

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
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- 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
- 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.
- Additional comments: /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es) /  
Comprend un (des) index

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

- 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

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

|     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| 10X | 12X | 14X | 16X | 18X | 20X | 22X | 24X | 26X | 28X | 30X | 32X |
|     |     |     |     |     |     |     | /   |     |     |     |     |

# THE PROVINCIAL.

HALIFAX, AUGUST, 1852.

## ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE.

We have hitherto omitted to give insertion to the following document, emanating from the Commissioners of the Poor's Asylum, and having reference to a contemplated Provincial Institution for the Insane.

"Pursuant to the report of a Committee of the House of Assembly made in the session just ended, an act has passed the Legislature authorizing the Government to issue debentures to the extent of £15,000 currency, by transferrable certificates, bearing 5 per cent. interest, payable semi-annually, for the purchase of a site and the erection and completion of a suitable building to be used as a Provincial Asylum for the Insane, with which may be connected a School for the Deaf and Dumb.

The grant of money can be made available for the purpose above named so soon as £5000 is raised by private contributions. Three Commissioners, one appointed by the contributors, and two by the Government, will then proceed to carry out this laudable undertaking.

It is with feelings of the highest gratification that the Commissioners of the Poor's Asylum at Halifax, to whom for many years the want of a well-regulated institution for the comfort and relief of the Insane, has been painfully manifest, find themselves enabled at length, to communicate the above information to their fellow inhabitants of this Province.

It will be perceived that this most desirable object cannot be accomplished until the sum of £5000 be first raised by private subscription.—Towards this amount the Commissioners are happy to announce that above £1,600 have already been contributed by a liberal bequest from the late Mr. John Browne, and a donation from the Hon Hugh Bell. The amount required is therefore materially diminished.

By the returns of the census of this Province recently taken it has been ascertained that the number of afflicted individuals suffering from insanity and idiotcy amounts to nearly five hundred.

When it is reflected that these our fellow beings whose claims to sympathy and relief are acknowledged by every benevolent mind, are yet deprived of the means adopted in almost every Christian country, with a view to their restoration to health, or the amelioration of their condition, the Commissioners feel that the appeal which they now make to the public will be responded to in a manner worthy of a humane and intelligent people, who will thus cause the benign intention of the Legislature to be immediately carried into effect.

It is necessary, however, that a general movement throughout the Province should be at once made in order to raise the required amount by subscription.

The Commissioners of the Poor's Asylum therefore beg respectfully to intimate that a public meeting will shortly be called for the purpose of promoting such general subscription and taking energetic steps towards the founding of an institution which will be alike an honor and a blessing to the country."

*Poor's Asylum, April 19th, 1852.*

This long talked of institution has at length assumed a somewhat tangible form, the Legislature at its recent sitting having authorised the Executive Government to issue debentures for £15,000, whenever the sum of £5000 shall have been raised by private contributions. The duty of removing, from their Provincial character, a blot, which has long marked it, has thus been thrown upon the people of Nova Scotia. Will they erase it, is now the question.

'Tis our firm belief that this stain of half a century, will shortly cease to exist, and we are *indeed* mistaken in our fellow countrymen, if they respond not to the generous proposition of the Legislature. Five Thousand Pounds! what is it, when contrasted with the noble work it will help to rear? It is as nothing! Already has more than one fourth of the required amount been provided by *two* philanthropic individuals. Surely then, the remainder will be speedily forthcoming.

It should be borne in mind that this is an object in which every inhabitant of the Province is more or less directly interested; for who is there in Nova Scotia who has not, among the number of afflicted beings alluded to in the foregoing document, either a relative, friend or neighbour? Few, if any! And those who are thus fortunate know not the moment that it may please the Almighty to blight *their* intellect; or if not their own, the mind of some dear friend. Then all are—*must be*, interested, deeply interested in this important matter. It is in our opinion essential that the proper authorities should at once be organised, and proceed to collect the required balance so as to render available the Provincial grant or some part of it, during the present year.

The Commissioners of the Poor have taken the initiative and issued the above Circular, but they have no authority to proceed further. It is stated that the Act in question provides for the appointment by the Government of two Commissioners, leaving a third to be named by the contributors to the £5000 fund. Now, it strikes us, that these, the Government Commissioners, are the parties on whose exertions the collection should depend. It is a well known fact, that what is every body's business is nobody's business, therefore, unless the Executive name *their* officers, (leaving the third for subsequent election) and direct them to commence at once, at this first preliminary, the obtaining of subscriptions, we feel assured that much delay will be the result, while in the mean time, the favourable feeling now abroad may subside from the public mind, and the success of the whole project be endangered.

A well organized, early and energetic effort on behalf of this Institution would, we are confident, be eminently successful. The national and other societies, the churches of every denomination, independent of private individuals, would, we conceive, deem it a privilege to be allowed to contribute to such a charity. Then say we, hasten the movement! for time is precious. Even while we write, hundreds are suffering—some perhaps dying; while in others the disease must be advancing towards permanency; for a few months, or even weeks, without proper medical treatment and discipline, will often convert that which would otherwise be a temporary attack, into established and incurable insanity.

To the rich, who are able to send their afflicted relatives to foreign Institutions, the want of a *home Asylum*, is not as keenly felt as it is by the poor, or those in moderate circumstances. Yet the more wealthy classes, all other things being the same, would often deem it a blessing to have their Insane relatives near them; while hundreds of others, less fortunate in a pecuniary sense, would have reason to thank God for the establishment of such an institution, which while diminishing, comparatively, the amount of mental disease in the Province, would send happiness and joy to many a heart, and to many a hearth, not in the Capital alone, but in every section of the land. Then say we, *once more*—hasten the movement!

For the credit of our Country, for the sake of our suffering fellow beings, we call upon the people of Nova Scotia to subscribe, and to subscribe liberally, in aid of that which is required more than railways or canals, steamboats or manufactories—a Provincial Lunatic Asylum.

We understand that the Act of the Legislature, already alluded to, specifies that the Provincial grant is to be expended, in part by the Commissioners, in establishing an Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. Such would be most desirable; but why it should in any way be connected with that for the retention and treatment of the Insane, we cannot tell. If we are not misinformed the same establishment is to subserve the two ends. Such a combination, would, we think, militate against the interests of both. There is no connexion whatever, between the two infirmities. The one is a disease, requiring specific Hospital treatment—the other is most frequently a natural defect in certain organs of special sense, to be provided against by a peculiar system of Education. In other countries these Institutions are kept quite separate and distinct, and we trust the same practice will be adopted here.

There is, however, a disease closely allied to Insanity (in the common acceptance of the term) which we humbly submit, might more appropriately be associated with the latter in its treatment. We allude to habitual drunkenness—a species of madness, which impairs and degenerates both mind and body, and would demand more stringent legislative action than has hitherto been given to the subject. If a man, Insane, in common parlance, displays a suicidal

tendency or a disposition to do injury to his fellow man—the law, the guardian of society, of life and property, steps in and imperatively prescribes restraint, but if a person displays the same tendencies in another form, by constantly imbibing a maddening potion, and thus rendering himself a dangerous member of society, the law is a dead letter, and *as yet* shrinks from the responsibility of laying anything like permanent restraint on the habitual drunkard. Even though a whole city should be destroyed by an element of his kindling, he escapes “scot free”; and it is only when human life is attempted, or sacrificed, that the drunkard is opposed in his career by the strong arm of the law. This should not be. For such persons there should be legal provision made. Some mode of restraint; some way, by which an individual who is thus destroying himself, endangering the lives and property of his neighbours, and making miserable the existence of those who may be dependent on, or connected with him, should early be adopted. This end may readily be effected by having a department for such persons, in connexion with Insane Institutions, under the control of the same Commissioners and Medical Officers. Some such innovation, on present usage, would, we hesitate not to say, be based on sound constitutional principles, and if ever carried practically into effect, will be attended with results the most marked and beneficial. The cases adapted for this *coercive* treatment, will readily suggest themselves to thinking and discriminating minds. Suppose for instance, the father of a family be addicted to the vice of drunkenness to an extreme degree—squandering his property, (if he have any) failing to provide for their physical wants, and treating them, as is too often the case, with brutality. Confinement; the withdrawal of his affairs from his own controul, and placing them in the hands of properly constituted authorities, would not only give peace and comfort to his family and friends, but in many instances (if the remedy were not too long delayed,) would be the means of effecting cures, and restoring to society valuable members, that would otherwise be lost to it. If poor, his family would be relieved of a burden, and would enjoy again, long absent peace and happiness, instead of being cursed with the perpetually recurring vision of a drunken husband, father, or brother. Again, how many parents are there, even within our own limited sphere, possessed of competency, or even wealth, who are afflicted with intemperate sons, the bane of their existence. Such an Asylum as that to which we refer, would be the most effectual means of saving them from ultimate ruin—and gladly would parents give of their abundance to have a curative home of this kind ready for the reception of their blind and misguided offspring. The mere knowledge of the fact that legal enactments of this nature existed against habitual drunkenness, would act as a preventive to the vice, and doubtless deter many from running headlong to destruction—the more so from its connexion with an Insane Institution.

The revenue necessary for the support of this department of an Asylum

would be materially aided, by the remunerative labour of its inmates, the larger proportion of whom would be able bodied men, who would be benefitted by constant manual occupation. The required balance might very properly be raised, by a licence charge for the sale of intoxicating drinks. Such a measure would, we will venture to predict, make the sellers more guarded as to the character of the parties to whom they disposed of their liquors.

We cannot here discuss the subject more in detail, but must content our selves with simply propounding the principle, which if ever hereafter adopted by our Law-givers, will, we feel assured, be pregnant with advantages not only to those more immediately interested, but to all classes of our population; inasmuch as it will tend to increase their social happiness and comforts—and while largely decreasing the criminal calendar, will necessarily render society, life and property more safe. For these reasons we would deem the adoption of such a system constitutional in the strict sense of the term, and we sincerely hope that the day is not far distant when it will be discussed, both in and out of the Legislature, by the advocates of temperance, order, and advancement.

## MEASURES OF TIME.

### THE CALENDAR.

(Concluded from page 215.)

**POSSIBLE SIMPLIFICATIONS.**—IN our last we laid before the reader tables for finding the day of the week answering to any particular date, or in other words, for finding on what days throughout a month, year, century, or period the week commences. The following tables are intended to assist in finding on what days it is new moon. They are constructed for the present century, though the reader will easily see how the table 7 might be enlarged so as to furnish means of solving the same problem for a more extended period.

Table 7 shows what place each year of the century occupies in the (lunar) cycle. Table 8 shows on what days of the month, new moon falls in each year of the cycle. A very few words will be sufficient to explain their use. Look in the left hand column of Table 7, opposite to the given year for the number which it ranks in the cycle. Find that number in the left-hand column of Table 8, and in a line with it, under the names of the several months, will be found the days of the month on which it will be new moon. Thus, suppose it be wanted to find the day on which it will be new moon in the present month, (July 1852.) By Table 7 we find that 1852 is the 10th year of the cycle. Table 8 shows in a line with 10, and under July that the 16th is the required day of the month.

TABLE 7.

|    | 1805 | 1824 | 1843 | 1862 | 1881 | 1900 |
|----|------|------|------|------|------|------|
| 1  |      |      |      |      |      |      |
| 2  | 66   | 25   | 44   | 63   | 82   |      |
| 3  | 07   | 26   | 45   | 64   | 83   |      |
| 4  | 08   | 27   | 46   | 65   | 84   |      |
| 5  | 09   | 28   | 47   | 66   | 85   |      |
| 6  | 10   | 29   | 48   | 67   | 86   |      |
| 7  | 11   | 30   | 49   | 68   | 87   |      |
| 8  | 12   | 31   | 50   | 69   | 88   |      |
| 9  | 13   | 32   | 51   | 70   | 89   |      |
| 10 | 14   | 33   | 52   | 71   | 90   |      |
| 11 | 15   | 34   | 53   | 72   | 91   |      |
| 12 | 16   | 35   | 54   | 73   | 92   |      |
| 13 | 17   | 36   | 55   | 74   | 93   |      |
| 14 | 18   | 37   | 56   | 75   | 94   |      |
| 15 | 19   | 38   | 57   | 76   | 95   |      |
| 16 | 1801 | 39   | 58   | 77   | 96   |      |
| 17 | 2    | 21   | 40   | 59   | 78   | 97   |
| 18 | 3    | 22   | 41   | 60   | 79   | 98   |
| 19 | 4    | 23   | 42   | 61   | 80   | 99   |

TABLE 8.

|    | Jan. | Feb. | Mar. | Apr. | May  | June | July | Aug  | Sept. | Oct. | Nov. | Dec. |
|----|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|-------|------|------|------|
| 1  | 29   | 28   | 29   | 27   | 27   | 26   | 25   | 24   | 22    | 22   | 20   | 20   |
| 2  | 18   | 17   | 18   | 17   | 16   | 15   | 14   | 13   | 11    | 11   | 10   | 9    |
| 3  | 7    | 6    | 7    | 6    | 5    | 4    | 3    | 2,31 | 30    | 29   | 28   | 28   |
| 4  | 26   | 25   | 26   | 24   | 24   | 22   | 22   | 21   | 19    | 19   | 17   | 17   |
| 5  | 15   | 14   | 15   | 14   | 13   | 12   | 11   | 10   | 8     | 8    | 6    | 6    |
| 6  | 4    | 3    | 4    | 3    | 2    | 1,30 | 30   | 28   | 27    | 26   | 25   | 24   |
| 7  | 23   | 22   | 23   | 21   | 21   | 19   | 19   | 17   | 16    | 15   | 14   | 13   |
| 8  | 12   | 11   | 12   | 10   | 10   | 8    | 8    | 7    | 5     | 4    | 3    | 3    |
| 9  | 1,31 | .    | 1,31 | 29   | 28   | 27   | 27   | 25   | 24    | 23   | 22   | 21   |
| 10 | 20   | 19   | 20   | 18   | 18   | 16   | 16   | 14   | 13    | 12   | 11   | 10   |
| 11 | 9    | 8    | 9    | 7    | 7    | 5    | 5    | 3    | 2     | 1,31 | 30   | 29   |
| 12 | 28   | 27   | 28   | 26   | 25   | 24   | 23   | 22   | 21    | 20   | 19   | 18   |
| 13 | 17   | 16   | 17   | 15   | 15   | 13   | 13   | 11   | 10    | 9    | 8    | 7    |
| 14 | 6    | 5    | 6    | 4    | 4    | 2    | 2,31 | 30   | 28    | 28   | 27   | 26   |
| 15 | 25   | 23   | 24   | 23   | 22   | 21   | 20   | 19   | 18    | 17   | 16   | 15   |
| 16 | 14   | 12   | 14   | 12   | 12   | 10   | 10   | 8    | 7     | 6    | 5    | 4    |
| 17 | 3    | 2    | 3    | 1    | 1,30 | 29   | 28   | 27   | 25    | 25   | 23   | 23   |
| 18 | 21   | 20   | 21   | 20   | 19   | 18   | 17   | 16   | 14    | 14   | 13   | 12   |
| 19 | 11   | 9    | 10   | 9    | 8    | 7    | 6    | 5    | 4     | 3    | 2    | 1,31 |

These tables only give us an approximation, and not in every case the exact day, for these two reasons. 1. The cycle of 19 years is not of a uniform length. Thus in the cycles beginning with 1805 and 1881 respectively, (Table 7) it will be found that only four of the 19 years are leap years, while in the intermediate cycles there are five. Each of the latter cycles therefore, will be longer by one day than the former. 2. The presence of the intercalary day in leap year also affects it. An instance will better show the influence of this

circumstance than any abstract statements. The cycle set down in the column beginning with 1805 (Table 7) commences with the first year after leap year. Table 8 gives us new moon for this year of the cycle on the 28th of February, and the 29th of March. But the next cycle commences with leap year, and Table 8 gives us the same days for new moon. But we know that in leap year there is one day more between the 28th of February, and the 29th of March, and hence if the Table be correct for the first year it cannot be correct for the second. It is to be viewed, therefore, as merely an approximation in which the average dates are given for each year in the cycle, but which may be in some instances a day wrong for particular years, yet sufficiently accurate for general purposes.

We may add that the calculations on which it is based are not original, but the arrangement of the Tables here given we have not before seen.

We have now only to subjoin one or two remarks as to the possible simplification of the calendar. We shall not argue the desirableness of simplification, but those who have anything to do with the calculation and notation of days, and who have heads as little suited as our own for the notabilia of cycles and periods innumerable, may perhaps be disposed to bestow a measure of attention on the following hints.

1. The Calendar would be greatly simplified by throwing the intercalary day of leap year to the end of the year, instead of the end of February. As it now stands it introduces perplexity. The 1st of February is always the 32nd day of the year, but the 1st of March is in ordinary years the 60th day of the year, and in leap year, the 61st. All the days which follow are in like manner, made one day later in leap year than in ordinary years. The change which we desiderate would have the effect of giving each day of each month its own place in the calendar, and that place the same for each year, while the intercalary day would be the 366th of leap year. We should thus have two ways of designating any particular date, by the day of the month, and by the day of the year. The latter would give us an easy means of calculating the distance between two dates either in the same or in different years. If each day were known by its number, then to find the time between two dates in the same year, we should only have to subtract the former from the number answering to the latter. And for dates in two successive years, we should have to subtract the number of the first from 365 or 366, as it might happen to be ordinary year or leap year, and add to the remainder the number answering to the date in the following year.

This plan would also do away with the complicated part at the head of Table 2 of our last article, and the lines opposite January and February would then be as simple as the others.

It would also furnish a simple way of calculating from new moon to new moon. Having ascertained the time of first new moon in the year, to find the



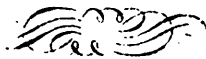
others we should only have to add repeatedly 29 $\frac{1}{2}$  days, and the several dates thus obtained would correspond to the times of new moon throughout the year. Of course, the same method is available with the present arrangement, but as the several days from 1st March and onwards do not occupy the same place in ordinary as in leap years, the calculation is somewhat complicated.

2. Another simplification might be found in making the months of a uniform length (with the exception of the last), and making that length an exact number of weeks. Thus, if the year be divided into months of four weeks, we should have 13 periods of this length, with one day remaining, or in leap year two days. If the additional day or days be thrown into the last month of the year, we should then have twelve months of 28 days, and a thirteenth of 29 days in ordinary years, and 30 in leap years.

There could be no scientific objection to such an arrangement, as the present length of the months corresponds to no astronomical changes whatever, while the advantages of the change, we consider, would be great. Each month throughout the year would commence with the same day of the week, and consequently each day of the week would correspond to the same days of the month throughout. Thus, if the year commenced on Sunday, all the months would commence on the same day. Sunday would answer to the 1st, 8th, 15th, and 22nd of each month and to the 29th of the last month, while Monday would answer to the 2nd, 9th, 16th and 23d. The days of the week being generally remembered, would recall the days of the month, and instead of being obliged twelve times in the course of a year, to change our starting point, we should have the same starting point throughout the entire year.

This arrangement would not only simplify calculations from memory, but it would also introduce greater simplicity into Tables for more extended calculations. Table 2 in our last article would be rendered wholly unnecessary. After having found the day of the week on which any particular year begins, to find the day of the week answering to any date in that year we should be able to employ Table 3, at once, bearing in mind that the week-day corresponding to the first of the year, corresponded also to the first of the particular month.

Other conveniences resulting from such an arrangement will readily occur to the reader, as in the calling of periodical meetings, whether monthly, half-monthly or otherwise, periodical balancing of books, &c. &c. Days recurring periodically, once in a month, a half-month, or any number of months, would thus recur on the same day of the week throughout the year.



'TREAD LIGHTLY O'ER US.'

At evening's still and starry hour  
 When not a breath stirred leaf or flower,  
 When Luna's lengthened shadows sought the west,  
 And Nature's drowsy eyes in sleep were pressed,  
 Through grave-yard walks among the tombs I strayed  
 Where weeping mothers oft had knelt and prayed.  
 When round me myriad voices still and dead,  
     With accents tender,  
     Cried 'Remember,  
 Tread lightly o'er us—us the sleeping dead.'

At midnight hour, I turned my feet  
 To pace the city's lonely street;  
 Now hushed the bustling din that ruled the day,  
 Faint voices from the pavement seemed to say—  
 'When Earth was young and fair, long ere the flood  
 Our flinty shapeless forms were flesh and blood,  
 And when her sentence from the throne is read,  
     Our plea so tender,  
     You'll remember,  
 'Tread lightly o'er us—us the sleeping dead.'

Again I roamed the grassy plain  
 Beside a stream whose murmuring strain  
 Still chanted dirges for the slaughtered brave  
 Whose blood in ages past had stained its wave:  
 And whispering echoes from the hills around  
 Still faintly poured the battles thund'ring sound,  
 While 'neath my feet where patriot-hearts had bled  
     A voice so tender  
     Cried 'Remember  
 Tread lightly o'er us—us the sleeping dead.'

I made my couch beneath a tree  
 And dreamt of things beyond the sea;  
 In dreams I traversed Afric's arid sand  
 And shuddering stood on Ganges' bloody strand  
 I mounted Alps, saw Atlas's hoary peak,  
 Saw cities ruined, caverns dark and deep.  
 But where'er I roamed, beneath my quivering tread,  
     That voice so tender  
     Cried 'Remember,  
 Tread lightly o'er us—us the sleeping dead.'

Aroused and trembling with my fright  
 At dawn I sought a mountain height,  
 But round me whispering spirits in the breeze,  
 Soft murm'ring through the trem'ulous aspen leaves,  
 Exclaimed with rocks and birds and op'ning flowers—  
 'Earth's weary sons are sleeping 'neath your tread,'  
     Then man, remember,  
     Their words so tender,  
 'Tread lightly o'er us—us the sleeping dead.'

IOYA.

## THE RHINE AND THE ALPS: OR, THE 'BEATEN TRACK' IN 1851.

### CHAPTER VI.

(Concluded from page 253.)

**LE PAYS DE VAUD.**—There is nothing in Europe more beautiful than the bold and broken masses of the mountains of Savoy, as seen from Lausanne on the opposite shore of the Lake; increasing in height and grandeur eastward towards the upper end, and gradually subsiding to the west—towards Geneva. Here is more softness in the sky than is to be seen in the more northern parts of Switzerland. Lake Lemman is a noble, bright, blue, clear, broad sheet of water,—wide and long, but not a whit too large and extended for the immense scale of the surrounding mountains—so often mirrored in it.

We will venture to express our preference for Lake Lemman before all rivals, even to the Lake of the Four Cantons. If their waters alone be compared, the former is a real sapphire, the latter is like an emerald of glass; and the mountains which border Lake Lemman appear to be all necessary to it and to each other, while the Lake of the Four Cantons is made up, as it were, of a confusion of Lakes and of several independent groups of mountains.

Though an unusual quantity of rain had fallen recently, and during the summer, Lake Lemman was subsiding, as it always does towards winter. Rain makes little difference to the larger lakes of Switzerland; it is the melting of Snow in Summer which fills them. In summer the Swiss rivers except those which issue from the larger lakes, are turbid and full of snow-water; in autumn and winter they are comparatively clear. The reverse of all this of course occurs in Great Britain, where the highest mountains do not exceed three or four thousand feet above the sea-level. It may easily be inferred that these Swiss phenomena are very unfavourable to the fly-fisher. Of those who despise the practical part of Isaac Walton we beg pardon for these and similar remarks.

The climate of Lausanne was not then so cold as that of Berne, Lucerne, etc. though the weather continued to be very unsettled. Our Doctor there condemned us to abide in a room which faced the south, and only to go out of doors in fine weather, and in the day time; we endeavoured to comply with these instructions, but not liking our quarters at Lausanne, removed a few days later to Vevey, about ten miles nearer the head of the Lake. The hills, along the base of which the road is carried, increase in height towards Vevey. The finest scenery of the Lake is before the traveller for the whole distance, and it is better to view that scenery from the road, than to look upon these hills from the Lake, for their slopes are covered with vineyards, the poorest and least beautiful of all vegetation. The road lies between them, bounded by low walls.

The situation of Vevay is low and unhealthy and it is a dirty town, containing nothing at all more interesting in the way of architecture than Monnet's celebrated Hotel. Lausanne shows well from the Lake, is on the whole a picturesque town, and has many points of interest within it. Vevay has nothing to recommend it but the aforesaid Hotel and its situation close to the Lake; in which last point most of the villages beyond meet it; and also in the beauty of their immediate neighbourhood. Vevay is situated in a *hollow*, but the villages between Vevay and Villeneuve are all built upon the steep slopes of the high mountains which here sweep round nearly in a crescent to Villeneuve, and the opening of the Rhone valley, and are therefore more healthy and better drained by virtue of their position. They are very numerous; a walk of ten minutes will be sure to take you through one hamlet and into another. There is no place better situated for a general view of the head of the Lake, than the celebrated CLARENS.

On the 12th of October we removed to the little hamlet of Territet on the high road slightly raised above the Lake, just beyond Montreux.

We were misled with regard to the climate of the vicinity of Montreux, chiefly by the account of it in Murray's hand-book, and we know that an erroneous impression about Montreux being 'good winter quarters' is now very general. The *Parish* of Montreux includes besides the village of that name, Clarens, Vernex, and an extensive neighbourhood of small villages. Murray's hand-book has the following account of Montreux. "The village of Montreux is much prettier in itself and in its situation than Clarens. It lies at the foot of the *Dent de Jaman*, across which runs a path into the Simmenthal. It is celebrated as the most sheltered spot on the banks of the Lake of Geneva, and the remarkable salubrity of its climate renders it desirable winter quarters for invalids who cannot cross the Alps. Very good accommodation may be had in the Village Inn. Boarding and lodging houses are also to be met with there."

The traveller who turns aside from the high-road to the church-yard of Montreux, will carry away from the enchanting spot one of the sweetest impressions of his life. The statistical researches of Sir T. d'Ivernois have shown that Montreux is the place in the world where there is the smallest proportion of deaths and imprudent marriages! We do not dispute that Montreux may be healthy, etc. at least to the natives, but it is a very dirty village of steep and narrow lanes, paved everywhere with small round stones, very ill adapted for the promenade of invalids; and the woods which surround it render the walks in the immediate neighbourhood very damp in wet weather—of which it comes in for a large share. As for the *climate* during the winter six months of the year, it is no doubt more sheltered from the terrible *bise*—the N. E. wind—than any other spot upon the banks of the Lake of Geneva, and therefore may possibly afford a beneficial change for the residents in Lausanne or Geneva, where the *bise* rages unchecked; but natives of the

south of England, or indeed of any part of Great Britain, if in search of a mild climate, will assuredly make a woful change for the worse by wintering there.

Snow fell at Montreux on the 29th October (1851), and continued to fall with little intermission for five days, and remained on the ground from that time, with the exception of a few days, when it partially thawed in places exposed to the sun. The frost ranged from 2 degrees of cold (Reaumur) to 11 degrees in the middle of November. Nearly all the farmers and small proprietors, who are numerous in this part of Switzerland, used *sleighs*; the habitual use of sleighs would alone be a sufficient indication of the nature of the climate. Yet there were several persons from England, as well as other countries in this neighbourhood, in an advanced stage of consumption, attracted thither by the report of the mildness of the climate of Montreux, to which some person has given the name 'La petite Italie!' In addition to this, fogs are very prevalent there (and in every part of Switzerland) from the commencement of autumn, and, indeed, as the season advanced the plague of fogs became the principal grievance of which strangers complained.

But as long as the weather continued open there was much in the vicinity of Montreux to be enjoyed and admired. *Chillon* is within a short distance. Chillon, the associations surrounding which are still respectable, though overlaid of late years with a sad weight of literary bathos. There is, however, an historical notice of Chillon by Vulliemin, a French-Swiss historical writer, lately published, which is well worth reading. It commences with the imprisonment of Count Wala there, in the time of Charlemagne; followed by scenes from the life and times of Peter of Savoy—le petit Charlemagne—who occasionally made the castle his head-quarters—the imprisonment of Bonnavar, his release, and its occupation in later times by the Baillies of Berne; and when the Pays de Vaud shook off the yoke of Berne, the dedication of the ancient palace-gaol to 'Liberte et Patrie,' which motto it still bears; with a chapter also upon Rousseau and Byron, and a translation into French prose of those pretty well known verses of the latter. The last political prisoner confined in Chillon was the Archbishop of Freiburg, during the Sonderbund troubles; and it was last November, and probably is still, tenanted by a select party, consisting of two felons, one of whom from his grated window appeared to derive some amusement from our frequent capture from our boat, out of the clear water which surrounds the castle rock, of those sly old chubs who used to sun themselves beneath—deceived by the cunning similitude of a little hook and a partridge feather lightly falling on the rippling surface of the Lake, to those short lived ephemera which many of the finny race prefer to other dainties. Yet it is pretty true that—

"A thousand feet the line (might have been) sent  
From Chillon's snow white battlement."

That is, if it had been projected therefrom far enough to clear the rocks; but this is only at one angle of the castle—the rest is shallow. Vulliemin considers the taste for the beautiful in nature to be one of modern growth, and refers to the fact that Bonnivar in his writings never alludes to the natural beauty of his native land, nor do any of the writers contemporary with him, or before his time. The writings of Rousseau, in this historian's opinion, first attracted tourists to this country. The awful absurdities in the way of 'bosquets de julie,' &c., &c., which lie in wait by the road side to excite the enthusiasm of migratory Cocknies, may be supposed to confirm this assertion.

Attached to the Church at Montreux there is a small library, chiefly of standard books in French, available for a very trifling subscription, both to natives and strangers. It was founded by the late M. Bridel, who was the pastor of the parish for forty years. Near the library door is a box for the poor, on which Bridel placed the following exhortation to charity:

"Toi qui viens admirer nos riens paysages,  
Jette ici ton pite aux malheureux;  
Et le Dieu dont la main dessinait ces rivages;  
Te benira des Cieux."

Having improved in health towards the end of October, we resolved to walk to the 'Dent de Jaman,' one of the 'pikes' of the mountain at the back of Montreux, which we had often admired from the Lake, as it glowed in the fire of the setting sun. The morning of the 28th was so brilliant and cloudless that we resolved not to miss such a favorable opportunity, and accordingly we started, ascending at first one much frequented path to Montreux between the vineyards, now despoiled: over little vocal torrents, among walnut trees, and by the little cascade which falls from the moss-covered rock beneath Montreux Church. Crossing the aerial bridge which spans the romantic glen of unclean Montreux, we ascended a steep road among the vines, *paved*, as all the mountain paths are, for a long distance, with small stones painful to the feet—for up and down these paths pass horses and oxen, and sleighs, bearing the produce of the higher regions. In about an hour we had surmounted the land of vineyards, and came, still following the steep paved lanes, to a luxuriant wood, from which in about another hour we emerged into the Village of *Avant*; not that this was the first village we came to; for the ascent is very frequently varied by clusters of cottages more or less condensed. The beautiful situation of the little Inn at Avant, induced us to linger there a while, though sour wine and gristly sausage offered little additional temptation. Below the village lay a rounded slope of vivid greenward, and on either side an expanding vista of mountain and forest; beyond this, in the hollow below, the eastern end of the Lake of Geneva, now shrunk to a mere *tarn*, glittered in the sunshine, surrounded by the immense rampart of the Savoy and Valais Mountains. Behind the village, and beyond some intricate ravines, arose a

tall rampart of rocks, which shut out the other world beyond. Thither our path lay, and again for an hour's walk higher and higher appeared to be pretty well marked. Here the climate had changed, not that the sky was less bright, but the air was keen and frosty, the luxuriant wood had disappeared, and the dark pine forest succeeded to it, with mossy ground, and stunted bushes becoming rare and rarer. The water in the paths was frozen, and here and there a sheep trough was full of ice. Chalets were scattered about, but all deserted. Neither man nor beast was to be seen. We missed the path which led across the ravine to the pass of Jaman, but continued by another one, unaware of our error. It appeared strange that the path should lead so far away from the 'Dent,' but we supposed it would round under the shoulder of the mountain. Then came a confusion of smaller tracks—a thick forest of pines, and a complication of lesser ravines intersecting each other like a labyrinth. Still we kept on, and at last came to an open steep bank like a wall with turrets. The Dent de Jaman was now so far away that it was evident we had missed the path. Could we reach it from thence, or should we retrace our steps? We climbed the steep bank, and then saw on the other side—not the mountains of the Oberland, which should have been visible from the Dent de Jaman—they were quite shut out by a far-reaching branch of the mountain—but a plain extending to the Jura, towards Neufchatel. We descended and made an attempt to proceed in the direction of the Dent, but there was no path, and confusion must inevitably be the result of further perseverance in that direction. The sun was getting lower—we must lose no time in retracing our steps. But we had wandered from the path by which we came—one gully filled up with pines so nearly resembled another—we wandered for half an hour fruitlessly—there was no doubt about it—we had lost our way! Could it be found, and could we get clear of the faintly-marked paths before sunset? This now became a very disquieting question. The notion of being obliged to spend the night far from all human help on this cold and deserted mountain, was terrible. One's head, under such circumstances, becomes dizzy; it was one of the most painful sensations we ever experienced. At last after scrambling vainly backwards and forwards in several directions, we thought we had found the right path. Soon, however, we came to another deep gully which we were sure we had not passed before; yet there was but one thing to be done—to go forward; but when we reached the other side we joyfully and thankfully recognised a trunk of a fir tree which lay across the path, the form of which we had noticed on our ascent. Yet how could this be? We could have taken oath that we had not before passed that same gully, and yet it now appeared to be the only place to which the path could lead. This was a puzzle to which we could not then, and cannot now find the clue. But we were safe—soon after sunset we had reached the paved lanes, about which there could be no serious mistake, for they all led downwards, only it was a stumbling, dark, unpleasant, and footsore walk.

We were not a little glad to reach our quarters again, particularly when about 10 o'clock a violent storm came on, and next morning the scene of our expedition was covered by a thick coat of snow. It was the first day of winter! If we had not succeeded in finding our way, there is no doubt we should have perished upon the mountain. Three observations may be made upon this little adventure: First, that a mountain expedition which appears easy, may be nevertheless liable to severe mishap, and therefore it is best to take a guide. Secondly, that the short days in autumn add a risk to such things. Thirdly, that the changes in the weather are very sudden, and that no dependance is to be placed upon favorable appearances in this climate.

We were not, of course, so long in this country without becoming aware of many of the political and other opinions entertained by educated people in French Switzerland. The impression was very general here (and we do not doubt it is quite as much so in France) among people otherwise well informed, that there exists in England a steady determination on the part of all the leading classes of people, (however much veiled or denied by those in authority) to benefit the commerce and manufactures of Great Britain, by promoting confusion and democracy in all other countries. Of this Machiavellian policy, *Palmerston*, 'that name of fear,' was last autumn considered to be the merciless and unscrupulous exponent. The Austrian Comte de Fiquelmont has since then published a heavy 'louqueur,' of which this notion may be said to form the nucleus; and we verily believe he has only given expression to the general belief of average well informed CONSERVATIVE people upon the Continent. Many of their stereotyped beliefs about John Bull and his much slandered family, are equally founded upon *fact*. But this stereotyped 'Perfidious Albion' notion, furnished lately, and no doubt still serves for the favorite cry of Continental 'respectability.'

They will not allow that England has a right to retain laws which interfere with the general 'police' of Europe. From all this we confidently anticipated that polite Granville would be worse treated and less feared than trenchant Palmerston, and Prince Schwartzberg's answer to the conciliatory note of the former, on the subject of the refugees in England, confirms that anticipation.

We went to Geneva at the end of November, and remained there till Paris had cooled after the '*coup d'état*.' The favorite summer hotels, the Bergues, l'Ecu, and Couronne, were quite deserted then, for they are too much exposed to the lake and *bise* for cold weather, and the cold was severe. However, there was not much snow on the ground in the immediate vicinity of Geneva, which circumstance, and the more solid, air tight and comfortable quarters to be had there, made a decided change for the better,\* from the

\* We should fain bear testimony to the comfort, cleanliness, and cuisine, of the 'Hotel du Rhone,' kept by Madame Rochat. Her inn has a character for a sort of quiet perfection with those who have stayed there.



delusive 'winter quarters' at Montreux. When we left, and for three previous days, the town was smothered in a dense fog. The journey from Geneva to Lyons, by way of Bellegarde and the Perte du Rhone, was not without danger, for neither horses nor diligence could easily keep their perpendicular upon the hard frozen snow: it occupied about eighteen hours. The road passes through the fort which the French have erected above Bellegarde. Once clear of the Jura on the French side, there was no more snow; and Lyons might have been kept warm by the Bivouac fires of the soldiers who occupied the angles of the principal streets. Another gloomy day brought us to Paris, and that city, enveloped in a thick fog of five days duration, had anything but a lively appearance.

And at this point, oppressed by the awful shadow of Napoleon the Little, we beg respectfully to lay down our pen.

### EARLY HISTORY OF NOVA SCOTIA.

"There is a growing curiosity about my country: a craving desire for correct information."  
— *Washington Irving.*

THE thought has been for some time impressed upon the mind of the writer, that it is the duty of every person, as far as means and opportunities are afforded, to make himself acquainted with those objects with which God in His Providence has been pleased most intimately to surround him. Amongst those manifold objects he would include that portion of the world wherein our lot is cast.

It has been sometimes objected to our Republican neighbours, that they cannot publish a History or Geography without making the History and Geography of their own country to constitute the principal portion of the work. They act herein with sound common sense; the consequence of which is that almost every native of the United States is awakened, by knowledge, to the interests of the busy commonwealth in which he lives. He talks with intelligence and pleasure of his country wherever he goes; and to *him* the United States of America possess more attraction than all the world besides. Is it then a matter of surprise, that in their Geographies their country is made to bear so large a share.

How little do the inhabitants of the British Provinces understand the History, the capabilities, the Geography, of their noble inheritance, when compared with their more enterprising neighbours. But it is hoped that under an enlarged system of education, and through the influence of an intelligent Superintendent of Schools, an improvement will shortly be made in this direction.

There are, perhaps, but few residents in western Nova Scotia, who are acquainted with the events of thrilling interest that have taken place since KING'S COUNTY was first settled. Probably there are not fifty copies of Halliburton's interesting History of Nova Scotia owned in this wealthy County, although the two volumes may now be obtained in Halifax for the sum of five shillings. Indeed it is said, to the reproach of Nova Scotia, that not a sufficient number of the work has been sold to pay the expenses of printing and publishing.

Being a native of this Province, it has occurred to the writer that an outline of our Provincial History, from the first discovery of the country, by Columbus, to the year 1800, while yielding pleasure during the necessary researches, would gain the interest of Provincial readers, by its connection with their personal ancestors and themselves.

Although not pretending to offer anything original, having access only to the ordinary sources of information, yet the time spent in the perusal of these pages will not have been in vain, if it lead some of the readers of *The Provincial* to go more minutely into the subject, and thus produce other papers on the History, the Resources, and the capabilities of Nova Scotia, as well as of the other Provinces, and of the Islands, of British America.

In order to make the narrative comprehensive, so that the leading events recorded in it may more readily lodge themselves in the memory of young readers, the materials will be arranged according to the centuries embraced in the early history of the country, viz: from A. D. 1400 to A. D. 1500; from A. D. 1500 to 1600; from A. D. 1600 to 1700; and from A. D. 1700 to A. D. 1800.

*Century 1st. From A. D. 1400 to A. D. 1500.*—To the great Navigator, Christopher Columbus, a Genoese, the world is indebted, under God, for the discovery of America.

He was born about the year 1440. Early in the morning of Friday, August 3rd, 1492, the Squadron commanded by Columbus sailed from the Harbour of Palos, a seaport of Andalusia, in Spain. He soon passed the Canary or Western Islands. On the night of the 11th of October, a light was perceived. It was in motion—disappeared—and was again visible. At the dawn of the following day a flat island, thickly clad with trees, was seen. Columbus on landing gave to the island, which is one of the Bahamas in the West Indies, the name of San Salvador, or St. Saviour, in humble gratitude to his Almighty preserver.

America therefore was discovered on the night of Thursday, October 11th, 1492. The first passage from Portugal to America occupied ten weeks; thus acquiring for one half of the world a knowledge of the other.

In the month of May, A. D. 1497, Americus Vespuccus, a Florentine, sailed from Cadiz, and in seventy-seven days reached what is now called the

Spanish Main, probably the Province of Paria, on the North East coast of South America. He transferred his name to the whole continent.

In the same year, 1497, Henry the Seventh being on the English Throne, John Cabot and his son Sebastian sailed from Bristol, and on the 24th of June were surprised by the sight of land, which they called *PRIMA VISTA*, generally supposed to have been Nova Scotia, and by some the northern part of Trinity Bay in Newfoundland, afterwards known by the name of Bona Vista. This brings us to the year 1500.

*Century 2nd. From A. D. 1500 to A. D. 1600.*—Thus we learn that Cabot, an Englishman, actually discovered the Continent of North America.

This discovery by Cabot in 1497; the formal possession taken by Sir Humphrey Gilbert of St. Johns, Newfoundland, in 1583, for the crown of England; and the actual residence of Sir John Gilbert, brother of Sir Humphrey, on Kennebec River, in the State of Maine, are considered by the English as the foundation of the right and title of the Crown of England to the whole of its possessions in North America.

In 1525 the French made exploratory voyages along the coasts of Florida and Newfoundland. Cape Breton, from its contiguity to the latter island, was *known* before Nova Scotia, and was visited by the French and English for the fishery.

After the discovery of Cape Breton, Nova Scotia could not long remain unvisited. Cabot, an Englishman, was its discoverer, but the French probably made the first trading voyages to its shores.

The first attempt to colonize any part of Nova Scotia, appears to have been made by the Marquis De La Roche, whom Henri IV. had despatched from France in 1598. Carrying with him a number of convicts, he landed on the Isle of Sable, about 150 miles S. E. of Cape Breton, and having landed fifty persons there, he proceeded to Nova Scotia. On Sable Island those convicts spent seven miserable years, and when the King sent to bring them back to France, only twelve were found alive.

De La Roche after cruising for some time on the coast of this Province, and exploring its harbours, returned to France: which is all we know of the progress of discovery on this Continent up to the year 1600. L.

## I. A. H. A. V. E.

### A SKETCH.

“Here, sweetly the summer winds sigh as they blow  
And thy windings, bright river, are lovely below,  
And the mountains beyond, with their forests and farms,  
Repose o'er the scene, in the life of their charms.”

SINCE the works of ‘Sam Slick,’ have been circulated throughout England, a spirit of enquiry has been diffused around, not only as to the whereabouts of

the interesting country through which he vended his Clocks, during his 'strange eventful journey,' but there has also arisen a desire to know more of the general features and beautiful scenery of the loyal and important Province of Nova Scotia.

By the Treaty of St. Germain's, in the year 1632, the English Government relinquished in favor of France, all its interest in, or dominion over Nova Scotia. In 1656 the English conquered this country, but again ceded it to France, by the Treaty of Breda in 1667. In the time of Charles II. there were scarcely more than 1000 French inhabitants in Nova Scotia, and twenty years after the Breda Treaty, the people of Massachusetts, (now one of the United States of America) under Sir William Phipps, successfully invaded it with 700 followers. By the Treaty of Ryswick however, in 1697, it was restored to France, which ceded it to Great Britain by the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713.

During these vicissitudes, the Harbour of La Have was considered as one of the Keys of Nova Scotia, and forms conspicuous landmarks as well on the rough Chart of Razillai as in the extended Map which now graces the Legislative Halls at Halifax.

La Have river runs about 30 miles through the County of Lunenburg, in Nova Scotia, and is navigable for two thirds of that distance. Salmon and Alewives resort to it. Its most admired point is at the entrance. Here the sheltering headlands and hills of the main-land, as well as the beautiful Islands which ornament the Bay, increase the security of the position. A cliff on the western side rises with majestic front, upwards of an hundred feet above the sea. About a mile to the southward of this peak is the Black Rock, about the same dimensions as the cliff, with a depth of water so bold that a Schooner could tie its fasts to the overspreading branches. And then the beautiful Islands which, in rich abundance, spread over the mouth of the river, add to the brightness of the scene. The Islands are now in a state of cultivation, yet enough of the forest trees remain to cheer the eye of the pleased spectator. While most of the other harbours on the Nova Scotia seaboard, are obstructed with ice during some short period of the Winter, this entrance is never thus closed. The shores abound with Cod, Haddock, Mackarel and Herring, and the Porpoise frolics near the current, and sometimes the Seal pays his unexpected visits.

Situate 18 Leagues from Halifax to the East, and Cape Sable or Port La Tour, distant some 30 Leagues along the western shore, what bustling scenes must here have presented themselves, when Ragillai held sway, or La Tour revelled! In a country so newly settled as Nova Scotia, the colonists may well dwell on this district as among the classic grounds of their country. Yet what a different scene *now* presents itself to what the adventurers of Sir William Alexander perceived, when boldly landing from their adventurous

barques two Centuries ago! *Then* the Micmac Indian roamed freely along the banks of La Have, *now* this favored spot is enlivened by the snug house and cleared fields of descendants of German and Connecticut settlers. Eighty shallops *now* anchor or move forward with noiseless speed, where *then* flitted along the canoe of the Red man: *now* the sounds of forty Saw Mills with their unceasing clatter echo along the bluff shores and snug creeks which *then* reverberated with the sounds of the beasts of the forest. Nature has been lavish in her bounty to this spot, and it was with admirable judgment, that centuries ago it was selected for the fortress and the anchorage ground.

Now turn and view that beautiful little Peninsula, Fort Point. There Governor Ragillai erected his ramparts, and dug his moats; and here in 1635, La Tour held his viceregal sway. Still the hidden bullet and the fragment of Iron may be found, telling their tale of past strength or grandeur. It is a beautiful spot! The land gradually rising from the shore, with undulating surface; the ancient willows, descended from the trees which the Frenchman planted wherever he chanced to sojourn; the devil's punch bowls, or deep hollows around, well become the scene, and heighten its interest and its beauty.

Some of the old folks at La Have relate with deep interest, the legend of Kidd, the noted Pirate, having been buried at Fort Point and they tell also how they used, 'when time and they were young,' to search by torch light for some mound which possibly might have formed his tomb. Whether Kidd sleeps beneath the unquiet billow, or the firm earth, we know not, but certainly he rests not here.

Nearly a quarter of a Century ago, a foreigner, with sad countenance and troubled look visited the place and fell overboard from a boat which he vainly endeavoured to guide single handed and alone, among the disturbed billows of the river, and helplessly was drowned. Alas! poor stranger in a far off land! None knew who he was, or whence, or why he came. Pity that he

"Should float awhile upon his wat'ry bier  
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
(And sunk alas! beneath a wat'ry floor)  
Without the meed of some melodious tear."

## EARLY PROVINCIAL SETTLERS.

### AN INDIAN STORY.

THE thirteenth day of September marks a memorable period in the history of North America. It is the anniversary of an event which told powerfully upon the kingdoms of England and France, at the time of its occurrence, and whose effects are felt to the present day. The scene of it was the City of

Quebec. On the morning of that day, in the year 1789, several boys had climbed upon that part of the wall of the city which overlooked the Plains of Abraham, and were gazing with intense interest upon a novel and striking object. They were discovered by the military guard, who immediately ordered them down. One of them refused to obey, and the attention of the guard being immediately directed to matters of more importance, the refractory youth was suffered to remain in quiet possession of his post. The object at which he was gazing with so much eagerness was a battle. Two hostile armies were engaged in fierce and dreadful encounter upon the Plains of Abraham. It was the day of the taking of Quebec by General Wolfe. The youth who looked in despite of the danger of his position and the order of the guard, was well known many years afterwards throughout Nova Scotia, as a minister of the Gospel of peace. He went to the grave in a good old age, like 'a shock of corn fully ripe;' but still lives in the hearts of many who sat under his ministry. He was the Rev. John Payzant, of Liverpool, who died in 1834. When Quebec was taken he was in that city a British prisoner. The events of that memorable day set him free, together with his mother, two brothers, and two sisters. They had all been taken by the Indians. The history of their capture and captivity, as related to the writer a few years ago by one of the number then in his ninety-sixth year, cannot fail to interest the reader, though related without any attempt at embellishment.

On the southern coast of Nova Scotia, between Chester and Liverpool, are scattered grotesquely groups of beautiful islands. It is said that in all, they number as many as the days of the year. One of them at the mouth of Mahone Bay is celebrated as the scene of the tragical event about to be related. This Island, at the time that Lunenburg was settled, was granted to the father of the late Rev. J. Payzant. He was a merchant of some wealth, whose father had fled from France during the stormy times which followed upon the revocation of the edict of Nantes. The city of Caen, in the Department of Normandy, was his native place. Thence he had fled to the Island of Jersey, whence he afterwards removed with his family and effects to Halifax.

Why he afterwards chose this Island as his place of residence is not known. He had lived there about a year. The brushwood cabin—the wigwam—first erected for the accommodation of those employed in clearing the ground, had been superseded by a comfortable log hut, in which the family resided. Boxes and bales of valuable merchandize occupied no small portion of the room preparatory to entering upon business on an enlarged scale. A large two story house was advancing rapidly to its completion. A field of wheat had been sown, and our informant, the late Lewis Payzant, Esq., of Falmouth, distinctly remembered that at the time they were taken by the Indians, the wheat had sprung up, for the field was green.

It was in the month of May, 1754. The week had closed. The laborers

and the mechanics who were employed had retired to their several homes. The darkness of night had gathered around this lonely dwelling. The family were preparing to retire, when an unusual noise alarmed them. There were evidently some evil minded persons about the house. It was a time of trouble among the Colonists. Lunenburg was then recently settled, chiefly by Germans and Swiss. Their expectations had been raised high by the inducements to emigrate, held out to them by the British authorities. They had expected to find 'easy times,' a sort of Paradise, in the land to which they had come. It would, no doubt, they supposed, abound in 'corn and wine,' and 'flow with milk and money;' and they would be far removed from danger, and could sit every man 'under his own vine and under his own fig-tree,' where none would make him afraid. Instead of the realization of these golden dreams, however, they found a cold climate, an untried soil, and a waste howling wilderness, where roamed the savage beast and the more cruel and more to be dreaded savage man. Filled at length with disappointment and vexation, they rose in open rebellion. They were not subdued without much trouble, nor without the aid of a strong military force sent from Halifax for that purpose. The Governor had told Mr. Payzant that if they should offer to disturb him, to fire upon them. Supposing that some of those malcontents were now about the house, he seized his musket, and went out to oppose them. Imagining, no doubt, a slight demonstration in the 'line of battle,' would frighten them, he discharged his piece. Alas! he had mistaken the danger that threatened him, and the mistake was fatal! The harmless flash of his gun revealed his position. It was answered by a volley from the assailants. The terrified wife and mother rushed out just in time to throw her arms around her fainting husband. She begged him to come in. Death choked his utterance as he exclaimed, 'my heart is growing cold!—the Indians!' and he fell lifeless at her feet. The terrific 'war-whoop,' and the rush of the Indians confirmed her worst forebodings. Resistance was out of the question. She retreated to the house, she barred the door; but when baffled in their attempts to force it, she saw the Indians deliberately beginning to carry their threat into execution of burning the house over her head, and that of her helpless little ones, she resigned herself to her fate. She desired her oldest son to open the door. They rushed in like so many tigers.

Nearly a century had passed away when Mr. Payzant told us the story. He was literally bending under the weight of years. Both mind and body were enfeebled by age. It was some time before we could get him fully roused. But he well remembered the scene. As he dwelt upon it and related particular after particular, in answer to various enquiries, it came up more and more vividly to his recollection. We shall not easily forget the excitement of his manner as he reverted, on one occasion, to the rush of the savages into the house when the door was opened. He drew up his bent and contracted

form into an erect position. He raised his voice, and his eyes flashed. 'O,' said he, 'I hear them now! I see them! Hewing down the boxes! Hewing down the boxes! Seizing and securing every valuable article as fast as they could!' He remembered too that his oldest brother gave battle. That he sprang upon the table, and attempted resistance, shaking his fist and giving expression to his anger, and he was only dissuaded by the entreaties of his mother. He remembered the screams of a poor servant woman, who with her infant child occupied an apartment to which access was had by a different door. They had killed the poor woman, and dashed out the brains of the babe, before they had succeeded in entering Mrs. P.'s apartment. And he remembered how they afterwards mimicked her cries in their sports, and called out, as she had done, 'Mr. Payzant, Mr. Payzant.' And the old gentleman imitated, in turn, *their* voice and manner, as he related the story.

A young man had been taken by the party in the neighbourhood. They had promised to spare his life and give him his liberty, in case he would conduct them to a rich prize. He had promised to do so. That promise had now been fulfilled. They had obtained five prisoners, and a large amount of plunder. Their ends were answered, and they fulfilled their part of the agreement by killing the hapless young man and adding his scalp to the booty. One deed remained to be done, the one which usually concludes the scene in the horrid tragedy of war. The house must be fired. When the captives were secured—when the plunder had been placed in the canoes and they were ready to push away from the Island, the torch was applied. High into the air shot up the flame, shedding its lurid glare far over the waters. The wretched captives turned a last sad look towards their late happy home. Sudden and awful was the change. They glided away rapidly into the dense gloom. Darker and more gloomy was the prospect before them. Many a cup of affliction had that sorrow-stricken woman tasted before. There were others still in reserve for her. But so deep was her grief on this occasion, that tears would not come to her relief. There was but one arm that could afford relief, and surely it was extended to her in this time of need.

The party landed at Chester and travelled across the country, through the pathless woods, about twelve miles, to the head of the St. Croix River, which empties into the Avon, just below Windsor. They passed this latter place on the following night. The night was clear, and they could distinctly see the sentry as he walked his rounds. The canoes drew in close under the shore, and moved noiselessly along, while the captives were terrified into silence by the flourishing of a tomahawk over their heads. The first place at which they landed was Cape Chignecto, where was a French settlement at the time. Thence they were hurried on to what is now Fredericton, then called St. Ann's, the name by which it still goes among the Indians. There the French Governor resided, and there the Indians expected to obtain the promised reward for



prisoners and scalps. During the terrible voyage Mrs. P. espied among the plunder her wedding shoes. It may be easily imagined that having preserved them with so much care, she would be anxious to regain possession of them. But they were worthless in the eyes of the Indians, and the only answer made to her entreaties that they might be restored to her, was a loud insulting laugh, and the shoes were thrown overboard.

'And upon what did they feed you' we asked. 'Feed us upon,' was the reply, 'why sometimes they fed us upon berries; sometimes upon bread; and sometimes upon *nothing*!' Mr. P. remembered that the Indian to whom he was assigned on the division of the spoil, had a son, a small boy about his own age and size. During their travel through the woods, they were carried alternately upon the old Indian's back. 'He would take me by the shoulders,' said he, 'and swing me round upon his back.' Mr. P. thought that the Indians did not ordinarily subject them to any ill-treatment, beyond what would naturally arise from the circumstances of the case. He recollected one exception. The piece of bread, given to him one night for his supper, was so bad that he could not eat it, and he threw it away. For this offence he was sentenced to go without food for the night. As it happened, a larger portion than was necessary for the time being, had fallen to the lot of his tawny companion. As the latter fell asleep it fell out of his hand, and was eagerly appropriated by the hungry white boy. The little Indian awoke in the morning, and looked for his bread. It was gone. Lewis had taken it. A complaint was lodged against him. The old Indian was just starting upon a fishing excursion. He seemed greatly enraged, and threatened in a tone which left little doubt on the child's mind that it would be carried into execution, that he would sacrifice him on his return. Whether he really intended to do so or not, could never be known. The Indian got drunk that day, fell out of his canoe, and was drowned. He was brought back a corpse.

On their way to Fredericton, the Indians murdered two young Frenchmen and took their scalps. They had discernment sufficient to perceive that the scalp of a Frenchman could not be distinguished from that of an Englishman. How often may such acts have been perpetrated, and how often may a fearful retribution in this way have been visited upon those 'enlightened' nations, who could descend to the barbarity of hiring the savages to wage this horrid species of warfare. Oh war! Thou art dreadful in all thy forms. When, oh when shall the sword be put up into its scabbard? When will the long looked for period arrive, when the 'nations shall learn war no more?' When the pure principles of the gospel shall exert their benign influence so extensively, that 'swords shall be beaten into plowshares, and spears into pruning hooks,' and the 'knowledge of the Lord cover the earth as the waters the channel of the deep.'

Mrs. Payzant was separated from her children at Fredericton, and sent on

to Quebec. She left them in the hands of the Indians. Months passed—months of suspense and anxiety, before she heard from them. News at length arrived that two of them were in the hands of the French, but that the other two—the oldest son and only daughter,\* were still retained by the Indians, who refused to give them up on any terms. They had probably been adopted, after their manner, in the place of some who had been killed by the English. What were the feelings of the sorrowing mother when this painful intelligence arrived, may be better conceived than described. She went to the Roman Catholic Bishop and implored his aid. He instructed the Priest at Fredericton to demand the children, and to refuse absolution to the Indians in whose hands they were, unless they were given up. This was effectual. The children were forthcoming at once. At the end of seven months they arrived, among other British prisoners, at Quebec. Hearing of their arrival, the mother was, as may naturally be supposed, transported with joy, and eager to rush forth to meet them. This was, however, denied her. A military guard obliged her to remain at the door of her lodgings, until a group of children were brought up—she, alas! had only been one among many who suffered in a similar way—and she was directed to select her own little ones. It was easy to do that. Thank heaven! there they were! The marks of their long captivity upon them; but they were her own precious little ones, and she pressed them to her bosom, covered them with kisses, and bathed them with her tears.

Probably owing to the fact of their being of French descent, they were allowed all the indulgence that could be allotted to prisoners. The taking of Quebec, of course, gave them their liberty. They returned to Nova Scotia, but Mrs. P., naturally enough, could never think of returning to the place of her former troubles, and selected a different locality for a residence.

Such is a brief and unvarnished statement of incidents illustrative of the hardships and trials of the early settlers of Nova Scotia. It is a portion of our history, and the public has a right to a knowledge of it. It were easy to comment, to embellish, and to moralize, but we choose to present the story in the simple garb of truth. Thanks to a merciful Providence, these days of trouble with the Indians of the Provinces have passed away, never to return. The white man has nothing to fear now from the Indian. The fear and terror is, alas! the other way. It is not the sword; it is not captivity, that these children of the forest dread in their present defenceless condition, and their wretched homes; it is outrage and wrong. But 'the poor shall not always be forgotten;' their Father in Heaven will remember them, and he will plead their cause. It is not for us to visit the sins of the fathers upon their children. We should rather confess and forsake our own and the sins of *our* fathers. Let no one exclaim against the red man because of such scenes in

\* A second daughter was born after she arrived at Quebec.

former times, as are here related. Be it remembered that there is another side to these stories—that they can tell of acts of cruelty on the part of the white man, co-equally outrageous as any which has been recorded against them. But let the atrocities formerly committed on both sides be forgotten in efforts to civilize, enlighten, and save, the present remnant of a once mighty people.

R.

### LINES OCCASIONED BY A VISIT TO BIRCH COVE LAKE.

" Favored spot of ground !  
 Where'er we gaze, around, above, below,  
 What rainbow tints, what magic charms are found.  
 Rock, forest, stream, lake, mountain, all abound,  
 And bluest skies that harmonize the whole :  
 Beneath, the distant torrent's rushing sound  
 Tells where the volumed cataract doth roll  
 Between those hanging rocks, which shock, yet please, the soul." EVAES.

Hail, hail glorious landscape! thy grandeur tremendous  
 Description shall never have power to name!  
 O who could look down from thy cliffs so stupendous!  
 Nor feel his soul tremble with awe in his frame?

There is something that lives in thy wildness so daring,  
 So pregnant with nature's unquenchable pride;  
 That the dullest would tremble thy beauties revering—  
 Thy wild rocky steeps, and thy cataract's tide.

Sublime are thy cascades unceasingly roaring,  
 And sublime are thy rocks that eternally frown;  
 That in wood-covered bloom to the heavens are soaring,  
 Or bare bosomed majesty proudly look down.

On the waves which beneath them in wild foaming whiteness,  
 O'er the dark yawning gulf like the lightning are driven;  
 When illumed by the sun they compeer with his brightness,  
 While their roaring resembles the thunder of heaven.

How glorious to view, where the noontide sun's beaming,  
 The rainbow like tints of thy cascades arise,  
 Which fall back in pearls of purest light—gleaming  
 With the mellowest shadings and lights of the skies.

Sweet landscape! thou'rt nature enthroned in her greatness,  
 Thou art nature enshrined in her glooms and her light!  
 Thy lofty dark hills, and thy cataract's fleetness,  
 Contrast in proportion eternally bright.

Thy blue mountain reared in some wild freak of nature,  
 Sublimely exalts its dark head to the skies;  
 And trees hoar with age, and of colossal stature,  
 'Midst lightning-cleft rocks most majestic arise.

Thy pure crystal streamlets unceasingly flowing,  
 Untroubled and smooth through the wood-mantled vale ;  
 On their emerald banks the sweet wild flowers, blowing,  
 Greet the eye with delight, and the senses regule.

Sweet landscape ! thy scenery never could tire  
 The eye that for *scenes of reflection* would rove ;  
 Thou art union of all we in nature admire,  
 An emblem of mightiness, beauty, and love.

I have feasted mine eyes on thy beauties Ovoca,  
 Have drank of thy witching charms lovely Lough Gréine ;  
 Have trembled beholding thy FALL, Pool na Pooka,  
 And almost knelt down to adore thee Lake Léine.

O nature, of all thy delights I've partaken !  
 With thy scenes all my dreams of enchantment entwine !  
 But I never till now saw a scene that could waken  
 A throb of emotion so purely divine.

Lovely landscape ! the atheist who in darkness has trod,  
 And forgotten that being he ought to adore !  
 If thy grandeur be viewed, he should turn to his God !  
 Blush, tremble, and weep, and deny him no more.

#### A STONE MASON.

Birch Cove Lake, the scenery round which has given rise to the above composition, is situated on the new road to Hammond's Plains ; and is one and a half miles from the Cove on the Windsor road, from which it takes its name. The lake is about 2 miles long and half a mile wide, and is surrounded on three sides by hills of lofty height. On the south-west side of the lake is a beautiful water-fall which is quite audible at more than two miles distance. It dashes over the dark granite rocks, which form its rough uneven bed, with a noise resembling deep thunder. The scenery is of the most sublime, and wild description. The blue mountain is a noble feature in the scenery, and stands at the western extremity of the Lake. The new road traverses the east border of the Lake throughout, and the view from it is truly picturesque. The Lake abounds in fine large trout of excellent flavor, and the woods abound with plenty of game for the fowler. It is a grand field for the artist, angler, fowler, and geologist. There is an inexhaustible fund of profit and amusement, to be had gratis in the surrounding landscape. The drive along the Lake side in summer is a rare treat.

#### SUPERNAL THEOLOGY.\*

THE title is not our invention. It belongs to the work on which we offer a few comments. Had we been consulted we should not have advised the use of so dignified a name. Supernal Theology is a term that we would regard as properly employed where it was predicated of such communication between heaven and earth as *inspiration* sanctions and describes. Thus, if such a name ushered in a work that related the circumstances of that conference between God and man, that took place in the case of all believers spoken of in the bible, we would admit it to be appropriate. Or again, if it was applied to modern instances, wherein Luther, Baxter, Edwards, or Chalmers, spake with

\* New York—Fowlers & Wells, 131 Nassau Street.

their Maker in the way of orthodoxy, we would look upon the thing as deserving of the designation. But when it is assigned to a work whose object is to tell of 'rappings' and twitchings, we cannot see how such arbitrary and lawless manifestations merit to be called either Supernal or Theology. In this book, we have in one chapter an account of some communications, in the style of what we have long been accustomed to under the name of clairvoyance. They are of such a kind as leads the practical observer to consider that the spirits and those who consult them, must possess a great deal of the luxury which we call spare time. A good financier would grudge to receive such information even at the very economical rate of our excellent electric telegraph, viz.: a York shilling for ten words. The next chapter is more ambitious, giving us what is named, 'life in the second sphere.' The worthy individual who tells his experience of the disembodied state, mentions that he studies under a teacher, who gives him lessons in 'Geology, Botany, Physiology, and other sciences.' We would wish to be understood as admitting the value of these branches, but with all our prepossessions in favor of a higher state of being, we do not as yet see why such studies may not be carried on in terrestrial academies and colleges. At all events if lessons are to be given in upper spheres, we feel as if we would be justified in expecting that the pupils should be greater proficient than Cuvier, Buckland, and Lyell. To go into the upper world, in order to learn geology in an indifferent manner, would seem to us a case of much ado about nothing. The next chapter relates a visit to the seventh sphere, by a lady of the euphonious name of 'Tempe Dunbar.' If this sphere be as far away as its arithmetic would seem to denote, we pity the traveller who went so far in order to bring back so little. Voyages to the Arctic Circle have long been complained of, as wanting in result. Still they occasionally bring us back a lichen, a new fact about the variation of the needle, or the magnetic pole. We cannot compliment Miss Dunbar for having made any revelations nearly as important as those of Ross or Sir James Richardson. In chapter sixth, a spirit, among other things, chants an ode in two stanzas, and we do not hesitate to affirm that we have read worse verse. But this is faint praise. A poem sent us from another world ought to have a scent and style about it to prove its authenticity, and make it worth the carriage. In chapter seventh, a lady of the agreeable name of Dora, relates her doings in the spheres. The particulars recounted are of the intrinsic value of those communications that occur among matrons when the appearances in cups of tea and coffee are assumed as prophetic of coming events. Chapter eighth speaks of a whist party in one of the spheres—an incident that would seem to denote that the spirits implicated could not have been strictly 'evangelical,' and must be rather of the party of come-outers, than of those who trace their orthodoxy down from the May flower and the Pilgrim fathers. Chapter tenth is 'on the power of spirits.' This power must be held to be limited, from the

following sentence: 'The writer of this, by request of the spirits, always leaves a window of his bed-room a few inches open, to admit of the ingress and egress of a spirit to make the manifestations which had been requested.' A spirit that cannot come through the pane or break a small hole for its own passage, must be held, however virtuous, to be wanting in potency. It also appears, that as travellers they are scarcely up to the telegraph, as we find it related that 'several that were sent on distant errands, stated that it required three minutes to go to Chagres, and about five to go to California.'

We forbear from referring to three or four other topics that enter into this silly volume. Swedenborg, at first hand, is more than our patience has ever been able to cope with. This American reproduction of the ideas of the dreamy Dane, is one of the strange symptoms of our strange times. There are, no doubt, dull preachers of ordinary Christianity in New York, and with such we do not wish to fraternise. But we will not easily be persuaded that among them all there is one that could promulgate such *niaiserie*s, as those that are here dubbed with the pompous title of "Supernal Theology."

#### WORKS OF IK MARVEL.\*

It is pleasant to turn aside from the busy jostle and 'all things practical' of this outer world, to wander awhile by the pleasant streams and through the blossomed paths of the inner life; and this pleasure is doubly increased when we have for a guide and companion the author of the two books before us. IK Marvel or Donald Mitchell, quaint and unpoetical as is thy cognomen, both fictitious and real—we hail thee brother. There is not an individual raised above the level of the money getting and money keeping herd, who will not be delighted with these volumes, and rise from their perusal better and wiser, feeling that he has met with some heart truth on every page, and that while reading what was apparently the reveries and day dreams of a fictitious hero, he has in reality been perusing the history of his own dreams, hopes, and loves. So real and life-like are the pictures placed before us in these works, that we almost feel as if the author had made himself acquainted with those passages in our lives, which haunt us the most deeply, but which we have never revealed. The 'Reveries of a Bachelor,' is an exquisite book. Volume after volume is given to the world, gorgeously bound and filled to overflowing with words of high sounding tone, and lines of liquid softness, containing not one tittle of the poetry to be met with in this unpretending volume

\* *Reveries of a Bachelor; or, a Book of the Heart.* By IK MARVEL. New York, 1850.  
*Dream Life; a Fable of the Seasons.* By IK MARVEL. New York, 1851.

every chapter is an epic in itself, appealing to and breathing of the human heart. Such reveries, as he tells us in his preface, float through the brain of every bachelor, but these he alone has given to the world. The titles of the chapters are fanciful. The first is 'over a wood fire—smoke signifying doubt; blaze, cheer; ashes, desolation;' and so well are all those metaphors explained, such a mingling of truth and fancy, so beautifully blended, that we know not which to believe as the real, in our actual experience of both.

The reveries, of course, turn chiefly on marriage. The first, 'smoke and doubt,' portray the probable imperfections of a wife and natural discomforts of marriage. It is written in a style of quaint humour, and a smile rises and anon a sigh at the vivid pictures which we feel have often too much truth. But most beautiful are the reveries over the blaze: cheer leaps with the flame; there woman is fancied in all her loveliness, her gentleness, her power of conferring happiness. Beautifully is the picture limned from the first moment when she confesses her love, to the last when she watches over her dying husband, feels the last pressure, gives the last kiss.

But the poem grows more entrancing and touching as the writer muses over the ashes, signifying desolation. Then troubles come to the home, so blessed by the presence of that sweet wife; cares and sorrow follow fast; losses in business, alienation of friends; the dearest little blossom by the hearthstone, droops and dies; and then she, the soother, the comforter, the angel, fades and passes away also. How truthfully, how vividly, is pictured the darkness of that desolated home. We seem to see her die,—we hear the nailing down of the coffin lid,—and then for the moment we experience the reality, we feel what it is to be alone!

The first chapter has our warmest admiration. It is the masterpiece. But the second is also beautiful: 'Musings over a city grate.' It opens with an account of the letters received from the readers of the first reverie, published originally in the Southern Literary Messenger, and precious, indeed, must their incense have been to the kindly heart of this humane and sympathizing author; he feels it as such, and places them away among his dearest souvenirs. And then comes a bright lively reverie on sea coal, which calls up associations of a flirt, with all her winning arts, her heartlessness; but just as he is at last captivated by her bright smile and gentle words, a pan of anthracite is thrown on the blaze, and his reverie ends; yet in the warm solid fire that ensues comes another picture of sweet domestic life. What an exquisite little painting is this:—

"There she sits, by the corner of the fire, in a neat home dress, of sober, yet most adorning colour. A little bit of lace ruffle is gathered about the neck, by a blue ribbon, and the ends of the ribbon are crossed under the dimpling chin, and are fastened neatly by a simple unpretending brooch—your gift. The arm, a pretty taper arm, lies over the carved elbow of the oaken chair, the hand, white and delicate, sustains a little home volume that hangs

from her fingers. The forefinger is between the leaves, and the others lie in relief upon the dark embossed cover. She repeats in a silver voice, a line that has attracted her fancy; and you listen, or at any rate, you seem to listen, with your eyes now on the lips, now on the forehead, and now on the finger, where glitters like a star the marriage ring—little gold band, at which she does not chafe, that tells you—she is yours!

Weak testimonial,—if that were all that told it! the eye, the voice, the look, the heart, tells you stronger and better that she is yours. And a feeling within, where it lies you know not, and whence it comes you know not, but sweeping over heart and brain like a fire-flood tells you too, that you are hers."

Are there not many who have in sober truth realized this beautiful vision of the Bachelor's Reverie?

Then over his cigar we have three series of musings that speak truthfully to the heart. At the first, when he lights it with a coal, he draws a picture of a boy's love, which, though bright and glowing, has no power to ignite a flame. It is a natural and truthful daguerreotype of the early feelings and early disappointments which every boy experiences. Then he lights it with a wisp of paper, and this time parents and guardians interfere, and the young heart's dream is once more blighted,—its light quenched. Love and the cigar go out together, but the memory of both are left, and once more he applies the match to the already seared surface; and this time the marriage of interest is forcibly portrayed its disappointments, its miseries! The ardent longing of the husband's heart for sympathy and tenderness; the frigid dignity of the heartless woman, the unchanging decorum, the everlasting want of anything like affection; all these come up so vividly, that if he had not been so powerful and so natural in other characters, we would imagine IK MARVEL to have been the husband of some soulless woman of fashion. We give the closing portion of this chapter:—

"By and by you fall into weary days of sickness; you have capital nurses, nurses highly recommended, nurses who never make mistakes, nurses who have served long in the family. But alas for that heart of sympathy, and for that sweet face shaded with your pain—like a soft landscape with flying clouds. You have none of them! Your pattern wife may come in from time to time to look after your nurse, or to ask after your sleep, and glide out—her silk dress rustling upon the door like dead leaves in the cool night breezes of winter. Or perhaps after putting this chair in its place, and adjusting to a more tasteful fold that curtain, she will ask you with a tone that might mean sympathy, if it were not a stranger to you—if she can do anything more.

Thank her, as kindly as you can, and close your eyes and dream; or rouse up, to lay your hand upon the head of your little boy, to drink in health and happiness from his earnest look, as he gazes strangely upon your pale and shrunken forehead. Your smile even, ghastly with long suffering, disturbs him, there is no interpreter, save the heart, between you.

Your parched lips feel strangely, to his flushed healthful face; and he steps about on tiptoe at a motion from the nurse, to look at all those rosy colored medicines on the table; and he takes your cane from the corner, and



passes his hand over the smooth ivory head; and he runs his eye along the wall from picture to picture, till it rests on one he knows—a figure in bridal dress—beautiful, almost fond; and he forgets himself and says aloud—‘there’s mamma.’

From day to day you sink from life: the physician says the end is not far off; why should it be? There is very little elastic force within you to keep the end away. Madame is called, and your little boy. Your sight is dim, but they whisper she is beside your bed; and you reach out your hand—both hands. You fancy you hear a sob—a strange sound! It seems as if it came from distant years—a confused broken sign, sweeping over the long stretch of your life; and a sigh from your heart—not audible—answers it. Your trembling fingers clutch the hand of your little boy, and you drag him towards you, and move your lips as if you would speak to him; and they place his head near you, so that you feel his fine hair brushing your cheek. My boy, you must love—your mother!

Your other hand feels a quick, convulsive grasp, and something like a tear drops upon your face. Good God! Can it be indeed a tear?

You strain your vision, and a feeble smile flits over your features, as you seem to see her figure, the figure of the painting, bending over you, and you feel a bound at your heart—the same bound that you felt at your bridal morning; the same bound which you used to feel in the spring time of your life.

Only one—rich full bound of the heart. That is all!

My cigar was out. I could not have lit it again if I would, it was wholly burned.”

The remainder of the volume is divided into three chapters, entitled, Morning, Noon, and Evening. The first is another description of a boy’s life, his childhood, his sports, and his playmates, a vision of a gentle Isabel, whose image is not forgotten even in the evening. The sunbeams of the morning lengthen, and then comes travel, flirtation, and deeper love, hardly as yet understood. The noon-day brings its shadow. Isabel, the true hearted, the best and dearest loved, is dead; and PAUL, the bachelor’s cognomen, is far away: and then comes her woman-hearted and touching letter, so full of earnest love for him she had loved from boyhood. The evening comes on swiftly after this, and dark seems the opening. Another love is appealed to, and though the love is returned, an early engagement darkens every hope. But after all the sun is only behind the cloud for a time. The betrothment is dissolved by the wish of the former lover, and ‘that sweet’ Carry makes him a bachelor no longer. A bright picture of domestic life in its truest happiness ensues: mutual trust, dependence and sympathy,—here and there a trial,—once the gathering home of a little blossom to its father’s garden; but the wife’s love compensates for all. We will let the author speak for himself in the conclusion of his reveries:

“A year goes by, but it leaves no added shadow on our hearthstone. The vines clamber and flourish; the oaks are winning age and grandeur; little Carry is blooming into the pretty coyness of girlhood; and Jamie, with his dark hair and flashing eyes, is the pride of his mother. There is no alloy to pleasure, but the remembrance of poor little Paul. And even that, chastened

as it is with years, is rather a grateful memorial that our life is not all here, than a grief that weighs upon our hearts.

Sometimes leaving little Carry and Jamie to their play, we wander at twilight to the willow tree, beneath which our drowned boy sleeps calmly, for the great awaking. It is a Sunday in the week-day of our life, to linger by the little grave—to hang flowers upon the head stone, and to breathe a prayer that little Paul may sleep well, in the arms of Him who loveth little children!

And her heart and my heart, knit together by sorrow as they had been by joy—a silver thread mingled with the gold—follow the dead ever to the land that is before us; until at last we come to reckon the boy as living in the new home, which when this is old shall be ours also. And my spirit speaking to his spirit, in the evening watches, seems to say joyfully—so joyfully that the tears half choke the utterance—‘ Paul, my boy, we will be *there!*’

And the mother turning her face to mine, so that I see the moisture in her eye, and catch its heavenly look, whispers softly—so softly that an angel might have said it—‘ Yes, dear, we will be *THERE!* ’

But our quotations and remarks have extended over so much space, we must leave ‘ Dreamlife ’ for a second notice.

### OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

SINCE our last notice under this head, several contributions have been received, some of which will be inserted entire, so soon as we have space at command, while a few are declined for the following and other reasons:

‘ Our Penates ’ is the first on the list. This paper is written in so unconnected a manner, that we are unwilling to present it to our readers until the writer has given it a careful revision. The ideas are good, and with pruning and arrangement it may be made an interesting article.

The song entitled the ‘ Meteor Flag of England,’ by Leander, though written in a spirited style, is inadmissible from length, and otherwise is unsuitable for our pages. We give an extract however to shew the style and spirit of the song:

“ Where nations in fierce fight engage,  
 And serried hosts in conflict rage;  
 Where man contends nor recks of life,  
 And foemen wage the deadly strife;  
 Where death—fires forth their fury flash,  
 And bolts through bristling columns crash,  
 Fair Albion’s flag looks down to see  
 Her armies shouting ‘ Victory!’  
 It never shall a coward shield,  
 Or to another banner yield—  
 The Meteor Flag of England!”

Next follows a communication by D. L. Y., on 'Home.' The lines scarcely come up to our standard, and as the subject is somewhat hackneyed, we trust the writer will deem it sufficient if we give the concluding verse as an illustration of their style and sentiment :

" Give back the charms that there beguile,  
And cheer the halcyon days of youth ;  
Give back affection's sunny smile  
Of tenderness and truth.  
For though we search each page replete  
Of earthly pleasure's gilded tome,  
'Therein we'll nothing find so sweet  
As the happiness of home."

We can only refer at present to a dramatic production contributed for the Provincial, accompanied by the following letter, and the insertion of which will be commenced in our next number :

" The enclosed manuscript I hope will meet with your approbation, as a subject for insertion in the magazine. It was lent to me for perusal by the author, J. E. Hoskins, Esq., M. D., and I requested and obtained from him his consent to allow it to be published. It will make a variety in the contributions to the magazine, which have hitherto been chiefly local. The incidents in the play are almost strictly historical, as any one acquainted with the life and court of Louis XIV. will at once admit." C.

We must conclude our present notice with the following brief particulars of a prominent class of early provincial inhabitants. We would suggest to the writer, if we are to be favored with similar biographical sketches of other loyalists, that they should be written at greater length and in connection with some further historical details of the period in which they lived :

LOYALISTS AND THEIR DESCENDANTS.—NO. I. JONATHAN STERNS.

This gentleman was among the most unflinching loyalists, and was one of the eighteen country gentlemen who ventured to sign the address to General Gage. He was driven from his residence in Massachusetts, before leaving the United States. Born in Massachusetts, he graduated at the University of Harvard, in the year 1770. Having removed with the British army to Nova Scotia, in 1776, he was appointed its Solicitor General in 1797. The following year he died. This gentleman was much esteemed. His son, William Sterns, Esq., practises in Liverpool, Nova Scotia, his father's profession.

NO. II.—TIMOTHY RUGGLES.

As numerous descendants of General Ruggles reside in Nova Scotia, the following brief biography may prove interesting. Timothy Ruggles was the son of a clergyman of Rochester, U. S., where the former was born in 1711. At the age of 21 he obtained a degree in Harvard University, and four years afterwards represented his native town in the Legislature. Following the profession of the law, he yet exhibited military talents, and in 1755, with the rank of Brigadier General, he led troops in union with Sir William Johnson. He received a lucrative appointment, as the reward of his distinguished conduct in an engagement with Baron de Dieskau. He was afterwards appointed Chief

Justice of the Common Pleas, and President of the Delegates to Congress, from nine Colonies, in 1765.

During the stormy period when the revolutionary quarrel was increasing, he remained firm and uncompromising, and on the evacuation of Boston, General Ruggles went to Halifax with the British army; and when an attempt was made at Long and Staten Islands to muster forces in favor of the Crown, we find him actively employed there also. He organized about three hundred loyal militia. In 1779, a statute passed in Massachusetts, 'for confiscating the estates of certain notorious conspirators against the government and liberties of the State.' In this his name appears, and his perpetual banishment was the consequence. He became established at Digby, Nova Scotia, and was one of the proprietors and settlers of that district.

In 1798, death ended the vicissitudes and cares of this brave and sagacious gentleman. He was aged 87 years. His scholarship was good; his mind of high order, although his manners and speech were often rough. At the Bar, his pleadings were eloquent: in the Legislature, his debates were able

( )

## THE TWELVE MILE HOUSE.

### A SKETCH.

It is a fresh and breezy morning a not uncommon circumstance in Nova Scotia—there is a bracing elasticity in every atmospheric evolution, that some how or other invigorates and elevates the mental and physical temperament. The blue woof of heaven's arch assumes so dense and firm an appearance, that the gazer almost involuntarily but wildly longs to wrap in its fanciful foldings and be borne away he knows or cares not whither. Aerial locomotion being however out of the question, under present circumstances, the traveller must needs content himself with such as is afforded by the glossy yellow painted Coach that rattles to his door. The team of horse are restless and impatient, as all horses are or ought to be; apparently infected with the same joyous gaiety as the human animals, claiming superiority not always sustained! And as the traveller ensconces himself in the vehicle, it is with a hearty self-congratulation that it is formed of more substantial and durable materials than was the famous coach of Fairy Tale celebrity distinguished with beautiful brevity and simplicity as Cinderella's, and that the driver of the one at present most interesting, is infinitely more courteous and accommodating, and attentive to the wishes of the individuals who claim his responsibility, than was the saturnine occupier of that transmigrated Pumpkin-box.

The road winds gracefully around the margin of the harbour of Bedford Basin, and as little variety of scenery is yet discernable, the excursionist gazes musingly at the rising tide, at the boys upon the shore absorbed in the

enticing occupation of clam digging (if it be early spring) or at the dotting sails of pleasure boats dancing with the ripples; or his gaze falls listlessly upon the nest-like human habitations, hanging as it were among the scanty vegetation, which the granite rocks so sturdily keep in due subjection, and astonishment pervades his mind, that such barren and dreary spots should ever have been selected by the squatters whereon to rear a shelter. It would be a perversion of terms to regard such places as *sites* for dwelling houses, call them rather sights of poverty.

But the Coach is fairly on the road, and the eye glances quickly, restlessly, among the tall Pine trees whose wiry tassels hide the roving squirrel; and as each dark tree glides by like some scene of magic, succeeded by glimpses of variegated moss hillocks upon which the Teaberry crimsons for the wood-bird, the traveller heaves a sigh, as he gazes on the uncultivated land, for the many sons of suffering humanity the poor denizens of over crowded Europe, that amid much toiling and care, rising early, and late resting, glean not from earth's grainfloor a competent maintenance. Why he asks, is the sound of the German spinning wheel not here? when will the clock be imported whose destiny will be to tick behind the door? when will the door be raised; and when the hills of Nova Scotia be dotted by the homesteads of emigrants?

The fast decaying temples of pleasure also attract his notice—

"Where England's wealthiest son  
Once formed a Paradise, as not aware,  
When wanton wealth her mightiest deeds had done,  
Meek peace, voluptuous lures was ever wont to shun."

But no schemes of idle luxury are lurking in the craniums white, that unglorious and glistening in the sunbeams, are borne upon the healthy shoulders of the representatives of young Nova Scotia, who rise like the warriors of Roderic Dhu, not from the shrouding heather but from behind the glowing brake, or the sharp and jutting slate beds, perched upon which, wild, heedless, but with the curiosity that marks humanity, anxious for a peep at the passengers, totally disregarding the discomfort of uncovered feet upon the jagged edges. This is the true native of the country, a country that is rough and he knows it, and he knows himself to be rough. But he disdains not improvement, he asks culture; the quick perception, the strength, are all his own. Who that encounters the keen reproachful eye of the numerous beggars, strolling in our streets, can doubt this. Saith it not, *we that are God's creatures, also require your aid, deny it, at your peril: what want we, ah! what want we not?*

But our traveller is roused from his reverie, for the gushing waters resound and with an eager bound the horses whirl the vehicle past the white bridge, spanning its width, eager for the rest they have earned. But a moment has he to catch the stream far away among the bushes rankly growing in the alluvial deposit, but a moment to give the long lines of evergreens edging the capacious

harbour, with perchance the Admiral's ship in perspective. Scarcely one look at the cultivated portion of the scene and the snug farm houses. For many a happy fireside has Nova Scotia, and many more be her portion, when the crisis is past through which she is struggling; the cloud that overshadows her is dispersed.

Eager is the pace, if gratification be the object, with man, or his dumb servitor; but all equally enjoy the pause in their progress, which occurs upon the smooth green before the door, of the capacious, and commodious hotel, known as the Ten Mile House.

Not unmindful of its comforts, the traveller however will if time permit recal the beauty of that far spreading scene; that exquisite coup *d'oeil* from beyond the white bridge still lingering in his mind. We grieve to say, and of course blush to record another instance of the Nova Scotian's fickle and vacillating attachment to home articles, and inventions, as the unflourishing woollen factory in this instance exemplifies, passed by so frequently, so patiently and so modestly, upon the dusty highway side, asking a place in the estimation of the industrious searcher out of curiosities. Is knowledge never deprived of power, when it becomes by circumstances subservient to party?

It may perchance be upon the morning of the first week-day after the Sabbath, that the traveller stands gazing upon the scenery of Sackville. The sacred stillness of the consecrated hours still haunting the blue ether, still with mild but irresistible sway luring the world-loving from the traffic-dream; soothing the wayward and impetuous current of human cares, anxieties, false pleasure fancies, or avaricious and ambitious promptings—nature, glorious nature, will be worshipped or avenged. See now how the stream high up wavers in the sun light, winding in and around the turfy ledges, where the quiet lowing cows love to graze. See the shadows of the fir and spruce trees, our country's emblem, feathering the soft moss hillocks. But careless in its roving, without one blessing for the interest it excites, with the one only thought of fulfilling its destiny of doing its appointed work, hidden though it be for a time by the massive granite rock. But lo, while the traveller looks on, it has turned around all obstacles, all that *would shelter*, all that would impede, all that would *exanimate*; and here at his very feet its tiny orisons are offered to the Deity; and in its pleasant foam shimmering, dancing, gurgling, in its young momentary life, he reads an epigram.

The god strikes home, for heaven's electricity speeds it, and the brook's voice ringeth in his ears, and again the constant song toucheth his inmost soul. Toil, toil, toil and labour, be thy progress onward; be thy course upward; before thee is the engulfing tomb,—beyond the absorbing eternity. Traveller to the eternal city—is not opportunity its golden latch-key? Shall it forever be lost, lost, lost?

E. A.

## WILD FLOWERS OF NOVA SCOTIA.

NO. III.—THE TREE CRANBERRY.

CROWNING the verdant banks, that rise  
 Where river-waters glide,  
 Thy graceful picture multiplies,  
 Itself, within the tide.  
 Reigning—where all sweet things are strow'd  
 Queen of a flowery multitude.

The low winds lift thy silky leaf,  
 With plaintive murmuring tone,  
 And thy soft blossoms pale and brief.  
 Answer the smiles of June,  
 That, thee entreat, with wooing air,  
 To make thyself so very fair.

But when the fragile bloom is cast,  
 Of thy young summer-day,  
 Thy stem, wears beauty unsurpass'd  
 To greet a future May.  
 Bending oft-time, a grape-like show  
 Of crimson clusters to the snow.

Sweet spirit of haunts, green and fair,  
 Thoughts lovely must be thine,  
 Since with embodiments so rare,  
 Thy dwelling-places shine.  
 And manifold, thy fragrant broods,  
 Adorn our Land's wild solitudes.

And vision beautiful, hadst thou,  
 Of old, by some lone stream,  
 And didst, in this creation, show  
 And realize thy dream,  
 Since when, its brilliant grace doth crave,  
 A home beside the glancing wave.

MAUDE.

This lovely plant flourishes upon alluvial soil. Its flowers appear in June and are succeeded by luxurious bunches of crimson berries, which remain upon the branches until May of the next year. It is not very common in Nova Scotia.

## REVIEW OF THE PAST MONTH.

ANOTHER step in advance has been taken in the field of Provincial literature. We notice that the first number of another Colonial Magazine has been issued at Toronto, Upper Canada, under the title of the 'Anglo-American Magazine.' We have not seen the publication, but are enabled to judge of its character from the perusal of the critique of a contemporary journal, a portion of which we subjoin for the information and gratification of our literary friends. We cordially concur in the welcome accorded by the friendly critic :

"Last week has ushered into existence a new periodical—the Anglo-American Magazine—a very respectable pamphlet of about 100 double-column pages.

We bid our contemporary a right hearty welcome. We are proud to see that our fellow-countrymen of the West afford promise of support to such an undertaking. We rejoice to think that, though the four Quarterlies, Blackwood, and Harper, can be purchased for the ridiculous sum of \$13 a year, there is still room for a native magazine. Such a fact speaks as well for the intellectual progress of our friends of the West, as the tokens of civilization we have mentioned above, testify to their advancement in the more practical walks of life.

Nor do we fear, judging from the number which is before us, that the interest which attaches to the Anglo-American will be one of mere novelty. It will soon, we feel convinced, endear itself to Canadians by a more substantial bond. Each number will, of course, be an improvement on the last: and thus, ere long, there will be no need to appeal to our protectionist sympathies to ensure its wide circulation.

Auguring thus confidently of the destiny of our infant *Magazine*, we have no tenderness in subjecting its first number to the rod of criticism. A little wholesome severity, so far from injuring its fame, will, we trust, do substantial service to its character and tone: native literature can only thrive under the watchful care of a sound literary censorship."

Among the items of local interest that have transpired during the last month, we mention, as worthy of record, the sailing of the ship *Chebueto* from Halifax, on the 1st ult., with seventy passengers for Australia, and on the 13th, the sailing of the brig *Sebin*, from the same port for Port Philip, with about forty passengers.

The steamers *Albatross* and *Sir John Harvey* have commenced their regular trips, for the conveyance of passengers and freight between the Provinces and the United States. The first touching at Quebec, Miramichi, Charlottetown, P. F. T. Pietou, Halifax, and New York. The latter plying between Halifax and Boston.

We notice in the obituary record, on the 26th ult., the decease, in his 48th year, of James Dewolfé Fraser, Esq., representative in the Legislature for the township of Windsor, N. S.

The following armed vessels have been despatched for the protection of the Fisheries on the Coasts and Bays of the Provinces:—*Sappho*, 12, sloop; *Devastation*, 6, steam sloop, 300 horse power; *Buzzard*, 6, steam sloop; *Janus*, 4, steam sloop; *Netley*, 3, ketch; *Bermuda*, 3, schooner; *Arrow*, 2, brigantine; *Telegraph*, 1, schooner; *Halifax*, 2, brigantine; *Belle*, 2, brigantine; *Responsible*, 2, schooner; *Daring*, 2, schooner.

A fire broke out in Main Street, in Montreal, on the 8th, by which over 1000 houses were destroyed and 15,000 people rendered homeless. Liberal subscriptions for their relief have since been made in the principal cities of the United States and Canada.

We have to record the death of the Hon. Henry Clay, which occurred at Washington on the 29th June; his obsequies took place on the 1st July. The remains of this eminent statesman were afterwards removed for interment to Lexington, his late residence, in Kentucky.

The Hungarian ex-Governor Kossuth left the United States for England by the Steamship *Africa*, on the 14th of July.

Some excitement seems to have been caused in consequence of the means taken by the Imperial and Colonial Governments, for the protection of the Provincial Fisheries. The Secretary of State at Washington, has caused a proclamation to be published, in which the fishermen of the United States are warned against the consequences of encroaching upon the Colonial fishing grounds.



A variety of intelligence received from Britain since our last monthly compendium, deserves mention in our pages.

A strong current of emigration had set in towards Australia, no fewer than 1800 emigrants left Liverpool in one week for that country.

Two additional lines of steamers are about to be established between Liverpool and Australia, the one by the way of Panama and the Pacific Ocean, the other by the route of the South Atlantic and Indian Oceans. They will form a complete line of communication round the globe.

The Cork Industrial Exhibition had been visited by 7,360 persons, during the first five days after opening.

Serious disturbances have taken place in Stockport, Wigan and elsewhere between the more ignorant class of Protestants and Roman Catholics. At the former place the Roman Catholic Chapel was destroyed by fire, and the riots attended by loss of life.

News from the Cape of Good Hope indicates little or no change in the aspect of affairs in that quarter.

The war frigate *Resistance*, which formed one of Nelson's fleet at Trafalgar, lately converted into a Troop ship, had arrived in the Clyde with the 42nd Highlanders on board, from Halifax.

Parliament was prorogued on the 1st July until the 20th of August, by Her Majesty in person, and a proclamation was made on the same day, to dissolve the old, and writs issued for calling a new Parliament. The writs are made returnable on Friday, August the 20th. The elections have since taken place, but the final result is not yet known on this side the Atlantic.

The Queen's proclamation, addressed to the Peers of Scotland, commands them to meet at Holyrood on July the 15th, to choose sixteen Peers by a plurality of voices and proxies, to sit in the House of Peers in the ensuing Parliament.

The Royal Speech alludes among other topics to the interruptions of friendly relations with the King of Ava, in consequence of his refusal of redress demanded for insults and injuries offered to British subjects in Rangoon, and declares that the promptitude and vigour with which the Governor General of India has taken the measures thus rendered unavoidable, have merited her Majesty's entire approbation. Hopes are entertained that the late signal successes may lead to an early and honorable peace. Treaties have been concluded with the King of Dahomy and all the African Chiefs whose rule extends along the Bight of Benin, for the total abolition of the slave trade.

The following are among the concluding sentences of Her Majesty's closing speech :—

"The extension of popular rights and legislative powers, to my subjects resident in the Colonies, is always to me an object of deep interest, and I trust that the representative institutions which, in concert with you, I have sanctioned for New Zealand, may promote the welfare and contentment of the population of that distant but most interesting Colony, and confirm their loyalty and attachment to my Crown.

It is my earnest prayer that in the exercise of the high functions which, according to our free constitution, will devolve upon the several constituencies, they may be directed by an all-wise Providence to the selection of representatives whose wisdom and patriotism may aid me in my increasing endeavors to sustain the honor and dignity of my Crown, to uphold the Protestant institutions of the country, and the civil and religious liberty which is their natural result; to extend and improve the national education, to develop and encourage industry, art, and science; and to elevate the moral and social condition, and thereby promote the welfare and happiness of my people."