

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

THE PROVINCIAL.

HALIFAX, N. S. MARCH, 1853.

THE MONTH.—MARCH.

Riotous old March with his tempest and fury is here again. The year is going through its childhood with rapid steps. Winter may well concentrate its strength for a final triumph, for his power is waning away, and his insidious rival 'green melodious Spring' is hastening to undermine his strongholds. March comes in with the panoply of battle. The boisterous east wind is its shrill voiced trumpet, it hangs out its gathering snowdrift as its banner of victory, and gleaming icicles and jewel-like hoar frost are its glittering lances and spears. But formidable as it is in appearance, and keen as are the weapons with which its strength is girded, there is a brilliance in those lengthening sunbeams too powerful for continued resistance. Spend thy fury, grim old winter, in the commencement of thy stormy ally, but thy strength will grow weaker long ere his days are numbered. The Mayflower will waken up and bud, even though there be a mantle of white glistening snow above its veined leaves. The sap will spring to life in the old forest trees, and speak of budding boughs and fresh green leaves, meet shelter for the singing birds, that even now are whispering of migration from their sunnier homes to the pleasant northern land of their last year's abode. Hard as adamant though the chains may seem that bind the strong waters of the lakes and streams, set as gems in the waste places of fair Acadia, the warm rays of the conquering sun have already pierced to the depth of their prison, and a voice of light and sunshine is bidding them leap forth once more and banish their oppressor to his Lapland home. As the darkness gathers deeper just before the daylight breaks, so even while old-winter seems to rage more furiously than ever, there is a power abroad for his destruction, and rosy mantled Spring is hiding beneath his frosty garment. But we will speak of what is, rather than of what shall come. We will paint old March in his robes of terror—standing erect on the dreary mountain with the tempest around him, and cold and shadow at his feet. One hour breaking forth in sunshine, and gilding nature with a flood of strong living light. Anon wrapping earth in darkness, and driving on the wings of

his tempest the clustering snow-flakes, until the glistening drift rises like some miniature pyramid in the highway or by the homestead. And ere the fleecy pile has had time to harden, or complete its world of beauty, riotous March puts on a different humour, and renews the attack in showers of furious rain, still attended by his rocking tempest, and calling in his ready ally—Frost—hardens the drops as they fall, till every bush and tree and waving branch puts on a fringe of gleaming ice, shining in the morning's sun more radiantly than ever glistened jewels in a monarch's diadem. Beautiful indeed is stormy March in this fancy attire. When the sun wakes up from his Eastern halls, and looks out upon the face of nature, his smile of welcome is mirrored back in the thousand drops of congealed crystal that hang in festoons from the eaves of the household and the bending branches. But one by one, as his smile grows warmer, they break from their frail resting places, and at last with a stunning crash they fall like broken pearls in a crowded heap to the earth below. And once again the trees lift up their bowed branches, and the yet noisy wind rattles to and fro amid their leafless twigs, and still the sun shines on,—while the white snow drifts melt and the frost-jewels gleam and disappear forever! And higher, louder rises up the voice of the rushing wind, and the homestead shakes beneath its thunder, and the waves of the wide spread ocean are lashed into fury, beneath its restless touch. And now it dies away and then breaks forth fresh and louder like the stormy sobs of an angry child, until at last it sinks into a low melancholy wail like the lament of some wounded spirit; growing weaker and fainter as the daylight wakens, until its voice is hushed to sleep and the sun rises again to smile upon a calm and quiet earth.

March brings but few anniversaries or holidays of note, if we except Erin's high festival—the celebration of St. Patrick's day. The children of the 'green isle,' situated in Acadia still cherish the traditions and customs of their forefathers and make merry on the day set apart for the commemoration of their patron saint. The light hearted Irishman dons his shamrock (if haply to find one) or else a piece of the fringed fir tree, and after performing his devotions at mass, spends the rest of the day in the festivity most congenial to his jovial nature. Here they have a procession, attended by a staff of ragged urchins, who cheer lustily as the banners pass along, and hurra for St. Patrick or 'ould Ireland' whichever may be the watchword of their fancy. We do not know that this time honoured saint was famous for much in reality, but tradition has invested his name with a thousand sanctities and virtues, his reptile-extinguishing qualities not among the least of his merits. But whatever his claim to canonization his festival is dear to the heart of the Irishman wherever he wanders, and the air of 'St. Patrick's day in the Morning' finds response in the breast of every genuine son of the green Isle.

And March sometimes has a festival as in the present month, which the whole christian world may unite to celebrate. We allude to Easter. The

resurrection day of Him whose advent we erewhile commemorated as the greatest boon ever bestowed on earth, and yet this festival is even more important to his followers. So March is often the favoured month in which the pascal or full moon appears which heralds the coming of this blessed day, so dear to the Christian Church as the perfection of our redemption and the consummation of our pardon.

The poor and lonely hail the coming of March as the first index of a termination to the long dreary winter which has so oppressed them, though it is often a month of more privation and hardship than any of the preceding—as the scanty stores are often altogether exhausted, and want stares them boldly in the face—but each succeeding day brings hope of better times and sunnier hours, and the fainting heart takes hope and revives once more its failing courage. And March has often sadder things than want or care, for it brings to many a home the crushing down of hope in the death bed of some beloved one, whose life and strength which has been ebbing fast away during the long hours of dreary winter, cannot bear the reaction which comes with the herald of Spring, but droops away secretly, suddenly. The flowers fade and die when the chill autumn comes, but the roots and seeds are still there to reproduce the glorious multitude when the spring time returns; but earth's human flowers, the loveliest of the household, the dearest to the heart wake not up from the touch of the spoiler. While the green fresh things of nature bud and bloom again, the wounded spirit grows weaker and fades away forever; the rose-light of hectic pales upon the cheek, and the eye so bright, like the last radiance of the dying sun, gives its final look of love and opens no more on earth. Yes, March brings death to many a quiet household, and the holy incense of sorrow shadows many a loving heart during the term that marks its brief dominion.

But we will turn to thy brighter side, rugged old March, and dream of the days of light and melody which even thy stormy voice will aid to bring. Thou hast festoons of snow and icicles, but beneath them lies the budding wreath of our own cherished blossoms, the emblems of hope and rejoicing—Acadia's Mayflowers! Spend thy tempest and thy strength, for their dominion is nearly over, and we will not grudge them a parting volley. But we look beyond the snow-drift and the stormy cloud; there are brighter things and sweeter influences which shall ere long bring us the melody of singing birds and the breath of sweet young flowers, the murmuring of loosened streams, with the quivering of green leaves playing in the golden sunshine: these are the lovely things which shall follow, and are even now trembling into life beneath the dominion of the warden of storm and fury—grim old March.



LINES FOR EVERY MONTH IN THE YEAR.

Sir,—The following acrostic on the year was written some years ago, and appeared in the pages of a journal long since defunct. Being, however, original, perhaps if you think they have merit, their previous appearance may not be a sufficient reason for excluding them from your Magazine. It has been attempted as far as possible, to make the progress of the poem correspond with the nature of the Seasons. It opens with new year—the lovers meet in the Spring, love on through the Summer, their affection becomes beautifully mellow in the Autumn, and they are both handsomely killed off in December.

C.

J oyous and gay who trips it o'er the lea,
 A s New Year blithesome, as its snow-flakes free !
 N ot yet hath time his finger dared impose
 U pon that cheek, to rob it of its rose.
 A round her form ten thousand graces play,
 R ightly bedecked in nature's best array.
 Y outh is her dowry, modesty her dress,
 F eatures and form vying in loveliness—
 E llen the fairest maiden of the vale,
 B y rustics named Lily of Ellendale.
 R aise, raise thine head, sweet ! why that sudden rush
 U nto thy temples of the timid blush ?
 A sk of thine heart, 'twill tell thee 'tis the sweet
 R emembrance—hark the sound of coming feet !
 Y oung Harry's loving arms are round thee pressed
 M aiden—nor fear to be by him caressed.
 A mong the dwellers round in vale or grove,
 R esided few who sought not Ellen's love.
 C areless of all but one she passed them by.
 H arry alone had merit in her eye.
 A pollo like his form—the rustics rude
 P aused ere they passed a form so rarely viewed.
 R ightly he stored his mind from learning's well,
 I ntent to make the kernel worth the shell.
 L anguishing maidens try in vain their art,
 M any his eye, but Ellen caught his heart.
 A nd now 'tis Spring, and 'neath the trysting tree
 Y e sit entwined, your hearts o'erflowing with glee.
 J ocund ye speak and laugh, and each will gaze
 U pon the face of other—oh the days
 N ow bring to mind the spring time of your love—
 E arth's full of joy, and full the sky above ;
 J oyous your hearts—no shade will surely dare
 U pon these beings pass so pure and fair.
 L ove on then while ye may, nor fear the rest—
 Y e sit beneath the tree ye both love best.
 A mid the groves that clustered round the vale
 U npierced by Sol, innoxious to the gale,
 G rew one oak patriarchal, vast of size,
 U pheaving huge his branches to the skies.
 S unshine and storm passed o'er his hoary head,
 T o his gaunt limbs the storm could bring no dread.
 S uch was their tryst ; that spot they'll ne'er forget,
 E ach will remember there 'twas first they met.
 P assed is the Summer—Autumn hath begun
 T o cool the splendor of the mid-day sun :
 E arth shews her bounties to the anxious swain,
 M ajestic wave the fields with teeming grain.
 B right smile the skies upon the loving pair,
 E llen and Harry still love, free from care,
 R oving from grove to plain, from hill to mead.

O n wings how swift the golden hours speed!
 C an pen proceed to change its glowing theme?
 'T was on a radiant day when bright the beam
 O f Phœbus shone, dispensing all around
 B eauty and joy—upon the trysting ground
 E llen accustomed sat and thought of love,
 R eflexing in her eyes the heaven above.
 'N ow soon my life, my Harry will appear—
 'O h speed ye hours, bring my Harry here!
 V ainly thou callest, never more shalt thou
 E nraptured gaze upon that glorious brow;
 M ighter than love death weaves his bridal wreath—
 B oast, monarch, boast—thy triumph's great, oh death!
 E xpecting long with sad forebodings filled—
 R umor too soon fair Ellen's fond heart chilled.
 D escending from the hill the rustics bear—
 E llen alas! *she* needs not what to hear.
 C an *she* mistake the form which bleeding lies?
 E ntranced one moment, wildly then she cries
 'M y life, my love, my Harry!' *she* is gone!
 B roken her heart, death hath two victims won.
 E nsepulchred together where she fell,
 R est they beneath the tree they loved in life so well.

 STRAY STORIES.—No. 3.

THE Emigration from Nova Scotia during the few past years, has been fraught with evil consequences to the Province, inasmuch as the young stalwart arms, and quick intelligent minds, to whom hope naturally reverted as the future guides and rulers of the coming generation, have turned away to seek homes and fortunes in stranger lands, depriving their birthplace of the enterprise and ability it fostered, and leaving vacant places with little prospect of having them filled by industrious immigrants, calculated by education or ability to stand as their substitutes.

But while the country in general has suffered, first by the causes which induced it, and secondly by this emigration itself, individuals and homes have felt more deeply, what is considered in any view a much to be deplored occurrence. In the generality of cases it is not the idle or thriftless who have left their native shores, but the industrious and enterprising of our people who have bidden farewell to their homes and their families, to seek employment in more remunerative pursuits than are presented by their native land. Men in the prime and vigour of life, upon whom perchance wives and children depend for maintenance, and who could not provide it in comfort under the present aspect of the province; men who have turned away it may be with breaking

hearts, but with firm resolve and steadfast purpose, to toil manfully for those beloved ones, for whom they had undertaken to shield and provide, trusting with the blessing of providence to accomplish their object, and return with independence secured—so that they might spend the evening of their years in the land which gave them birth, and which had ever been the centre of their hopes and affections. But alas! how often have these dreams been darkened, and the best and holiest ambition of our natures been frustrated, by the hand of death, coming at the most untimely hour, when the blow was sure to fall heaviest upon those who were left to mourn.

The domestic annals of Nova Scotia during the last few years, were they unfolded to our sight, would present many a chapter of disappointment and sorrow, which while they called forth the best sympathies of humanity, ever ready to feel for a brother's grief, might also raise a warning voice to others of our countrymen who contemplate taking the same course, so destructive to the hopes and happiness of those who first pursued it. By the lessons which experience has written down, they might be convinced of the uncertainty of success, and the certainty of hardship and suffering in those distant countries to which emigration turns. And it would amply repay those who shew the chronicles, if they be instrumental in any way, to retain our young men within their own province, and induce them to labour there, even though prosperity may seem as yet a thing unattainable to the majority within her borders. But though lagging in the race for improvement, Nova Scotia will not be ever in the rear. 'The good time' may be long in 'coming' but come it will assuredly, to those who labour with courage and honesty for her advancement and their own; and surely a competence gained in our own country, would be more valued, than luxury wrung from a foreign soil.

Among those who, since the discoveries of the gold fields of California and Australia, have been led thitherward from the shores of Nova Scotia, was a young man who for convenience we will call Hamilton. He was a native of the province, and had been a resident for a number of years in one of the more thriving townships. Industrious and frugal he had passed from boyhood to manhood, respected and esteemed by all with whom he was associated. From the savings of his labour during several years' engagement in a seafaring life, and by the assistance of some friends, he commenced a small mercantile business, and shortly after married a young girl belonging to the village in which he resided. For a time his business went on as prosperously as could be reasonably expected in a place, the population of which was limited, and whose wants were supplied by numbers in the same business. By dint of constant attention and labour on his part, and most efficient assistance from his wife, who opened an establishment for boarders, which was well-attended, he was looked upon by his neighbours as one likely to attain, if not wealth, at least a comfortable independence, sufficient for himself and those who were dependent upon his care.

Hamilton was well satisfied for some years with the progress his business was making, and appeared to look upon the village in which he lived as his permanent home. Bound to it by many ties, he was the last person, one would have supposed, tidings of wealth could have lured away from home and its comforts; but in an evil hour, California with all its glittering romance of sudden wealth and dazzling adventure, burst upon the young man. It was a period of unusual depression for Nova Scotia. The crops had failed, and merchants had little chance of remuneration from the purchasers with whom they dealt. Hamilton had gone largely on the credit system, and for one whose business was so limited, the change in the circumstances of his customers was severely felt. By patience and perseverance the pressure would eventually have worn off, as Nova Scotia has since rallied in her agricultural pursuits, and in many of the counties her farmers are realizing an independence by the profitable sales of their products in foreign markets. In the general depression, however, of this season, Hamilton was not prophetic enough to foresee an amelioration. The labour of years appeared to him as wasted; the future looked gloomy, and previous disappointment left but little encouragement for perseverance.

The dazzling tidings which came by every arrival from California, did much to wean the young man's energies from his accustomed business. He saw before him in the distance—wealth—gathered as by magic from those golden fields to which adventure and avarice turned. The year or two that might be spent in acquiring the fortune that would make him comfortable and influential in his native land, seemed but as nothing drawn from his term of years. He dwelt not on the hardships to be encountered: the risk,—the sickness,—the privations. He thought only of the gain and the happiness. He would not trust his thoughts to dwell upon his absence from home, and friends: his joyful return was ever the foreground in the picture. He would not think that death might come when far from all those home faces, and household voices, for whom he was about to risk so much. No conviction told him that he might die among strangers, his coveted wealth in the possession of persons for whom he did not toil, and that those whom he loved and for whom he struggled with all the difficulties of separation and privation, might be left not only without protection but destitute by the very course he had taken to promote their prosperity.

Realities like these never rose up before the excited fancy of the young man, or if they did they were dismissed as soon as met. A vessel had been chartered and was about to sail from the province for the land of promise, bearing in her better wealth than any she might bring from thence—the warm hearts and dauntless energies from the sanctuary of home; wealth, that perhaps would never again return to that Mayflower shore where their happy childhood had passed; wealth that might lie, low and motionless, among the golden hills of

that stranger land to which they were hastening, only remembered in the household treasury from which they passed away, mourned and wept for there with undying love, that even in spirit watched over the exiles when the last hour came, and made them feel how gladly they would barter all the gold that lay heaped around them for one tone or smile from the visible reality of home.

In this vessel, with several others, hopeful and adventurous like himself, with whom he had been familiar for years, Hamilton embarked for California. With aching hearts those nearest and dearest to him bade him farewell; but he cheered them with prospects of speedy and joyful return, though his own heart perhaps misgave him as he spoke; and who shall say, that he did not then repent of the step which exiled him from his country and his home. The vessel had a safe though not speedy voyage, to her place of destination. On her arrival at Sacramento, the pleasant tidings were despatched to their homes, that all had landed well, in good spirits, and with every prospect of success. With their safe arrival, half the doubt and danger of their absence seemed surmounted, and the anxious hearts that had followed them in their pathway over the great ocean, seemed to gather a portion of the hope and cheerfulness which animated the exiles, and began already to look forward to their return.

Hamilton soon procured advantageous employment; he was willing to work at anything that promised the speediest remuneration, and his labours were varied during his residence in that lawless region. Sometimes toiling at the diggings—spade in hand—animated by the memory of those for whom he toiled. At others earning large wages as a seaman, during short voyages between the adjoining ports; as a book-keeper, a labourer, or a director; ever active and energetic, his wealth increased with his exertions, and every day brought the successful return nearer. He had many hardships to encounter, and want and privations of various kinds to endure, but he had youth and health, and a strong constitution, to meet them; and while he saw others dying around him, or turning away, disappointed and heart-sick, from the place where they had not strength to labour, his courage and thankfulness revived; as he saw that every day brought him nearer to the accomplishment of his object, and that with his many difficulties he had escaped the worst of all—prostration by hardship and sickness.

Cheering accounts from him came with every mail from his temporary home; his success encouraged others to follow in his path, though he never gave such advice, or by hope or counsel induced any to forsake their homes. He dwelt on his own success and under-rated his trials, only to encourage the friends, who regarded him with such anxiety; but often even after he had penned his most cheering letters, would he turn shrinking from the want and suffering around him, and envy the letter that was soon to find its way to the home he so yearned to see.

But the long exile was near its end, and the years Hamilton had contemplated as the duration of his, were approaching their termination. Though he had not realized the competence he anticipated on leaving Nova Scotia, still he had secured enough, to liquidate all his debts, and enter into more extensive business than any he had yet attempted. The trials and dangers he had experienced, during his residence in California, had cured him of his longing desire for the accumulation of money. Experience had taught him that labour and economy, at home, were far more to be desired than even luxury amassed on the condition that he must find it here. The lawless gang who surrounded him, the cold earth for a bed, the want of everything like kindness or sympathy, made the comforts and endearments of home seem still more precious; and he determined to shorten his voluntary absence and return to the country whose advantages, he was now fain to acknowledge, far surpassed his previous belief. Letters were received by his family, announcing the glad news of his immediate return, and hearts beat lighter than they had yet done since the wanderer last cheered them with his presence.

He left California, in a vessel bound for New York, with a large number of returning emigrants; many had secured money like himself, and were eager to quit the land in which they had endured many privations; others were returning sorrowful and heart-sore, with ruined health and blasted prospects, only perhaps to end their days at home; while some were bound on a visit to their friends, determined again to seek the land of so many opposites, and add yet more to the partial harvest they had already gathered.

The number of passengers was very large: some five or six hundred persons of every grade and condition in life. It was, however, in the main, a hopeful happy crew, who already enjoyed in anticipation the welcome they believed was in store for them. It was the summer season; the voyage was smooth and prosperous; when, within a day or two's sail of New York, their joy was turned into lamentation, and the strongest hearts grew still with fear. A deadlier foe than famine or shipwreck had gained an entrance upon the ship—one that yielded not to hope or to prayers. The *Cholera* had broken out on board, and though not of the most virulent kind, proved fatal to many. Several deaths had occurred before the ship reached her port, and on her arrival, all hands were in such confusion and distress, that it was with difficulty anything could be attended to. Those who were yet in health, escaped from the vessel almost immediately. Others who had friends in the city were taken in their sick and dying state to the homes that had awaited them so long, where they received all the care and attention that human love could minister. But there were others, and these by far the larger number, whose homes were far distant, and who had neither friend or acquaintance within reach of an immediate summons. Poor Hamilton was among these—he was one of the earliest victims; but the disease had not made such rapid progress with him.

He was there, too ill to move, the hand of death visibly upon him, and yet with no friend who knew of his condition, or could render sympathy and aid when he most required them. He was left thus to die alone; the Captain and other officers of the ship were either ill or too much occupied to attend to him; and at the very moment when his wife was anxiously expecting his return, in the full vigour of life and health, a telegraphic message informed her that her husband lay dying in the vessel that had brought him from California. The sudden reaction from hope to the bitterest of earthly disappointments, was more than the stricken woman could bear, and sickness ensued which prostrated and rendered her incapable of thought or exertion. A near relative of her own left in the earliest conveyance for New York, and arrived there in time to witness the last hours of the dying man. But disease had done its worst work, and left both mind and body prostrate beneath its influence. He only survived one day after his friend's arrival, and during that interval was unable to do more than express his consciousness of his presence, and send a last message to the dearest loved. Thus on the very threshold of home, with independence in his grasp, and all the imagined comforts and blessings of life and friendship in prospect, poor Hamilton passed away from the dream and enjoyment of all. In the prime of manhood, with others depending solely on his protection and support, far from the voices that would have cheered him, and the affection that would have sustained him, the adventurous and courageous spirit of the young man yielded up its earthly power—leaving mourning and tears to those who looked in vain for his coming,—one more assurance of the uncertainty of life and its pursuits, another attestation to the truth of the wise man's injunction, when he tells the denizen of earth, 'Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.'

His severe illness, and quickly succeeding death, left no time for any adjustment of his property. Full of life and hope, he trusted to dispose of it himself for the benefit of his family, and consequently left no will whereby they might secure it.

Notwithstanding many efforts on the part of the friends of Mrs. Hamilton, his money never became hers, but passed away to others, who it appeared had nearer legal claims. And thus the very object of his toil and labour was defeated, as she for whom he worked with such ceaseless energy, never reaped the fruit of unselfish affection. He gave up all that makes life dear and precious, sentencing himself to exile and suffering, to further the happiness of one he had promised to cherish, and by that step deprived her of all. His care, his labour, and dearer still the protection and interest of a husband's affection, were all lost. Years of absence and loneliness had been borne, cheered only by the hope of his ultimate return, and now death had taken away the last light, and those who mourned him were made to feel that absence and death began together.

We have told, briefly, a sad but true tale, and what land is there that could not reveal many of like sorrow. How love of gold lured the young and daring from happy homes, to which they never returned again, and made the places they hoped to brighten still more cheerless and desolate. Think of these things—sons, brothers, husbands, of the Provinces, before you, too, sacrifice the comfort and happiness of the present for the vain dream of a golden future. Your own land has many drawbacks, but you can help to lessen them. Give but a part of the energies you lavish so freely in strange lands, to the soil or to operative pursuits, within her borders, and though you may not rise so speedily to fortune, as in those regions of whose wealth you hear so much, yet when sickness comes, you will have those you love to watch over you, and win you back to health; and if death, despite all their care and love, should come, you will feel that your time and labour has been spent with them, as well as for them, and that none will have uncertainty and fear as to your last comforts and wants, added to the sorrow your loss will entail. But your picture can have a brighter side than this. The climate of our country has health in its very breezes, and *want* is a thing little known, where there are strong arms and willing hearts. Look at numbers of your fellow countrymen, who by application and economy have risen to wealth and influence. Let not, then, the evils of the present discourage you. Clouds of depression are around our land—but will they not eventually disappear, if her children unite together to dispel them. The labour and intelligence of those who have left her, within the last few years, had they been devoted to her service, as they have been to that of stranger lands, could already have worked a great revolution in her prospects and prosperity. Do not let tales, chiefly circulated by interested parties, of golden harvests and magic fortunes, tempt you to forsake your country in her extremity. These tales shew you but one side of the picture; but experience can tell you that the darker one is the truer view in this case. Hunger, disease, and death, attend more surely in those far-famed gold regions, than rapid fortune or prosperous adventure. Let the sad annals, which even little Acadia can unfold, of the evils of emigration, only induce you to cling more hopefully to your native land, and the God of plenty will give you encouragement and reward.

THE STRAGGLER OF THE BEACH.

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

The sun which was verging towards its decline, gilded the horizon with its expiring rays; it was about the time of one of those high tides, known in Piriac

by the name of *reverdie**, and the ebbing tide left quite dry long lines of surf which were generally covered by the sea. The latter as far as the eye could reach, appeared to be diversified by the most dazzling tints. Sometimes the waves, darkened by the shadows of evening, resembled a field freshly cultivated, upon which the flakes of foam appeared like the flowers of camomile; sometimes they appeared like a green prairie, undulating with the breeze; sometimes glistening in the rays of the setting sun, while large flocks of sea-gulls darted through the air; and here and there the cows lying on the sand seemed to inhale with joy the evening breeze.

Niette pursued one of those dry paths bordered with granite, which everywhere surround the cultivated fields. Arriving at the top of the promontory, she entered one of those vineyards, whose old vines creep over the ground like so many serpents, and in order to conceal herself more effectually she followed one of those long trenches intended to defend the vintage from the sea breeze. She thus attained the point of Castelli, and looked earnestly towards the three great rocks which rose on the left, like the remains of some old monument.

Le traîneur de grèves was not to be seen. She searched in vain in the clefts of the rocks beyond; as far as the eye could see the shore appeared deserted. She began to fear that Marzon had not followed that track, when she perceived the head of a child rising above one of the rocks which the fishermen use in order to descend to the beach. She recognised him immediately as the young brother of Louis, and called to him.

'You here, Jaumic,' she said with astonishment: 'I thought you had gone to Leyrat.'

'So I did,' replied the boy, looking towards the little bay which he had just quitted; but I returned this way, hoping to find my brother near the Black Rocks.'

'And he is not there?'

'Excuse me,' replied Jaumic, who still kept looking behind him, 'I just left him in the large grotto, and I left him only because he desired it.'

'He is in the grotto,' repeated Niette; 'and what is he doing there?'

The child shrugged his shoulders, without replying, and for some moments followed the young girl. His face in which beamed the precocious intelligence of orphans, of whom misery had been the tutor, expressed at the same time a sort of uneasiness which struck Annette. She renewed her questions with more eagerness.

'I cannot tell you what he is doing,' said Jaumic; 'but surely there is something which makes him very unhappy.'

The young girl was struck with terror. 'And you say that he is in the large grotto,' asked she, eagerly.

'Yes,' replied the boy, 'he begged me to leave him alone; but it would be a good chance for him if he had some one to speak a few words of comfort to him.'

*Return of the high tide.

Niette mechanically made a few steps towards the opening, and then stopped short, and gazed earnestly at Launie. The latter who understood her intention, hastened to take his leave of her.

'Excuse me, Niette, for having detained you,' he said, 'I dare say you are in a hurry to drive home your cow; I saw her in the meadow waiting for you.'

He took the path which wound round the top of the cliff; and Niette, having assured herself that she was unobserved, glided into the ravine which sloped down to the sea.

The beach which she soon gained, was interspersed with pools of water, in the midst of which rose a natural causeway of granite, covered with seaweed. The seaweed deadened the sound of the young girl's footsteps, and she reached the grotto without her approach being perceived.

The summit of the rock in which the waves had hollowed it, was attached to the cliff but by a few fragments; but its base was secure enough. The cavern consisted of two apartments united by a long arcade, and had a double outlet on two shores separated by a wall of reefs. On its sides of dark schistus, ran ferruginous lines and some veins of white quartz. In the first enclosure, a cleft partly opening into the grotto, admitted like some fantastic light the last rays of the setting sun. They fell on the face of Marzou, who was lying on the damp sand of the grotto with his head resting against a projection of the rock.

'You here,' cried he with astonishment. 'Is it possible, and what is it you seek?'

Then seeing the troubled countenance of the young girl, he added. 'In the name of God, has anything happened to detain you so late upon the rocks?'

'Tell me first why you remain here yourself,' replied Annette, looking at him earnestly. 'Generally when you come to Castelli, it is to set your lines, and not to sleep in the grotto.'

'I was not sleeping, Niette,' said the young man, sadly.

'What were you doing then?'

'I was thinking of our conversation at your cottage, just now, dear girl. While I am with you, I feel no sadness; but in solitude I have reflected, and thinking how little hope there seemed for me, I lay down here bereft of courage, like some unfortunate wretch who has no heart for anything.'

'God protect us! Is this keeping your promise to me, Louis,' replied Annette, very much moved, 'are you, then, no longer a man? Summon your fortitude (mon pauvre ami) for neither you nor I are at the end of our experience.'

'Ah,' you come to announce some misfortune,' cried Marzou.

'The more reason for keeping up a brave heart,' replied the peasant girl.

'But what is it? What is it?'

'It is that my father suspects our affection; that Lubert and he are furious, and they are looking for you.'

'Well, all in good time,' replied *le traineur de greves*, with a sort of des-

ponding indifference; 'they will find me without difficulty, and since they are the strongest, they will be able to accomplish their wicked designs.'

'Pray do not say that,' interrupted Annette, clasping her hands. 'Can you expect God to pity us, if we do not try to have some self-reliance? Do we not love one another, Louis? Can we not oppose our love to their anger?'

'But if this love is counted a crime in me,' said the *traineur de greves*, 'if they will tear it from me at any price, (and that shall only be with my life, Niette), how can I escape the wickedness of these people?'

'There is one way', replied she.

'What is it?'

The young girl hesitated as if it cost her an effort to continue; at last she resumed, without raising her eyes, and in a low voice: 'That proposed to you by Marillas.'

'What! to go away,' cried Marzou; 'to leave you exposed alone to the evil designs of the patron, and his sailor? Is it you who propose this course to me Niette? And what am I to do there? Do you think I shall have any heart to work, and that I shall not be always looking for news from Piriac? Ah! you cannot wish it; you alone keep me here. Here we can see one another, at least, although it is from a distance; we can hear each other speak; we know that we breathe the same air. You used to feel that as well as I, but now you are changed. Ah Niette, this is an affliction that I did not expect!'

The young man's voice trembled, and his eyes filled with tears. Annette almost overcome by her emotion, knelt upon the sand and pressing Marzou's hands within her own, in the tenderest words tried to convince him of the necessity of their separation: but this last shock opened all the sources of grief in his breast. Having nothing to reply to the wise reasonings of the fisherman's daughter, he immediately plunged as if with a morbid pleasure into bitter remembrances, and tried to retrace with desperation all the trials that he had been obliged to submit to from his birth: maternal neglect, cold, hunger, energies crushed, hopes blasted; and despised by all, save by her from whom they now wished to separate him.

In proportion as he justified himself in his despair, his complaint took a vehemently passionate form, which gradually infected Annette; she tried in vain to resist it; while her lips murmured the expression of a vague hope, all that remained to her of confidence and courage, insensibly abandoned her. This struggle was prolonged to her disadvantage; for the heart of Marzou once opened, the floods of sorrow, which he had in vain endeavoured to restrain, burst forth like a long pent up river, dispersing his illusions, and those of Annette, until the latter, unable to resist her emotions, uttered a cry and hid her face in her hands.

Marzou stopped short. Seeing the young girl at his feet, and agitated with contending emotions, his excitement suddenly diminished, and his tone changed

from bitterness to a tearful sadness. 'Poor girl, I have made you weep,' said he; 'as if there were any need of telling you all that. But why talk of seeing you no longer, Niette? As well tell me at once, that I have no right to happiness, that I must live like the brutes, who know nothing of joys that spring from the affections. It does not seem so with other men. Yes! there are many who are happy in counting the sheaves in their fields; others in guiding the little vessel that contains their all; others, again, sleep under the roof which their honest toil has gained for them; but I, dear girl, have neither house, nor bark, nor furrows. I have nothing in the wide world but the little brother who is my charge, and you who are my reward. When you smile on me at a distance, when you call me by my name, with that voice which resembles no other; perhaps I do not know how to express this to you, Niette, but it seems to me that a ray of sunshine glides within me—my blood becomes light—I love everybody, and I thank the good God for my existence. But without you I become sad; I think upon the dark days, and I have neither repose nor resignation.

'Mon Dieu! but what is to be done, then,' cried Annette, who in the midst of her distress had been moved by the tender words of her lover; 'do you not understand that if you remain, some misfortune will happen to you.' 'Do not fear that *chère amie*,' replied Louis, pressing the hands of the young girl; 'I know your father, and Lubert; when they return, they will cast anchor at the 'Silver Pilehard,' and provided I keep myself out of sight, they will not lose time in seeking me.'

'And if by chance they should meet you?'

'If they meet me, *mon cobriau*, I will do as they do when the storm threatens. I will fly before the gale.'

'Do not speak so lightly, Louis,' said the young girl, who was partly reassured by the almost cheerful tone of Marzou; 'think rather of what I have come to tell you. Perhaps you do not know all the danger. When anger blinds my father, nothing can be done with him, and where he leads, Lubert will follow. Think, *pauvre garçon*, that it may perhaps cost you your life.'

'Do not fear that, Niette; they will not crush a man like a crab, with a blow.'

'And if you should be obliged to defend yourself, you might be tempted to raise your hand against my father.'

'Never,' exclaimed Marzou; 'strike him who has given you life! you cannot believe it. His blood shall be sacred in my eyes.'

'I thank you, dear Louis,' said Annette, affected with the warmth of this protestation; 'this is a proof of your good heart, as well as of your love. But what will become of you if my father does what he says he will?'

'Whatever God pleases,' said the young man, with a courageous serenity; 'we must all submit to His will. Who knows if he may not soften those hard hearts. When your father sees that I bear all things for your sake, perhaps it

will disarm his anger. If he strike me, I will bow my head without a word, and unless blind with rage, he will not repeat it. Fear nothing; as long as you love me, I shall have patience enough to suffer, and courage to save myself.'

In pronouncing these last words, Marzou had half raised the young girl, who leaned confidently against his shoulder. Annette, bashful, trembling and overjoyed, resisted feebly. She had already forgotten the impression, which caused her to seek the *traineur de greves*. In this interview which ought to have been an adieu, she found herself more strongly attached than ever; and in trying to sever the ties which bound her to him, she had riveted them more strongly than before. She tried in vain to stammer forth some timid objection; but Marzou opposed them with redoubled tenderness, which dissipated all her doubts.

However, time was rapidly advancing; night had arrived, and neither of them had observed the growing obscurity of the grotto. Under pretence of seeking some salutary expedient, they employed themselves in building a thousand castles in the air, to which every wish brought a stone. At first, it was the change in Goron, his consent to their marriage; then followed all the chapters of this romance of a young household, so sweet in anticipation. Transported with these chimeras, they paid little heed to the realities around them. At length, Annette seemed to awaken from her dream, and looked around her. When she perceived through the arch of entrance, the darkened sky in which a few stars were beginning to sparkle, she arose with an exclamation of alarm.

'Mon Dieu! you have made me forget the hour, Louis,' cried she; 'the night is at hand, and I should have returned long ago. What will they say in the village when they see me returning so late?'

'They will not see you, Niette,' said Marzou; 'but do not go without having reassured me that you will always love me.'

'Hold your tongue, wicked man,' said Annette, smiling; 'you know very well, that that does not depend upon my will.'

'Then all is said, *ma chere*,' cried Louis, pressing her in his arms, 'and nothing shall defeat our intentions; for what we so ardently wish for, cannot long remain impossible. As true as I love you, neither your father, nor Lambert, nor the good God himself can prevent our happiness.'

Here a low roaring which had before struck the ear of Annette, made her turn her head. 'Do you hear that,' said she; 'the time is past, the tide is rising; if you keep me here I shall not be able to find the path on the beach.'

'Fear nothing,' replied Marzou, 'the tide is yet at a distance.'

'Look there in the dark, there is something which looks white.'

'It is the sand of the beach.'

'I feel something like spray in my face.'

'It is nothing but the evening mist.'

Thus speaking, they both advanced, their arms entwined, towards the entrance of the grotto; but at this moment Annette uttered a loud cry.

‘What is the matter,’ said Marzou, whose eyes had never left her.

She did not reply but extended her hands; and Marzou, who had followed the gesture, recoiled affrighted. As far as he could see into the darkness, he could distinguish nothing but waves. The little beach which it was necessary to traverse in order to gain the ravine, had been so completely inundated, that the causeway which divided it could be recognised only by the boiling foam which was advancing towards them. The great rock opposite, which the sea had gained upon, seemed to bury itself every instant, like the gigantic poop of a vessel tossing in the night. Marzou ran to the second entrance; but there the bank had entirely disappeared, and he saw only a deep bay into which ran the surge.

After the first cry of terror, Annette had remained in the same place, silent, her hands clasped, and her eyes fixed upon Marzou, waiting till he should propose some means of safety; but when she saw him immovable at the second opening of the grotto, and still looking at the waves which already touched his feet, she seized his hand, and called him by his name. Marzou turned round.

‘Well!’ demanded she.

‘Ah, Niette! you see,’ stammered the young man; ‘from this side we cannot regain the ravine, and on the other the causeway is covered: no person could attempt to pass there without being carried away.’

‘But you who know the rocks of Castelli as well as I know my father’s house!’ replied the young girl, with intense anguish, ‘cannot you, then, find another road? Are there no means of escape?’

Marzou shook his head, and as his only reply, pointed to the sea which was fast surrounding them.

‘Mon Dieu!’ cried Annette, with a burst of despair. ‘Mon Dieu, Louis! we cannot, however, die here. See, the land is not far off.’

‘Yes,’ said he, bitterly; ‘but to reach it, we must swim across.’

The daughter of Goron trembled.

‘Well, you can swim,’ cried she; ‘you will cross the beach on the waves as easily as I crossed it yesterday on the sand; quick! quick! set out, Louis; if you delay it will be too late!’

‘And leave you to die alone, dear one,’ said the young man, with a melancholy smile.

‘No,’ replied Annette, ‘I know that you will not abandon me; but here you can do nothing. Whereas if you gain the shore, you can run to the harbour; there, no one will refuse you a boat, and you will return and save me.’

The *traineur de greves*, shook his head. ‘See, the tide is gaining upon us!’ said he, pointing to the waves, which now began to invade the grotto; ‘even if I had the wings of a sea-gull, all would be over with you, before my return.’

‘Is it true!’ murmured Annette, who wept with terror; ‘then you say I am lost—lost without mercy. Oh! it is impossible, Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! you cannot be without pity. Holy Virgin! save me. Guardian angels! save me.’ She raised her hands to heaven, clasped in despair; but love surmounted the selfishness of despair, and suddenly recovering herself, ‘No,’ cried she, ‘I am very foolish. Do not listen to me, Mon Dieu! it is Louis that should escape; take me, if it is inevitable. Save yourself, Louis, I implore you! Do you understand—I entreat you. Oh! in pity let me not see you die. If you remain, I shall not have courage; I cannot resign myself to the will of God. Louis! leave me to die alone, for the sake of my eternal salvation.’

At this moment a wave overwhelmed the reef which defended the entrance of the grotto, advanced towards the young girl, and almost enveloped her; Marzou had but just time to seize her, drag her from the billow which would have carried her away, and to take her into the second inclosure: there the ground was a little more elevated, and still afforded some shelter from the sea, and where from the bottom of the cave, projected a portion of rock which was attached to the cliff by an inclined plane. Marzou climbed it with difficulty, and placed Annette upon the summit.

Resting there at some distance from the opening by which the grotto was lighted, she was revived by the sight of the stars which she perceived through the narrow cleft, and by the breeze which wafted the odours from the sea.

While the assault of the waves became every instant more violent, they saw them appear right and left in the midst of the obscurity of the cavern, and then retreat with a terrible noise. The circle of death was narrowing every instant round the *traineur de greves*, and the young girl. Stunned already by the terrible reverberations which the echos awakened, and breathing with difficulty, it seemed as if every thing was reeling around them. Sure of not being able to escape death, they pressed more closely together, as if both had lost the power and even the inclination to speak. All at once a sound made faint by the distance, came to them through the opening in the rock: it was the bell of Piriac, calling the faithful to evening prayers; this familiar and unexpected voice produced a reaction in these two benumbed hearts, and as if by one impulse Marzou recovered himself, while Annette clasped her hands.

‘It is God who speaks to, and comforts us,’ said Louis, with that fervency which the emergency called forth; ‘let our last prayers, Niette, mingle with those of the friends we shall never see again.’ And kneeling upon the damp rock, the *traineur de greves* began in a loud voice, that sublime prayer which has become the confession of the Christian Faith. In the midst of the furious roaring of the sea, the simple words of the creed rose like sacred incense from the creature whose faith seemed to elevate him above the mortal dangers that surrounded him.

Marzou was in the act of attesting his belief in the Sovereign Dispenser of all things, who must 'judge the quick and the dead,' when his name uttered in the midst of the noise of waters interrupted him.

'What voice is that?' murmured Annette, who in the awful solemnity of the moment believed it to be something superhuman.

A shadow intercepted the light which had reached them from the aperture above their heads.

'Jesus—they are both there,' cried the voice.

'Iaumic!' exclaimed they both at the same time.

'Is there any help for us?' inquired Anette, suddenly reanimated by a faint hope.

'Impossible,' murmured Louis; 'we are lost.'

'Do not despair,' said Iaumic precipitately; '*le gros Pierre* was just now at Penhareng with his bark.'

'At Penhareng?'

'In the name of the good God, keep firm, I will go and bring him.'

The boy disappeared like lightning; and the young girl was again overwhelmed with agony.

'Mon Dieu! if the boat should arrive too late!' gasped she, feeling the water washing their feet.

'See, see, Louis, how the tide gains upon us; oh you are right, *cher ami*, all will be in vain: we must die here.'

'It will not take long to come from Penhareng,' said Marzou with hesitation.

'Then you think we will be saved,' cried Annette, who caught at this hope with the credulous eagerness of fear: 'Oh! if you say it, it is the truth, Louis, for you know the sands better than any one in the country. Look, look, is it not the sail of Pierre's shallop which appears below there?'

She pointed to a white speck which was advancing on the sea, and moving towards the entrance of the grotto. Marzou shook his head, and steadying himself against the rock, he pressed the young girl more closely to him. The white object rapidly approached; it rushed forward with the speed of a race-horse, and Annette uttered a cry, as she discovered it was a wave which overtopped all the rest.

This wave reached the arcade, leaped over it with a deafening roar, and filled the cavern. Marzou felt himself going; but his hands encountering the roughness of the rock clutched it convulsively; the wave retreated, and Louis and the young girl were suspended above the abyss. Annette stunned by the shock, had unclasped her arms from her companion; he made an effort to keep her above water, trying at the same time to encourage her. The approach of extreme danger had restored all his energy.

Annette animated by his words, clung to the sides of the grotto, in order to resist the returning wave. For some moments they both underwent a terrible

struggle. Lifted by each wave—half suffocated—deafened—they recovered breath only to encounter a fresh assault. Strength was on the point of failing them, when the voice of Iaumie was heard again through the fissure of the rock.

‘Courage, my friend,’ cried the boy, ‘here is *le gros Pierre*.’

The indistinct form of a shallop struggling against the waves in reality appeared through the darkness; but she stopped at some distance from the entrance; the patron cried out to them, but his words were lost amid the tumultuous roar of waters.

‘What does he say?’ inquired the young girl.

‘He says,’ replied the boy, ‘that the boat cannot approach the grotto without danger of being shattered.’

‘In the name of Christ, make an effort to save us,’ cried the *traîneur de greves*.

‘It is impossible,’ repeated Iaumie; ‘the sea runs too high; their anchor will not hold; they say that they cannot remain.’

‘Then there is only one chance for us,’ said Marzou, who kept himself up with a great effort; ‘lean firmly upon my shoulder, Niette, and recommend your soul to God.’

As he finished, an enormous wave reached him, he abandoned the support, he had kept till then. Annette uttered a cry, and both were swallowed up in the vortex; but as Marzou had anticipated, the retreating wave carried them out of the grotto. Pierre could distinguish something passing in the breakers: he held out his oar, which Marzou having grasped, he dragged him into the boat, with the young girl, who had fainted with terror and exhaustion.

LETTERS FROM ‘LINDEN HILL.’—No. 2.

My impatient and persevering Friend,—

I suppose you know, that a man once made a musical instrument, ‘out of his own head,’ as he observed, ‘and had wood enough left to make another.’ You appear to expect me to write letters for your entertainment, upon the same principle; but my resources being more exhaustible than those of the skilful mechanist in question, I shall, if you do not object, resort to more foreign material.

What—if I tell you, how Gran—lle Street, and its peculiar men and women, look in these days; for I know well, that though your calm kind eyes are hourly familiar with the stately beauty of your famous city, they yet have many a vision of the little wooden town, that looks into broad Chebucto.

So I shall simply tell you what I see and hear in an ordinary shopping excursion, and you must be interested if you can, and if you can't, why, amuse yourself otherwise, and I promise not to be jealous.

The range is but short from the 'P—vince House' to the 'China Store;' yet—within these limits—in the centre of this important thoroughfare, dust and mud still alternately predominate; and on either side, the windows of the Stationers and Drapers occasionally display a beautiful Lithograph, or tempt the 'weaker vessel', with unattainable finery; and such City-street life as we have, abounds.

And shortly after two o'clock, the first and pleasantest sight usually is the large carriage, with the sprightly greys, whose occupants you so often admired. In it still sit the bright eyed children and the lovely mother whose face it is a privilege to see. Few indeed are the women whose features are glorified by a soul so beautiful. Every day do her large black eyes seem to grow more spiritual and tender, and every hour seems to strengthen in her aspect all that is best and loveliest in a woman's. The worldliness of triumphant vanity never casts a shadow there—nor can all the flatteries of her social life wear away the thoughts of the pure-hearted mother. Verily her 'children will rise up and call her blessed,' and I never look at her, without echoing with all my heart the lines written in her honor:

" Sweet womanly woman, thy face is divine
When it bends o'er the darlings thy soft arms entwine;
And blest shall the child be, with soul pure and wise,
That looks lovingly up to such exquisite eyes."

A little later you will be sure to see, sauntering along the side-walk, 'the inseparables,' as you always styled them, between whom it seems little short of miraculous that such entire companionship should exist. The one, candid, sensible and manly looking; the other, paltry, pretty and insolent as usual—the inferior of all he meets—thinking himself at the same time a demigod; respecting neither man nor woman, because he knows no standard but his own, by which to measure them; hating with cowardly and revengeful malice every woman who will not minister to his silly and insatiable vanity; boasting of the conquests he has made, and enlarging upon those he could make, among women who hold him in compassionate contempt. All this he still is, and the best Polka-dancer in the country beside, and upon the whole forms a noble specimen—does he not—of the 'glorious infantry.'

But in pleasant contrast to this martial Narcissus, comes another in the same garb, like Saul, a head above his generation, striding along, beside some ladies who are out shopping, and upbraiding them as he goes with a careless gallant smile, for their pertinacity in that feminine diversion. Experienced, resolute, and somewhat worn, is the uncommon face, but not sad, scarcely thoughtful; yet the fine intellectual head shows what he might have accomplished in a student's career; and the deep, generous, unworldly eyes, tell of

the beauty and honesty, waiting the invocation of some 'charmed voice.' He has fallen upon evil days, and instead of being transported from colony to colony, wasting his fine life in the profitless game of 'playing soldier,' he should have been a dashing English Cavalier of the old Stuart time, fighting and dying bravely in a desperate cause.

Then you will probably have your eyes refreshed and solaced by her who has been called, the 'damask rose.' There she is with her rich cheek, white childish brow, long shining flakes of hair, and large brown oriental eyes. Look at the full undulating form, with its exquisite motion. Listen, as she passes, and perhaps you will hear the low gay chime of her laugh, ringing out like a little peal of magic bells: for she can laugh, as delightfully as an Indian Woman, and that, to my mind is high praise, for the most enchanting sounds I ever heard came merrily from the lips of a young forest girl. Remember, also, that the soil she treads claims her as a native flower. Broken hearts are on her list too, but she marks them off with as little compunction, as she notes her engagements on a ball room card, and goes gaily on to the next competitor.

Beside her, you will behold a damsel, 'like, but oh how different!' Beautiful to perfection, is the tall, slight, haughty form and sculptured face. Rare, indeed, is the splendid arch of the brow, that a 'Muse' might envy; and rarer still the mould of that unrivalled mouth. But colder than the snow upon Arctic hills, is the spirit that looks through this transcendent mask. With youth's downy bloom upon her cheek, and richest lustre on her hair, she is less impulsive, and far older at heart, than many a wrinkled woman, dropping, worn-out, into her grave:

"Yet is she conscious, none the less,
Of her exceeding loveliness—
The loveliness of shape—the charm
Of dimpled hand and moulded arm—
The symmetry of form and face.
That soulless soul absorbing grace
Which in its excellence alone
Can deify a sculptured stone.
She has her dreams—of wealth and station,
Her reveries—of calculation;
Her maiden hope of love and marriage,
To rule a house, and keep a carriage."

Now, let me point you to another native prodigy, a very young, but what is called a promising man. Look at the stern, cool, powerful face, so early developed and so very handsome in its way. The vigour of the majestic, careless tread,—the luxuriant hair,—and skin, though colorless, smooth, and fine as an infant's, are the only signs of youth he betrays. But the sarcastic, unsmiling eyes, that measure without a touch of enthusiasm everything he encounters, and the chilling conscious strength of the handsome mouth, never softened by a tender shadow—show how far behind lies the ardent dawn. No common career is marked out for him; without genius, his limitless ambition, clear practical talents and irresistible will—will carry him to his goal. No fear that

he will falter by the way; the refinements, doubts, and scruples that are so many stumbling-blocks in the worldly journey of a higher and more beautiful cast of character—will never thicken around his steps. He mistakes strength for superiority, and will stride without a shadow of self-misgiving over every obstacle. Intensely but unconsciously selfish, he will, in pursuit of his objects, do many a hard but never a mean or wicked thing. He may crush heads and hearts, but it will be with the strong hand—never a treacherous one. He will not, without one human feeling, scan, use, and cast off human souls. He will fight his battle—right or wrong—with an honorable, haughty head, and a hand that, scorning to give an unworthy blow to the vilest enemy, would yet unrelentingly sweep a seraph from his path. The world's hard days will wear his faults out of him, and when it is many a long year older, he will lie down in his grave a noted and honoured man.

Ah! here they come again, the graceful trio you and I have watched so often, and still most prominent of the group rises the elegant head of Madeline—and still, through all the gay charm of her courtly manner, looks out the weary soul.

And, wide from them, as 'Indus from the Pole,' comes Tib, poor Tib—named, you remember, from her likeness in spirit to the lovely lady so called, in 'Stuart of Dunleath.' Tib looks neither younger nor older than she did when you saw her last; and having lately, like her namesake, climbed into the matrimonial car by marrying a well intentioned innocent who deserved a better fate—no longer writes insolent letters in the handwriting of her betters, to work mischief, the results of which her coarse nature can never comprehend—in the hope of capturing a lover in the fray. Neither does she watch maliciously for peculiar carriages at other people's doors, and vow in right good earnest, to change matters before long. Quite heedless is she too of the prophecies of fortune tellers, and wonders perpetually with a prudent matronly air what girls 'see in the Army.' Tib has forgotten, by this time, these ever were favourite games of hers, and would scarcely recognise this account of herself if she saw it. I must tell you, however, that you would be at no loss to discover her, just now, as she passes: her new dignities not having effected the smallest change in the peculiarities of her general style or the resources of her wardrobe; and as your enquiries are minute upon the subject, I have no alternative but to inform you that she looks as like a drummer-boy as ever.

Also—still in a strange land—may be seen at any time, your frequent former companion, with the overwhelming whiskers and benignant smile. But don't imagine that I shall help you laugh at what you are pleased to designate 'dandified airs.' He is not, I admit, a miracle of cleverness, but

"the blemished part,
Had better be the head than heart."

and he can sorrow for those who weep, and with tact that many a profounder

brain might envy, find words of consolation for ears that expected them not, with a delicate pretence of unconsciousness that shows the rarely fashioned nature. Despite his fascinations, too, he can forgive a woman if she be not wholly absorbed therein; and most earnestly would I bespeak—if I could—unfailing sympathy and kindness in his need, for the gentle-hearted gentleman.

And oh!—that you were here to see—comes the ‘bright particular star’ of all. Mark her superb stature, noble head, enchanting smile, and dark, dazzling, melancholy, mysterious eyes. Fit, indeed, is she to adorn her station, and equally would she grace a higher one than her own country can bestow. Many and prosperous may her days be, and though she has borne nearly all her life a name which Nova Scotia is proud to honor—prouder still may be the ‘New Wild Land’ of her queenly daughter.

Occasionally too, but not often, does the ‘Mighty Hunter’ traverse Gran—lle Street. We cannot claim him—nor have we his like among our own. Admire the keen commanding features, and unmistakable power of the whole form and aspect. No mere ‘dainty carpet knight’ is he. Glance at him but a moment and you shall see the thoroughly upright and soldierly gentleman. The champion always of the weaker side, the proud and jealous defender of his own name—long may he honor our shore by pitching his tent upon it, and may the stately shadow of our modern Nimrod never be less.

And every day you may delight to look at the sweet delicate bride of your old friend Gordon W—— leaning lovingly upon the strong arm that is henceforth to be between her and the world. And he, reckless as he once was when despairing of his prize, is now a wiser and most happy man, and looking into her blessed face sees his own salvation. And many another is here that you have known, and may know again (in my next epistle) if you are enough interested in them for the sake of ‘Auld Lang Syne’ to desire it, but now I say (yourself included) :

To each and all a fair good night,
And rosy dreams, and slumbers light.

MAUDE.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER the stay of a few weeks in London, we began to think of moving farther South. Although the weather had hitherto been beautiful, it could not be expected to remain so much longer, and every one has heard of the November fog in London. We had gone to England with the intention of spending the winter in the Channel Islands; but many persons telling us that

the south coast was as warm and genial as any of the islands, we thought we should prefer remaining on the main land, if possible. We made up our minds to honor Dawlish with our presence, having heard that it was a pretty little watering place. So one fine morning at eight o'clock we packed ourselves into a cab and started for Paddington, the London terminus of the Great Western line. We expected to find an 8.55 express train ready for us, but like all who think they can understand 'Bradshaw,'* we found ourselves miserably deceived. We had to wait more than an hour in a most uninteresting spot, afraid to venture any distance, or to leave the parcels which we intended to take into the railway carriage with us, as we were told that if we left them unguarded in the waiting-room the company would not be responsible. Every one who has been kept waiting under such circumstances knows how long the time seems, and Bradshaw was heartily condemned. I wandered about the extensive station, and found them laying down carpets at one part of it, and on enquiry ascertained that Her Majesty and the Royal Family were expected from Slough. As some of our party had not yet had their eyes blessed with the sight of the Queen, this anticipated pleasure for a moment removed the disgust under which we laboured on account of our detention. But alas! again we were disappointed, for it seemed that *our* train was to leave precisely on the arrival of the special train containing Her Majesty. At length the hour passed by: we were summoned and took our seats, and just as the guard was raising his whistle to his lips, up dashed on the opposite side of the platform the royal express. Had we had a few minutes to spare, we might have had the privilege of staring, like trueborn English people, full in the Queen's face as she passed from the train to her own carriage, which was in waiting. As it was, her private carriage stood directly between her and us, and all we could see was Her Majesty's and the Royal Family's boots—bless their soles! as they tripped across the platform. Off we dashed on our southward course, and as we went one of the party remarked that although we had not succeeded in seeing the Queen, the attempt had not been altogether bootless.

We arrived at Exeter at three, and at Dawlish at a quarter past. Again we had accomplished a railway journey of two hundred miles without accident. So strong were my feelings upon the occasion that in passing from the station to our lodging they broke out in poetry, and my surprise committed itself to the following distich:

Nos en Dawlishi—ducentum millibus Occi-
dentali Magno perfectis—omne que rectum:

which being translated for the benefit of ladies, though the exquisite beauty of the original is lost in the translation, would read somewhat in this manner:

Here we are at Dawlish two hundred miles from London
We came by the Great Western without being undone!

* Bradshaw's guide and railway time table, so ingeniously constructed as to puzzle every one.

Dawlish is a little village half-way between Exeter and Torquay on the southern coast of England. There is one main street and an attempt at two or three more. The main street which is called the strand has houses on one side of it in which people live. On the other side is a field through which a sluggish little river flows in which some ducks live. On the other side of this field again are some more houses. It contains a library, devoted to the most ephemeral and trashy novels, while as for a book of history or useful information, the names of one or two well known ones had not even reached the ears of the fair librarian. There are one or two pretty walks, not very extended however, and there is the sea beach over and along which the railroad viaduct runs, and on which may daily be seen two or three antiquated human beings, polishing up 'speciminks' as they call them, of stones which are found round about, and which these old men grind into seals and other curiosities. There is a strong smell of apples—Devonshire being famous for Cider, and tons upon tons of this fruit being seen lying in the fields mellowing. Then there are funny little carriages, indescribable without the aid of the engraver, in which you can drive for eighteen-pence an hour—and there is a Puseyite church there. You cannot get a fish on any terms as it all goes up to London—that voracious monster which absorbs the best of every thing in the world. If you want raisins do you go to Malaga? No—the best are sent to the London Market. Do you want Figs? seek them not at Smyrna—go to London. If you want the best article you must look for it in London. Here by the sea side we could not get a fish for breakfast, because, forsooth, the cockneys must be first supplied.

Have I omitted any of the attractions of Dawlish? I hope not; I would not intentionally do it an injury. After a few days' residence we contemplated the idea of a winter there with something like horror. It may be said that a person in search of health should be contented with a fine climate. Well—what of the climate of the far-famed south of England? It is announced in the 'guide' as a proof of the geniality of the weather, that the myrtle flourishes there all the year round. I can only say that this says more for the hardness of the myrtle than the softness of the climate. Warm days there undoubtedly are, here and there, and perhaps the thermometer does not fall so low there as with us; but such bitter, piercing winds, as came sweeping up the coast roughening the skin into goose flesh, and turning the nose blue, I have not seen excelled even in our own dear land in March. The average of the climate may be mild, but a few such chilling winds—and whenever the wind comes from the East it is chilling—are enough to destroy the character of any country. As it was these east winds especially that I left home to escape, it was not likely that we should be contented with Dawlish. As soon as I got over a bilious attack, which, not being a myrtle able to flourish under disadvantages, I contracted with exceeding haste, we were again stowed away in a

railway carriage and rolling along to Plymouth, on our way to Jersey, which we soon made up our minds to settle in for the winter, only regretting that we had taken so useless and roundabout a way of getting to it.

Plymouth as every one knows, is one of the principal Dockyards in England. It is a neat well built town, and it has lately received a great impetus from the completion of the railroad; before which it was rather languishing. Our lodgings were on the Esplanade, a fine row of buildings looking out on the Hoe, with Mount Edgecombe, the beautiful seat and grounds of the Earl bearing their name, on the right, and a picturesque little island called Drake's Island in front. The far-famed breakwater may just be seen in the distance. This is a solid mound of masonry a mile long planted down across the mouth of the harbor, open at both ends, and serves the purpose of protecting the shores and vessels in harbor from the furious swell of the Atlantic. Far, far off, on a fine day may be seen like a fairy pillar of snow, the world renowned Eddystone Lighthouse, the history of which is worth reading as a record of engineering skill not altogether unmixed with some romantic incidents.

The rocks upon which the Eddystone Lighthouse are built are covered at high water, and at no time project far above the surface of the water. Consequently from their situation at the mouth of the English Channel, they were highly dangerous to mariners, who frequently went down in sight of the port which they felt as it were that they had reached. The swell at these rocks is tremendous. After a storm when the sea is apparently smooth and its surface unruffled, the ground-swell or under-current meeting the slope of the rocks, the sea will rise above the lighthouse, magnificently overtopping it as with a canopy of foam. Long was the question agitated as to who could build a lighthouse upon these destructive rocks. At length a Mr. Winstanly, an amateur engineer of large fortune, undertook the work. It was finished in four years; and proud of his success and confident of the strength of his lighthouse, he declared that his only wish was that he might be in it during the greatest storm that ever blew under the face of heaven. He was terribly undeceived. One night during the progress of some repairs, he was in the lighthouse with some workmen: a tempest such as he had wished for, came. The next morning all was gone—engineer, workmen, lighthouse—not a vestige appeared to be left to assure the spectators that they did not dream it was there that the tall building had been erected, until it was discovered that there was just one piece of iron chain so firmly wedged by the storm itself in a chasm that nothing could move it.

It was not till fresh calamities imperatively called for fresh enterprise, that another attempt was made. Again an amateur came forward. The new erection was composed entirely of wood. It lasted fifty years through some terrific storms, but at length it perished by fire. One of the three men who had the management of the pile, went up to snuff the candles in the lantern

which he perceived to be full of smoke. On opening the door the flames burst forth. The man, who was in his ninety-fourth year, shouted to his companions who endeavoured as well as they could to extinguish the flames, but without success. The lead of the roof began to melt, and descended in a shower upon the old man, who with the others descended from room to room as the fire crept on them, till at last they were compelled to seek the shelter of a hole on one side of the rock. They were at length released by some fishermen who had seen the flames. The old man asserted that he had swallowed some of the molten lead. He was ridiculed; but on his death which occurred on the twelfth day after, he was opened, and in his stomach was a piece of lead weighing nearly half a pound.

Still the lighthouse must be built. The Royal Society was applied to, and the president recommended Mr. Smeaton, who constructed it as it at present stands. Some idea may be formed of the nature of the work when it is stated that out of three years during which the erection was going on, the workmen could be on the rock but four hundred and twenty one days, and of these days only so small a portion that the whole time really spent upon the work did not amount to more than sixteen weeks. This lighthouse has been fairly tested. It stood a storm in 1762 of so furious a character, that it was said that if it stood that it would stand anything till the day of Judgment. Smeaton went to nature for his model. He noticed the form of the oak, the gradual inward curve of that tree from the ground upwards, and he knew the strength of that tree against the blast. He copied that form for his lighthouse and was successful, for it has now stood all but a hundred years.

The Hoe, as it is called in the Sound, is a broad sheet of water forming the main body of the harbor, protected by the breakwater as above stated. One part of the harbor receives the euphonious name of the Catwater; another part is called Stonehouse pool. From the esplanade to the water's edge the descent is abrupt, almost precipitous for a hundred feet or so. It is terraced with walks, and there are numerous excavations on which are seats always filled with a company of old folks basking in the sun, completely sheltered from the wind. Boats may be had for a trifle, and in warm weather excursions are constantly made to Drake's Island; and many a pic-nic takes place on the breakwater.

Plymouth not being our destination, we remained there but a day or two. We should have infinitely preferred it to Dawlish. The climate seemed to be very much the same, and we should have had the additional advantages incidental to a large and populous city, with its gay shops, reading rooms and well supplied libraries. But we had now made up our minds to winter in the Channel Islands, and the sooner we got there the better. The shortest and best route thither from London is by the mail steamer from Southampton, which leaves at twelve at night on the arrival of the 10 o'clock train from London. At eight

next morning you are at Guernsey, and in a couple of hours more at Jersey. The mailboats are very fast sea-going ships. The voyage from Plymouth is longer, and the boat was not of the most superior kind; the trip she made with us was her last for the season, consequently she was in her worst condition. However, it makes little difference for one night. Good sailors sleep through anything; bad ones enjoy nothing. We bade adieu to Plymouth at eight o'clock in the evening, and having seen the female portion of my travelling incumbrances deposited in the ladies' cabin, among a host of others looking most ruefully, as the water was very *swelly*, I retired to the gentlemen's saloon. I found there two gentlemen engaged in a religious discussion. One of them, a Captain B. who I believe is well known about Plymouth as a lecturer and somewhat of an enthusiast, was enforcing on his companion his views touching the word Hades, and the distinction necessary to be drawn between it and a place which he considered very much worse. After some half-hour's argument the captain turned to me, and asked my opinion on the matter. My private opinion was that if he were sent to either one place or the other till the voyage was over, to learn the difference, if there was any between them, there would be a bore the less in the ship. As I was reading at the time, moreover, it was additionally troublesome. I replied, that I had never studied the question, and that even if there was a distinction between the two places, the best was bad enough, and I should consider it my duty to avoid both. This sort of thing would not do, and the captain fastened on me with a fearful lot of texts, all of which he had at hand, proving conclusively that 'Hades' was not 'Gehenna.' After he had fairly run himself out, I attempted to read my book again; but my adversary produced a tract from his pocket, which he informed me was written by himself, wherein not only was the all important distinction between Hell and Hades fully discussed, but also in connection therewith the meaning and value of the Greek prepositions *εις* and *εν*. As I was about declining the perusal of this tract on the plea of want of interest in the subject, the captain said to me gravely: 'Read it young man—never omit an opportunity of acquiring knowledge.' As a reward for reading the captain's tract, I was promised the perusal of another one written by somebody else, confirming his view of the subject. I took the opportunity when my tormentor had gone on deck for a moment, to slip into bed, and soon fell asleep, but lo! Hades and Gehenna visited me in my dreams, and I awoke in a state of intense alarm, only to find that my dream 'was not all a dream.' The captain had fallen foul of another passenger, and was expounding in full force. In a minute or two a young Frenchman rose from his berth and sat at the table with lack-lustre eye and rueful expression. Here was another victim. 'Do you read English?' 'Yaze—I do read de Inglis,' said the unhappy Frenchman. 'Perhaps you would like to look over this,' said the captain, putting into his hand the tract which I had left on the table. The Frenchman took it and

thanked him politely, but with the resigned stolidity of sea sickness. He looked over its pages as an owl would look at a candle. In a minute the captain turned to him: 'Are you Protestant or Catholic?' 'Cattolie!' 'Ah! read that—just the thing—it will do you good.' In another minute he turned to him again: '*Je l'ecris—moi—Je l'ecris*'—(I wrote that—I—I wrote that). A minute or two again elapsed, and he informed the poor Frenchman: '*Je suis militaire—mais j'aime les ecritures*'—(I am a military man, but I love the scriptures). How I got to sleep at last I know not, but I was awakened by a terrific blow, under which the ship staggered and stopped; there was a crash of plates and other moveables, and a sound of rushing water. I put my head hastily out of my berth, about to spring out and rush to the rescue of my family, who were undoubtedly drowning, when the steward who was just going to bed, informed me that there was a heavy sea, but that we had 'only been pooped!' A more perfect resemblance to striking upon a rock was never heard. I sank to sleep again, and on awaking at daylight was delighted to find the vessel so easy, and every thing so calm. I hailed the steward, and asked if we were near Guernsey. Not a bit of it. After having been 'pooped' the night before, we had put back, and were only just now again about to venture into the Channel. What a miserable time we had of it that day. The deck was lumbered with merchandize, all in confusion. The sea was wretchedly troublesome; there was no sitting or standing still, and to crown all, old 'Hades and Gehenna' was in full force. This morning he fell foul of the skipper, and I saw the latter looking very wise at the exposition of the Greek preposition *εως* and heard him talking about 'the ecelezastical view of the thing don't you see.' The captain informed me in the course of the day that he was a friend of 'the Juke's,' who had allowed him to retire on full pay, doubtless with the view of enabling him to devote himself unreservedly to the elucidation of the lower mysteries. Perhaps the regiment to which he belonged had seconded his application to the 'Juke.' Hearing that I was about to reside in Jersey for the benefit of my health, he kindly warned me against living in certain parts of the town. This situation was undrained, and consequently damp and unwholesome; that locality was near the new gasometer, and of course was frightfully unhealthy. I began to think that I was destined, dove that I was, to find no rest for the sole of my foot, and began to talk of returning to England if I could not get suited—when I thought of asking him if he did not know of any place that he could recommend, strongly suspecting exactly what followed. He had himself a swate little place, just the thing for me, wid a foine look out, grand gardens, and furnished in the hoighest style of a-r-r-t. My mind was considerably relieved by this information and I had little fear but that I should find plenty of places to suit me. I may as well here mention that after having been at Jersey two or three days, while still being at an hotel, unprovided with a residence, we met Captain B. and requested to see his place, fearing however

from his brilliant description that it would be quite beyond us, and only suitable for a nabob. The Captain did not seem as anxious as we expected, but we pressed it as much for curiosity as anything else. We walked to the grounds which were on the outskirts of the town of St. Heliers, and were introduced through a large gateway leading from the yard to the gardens. In these we were requested to wait till the captain had ascertained if it would be convenient for the tenant to give us admission. The grounds were damp and dilapidated, and struck a chill through us. In a short time we were admitted to the house, but we were warned that the tenant was about leaving, so that things were in confusion. The splendid house of which we had heard so much was a plain cottage with low rooms ill arranged. The drawing room view was bounded by a stone wall about ten feet off. The bed rooms had slanting ceilings, and the fine prospect was only to be had by getting out of a side window and standing upon a little parapet whence you looked out on an extensive swamp, from which was then rising a dull mist redolent of asthmas, rheumatisms and catarrhs. The servant girl informed us quietly that not a person in the house had had health since they came into it. As for the gentleman he was positively ill, and we met him afterwards looking like a corpse. In short, it was a small uncomfortable, unwholesome place, where the captain might have first had his thoughts turned to Hades. He did not at all press upon us the taking of the house, but seemed heartily ashamed of himself, which was very much to his credit. I had some idea of shewing him the difference of the Greek prepositions *εἰς* and *εἰ* as illustrated in our case that whereas we were now *εἰ*, *in* his house looking at it, nothing would induce us to remove *εἰς* *into* it as lodgers. Farewell to captain B. May he ascertain *before* he dies the difference between Hades and Gehenna.

After tossing and tumbling about the best part of the day we at length were off Guernsey, lay to to land some passengers, and then proceeded on again, and some short time after dark arrived at Jersey. Although this place boasts of a most beautiful and extensive pier which cost £200,000 sterling, still steamers could not enter at low tide, and this being the state of the water on our arrival we were carried in boats for a quarter of a mile, through a heavy sea, to the steps within the pier. Generally on the arrival of the steamers, cabs in plenty are waiting, while as for porters the difficulty is to keep your luggage from their grasp. The steps are very steep, about ten feet wide, without a balustrade, and unless it be the highest tide, the luggage has to be landed by boats even when the steamer is within the pier head. The porters seize the trunks and carpet bags and rush off with them up the steps, to the great alarm of the owners, who see them disappear at top and do not know whether to pursue and look after that which has gone before, or to stay and guard the remainder. We were spared this nuisance but at the cost of one almost as great. The usual time of arrival of the steamers is from ten to twelve o'clock in the morn-

ing. Consequently all hopes of our coming had been abandoned, and cabs and porters had departed. After the lapse of more than an hour we succeeded in procuring a fisherman's van for our luggage, and some sort of conveyance for ourselves, by which at about treble the usual cost we were taken to Stone's Hotel, just above the pier, and thus in discomfort we made our first acquaintance with the CHANNEL ISLANDS.

MAGAZINE LITERATURE.

THE Magazine or Periodical literature of the present century, has attained a dignity and usefulness unknown to its career in earlier ages. *Then* elaborate and prosy discussions, on even uninteresting subjects, occupied the attention of their contributors, and the heaviest matter added weight to an issue already ponderous in its idea. *Now* it is the Magazine that lightens and familiarizes to our minds the most intricate subjects in science or politics, coming as a pleasant household friend with its budget of out-door gossip and events, and explaining by its illustrations from artist and author all that is curious and interesting in the Kaleidoscope horizon of the nineteenth century. A blank has been filled up in literature by the multiplication and improvement of these periodicals, which no other means could satisfy, and we are deeply indebted to those sources for much of the information and knowledge we obtain. The increase and extensive circulation of monthly periodicals are sufficient guarantees for their usefulness and popularity, while the fact that the best writers of the present day make use of their pages as the most desirable channels for imparting their views and sentiments to the public, attests loudly to their popular worth.

In our Mother Country the magazines take the highest place in her standard literature. Next to the daily newspapers they exercise a greater influence upon the minds and efforts of the people than any other power. Side by side with the brightest dream of fiction or poetry stands the majestic article on history, science or political economy, to which men turn for information and reflection. Nor are they confined to any one class or advocacy. There is the magazine for the boudoir and the statesman, for the merchant, the philosopher, and the working man, while in each is some article devoted to the enlightenment and benefit of all. The humble issue has its own earnest labourers employed in its behalf, and the light of truth is brought to bear upon every subject, exposing its fallacies and treasuring its grains of gold. From the lightest to the loftiest phase of intellectual novelty, the magazine culls the flowers and

fruits, and places its gleanings within the reach of all, however humble the sphere or contracted the income they possess.

America, in her imitation of everything which Britain has tried, has also been sending for a number of years those household visitants into every town and hamlet throughout her union; and though many of them have been characterized by imbecility of purpose and intense vanity in editorial management, devoting their pages chiefly to the most ephemeral and puerile subjects of literature, we rejoice to see in this age of progression a marked improvement in their style and principles. Nearly every new competitor entering the field, bears on its front evidence of a determination to originate and execute with energy and faithfulness all and more than did its predecessors.

The foregoing remarks have been suggested, by the perusal of some American Magazines forwarded to us from the American Book Store. The first of these is so well known to the reading public that we need but give the name of 'Harper's Magazine' to ensure a familiar welcome. This was established in 1850, and promised to be a valuable addition to this class of literature, as a receptacle for selections from the best works of the old and new world. We do not think it has answered the expectations formed at its first appearance, as many of the articles are undeserving a place in a Magazine professedly the disseminator of the highest order of intellectual effort. Its illustrations are often the best portion of its pages: with these it abounds; many of the articles having one or more engravings illustrative of the subject on which they treat. During 1852 The International Magazine was incorporated with Harper's, but evidently the distinguishing feature of the former, viz.: its high editorial ability, was not transferred with its interest. The International was one of the best Magazines the republic ever issued; and though Harper's is the same in intention and design, it falls far short of the merits of its predecessor. With, however, many defects it is exceedingly popular and has we believe a very large circulation. With extensive selections from European authors, it has many original contributions from well known American writers; Abbott the historian is among the number, whose pen has furnished several of the best articles in late issues. With ample resources it has a right to take the foremost place among magazines on our side of the water, and to equal in standard matter if not in originality the best Periodicals in Great Britain.

Another Magazine somewhat similar in character but varying much in appearance and editorial management (if we may judge of the latter from the two specimen numbers before us) has been commenced since the new year opened. It is entitled 'The Illustrated Magazine of Art,' published at New York, Boston and Philadelphia, and is a beautiful addition to this class of publications, both in an artistic and literary point of view. There are no fewer than twenty four engravings in the number for February: the subjects all well chosen, and executed with a finish and beauty hitherto peculiar to the artist of Europe.

The literary matter is of a high order, embracing great variety of subject, including popular scientific information, thus familiarizing its readers with the most important topics, and simplifying the most abstruse questions to even ordinary comprehension. As names are attached to but few of the articles we cannot say how much of the contents are original or American, but a large selection has evidently been made from European authors, and these of superior interest. We trust this periodical will go on increasing in merit. The publisher requests its readers not to form their judgment from the specimen numbers as they will not be the best, and with this guarantee we may have confidence in recommending it to the consideration and support of the Colonial public. An enterprise like this deserves encouragement. It brings within the reach of all a fund of instruction and beauty which will eventually elevate and improve the taste of the occupants of those homes to which it gains admission.

No taste has grown more rapidly upon the population of late years than the appreciation of the engraver's art. Nearly every book or pamphlet has its pictorial embellishments, conveying a more correct idea than could be otherwise given of the subject under notice, and gratifying the fancy of the purchasers. Our American neighbours know well how to take advantage of the growing feeling in every department, and administer to its furtherance. We should like to see the improvement of this taste among our Provincial inhabitants, with a growing interest in all that elevates and refines our mental capabilities. We know of nothing that can further this object so much as the establishment and dissemination of periodical literature. The newspaper press in a young and struggling country must of necessity be devoted to what superior intellect denominates paltry and personal considerations. Sectarian and political predilections will gain the ascendancy, and where these prevail we cannot hope for much that elevates or improves, however necessary to the well-being or good government of the Country.

It is, then, only to the magazine that we may turn as a receptacle for the best thoughts of our highest minds, whose object should be to improve the ideas of our rising generation. We never see a periodical blending utility with ornament, and struggling to attain the loftiest standard, that we do not wish we could see the word 'Colonial' accompanying its title—and feel constrained to ask, how it is that while our population have means at disposal for the attainment of luxury and comfort, with these wants increasing daily, their mental desires are so few and so easily satisfied. With the writers we possess within ourselves, and the rich sources from which we can select, there is nothing wanting but inclination and support from the public to commence and sustain more than one of these periodicals. Why will not the people of these provinces unite and emulate their Mother Country and the neighbouring republic, by sending these welcome visitants to every home within our borders, and cultivate a taste among our youthful population which may expand, and eventually purify and elevate to importance the land of their birth and affections?

SLAVERY.

List, the sound of weary suffering,
 Deep it vibrates through the air,
 Mingling tones of woe and anguish,
 In the key-note of despair.

'Tis the choking sob of slavery,
 From a million burdened hearts
 Pining for the envied blessing
 Nature's law, to all imparts.

See yon noble fellow-being
 Toiling 'neath the burning sun,
 With the cruel lash to spur him
 Till his weary task is done.

Tremblingly he dares to cherish
 Any tie life's path to cheer,
 Feeling clearly all the anguish
 That a parting may be near.

Well he knows his dearest treasures—
 Oh! of worth to him untold—
 Are but reckoned by his master
 At the price they'd bring in gold.

Oh the horrors sometimes suffered
 Pen of mine can never paint;
 Dimmest outlines of the story
 Make the feeling heart grow faint.

Think, oh think what fearful power
 Doth a cruel master own;
 Ah! the slave knows, unavailing
 Pleading is, to hearts of stone.

Man—thy brother may be dark-skinned,
 With a purer heart behind;
 He who tinted form and features,
 Gave the bright hues to the mind.

Woven only by oppression
 Is the veil that reason shrouds,
 With the burden it would vanish—
 Mind would gleam athwart the clouds.

For through all their degradation,
 Traits of thought and feeling gleam,
 Earnest giving of the power
 Of the free unfettered stream.

Owner of thy fellow creatures—
 Let this hateful thralldom end;
 To thy cattle be a master,
 To thy brother be a friend.

You may keep them from all knowledge—
 Leave the mind in darkness deep ;
 But of every wasted talent,
 Will the seven sealed volume speak.

Ye who boast of nobler natures
 Higher powers of mighty thought—
 Wondrous are the great achievements
 By your skill and science wrought.

Ye can pierce the trackless ocean
 With your wondrous lightning pen :
 Can your wisdom not discover
 Means to serve these fellow-men ?

It would earn you nobler glory—
 It would live beyond the grave—
 Could ye teach all earth the lesson
 To unlearn the name of *slave*.

EDITH.

DYING WORDS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS.

NO. VI.—'IT IS WELL.'—WASHINGTON.

Nor on the stormy battle field, with armour on his breast,
 His watchword 'Liberty and truth'—'Freedom' his shining crest—
 Not, in the Senate halls he reared, amid the brave and good,
 Contending for his Country's right—the warrior statesman stood !

No! on his dying bed he lay, life's sands were ebbing fast,
 Death was the foe that faced him now—the darkest and the last ;
 The arm that parried skillfully the foeman's vengeful blow,
 The mind so nerved for danger's hour—these naught availed him now.

For mightier still than armed train on battle's deadly field,
 Was he who sought the victor's couch and forced his soul to yield ;
 And WASHINGTON resistless lay before that conqueror's power,
 Yet what might memory have brought to cloud that dying hour ?

Perchance no pallid face was there to speak of *Andre's* doom,
 No scenes, blood stained or merciless, rose through remorseful gloom,
 It may be that the hero mused upon his patriot crown,
 And thought of all the laurel wealth that must with death lie down.

Perchance prophetic power was given to that calm hour of death,
 To see a grateful nation crown his tomb with deathless wreath ;
 And hanging as an heir-loom down to vast posterity,
 The hallowed memory of him who made their country free.

Or better still, it may have been that all earth's pomps were past,
 And humble hope and lowly faith watched round him at the last ;
 Whoe'er the spirits may have been no human thought can tell,
 Save that his soul breathed out and died triumphant—'It is well !'

Well — for the hero laid to rest upon his quiet bed,
 Well — for the patriot called no more his living soul to shed ;
 Well — for the humble trusting man who trode the narrow way—
 That in the last tempestuous hour such joyful words may say.

And Washington slept well at last—leaving his deeds to earth,
 A beacon through all coming time to those who feel his worth ;
 Yet still the fairest scroll he left, were those last dying words,
 The heart was safe whose final burst touched such immortal chords.

M. J. K.

CHANSON POUR LE PEUPLE.

Is it some Pœan song,
 A deathless note and free—
 A call from the unconquered throng—
 The voice of Liberty !

The Warrior's latest breath,
 The Poet's earliest dream,
 The Patriot's garland—crown'd in death,
 Imperishable theme !

It fills the summer air
 With a thousand thoughts untold—
 Binding the heart with link more rare
 Than the weary thirst of gold !

On many a battled hill
 And old historic shore,
 The dauntless hearts lie hushed and still
 That Freedom's banner bore !

By many an ancient grave,
 Awakes the requiem strain,
 The spirits of the lost—the brave
 Live in our Hosts again !

The bond of ages past—
 The trust of hidden years—
 Nurtured amid Oppression's blast,
 Dewed by a country's tears.

The fettered spirit clings
 To its own idolatry—
 But the soaring soul of the Patriot springs
 To Life and Liberty !

C.

PAGE FOR PASTIME.

Charade—No. 32.

My **FIRST** is employed in constructive design,
 As the farmer's defence, where a number combine;
 Mortals no less, when menaced by hateful control,
 And here it is done with regard to my whole.
 My **SECOND** is changeful: its points are so clear,
 Did I name them, an answer at once would be here;
 Suffice it we see it each time we go out,
 Have been on it often, and scanned it, no doubt.
 My **WHOLE**'s the result of man's power and skill,
 A medium for great things controlled by his will;
 The cause of much wealth from above and beneath,
 The elements nursing, and fed by their breath.

Charade—No. 33.

Of his species the creature that stands for my **FIRST**,
 Is considered by all as the poorest and worst;
 My **SECOND**'s a fracture, and also is made
 A cause of complaint, if not settled or paid.
 My **WHOLE** is a part of all rivers and seas.
 Swept over by sunshine and ruffled by breeze.

No. 34. Conundrum, for Hanoverians.

In what highlands of Hanover should a huntsman look for Deer?

No. 35. Conundrum for Italians.

If a Roman Catholic were asked to partake of meat-pie on a fast day—in what two words could he decline the invitation—at the same time appeal to a Bishop of his Church?

No. 36 Conundrum for Chinamen.

Why was it superfluous at the Lord Mayor's dinner to ask the Mandarin Hsing or the Nepaulesse Ambassador what meat they preferred?

No. 37. Conundrum for French Students.

Why should the Parisians object to a fish diet?

No. 35.—Conundrum for Casuists.

What science is that, the influence of which is most felt and yet least regarded by mankind?

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

SINCE our last issue the Provincial Legislative Assembly have been engaged in the discussion of the public business, but without any remarkable results.

The House of Representatives in P. E. Island, was opened on the 10th by a speech from his Excellency Sir Alexander Bannerman; and that of New Brunswick on the 24th, by the Lieutenant Governor Sir Edmund Head.

The Canadian Assembly re-assembled on the 19th.

The first session of the Fifth General Assembly of Newfoundland, was commenced on the 1st February by a spirited speech from the newly appointed Governor, His Excellency Kerr Baillie Hamilton, Esquire. As it contains matter of historical interest, we here give it insertion:—

Mr. President and Honourable Gentlemen of the Council;

Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly;

Her most Gracious Majesty having been pleased to appoint me to the government of this ancient and loyal colony, I deferred not to accept the important trust, nor delayed to come among you beyond the time required for completing the necessary arrangements which would enable me to enter upon the duties of my office.

I have undertaken those duties with a due sense of their responsibility, an earnest hope, with your cordial co-operation, for their fulfilment, and a reliance on the Divine mercy to direct our Councils to the furtherance of the public good, and the prosperity of all classes of the energetic and hardy people, with whom I am now associated.

I have to congratulate you upon the assurance contained in Her Majesty's Gracious Speech to Parliament, of her continuous solicitude for the welfare of Her North American Colonies, and upon the determination expressed by Her Majesty's Government to prevent, by efficient means, the recurrence of those encroachments on the British Fisheries of North America, so frequently complained of in former years.

The visit to our shores, during the past summer, of Vice-Admiral Sir George Seymour, the distinguished Naval Commander-in-Chief on the Station, and the information which he will have gained from personal observation and inquiry, of our local requirements, cannot fail to prove highly beneficial to the all-important interests involved in the due protection and encouragement of our Fisheries.

I shall cause to be laid before you such documents as will put you in possession of the steps taken during the recess, in pursuance of the grant made in the last Session of the Legislature, for the protection of the Fisheries in the vicinity of the Straits of Belle Isle.

From the reports of the persons charged with the performance of this service, you will be gratified to learn that the measures adopted have been attended with much success.

I commend to your continued attention a subject affecting the whole of our commerce.

Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly:

The estimates and public accounts will be laid before you, and I rely with confidence on your liberality to make provision for the public service.

Owing, I lament to say, to a more than usual prevalence of that destructive visitation, the potato disease, during the past season, and to the almost entire failure of the fishery in many localities, it became imperatively necessary, in the Autumn, for the Administrator of the Government to assume the responsibility of the expenditure of a considerable sum of money, for the relief of those who had been reduced by these unforeseen calamities to extreme destitution.

In the discharge of the arduous and responsible duty which thus necessarily devolved upon the Administrator, the measures adopted by him will, I am confident, be found by you to have been judicious and considerate, as well in regard to the applicants for relief, as to the condition of the Public Revenue.

In all cases where it was practicable, return in labour for Public Works was obtained for the relief granted.

I depend upon your readiness to grant an indemnity for the expenditure thus unavoidably incurred.

Mr. President and Honourable Gentlemen of the Council:

Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly:

The true interests of the Colony consist in the reasonable union and concurrence of the different branches of the Legislature in promoting the general welfare of the people, in the advancement of Religion, the encouragement of Education, the improvement of the Administration of Justice, obedience to the Laws, and a steady perseverance in the healthy and remunerative occupations which are suitable to the climate, and congenial to the inhabitants: and I look forward with

confident expectation to your zealous endeavours to aid me in furthering those great objects.

It remains for me to express the gratification I have derived in the welcome I received on my arrival, and it will be my sincere desire to live amongst you in that friendly intercourse which will be essential to our mutual comfort and happiness.

The weather has continued unusually mild and pleasant, with an absence of snow almost unexampled in a North American winter.

By the usual arrivals from England we have recent intelligence, but nothing of more than ordinary interest.

Extensive additions are about being made to the Army and Navy, and to be completed after the recess of Parliament.

Emigration to Australia continues. Semi-monthly mails are to be despatched regularly between England and that country.

Dr. Newman has been sentenced to pay a fine of £100 for libel on Dr. Achilli.

Father Gavazzi is about to visit the United States.

Land in the vicinity of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, has increased in value from £40 to £500 an acre.

In the obituary list we notice the names of the Earl of Tyreconnell, Viscount Melbourne, and the Earl of Oxford. These titles have all become extinct for want of heirs.

We must correct an erroneous statement inadvertently made in our No. for February. In the obituary notice, for the name of Professor Wilson should be substituted Professor Empson, for many years Editor of the Edinburgh Review.

From France the only important topic is the Marriage of the Emperor to Eugenie de Montijo Countess de Teba, which took place on the 29th January. The union does not appear to have given general satisfaction to the nation. Very little enthusiasm was manifested at the celebration. The New Empress is represented as very beautiful: her age is 26, while that of the Emperor is 45. Her grandfather, Mr. Kirkpatrick, was late Swedish Consul at Malaga. One of his daughters married the second son of a Spanish Duke, who on the death of his elder brother succeeded to the family honours and is the father of the Empress of France. A Sister of Mrs. Kirkpatrick's married Lt. Colonel George Thompson, of the Royal Engineers—the lady we presume whose death and *post mortem* examination, caused so much excitement in the vicinity of Halifax some years since.

All the French Ministers but two resigned in consequence of the marriage of the Emperor.

Intelligence from Calcutta and Bombay have been received to the middle of January. Pegu had been formally annexed to the British possessions. Unless the Burmese submit quietly the British have determined to take Ava and dethrone the Monarch.

There has been an insurrection at Milan with great riot and loss of life. The people rose in three parts of the city simultaneously and attacked the barracks. By last accounts the city gates were shut, and it was feared fighting had again commenced. Proclamations purporting to be from Mazzini and Louis Kossuth had been posted about the city. Austria and France were sending troops to Lombardy and Rome. The accounts are very unsatisfactory with regard to the insurrection and its results, and additional information is looked for with intense interest.