophically. But as I approach the scene of the proceedings, as my route gradually winds itself into the road thronged by others bent on the same errand, my pace involuntarily quickens, and when the building or the tent or the flags come in sight, it is all over with my philosophy, and I count every

one around me an enemy, an obstructive; quick, let me in! So, saying mentally, *au revoir*, to my hair-dresser, &c., I joined the throng, and soon found myself, old clothes, long hair, and a shocking bad hat, at the door of the great building. As I was happily innocent of any aristocratic acquaintances, who might cut me on account of my provincial habiliments, I had little to care for on that score. But I am sorry to say that on making my way to the department of 'Nova Scotia,' I found reason to regret that our contributions had not had a little more attention paid to *their getting up*. *My bad hat* was nothing; but it was something that the beautiful bonnets sent as specimens of our domestic manufacture, were crushed down in a glass case too small to allow the shapes to expand. No shopkeeper in Halifax would dream of exposing his wares in such paltry style. Our whole show gave me the idea that we were ashamed of ourselves, and that we did not properly appreciate our position. The display of iron work submitted by our enterprising and patriotic country man, Charles D. Archibald, Esq., was very good, however, and no doubt will much contribute to bring our mineral resources into notice.

Nothing could be more grand than the scene which met the eye on entering the Exhibition. The long perspectives of the iron shafts, so long that the furthest ones were completely lost in the distance, the vast multitudes moving about, the splendor that every where met the eye, &c.—have not all these things being described most eloquently in all the journals of the day?

A good deal also has been written concerning the subjects which seemed most to attract attention. Of course to the ladies the Koh-i-nor, the Mountain of Light, was the first thing worth seeing, and there was always a crowd of beauty round the gem. After a delightful crush of an hour I succeeded in obtaining a view, and of course, like every one else, was disappointed. All the world now knows that this diamond has been recut, being not more beautiful in its previous shape than a piece of smoky quartz. The process of recutting has succeeded admirably, and the jewel is now one of the first in the world for brilliancy and play of light. Thousands were congregated round goldsmiths' and jewellers' departments, and crowds assembled to gaze at watches and other articles which could be seen at any time in a watchmaker's shop. For all the gazers knew, the watches might be nothing but cases, but being at the Exhibition, of course they must be looked at. By no means the least interesting portions were the Russian and Austrian departments, where might be seen things that could be seen no where else, not even by a visitor at Vienna or St. Petersburg, unless of some importance in the world. It is not every one that went to Russia that would see the magnificent works in Malachite, that here could be seen for a shilling. The splendid mosaics from Rome and Florence were the best of their kind. The East Indian collection was gorgeous. And yet again, to a thinking observer, these splendors were not the most attractive part of the Exhibition. The Canadian department told a happier tale than

those of Europe or the East. Russia reminded one of serfdom and Siberia. Austria reeked of butchery and Haynau. Liberty dwells not in Rome or Florence. The gorgeous fabrics of India are wrought by half-naked, half-starved and wholly ignorant slaves. But he who looked on the productions of Canada, if he saw nothing dazzling, at least was reminded of nothing degrading. He saw evidences of industry, improvement and great natural resources, and the works before him were wrought by a young giant, free and full-fed.

One fact brought to light by the Great Fair, was worthy of especial notice. It has been a prevalent idea that among the ranks of the humbler orders of society, there are many men of genius whose conceptions are only not appreciated, and not lauded, because not known. The picture of patient genius toiling in a garret, vainly struggling to place before the world the ingenious and brilliant conceptions, which, if once known, would startle the scientific and bring fame and fortune to the inventors, and breaking down at length under the sickening pressure of obscurity and deferred hope, is imagined by many to be a common one. Perhaps it is so. Perhaps there are many thus living in anxiety and dying in despair. But the Great Exhibition set one point at rest. Numerous were the specimens of ingenuity sent in to that great museum, by the humble and the obscure; the talent displayed was frequently indisputable; the cleverness undenied; but in nine cases out of ten it was found that though perhaps the specimen was original, so far as the individual inventor was concerned, still the principle had long been known in the scientific world. And though there was ingenuity and theoretical skill, yet owing to some element not taken into consideration by the self-taught and insufficiently instructed inventor, no practical result could be obtained. In some instances the cost precluded all idea of successful operation; in others the conception was of old date, and had been superseded by something newer and better. At all events, it was found that, after all, the highly educated and long practised leaders of the scientific community knew more of their business than the neglected geniuses of the hamlet and garret, and that a truly practical improvement or invention was tolerably sure to burst the fetters of poverty and obscurity, and force its way into notice.

We saw the Exhibition under every aspect: we saw it full, we saw it empty, of visitors—and we saw it empty of furniture. A friend who had the *entree* took us one morning at 9 o'clock, when only privileged persons were admitted, and there were not fifty in the building. It was, however, hardly worth the trouble. The place looked solitary; it felt damp, as the floors were being watered to keep down the dust; and many of the most splendid articles were covered with brown holland. It required about thirty thousand people to give effect to the building. Then everything looked *unique*. There were beautiful things to look at, and crowds looking at them. The eye and mind

were both satisfied. The slight mist or dust arising from the presence of so many people, blended the distance in beautiful indistinctness. The pealing organ added its solemn notes to the enchantment.

We saw the building again six months later—in the Spring: everything had then been cleared out. If it had been magnificent, gorgeous, splendid, when full of its wonders of industry and art, it was now *beautiful* in its own intrinsic proportions. The canvas covering which had screened the contents from the sun's blaze, was now withdrawn; nothing obstructed the view; and the tracery of the building was fully seen. The painting of the interior had been executed on scientific principles. Owen Jones had demonstrated that the three primary colours produced beauty, as they were scientifically disposed: the shafts and uprights were painted of one color; the horizontal lines appeared of another hue, and the whole was picked out by the third color. The light iron shafts stretched away in the sunlight for more than a third of a mile: never did we see anything that more realized to us the idea of the term fairy-like. Had Scheherazade seen the Crystal Palace, what a glorious tale should we have had about it, wherewith to dazzle the imagination of her jealous lord. No fear of her head being wanting to her ivory shoulders, until the story of the World's Fair was finished.

Again we saw the Exhibition, but this time only a dream of it. Great efforts were made to induce Parliament to continue the buildings for ever as a place of resort, and a museum for the nation, and among other things it was proposed to convert it into a winter garden. Going one day to see the panorama of the 'Overland Route to India,' we found that the first piece exhibited was the 'Crystal Palace as it would appear as a winter garden.' The nave of the building was laid out in walks and garden plots, with fountains and lakes, adorned with statues, beautified with foreign shrubs and exotic trees, while the side alleys or departments were devoted to the purposes of museums, lecture rooms, and other attractions. The scene was exquisitely painted. Then darkness fell for a moment over it, and anon it appeared again lighted with gas, playing with soft lustre from glass globes. A perfect thunder of applause testified to the appreciation, by the audience, of this beautiful piece of art.

While on this subject I may add that the 'Panorama of the Overland Route,' is the next perfect thing of the kind that I have ever seen. It took the spectator from Southampton, through the needles over the stormy waters of Biscay, and shewed him Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar; thence away to Malta and Alexandria; over the desert to Suez, stopping by the way at a little station among the sands, where the passengers are provided with refreshments at the expense of the Oriental Company, and the young cadets console themselves for the loss of their sisters and other dear ones with oceans of Bitter Ale. At Suez we embarked again, and down the red Sea to the red hot rock and garrison of Aden. Away again across the Southern Ocean, and here is Ceylon, glowing

and gorgeous with its palm trees and tropical vegetation. Last of all we land in Calcutta, and admire its palaces and public buildings. The exhibition concluded with one of the most exquisite bits of scene-painting that we ever looked upon. It represented the Taj-Mahal—a superb mausoleum erected by an Indian Mogul to the memory of his lost spouse—or rather one of them. The interior was exhibited both as it would appear by daylight—and as lighted by lamps, and in both aspects was most beautiful. The pearl like hues upon a screen that stood before the shrine, were a triumph of art'stic skill. This mausoleum is said to have cost about three millions sterling—'a large sum perhaps in the eyes of inconsiderate thinkers' said the exhibitor, with dry humor, 'but what is money, when weighed against affection—what more beautiful than to see a powerful monarch yielding to soft impulses and erecting a magnificent tribute to the memory of his lost love—*especially when the people pay for it.*'

Although the Great Exhibition was itself an unending attraction and object of interest, still it must be confessed that the everlasting and ever recurring forget-me-nots of it throughout England, were rather wearisome. In every shop window you saw something connected with it or alluding to it. The print shops that generally are so attractive with splendid engravings and water color drawings, now presented nothing but the Great Exhibition taken under every aspect. In one pane was a large view of it; in another a small view; in another a still smaller. This view was plain; that was colored; this represented the exterior; that the interior. Every article of furniture or crockery bore the Crystal Palace upon it. If you bought a pot of cocoa-paste the Great Exhibition figured on the cover. If you drank a cup of tea, the last mouthful laid bare the Great Exhibition at the bottom. All the omnibusses had huge placards attached, with the magic words announcing that the Great Exhibition was their port of delivery. In short, the Exhibition was everything, and everything was the Exhibition.

Foreigners were said to have been much struck with the good order and peacefulness displayed by the English people, uncontrolled as they appeared to be by the military force. Had the Exhibition taken place in Paris, some hundred thousand troops would have lined the streets. The same may be said of Austria, Russia and other despotic continental countries. But in England, everything seemed to be kept in order solely by the good feeling of the people themselves. They were also able to perceive and appreciate the kindly hearts and dispositions of the English people, and they carried away with them the knowledge that John Bull's surliness is all on the surface. But of all the objects that most commended themselves to the notice and admiration of foreigners; of all the wonders that most struck upon the senses of the throng gathered from all parts of the earth, we understood that the most conspicuous, the most admired and loved was the London Bitter Ale. Most of those who

were there present, certainly all who pretended to any degree of civilization had tasted this beverage, for there is no part of the world to which it has not found its way. In the frozen north, in the sunny south, at the top of the Pyramids, amid the snows of Russia, in the parched sands of the desert, by the well watered valleys of Cashmere, at the north pole, at the south pole, and in the centre of the earth—every where may English bitter ale be had for the asking. Manchester cotton fabrics, which are considered tolerably penetrating goods quite lose their color when they reflect on the triumphs of bitter ale, and Birmingham hardwares forget for a moment how brassy they are. But though this sublime conception has thus created for itself a name and a market throughout the habitable world, yet out of London no man got it in its prime: for alas! for exportation it must be bottled. Grand as it is when issuing from its glassy prison, yet to be enjoyed in its prime it should be drunk fresh from the cask. It is not to be tasted in perfection save in London. When foreigners who had hitherto refreshed themselves from the bottle, got their first taste from the cask, a new light seemed to steal upon them. 'Twas like the opening up of a new branch of knowledge to a mind that had hitherto been kept dark for want of competent instruction. Those who had been so neglected as not to have ever tasted the draught before, acknowledged their barbarism, but soon drowned their shame in their delight. The Dutchman forgot his phlegm, forswore *schnapps* for ever thereafter, and vowed he would have a brewery at Amsterdam. The Chinaman raised his eyebrow till his little oblique eyes became perpendicular, and his pigtail sympathetically curled so tight that his heels were lifted from the ground; his forefathers had raised tea, but *he* would cultivate hops henceforth. The Turk laughed at the beard of his prophet; declared that if Mahomet had ever tasted bitter ale, he would have added a chapter to the koran and held out a new joy for Paradise, and wondered if the religion of the Giaours could be very bad when it produced such delicious drinks. The Russian thought that Siberia wouldn't be so intolerable if Bass could be established there with his vats. Even the Parisian admitted that if the English had but one sauce, they at least had inimitable beer. Beer was all the rage. And well does it deserve its fame. Soft as first love, with the sweet and bitter so exquisitely mingled that one knows not which most prevails, it steals upon one's senses like its all absorbing prototype. Nor let the son of temperance shrug his shoulders at my description: he might consume a gallon of it, and not be a whit more intemperate than before he drank.

Sitting one morning at our window, the Fantoccini came by. These clever little puppets are well worth looking at. A stand is placed in the street like that of Punch—consisting of a box about four feet square, shewing in front an opening of about two feet. In the lower half of this box the 'manager' sits, and the whole stands on four legs some eight or ten feet high. The machine comes along borne on the shoulders of one man, while another makes

a peculiar cry. They pass on until they come to a good place of business, or until some face at a window intimates that a performance would be desirable. The bearer deposits his burden, the other climbs up into his box. The curtain rises, or rather the upper front of the box falls inwards and forms a stage, and in a moment a gentleman appears dancing like mad. It is impossible to see the wires, and the puppets are worked with (to use the correct expression) a skill 'worthy of a better cause.' The gentleman disappears, and a lady takes his place: a milk-maid with two cans slung over her shoulders, by a bar, milk-maid fashion. She dances tossing about her cans very naturally, when suddenly *they* seem to be alive too, and from each of them pops out a little dutch-built gentleman, who also dances as if his life were at stake upon his getting into a perspiration. There is also a fight between a man and a donkey; and a skeleton dances a hornpipe, and in the middle of it, falls to peices—head one way, arms and legs scattered in every direction. In the twinkling of an eye he is up again, flinging about his old bones lustily. It is amusing enough to a spectator, once or twice, but what a life for the exhibitor!

### THE STRAGGLER OF THE BEACH.

Translated for 'The Provincial,' from the French of EMILE SOUVISTRE.

SOME days after the visit of Goron to the Isle of Mets, his Niette was occupied in spinning flax near a door which opened into the little garden situated behind their cottage. Her father had just quitted her to rejoin Lubert at the Sign of the Silver Pilchard. As soon as he was out of sight, Marzou, who had been watching for his departure, cautiously scaled the fence which surrounded the garden. At sight of him the young girl made a movement of surprise but her joy was too apparent not to be understood.

'Jesus, you have frightened me,' she said with a smile which contradicted her words. Is this the way to come into people's houses? and what would the neighbours say if they were to see you?

'You know very well, Niette, that the neighbours are in the fields,' replied Marzou, 'and besides, you have never yet forbidden me to *enter by the gap*.'

The young girl not being able to reply to this, appeared very attentive in disentangling her thread, which she began to bite with her small pearly teeth. Marzou profited by this silence to seat himself upon a small stool placed at her feet, and remained some moments in contemplation. Niette appeared embarrassed by his silence, and in order to interrupt it asked him where his little

brother Iaumic was going, as she had just seen him pass.

Marzou replied that he had sent him to Lerat to see if there were any fishermen going the next day to the Isle of Mets. 'I am quite uneasy about Marillas,' added he; 'we left him very sick the other day, and I fear something may have happened to him.'

'Do not encourage such thoughts, Louis,' said the young girl; 'if the Bearnais felt himself in danger, would he not hoist a signal of distress?'

'I do not know,' replied Marzou: 'when we came away, his heart was almost rent on account of his bird, and Master Luz is no ordinary man; death would be less painful to him than asking a favor of one who had offended him. If he has taken a dislike to the people on the main land, he would die down there without saying a word, like a wolf wounded in the thicket. And for my part, if anything should happen to him, I should never be able to console myself; no man ever before manifested such friendship for *me*. I look upon him almost in the light of a brother, Niette, and the other day he gave me a very strong proof of his affection.'

'How?' demanded the young girl.

'By offering Iaumic and myself a home in his cabin, and a share of his profits.'

'And you have refused?'

'Would *that* astonish you, Niette?' said the Straggler of the Beach, looking at her earnestly.

She blushed deeply and cast down her eyes. 'You must act according to your prudence and your own wishes,' she replied, affecting to spin more quickly.

'*My wishes!*' repeated Marzou, 'do you think that they would lead me to quit the village, while you remain in it? In the name of God, Niette, do not talk in this manner: you know very well that if my *interest* called me away, my *heart* would still be here.' And as he saw that she was going to interrupt him, he added precipitately, 'do not be afraid that I am going to speak to you again of *my love*. I told you the other day, all that I concealed so long, and which almost stifled me. You answered me; *now* I can be silent and wait for better times; but if you wish me to keep up a good heart, never speak as if our interests could be divided—*never*, Niette.'

'Well, that's settled,' said the young girl, who began to laugh to conceal her emotion; 'besides, you do not yet *read* well enough, for me to discontinue my instructions.'

'Tis not at least for want of trying,' replied Marzou, drawing from his waist coat pocket a prayer-book, whose frayed binding and soiled leaves showed that it had been handled a good deal. 'Though this is a holy book, and one which my mother used, (God rest her soul,) I did not think much of it till

the day you took it to teach me to read ; since that it has never quitted me, and you can see how I have marked every lesson.'

At these words he took the old volume, and showed between almost all the leaves, sprigs of herbs and dried flowers.

Niette smiled. 'Let me see, then, if you have studied well, my poor Louis.' She made a sign to Marzou, who approached her footstool and placed himself at her feet in the modest and docile attitude of a child. The book resting upon the knees of the young girl, opened as if by chance, at the page marked by a colored image of the Virgin with the seven wounds in her heart. It happened to be the marriage service. Niette with the end of her spindle pointed to the line, and Marzou read with much hesitation : 'Oh God! look with a favourable eye on thy servant. About to be espoused, she implores thy protection. May her yoke be the yoke of peace and love. May she be lovely as Rachel ; wise as Rebecca ; faithful as Sarah. May she be to her husband what the vine is to the elm. Lord, you have shown merey towards us ; you have had pity on two orphans, in order that they might bless thy holy name for evermore.'

Here the young man raised his eyes towards Niette. 'It is not I who speak, it is the book' said he with a smile ; 'but you see yourself, Niette, that Providence appears to favor us.'

'Hold your tongue Louis' interrupted the young girl, shaking her head sadly, '*Providence* does not trouble itself about such trifles ; *our destiny* depends on people who are not favourably inclined towards us.'

'I know it, I know it, Mon Dieu,' replied Marzou ; 'your father has always hated me, as if I had done him some wrong : but he cannot keep his anger for ever against one who has never injured him, and who asks for *nothing but your love*. Provided you give me a place in *your heart*, Niette, I shall not be without hope. God will bring everything about in his own time ; we must have patience ; the *birds* you know are obliged to wait till Spring to build *their nests*.'

'Yes,' said the peasant girl, sadly, breaking the flax from the distaff ; 'but *they* have no *Luberts* among them.' The Straggler of the Beach trembled, and the blood mounted to his face, usually so pale. 'Has Lubert, then, spoken?' asked he in a low hurried tone.

'Not himself,' replied Niette, shrugging her shoulders contemptuously. '*Lubert* does not know how to speak to a woman ; but somebody has spoken for him.' She then with much emotion, told him of the commands of her father with respect to their neighbour, whom he wished above all things to have for a son-in-law.

Though Marzou, like everybody else, suspected his intention, he appeared stunned by Niette's account ; and the young girl who only wished to moderate his ardour, soon perceived that she had gone too far. She then tried to inspire him with fresh courage ; but Louis seemed obstinate in his grief, and would

look only on the dark side of the picture. He contrasted *his poverty* with the *comparative opulence* of his rival; the *contempt* in which *he* was held, with the respect Lubert exacted on account of his superior station in the village; them animated by the sorrowful contrast, he recalled all the miseries which had surrounded him from his infancy, and came to the conclusion, that he and happiness were not to journey together through life. He added, that if he must renounce the *only hope*, which had cheered him, during his hitherto joyless existence, he would willingly resign his young life.

These commonplaces of love and despair, so sincere even in their exaggeration, gave the young girl serious alarm. Niette was trying to overcome them by tender reproaches, when the voice of her father was heard without. She rose, surprised and frightened at his sudden return, and made a sign to Marzou, who sprang into the garden. The front door opened almost at the same time, and Goron entered, followed by Lubert. Though their sitting at the alehouse had been much shorter than usual, their faces were flushed, their voices loud, and their movements unsteady. This half drunkenness did not, however, affect them both in the same manner. It had increased the *aggressive* and *over-bearing* temper of Goron, while *stupidity* became the leading characteristic of Lubert's inebriety. The young girl who had read their faces at a glance, stepped aside, as if she hoped to escape them, but Lubert perceived her, and pointed her out to Goron, exclaiming with a rude laugh: '*Here she is, here she is!*'

'Then keep her, comrade,' replied the fisherman, approaching the fire to light his pipe. Lubert took him at his word, and was about to seize the young girl, but she escaped from him with a loud cry. He then turned towards her father and said in a disconcerted manner:—'Well, 'you see she is not willing.'

Niette had by this time effectually gained the door, and stood upon the threshold ready to make her escape. 'If an honest girl cannot remain here without being insulted,' she said, in a voice which trembled, more with *indignation* than fear, 'she will seek a home elsewhere.'

'What's all this about?' cried Goron with a terrible frown. 'What does an honest girl want of any other home, but that of her father?' Niette tried to stammer forth a reply; but he did not give her time. 'Come, come, peace!' interrupted he, violently; 'shut the door, and draw near; we have something to say to you. Here, Lubert, a glass or two will enlighten our ideas.' So saying, he placed upon the table a bottle of brandy and two glasses. Lubert seated himself opposite to him, whilst the young girl who had silently obeyed her father's injunction, remained at some distance immovable, and fixing upon the two drinkers her anxious eyes, which, however, soon fell beneath the imperious gaze of Goron:—

'Then,' said the latter, commencing with a transition to which he was accustomed, and which formed a sort of connecting link between his thoughts and his

words; 'there must be no beating about the bush; we must go to work in a straight-forward manner. Come here, Cobeian, and let us converse like reasonable beings.'

Niette felt a little reassured, when she heard her father call her by his name, which was one the people on the coast give to their pet sea-fowl, and which had been conferred upon her on account of her beautiful black hair. She approached with an uncertain smile.

'You have not forgotten, I hope,' continued Goron, 'what I told you the other day of Lubert's intentions towards you. Well, the young man is not to be put off; he wishes it to be decided to-day; we have settled matters between us, and whosoever gainsays us is a scoundrel. Is this not true, Lubert?'

'Yes, indeed, a double scoundrel,' repeated Lubert, delighted with having had sufficient imagination to discover such a superlative.

'We wish to announce it to you in a friendly manner,' resumed Goron, 'but there must be no opposition, as my comrade is very impatient.' 'Very impatient, indeed,' interrupted Lubert. 'And then,' said Goron, 'I expect you to make yourself agreeable to him, for it is your duty to do so, and will besides be to your own advantage; for, you see, if his pockets reached even to his heels, he could fill them with livres. He will give you finer clothes and jewels than any one in the village. Have you not said so? comrade.'

'I have *said* it, and what's more I will *do* it,' replied Lubert.

'Then it is all settled, and you may embrace your betrothed.'

Lubert extended his arms to draw the young girl towards him; but the latter, who had hitherto been rendered mute and immovable by astonishment, now recoiled with a gesture so expressive that the fisherman was once more baffled. 'Do not be in such haste, Grand Lac,' said Niette, who was a little pale; 'before you marry a girl it is necessary for *her* to give her consent.'

'You do not mean to say that you refuse Lubert,' exclaimed Goron, fixing on her his sparkling eyes. The young peasant girl could not endure his fierce look: she said in a low voice, 'The meanest have free choice in their servitude, and my father will not refuse to give me to the Virgin, if such is my desire.'

'Your *desire*,' interrupted Goron, who was growing very angry, 'Is it the desire of *any* young girl not to take a husband? *Away with your lies*. What reason have you for refusing Lubert? Have I not told you that he has more than enough money to maintain you? Is he not the strongest lad in the parish, and well used to the salt water? I would excuse you for refusing a *peasant*; but a *good sailor*, the devil take me if I permit it. *You shall marry him*, and as a proof that I am in earnest, you shall come with us in a quarter of an hour to speak to the Curé.' 'I *will not go*' exclaimed Niette, thoroughly roused and gaining strength from her despair. Goron seized the young girl by the arm and drew her rudely towards him. 'You *dare to say so*,' repeated he, with clenched fists, and compressed lips.

'I say,' replied Niette. 'that *you shall kill me first.*' Goron rose with a movement so violent, and a malediction so furious, that even Lubert trembled; the young girl closed her eyes as if expecting the blow, but remained in the same place. Whether this firmness awed him, or whether he was still master of himself does not appear; but Goron stopped, and the hand which he had raised, fell without striking. He indemnified himself by exhausting his vocabulary of abuse. Niette, whose strength appeared nearly exhausted by her desperate resistance, seemed suddenly to droop. She rose surprised by this storm of words, her tears fell, and she concealed her face in her apron. Far from being appeased by this emotion, Goron appeared to find in it new provocation. 'Weep on, now, silly girl,' exclaimed he, 'weep as if you had the sea in your heart; but it is only salt water, and a *sailor* need not be afraid of that. Ah! you wish to resist your parent: well, we shall soon know which is strongest—my will, or your caprice—for you can give no other reason than a wish to brave me. Is not this the truth? Speak! has not the sailor everything that can render a woman happy? unless your mind is running upon somebody else.' And as if suddenly enlightened, he added violently, 'I will wager that this is the true cause of your refusing Lubert. Let us see. Have I guessed aright? Yes or no? Will you answer?'

He rudely snatched the apron which covered the face of the young girl, who appeared with downcast eyes; and blushing with embarrassment, she tried to turn away her head.

Goron clapped his hands. 'Ah, this is the secret!' said he, impetuously; 'so there is a lover in the case—but his name, his name?' Is it Moreau Grain d'orge, Emou, le soif, or Richard le Glorieux? I have never seen you conversing with any of these.'

'No, it is always *Louis Marzou* who stops to speak to her,' said Lubert, without appearing to understand the drift of his own observation. At the name of Marzou the young girl gave a violent start, which her father remarked.

'The *Straggler of the Beach*,' exclaimed he, and his terrible look made Niette tremble. 'Yes, yes, now I think of it, it must be Louis Marzou; the rascal is always about here; it is he who brings the water, digs the garden; and in return she is teaching him to read. I will bet anything that he was in the house when we came in; I thought I heard that door shut.'

He had advanced towards the door which led into the garden; when his eye suddenly encountered the prayer-book that Marzou had left upon the stool. 'Here is his book,' cried he, taking it up, 'and heavens! it is still open where he was reading at the marriage service. Ah, unhappy girl, it is then too true; this is your choice; a vagabond who lives by what he can glean from the beach; a stripling whom the sailor could almost knock down with a straw. And do you think I shall ever receive him as *my son-in-law*? I would sooner carry you to the top of a high rock, and hurl you head foremost into the sea.'

'Do just as you please,' replied Niette, who had some of Goron's fierce blood in her veins, and never quailed before a threat. 'Hold your tongue,' interrupted Goron, fiercely, incapable of controlling himself any longer. 'I shall settle with *you* another time; but now we must look after Marzou. Come, Lubert, this is as much your concern as mine.' Lubert rose: Niette, much frightened, threw herself in their way.

'What are you going to do?' asked she.

'Rid the country of a *rascal*,' replied Goron, buttoning his waistcoat, as he always did when preparing for some decisive action; 'we will go immediately for my bark at Turbale, and woe be to the bastard if we find him on our way!' 'Yes, woe be to him,' replied Lubert, bitterly, clenching his gigantic fists with an expression of rage. Niette with clasped hands tried to stop her father, but he rudely repulsed her, and went out, followed by his companion. The young girl remained at first uncertain and perplexed. She knew, by experience, all she had to dread from the rage of her father. Twice already his violence had brought him before the judge; and Marzou would, in all probability, be the victim of his ungovernable wrath. Lubert, too, though not apt to begin a quarrel, was easily led away by example; he was habitually inert, but his terrible strength once put into action was not easily subdued. Niette, with hands crossed upon her heart, which throbbed almost to bursting, with burning cheeks, and eyes dimmed by tears, sank upon a seat, murmuring an inarticulate prayer. All at once, however, she arose and passed her hand across her eyes. She remembered that it was about the hour when Marzou usually attended to his lines on the rocks of Castelli. In bringing home her cow from the pasture, she might easily pass that way, see Louis and intreat him to avoid a meeting with her father and Lubert. Her resolution was soon taken. She set out, taking care to avoid the road which led to the village, so as to escape the remarks of the neighbours.

## WILD FLOWERS OF NOVA SCOTIA.

### NO. V.—THE WATER LILY.

AWAY 'neath drear ocean's unquiet breast,  
 Lie gardens in jewel'd beauty drest;  
 There the dim green vines of the wave bestow  
 Contrasting shade to the corals glow,  
 Whose wreathy clustering roses twine  
 Where the delicate pearls like sea-lilies shine.  
 What curious stems, what branches fair,  
 Painted and carved into beauty rare,  
 Undreamed of by children of earth, arise,  
 With buds that ne'er needed bright genial skies.

There under the roll of the turbulent sea,  
 Lie beautiful paths from the tempest-blight free ;  
 Through the arching boughs glance no sunny rays,  
 Enough the light of their glowing sprays—  
 Whose blossoms are jewels, that fadeless shine.  
 As the clustering glories of star-light time—  
 There seeks the Mermaid for coronal gray,  
 To deck her bright locks in their bridal array—  
 For well knoweth she, when the doomed ship is nigh,  
 And hears through the storm wail above, the fierce cry  
 Of one on whose lip is some dear earthly name,  
 To whose heart in that agony sweet visions came  
 Of eyes that would long hoard their welcoming love,  
 In vain watching for him, the dark waves roll above.  
 And beneath this roof, so lovely and grand,  
 Gleam radiant shells from the golden sand,  
 Like the cloudlets small that at sunset lie  
 Rose, purple and green on an amber sky—  
 While marvels of loveliness, blossom and tree,  
 Their gorgeous heads rear 'mid these groves of the sea.

But Lily! to us so familiar and dear,  
 Have they aught that with thy fragrant bloom may compare?  
 No miser art thou of thy beauty and grace—  
 Lifting up to the clear summer skies thy pure face ;  
 And where'er the soft lakes on our land's bosom shine  
 O'er the wave dost thou leaf, bud and blossom entwine,  
 Reposing thine elegant head on its breast  
 And scenting the wild wind that fleets by thy rest.

Thou unfold'st thy pale bloom to the wanderer's gaze,  
 With heart like a cluster of night's starry rays  
 When on dim Summer eves from their home in the blue,  
 Their radiance falls round us with soft mellow hue.  
 We love thee! sweet Lily—nor by us alone  
 Is thine 'image of purity' cherished and known—  
 Far away from our shores, lovely kindred of thine,  
 The swift waters adorn of romantic old Rhine—  
 Superbly the Lotus-queen lifteth her smile,  
 To the sky that bends o'er the renown'd waves of Nile—  
 And earth's gifted, of old, in sweet songs to thee, gave  
 Fame enduring—dear, odorous child of the wave.

MAUDE.

#### REVIEW.

SHADES OF THE HAMLET AND OTHER POEMS. *By* REV. A. GRAY, *Rector of Digby.*

We hail with pleasure this addition to our Provincial literature. We have arisen from the perusal of Mr. Gray's poetry with a vivid conviction that we had been holding converse with a master spirit, and in the very threshold

of our observations we will venture to affirm that, in the opinion of all capable of appreciating poetic beauty, it will add no small degree of honour to the lustre of our native genius. A finished simplicity pervades every part of it,—a simplicity which will readily induce the impression that the reverend author has well studied the art poetic, and has attained a degree of excellence in it, which in its very subtleness, eludes the grasp of very many of those—

"Who go to Helicon  
To court the ladies there."

Accompanying this simplicity there is a terseness of diction which is truly refreshing, and which clearly shows with what strength and rapidity the 'winged words' came to his hand. Spontaneously they seem to have come, breathing truthfulness and melody. A charm seems to be thrown over every subject and every theme, which have been touched by his plastic hand.

With the true instinct of poetic genius, Mr. Gray finely and gracefully attunes his lyre to the melody of human feeling, and at the same time with exquisite tenderness and delicacy moves the very sources of our deepest emotions. In the minor pieces, which form the greater part of the collection, there is discoverable a deep and touching pathos, which soon convinces the reader that he is perusing the results of chastened experience, gushing forth from a heart subdued and humbled by the various changes and chances of this mortal life, and sensibly imbued with the powerful reality of true religious sentiment. Indeed, in this peculiarity may be said to consist the indescribable charm, of which we have just spoken. True to the instinct of his professional feelings, the author reads instruction everywhere; he leads you into various scenes and shades, glowing with poetic warmth; and after your return from following him you feel that you are a better man.

But let us listen to a few melodious sounds from his well-tuned lyre, and notice how gracefully he sweeps his fingers across its varied chords. We have only time to dwell on a few of its notes, which in a manner we shall gather at random.

What parent that has ever had to mourn in silence and in sorrow the early departure of the younger and best loved one of his family group, can peruse the following exquisite lines without emotion :

"Our lovely one, our youngest born  
From all our fond affections torn  
And now the hour is nigh.  
Yes! call the children—let them place  
Their lips upon that dying face,  
We give the last fond kiss:  
And all that loveliness is clay,  
Yet ere we turn our steps away  
That spirit is in bliss.

O Dimmy! dearest, sweetest child,  
I often thought when thou hast smil'd,  
I felt much love for thee;  
But could my arms again entwine  
That lovely form and call it mine,  
Much more that love would be.

Where thou art now the love is pure ;  
 Where thou art now thy bliss is sure ;  
 An angel now,  
 Resting upon thy Saviour's breast  
 All happy, sinless and at rest—  
 Would I wert thou !”

Of a similar character is ‘The Dying Child,’ p. 46. We will venture to affirm that no poetic fiction, however truthfully conceived, could have suggested those touching lines. Doubtlessly they depict a reality, and a reality too that must have been powerfully felt. We are not aware that anything in the course of our reading has produced so sad and yet so soothing an impression on the mind. We will not except even Deltas’ ‘Casa Wappy,’ which though much longer is not more truthfully told. The uncontrollable gush of sorrow, which the last sad scene naturally calls forth, is here finely tempered with present reflection, and chastened into a full reliance on a higher power, by thoughts of the bright and glorious future.

The tone and character of these poems are eminently religious, imparting a solemnity and a seriousness to the diction, which both please and instruct the devoutly inclined. In this peculiarity we think we perceive indications of the high degree, in which the ardour and zeal of the missionary spirit impel the feelings of the author, and are mixed up with all his sentiments. The exquisite lines on page 23, will illustrate our meaning. They are conceived and written in a manner which leaves no doubt of the pure and sincere spirit of piety that suggested them :—

“ No holy pledge, no sacred vow,  
 Are needed, Lord, where thou art now ;  
 Amid the joy that reigns above,  
 Thy saints behold, adore, and love.”

The wilderness and journey o’er,  
 The clouds and fire are seen no more,—  
 But we poor pilgrims, journeying here,  
 By symbols know that thou art near.”

One of the profoundest mysteries of our faith is here made to yield both instruction and melody. Could there be a terser or a truer description of that solemn and sad yet calm and comforting feeling, which pervades every devout heart, in the act of commemorating a dying Saviour’s love, than the concluding line of the above stanza ? Or could a soul filled with gratitude to heaven for the enjoyment of many blessings, and overflowing with love to the Great Creator of all things, find vent and utterance for its feelings in loftier lines than the following ?

“ The light of the morning,  
 At heaven’s command ;  
 Now comes forth adorning,  
 The water and land.  
 Awake then, my spirit !  
 Rejoice in the Lord,  
 ’Tis thine to inherit  
 His work and his word.”

Very beautiful, indeed, is this ‘morning hymn,’ and full of poetic fire.

Its rhythm puts one in mind of some of Campbell's ringing versification ; but its sentiments are worthy of Keble or Ken.

We close this brief notice of these exquisite pieces by expressing an earnest hope that the reverend author may long continue to discourse sweet melody on his sacred lyre, and at no distant period favour the public with more of his harmonious numbers.

R.

#### GEOLOGY.—A BRIEF NOTICE.\*

OF all the physical sciences none have advanced in usefulness, interest, and extent of research more than Geology, within the last twenty five years. A branch of learning that was formerly confined to a few colleges of the first class, has been handed down to academies, and is now steadily making its way even into common schools. This fact arises not only from the great interest excited in many minds by an inquiry into the history of the earth : but, also from the study itself being the key to agriculture, chemistry and physical geography. To all who travel this science may be rendered a valuable and interesting companion. At every step it will present them with something new and wonderful. Besides the many facts it has established, it constantly excites new inquiries taking within its range the whole study of nature, animate and inanimate. In an economical point of view, the soil of the field—the dust upon which we tread—the amorphous rock, whether taken from the mountain's top, or the newly formed coral reef, will supply materials for the exercise of unbounded ingenuity, to apply them to the arts and business of life. Every lover of true science will therefore review with pleasure any new work tending to advance a study thus interesting and useful, and calculated to carry the germs of knowledge downward even to the humblest capacity.

We are led to these remarks by the perusal of a work entitled 'Elements of Geology adapted to the use of Schools and Colleges,' by Justin R. Loomis. The author has brought together a great number of the leading and most interesting facts of the science and arranged them in a manner suitable to instruction. While we feel a gratification in commending this book we cannot refrain from suggesting that in any succeeding edition our author will add a full table of the order of superposition of the several formations of rocks. Such tables are great helps to the learner in the classification of such strata as he may have opportunities to examine. Although the science may not at

\* ELEMENTS OF GEOLOGY, adapted to the use of Schools and Colleges. by JUSTIN R. LOOMIS, Professor of Chemistry and Geology in Waterville College. Boston : Gould & Lincoln. Halifax : E. G. Fuller.

present furnish a perfect system of superposition in all its details, still the amateur will always be prepared to supply any link in the chain that may afterwards be found defective.

To the geologist the Province of Nova Scotia presents a wide field for research. The labours of one individual who worked long, alone and unaided, have disclosed enough to call to his aid a Lyell, a Logan, and others residing in the Province and abroad. A geological map of the Province has been prepared and is perhaps as correct as all the knowledge possessed at the time of its publication would permit. The observations of Sir Charles Lyell and also those of Sir H. T. De LaBeche made during his geological survey of the United Kingdom, now nearly completed, have thrown much light upon the red sandstone formations of this Province, as well as upon those of other countries. Although much has been done, the work of the pioneer is not completed, and a vast amount of labour and science might be advantageously employed among the mineral-bearing and fossiliferous rocks of Nova Scotia. The silurian rocks, the extensive deposits of limestone, slate, sandstone, and especially the coal fields, abound in organic remains. The latter have whole forests of fossil trees, as may be seen at the Joggins and at Sydney. Fossil fishes and reptiles have also been discovered. Very recently Dr. Gesner has forwarded to the Geological Society of London the footprints of animals, in the solid strata, said to be unlike any now found in a living state, and the marks of fallen rain (fossil rain drops) imprinted in the rock while it was in a soft state, and formed the mud of some ancient shore. These and many more most curious facts to which we might refer, may all tend to give our Province notoriety in the scientific world.

Regarding public utility, there must soon be an increased development of the mineral wealth of Nova Scotia. Coal and iron exist at numerous sites and in inexhaustible quantities and valuable collections have been made of other minerals. Mining industry will not fail to receive a new impetus from the introduction of railroads. To this should be added a thorough geological survey and the formation of a museum of economic geology. Such measures are of the utmost consequence to the interests and welfare of the Country. They are Industrial Exhibitions of mineral wealth, and aided by such works as we have just noticed they afford the best means of diffusing the knowledge that enlightens and improves.

To some, geology is still a stumbling block, on account of the vast periods of time, some geologists have required to explain its phenomena—epochs long antecedent to those understood by the ordinary interpretation of the first chapter of Genesis. On the one hand it is unwise to conceal facts, or shun enquiry, on the other it is premature to form theories, until all the facts are known and understood. Geology offers nothing more startling, than the modern improvements of Steam and the Electric Telegraph would have been to philosophers

who lived a century ago. It will be found at last that there is no discordance between the book of nature and the book of Revelation. It is in the earlier stages of research that men are most apt to overrate their knowledge and wisdom. The bones collected by Baron Cuvier from caverns in the earth, at first appeared to him an incongruous heap. By his patience and long study he brought each joint together and erected the skeleton in a perfect state. So it is with geology : the united discoveries of men of science must be brought together and tried in each and every part, before any system can be found that will be universally acceptable.

### HAPPINESS.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

Where doth Happiness abide ?  
 Listen to the voice of Pride :  
 In the palaces of kings,  
 In the homes of Wealth and State,  
 In the halls where Fashion flings  
 Brightness o'er the gay and great,  
 In the feast, the bowl, the song,  
 In the dancers' giddy throng.

And do heads which wear a crown  
 Calmly sleep on beds of down ?  
 All that glitters, is it gold ?  
 Is it pleasure, all that smiles ?  
 Doth the rose no thorn enfold,  
 Nor the goblet which beguiles  
 Hold within its jewelled lip,  
 Poison for the guest to sip !

Where may Happiness be sought ?  
 Mark the student's brow of thought :  
 In the cloister's dim alcove,  
 Where no boisterous sounds intrude,  
 In the meditative grove,  
 In the shady solitude,  
 Where the leaves of ancient lore  
 O'er the mind, their riches pour.

And hath ancient lore a charm,  
 Care and sorrow to disarm ?  
 Learning's highest goal is won,  
 When our ignorance she shows ;  
 And our task is but begun,  
 When we deem it near its close ;  
 Man may traverse Truth's broad sea,  
 But unknown its depths must be.

Where hath Happiness a seat ?  
 Answer, Warrior! In the heat  
 Of the conflict raging loud,  
 When the ranks of foemen fall,  
 In the combat's fiery cloud,  
 Round the city's hostile wall,  
 In the camp, when battle's roar  
 Rolls along the plains no more.

Doth excitement's hour possess  
 All the charms of Happiness ?  
 Can the streams of human gore  
 Wash away the stains of grief ?  
 Can the voice of battle, pour  
 Comfort for the heart's relief ?  
 Happiness dwells *not* in strife,  
 Whose fierce passions aim at life.

Where may happiness be found ?  
 Let ambition answer! Bound  
 Captive at the chariot wheel  
 Of the noble and the strong ;  
 When before him humbly kneel  
 Rival chiefs,—a crouching throng ;  
 When Ambition gains her ends,  
 Happiness his path attends.

Say, can Happiness abide  
 In the home of fear and pride ?  
 Where the assassin's dagger gleams,  
 Where the stains of poison fall,  
 Where the rival joyous seems,  
 While his treacherous heart is gall ?  
 Where, above the couch of ease,  
 Hangs the sword of Damocles ?

Where hath Happiness a home ?  
 Answer, thou who lov'st to roam,  
 O'er the billows, seeking gain ;  
 In the barque before the wind,  
 Bounding homeward o'er the main,  
 Treasure-filled from distant Ind ;  
 Where the Merchant may display  
 Wealth for age's quiet day.

Hath the barque no storm to fear ?  
 Doth no breaker threaten near ?  
 Hath thy chart no doubtful rock,  
 Traced upon its surface wide ?  
 Dreadest thou no sudden shock,  
 From the coral reef,—the tide !  
 E'en though safe, thy riches may  
 Make them wings and flee away.

Where doth Happiness rejoice ?  
 Listen to Religion's voice :  
 In the Christian's peaceful rest,  
 Where the Virtues love to dwell,

Where Devotion's incense sweet,  
Mounts to Heaven in ceaseless swell;  
There can Happiness alone  
Build a firm and lasting throne.

Luxury may charin awhile,  
With its faint, uncertain smile;  
Learning's treasures may unfold  
Transient joy, and brief delight;  
Battle's gory flag unrolled,  
May awhile the heart excite;  
Wealth may smile, and curbless Power  
Sleep on roses—for an hour.

If Religion's angel wings  
Float around the halls of kings;  
If above the student's page  
Pass the whisperings of her breath;  
If her gentle touch assuage  
Demon thoughts in fields of death;  
If the barque her form enfold,  
If she sanctify the gold—

Then may Happiness await  
Power within its halls of state,  
And the student's cloistered cell  
May become a bower of bliss,  
And, above the combat's yell,  
Sound the voice of Happiness;  
Every home where Virtue reigns,  
Peace and Happiness contains.

### OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

SINCE the commencement of the New Year the principal event in our Provincial Monthly gossip is the opening of the Nova Scotia Legislature on the 20th inst., by a speech from Sir J. Gaspard LeMarchant, which we give below.

*Mr. President, and Honourable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council:*

*Mr. Speaker, and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly:*

In meeting you for the first time, I cannot but congratulate myself in having before me those who represent an intelligent people, whose constitution is well defined, and who are accustomed, while enjoying the largest practicable measure of self-government, to cherish respect for the Queen's prerogative, and feelings of loyal attachment to the Parent State.

I shall direct to be laid before you certain papers connected with the important subject of an efficient protection of the Fisheries, including correspondence between the Executive and His Excellency the Naval Commander-in-Chief on this station, with respect to the best mode in which this service should be carried out. To the zeal and experience of this distinguished officer, and to the active and cordial co-operation of the officers of the Squadron employed under his command, we are much indebted for the vigilance with which our

national rights are being guarded, without, at the same time, any diminution of the friendly relations which ought to subsist between those whose common origin and mutual interests offer so many pledges for the preservation of peace.

You will be pleased to learn that the Government of the United States have at length consented to negotiate on the subject of their commercial relations with the British Empire. I shall rejoice if these negotiations result in the opening of more extended markets for the productions of British America, and the adjustment of questions in which the Legislatures of all the Provinces have hitherto evinced a lively interest.

*Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly:*

The public accounts and the estimates of the expenses of the current year shall be laid before you without delay.

*Mr. President, and Honourable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council:*

*Mr. Speaker, and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly:*

The question of Railway communication has received from the members of my Government that grave attention which its vital importance to the future interests of the Province demands. The negotiations for an inter-Colonial line having been broken off prior to my assumption of this Government, Nova Scotia was freed from previous obligations, and left at liberty to frame such measures as should be suited to her own peculiar position and requirements. The promulgation of a minute in Council, pledging the Government, with the approbation of the Legislature, to construct certain lines upon our great thoroughfares, has induced parties to make propositions all deserving of our careful consideration.

That you might the more readily be enabled to deal with the whole subject, and decide wisely upon the policy to be adopted, I have been careful that the means to carry out that policy should be provided; and when the papers referring to this subject are laid before you, I trust that you will be satisfied that every effort has been made to prepare the way for wise and successful legislation. While I estimate at their true value the great advantages to be derived by the public generally from the construction of Railroads, and while I also look confidently forward to their completion, I trust I need not remind you of the serious responsibility that rests upon you to confine the liabilities of the Province within those limits which its revenues and resources will justify, in order that the honor and good faith of Nova Scotia may continue unquestioned and unimpaired.

The system by which grants of money are expended on the Great Roads of this Province, is confessedly so defective that I have instructed the members of my Government to prepare a measure for your consideration, that I hope may be approved. So large a portion of the population of this country being engaged in the cultivation of the soil, there is no subject which demands more careful investigation than the means by which their condition can be elevated and their productive power increased.

From the best information I can gather, it would appear that notwithstanding the liberality of the Legislature and the exertions of the Central Board and of local societies, there is yet wide field for improvement in this department.

Your attention will be called to a revision of the existing Laws, and to the means by which finer breeds of cattle and sheep may be introduced into the Province, and sound knowledge bearing upon the pursuits of husbandry more widely diffused.

Circumstances having prevented the Legislature from revising the Common School Act, during the last session, that duty devolves upon us now, and I confidently anticipate that in maturing the measures which I shall direct to be laid before you, I shall have your enlightened co-operation.

My attention has been called to the injuries occasioned to the River Fisheries of this Province, from obstructions to the free passage of fish, by the erection of dams and the setting of nets, in violation of the law. This subject is of great importance. The salmon fisheries have been gradually decreasing within the last few years, and I shall rejoice if your wisdom and local experience can avert the destruction of a valuable resource, either by an amendment of the law, should it be found defective, or by providing for its more vigorous execution.

The blessings of Divine Providence it behoves the representatives of a Christian Sovereign duly to acknowledge. They are spread around us on every hand. An abundant harvest crowned the labours of the husbandman; commerce, freed from restrictions has sought new channels; though the fishery, I regret to learn, has not been so productive as usual in some localities.

In the success of every measure calculated to develop the resources and elevate the character of Nova Scotia, I shall ever take a deep interest; and you may rely upon my desire to conduct public affairs in such a manner as will lighten your labours, soothe the asperities incidental to public life, and promote the prosperity of all classes throughout this fine country.

The House has since met for despatch of business. Railway and other topics of importance have been discussed, but no definite arrangements have been agreed to upon any subject.

Our harbour during the past month has been visited by no less than six Steamers of the Cunard line. In addition to those which touched in their regular course between Liverpool and Boston, we had the Asia on the 1st and the Arabia on the 13th, both having put in for coal. The latter is one of the finest vessels ever in harbour, and was visited by numbers of our citizens during her first visit.

By the several arrivals we have European News to the 8th inst. The principal event that has excited general interest is the resignation of the Derby Cabinet consequent upon their defeat on the question of the Budget. The New Ministry is composed as follows:

The Earl of Aberdeen.....	First Lord of the Treasury.
Lord Cranworth.....	Lord Chancellor.
Lord John Russell.....	Secretary for Foreign Affairs.
Lord Palmerston.....	Secretary of State for the Home Department.
Hon. W. E. Gladstone.....	Chancellor of the Exchequer.
Duke of Newcastle.....	Colonial Secretary.
Sir J. Graham.....	First Lord of the Admiralty.
Hon. S. Herbert.....	Secretary at War.
Sir Charles Wood.....	President of the Board of Control.
Lord Clanricarde.....	Post Master General.
Lord Clarendon.....	President of Council.
Lord Canning.....	Post Office.
Sir W. Molesworth.....	Board of Works.
Lord Granville.....	Duchy of Lancaster.
E. Cardwell.....	Board of Trade.
Sir A. Cockburn.....	Attorney General.
Page Wood.....	Solicitor General.
Hayter and Wilson.....	Secretaries to Treasury.

Our neighbours in New Brunswick have learned with great satisfaction that the Royal assent has been given to their Railway Bills and that active preparations are making by the English Contractors to begin their construction in the ensuing spring.

We regret to notice in the obituary record of that province, the name of the Rev. W. T. Wishart, a popular divine and lecturer of the city of St. John. Mr. Wishart was by birth a Scotchman and in immediate expectation of a Baronetcy which will become extinct by his decease. For scholastic attainments, originality of mind, and strong vigorous intellect, few in these Provinces have equalled this gentleman. He had published several works on Theology, and as a Lecturer commanded extensive attention and admiration. 'The Provincial' has also been indebted to his pen for an occasional article.

We have intelligence of the death of Professor Wilson, one of the most distinguished literary men of the present century. He was better known by his cognomen of Christopher North, under which signature he contributed many of the best articles to Blackwood's Magazine. He was also for some time Editor of the Edinburgh Review.

From the United States we have little of interest. It should, however, be mentioned that the caloric steamship Ericson, on her trial trip has equalled the most sanguine expectations, and it is contemplated to build on the same principle six ships of 4,000 tons each, in New York.

From California we learn the gold harvest is abundant, and disease on the decrease. Fires have occurred to a most destructive degree, and heavy gales have done great damage to shipping and other property. Provisions still command an enormous price.