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# THE PROVINCIAL.

HALIFAX, N. S. APRIL, 1853.

## WHAT WILL WE DO FOR OUR COUNTRY ?

WE live in an age of improvement and progression ! Such the assertion reiterated again and again, through the Press, at the Bar, in the Senate. We have heard it so frequently that we are beginning to regard it as a trite axiom, a truth that has been told too often. It is the groundwork of all the facts brought forward to prove that the nineteenth century is far before its predecessors, in intelligence, activity and industry. It is laid down as it were at the threshold of prophecy. An assertion preparing for any amount of discovery and benefit, however extraordinary or as yet unapproachable. And trite as is the remark, it is equally truthful. The chronicles of the present age record many a marvel first brought to light under its auspices which has proved a benefit and blessing to mankind. Men have been awakened to the importance of existence, and the necessity of improving the talents committed to their charge, and deep research with invaluable discoveries have been the result. And thus small hamlets, by the aid of gigantic enterprise owing its origin to the master minds of our own day, have expanded into powerful cities, sheltering in their midst a vast treasury of wealth, intellect and power. To say nothing of what yet may follow to benefit and improve the world, we have enough, already developed, to guide civilized nations in their path of progress, and by due application to elevate the smallest province to an important place among the cities of the earth. The discoveries of science when applied to the resources of the soil, drawing forth the buried wealth from its bosom, and again manufacturing those materials into the thousand shapes and forms which confer utility and eventually wealth upon the land which possesses them, are within the reach of every community under Britain's protection and government ; and her Colonies and Dependencies are probably endowed to a greater degree with rich natural deposits and extensive resources than any other places within our knowledge. The earth has treasured within her hold an almost inexhaustible store of mineral wealth, awaiting the appliances of labor and skill to draw forth and perfect the substance for the uses of mankind—and these

appliances are all within the reach of the intelligent and enterprising, whose first duty it is to aid in developing the resources of their native land for the interest and benefit of their countrymen.

To these British Provinces of North America such remarks are peculiarly applicable, as they possess to an enlarged extent natural possessions only requiring the labour of the manufacturer to confirm their great importance; and none are more rich in these resources than Nova Scotia. Indeed the '*resources*' of this province have become a standing theme for the politician, the lecturer and the philanthropist. Go where you may, open what newspaper you will, and this subject is ever brought forward, until the intelligent mind naturally asks: If you have them in such abundance, why has not the province benefitted by their development? why are they not things of sight as well as of faith? Why is it that with such vast mineral, agricultural and piscatorial wealth, only awaiting labourers to call them forth and disseminate their benefits throughout the land, the inhabitants of Nova Scotia are leaving her shores by hundreds, and seeking in other lands the employment they do not find in their own? Why is it that the country villages are becoming depopulated, and that Halifax, with her many advantages of land and ocean, has been retrograding in importance and prosperity? We know there are some who dispute those assertions, who tell us that Halifax contains more wealth in her centre than any other city of her size in North America,—that those who have left our shores are only the vicious and idle, who disdained to accept employment at home though glad to procure it in a foreign country. These people will tell us that they see a marked improvement in Nova Scotia during the last twenty years. They may point us to one solitary branch of manufacture, as a proof that our manufactures are encouraged and that there is work for our people. They may shew us a few merchants or tradesmen who by dint of unflagging industry and good fortune, have amassed considerable wealth; and they will tell us with martyr like gravity, that we are injuring our country and endeavouring to draw odium upon the land of our birth, when striving to open the eyes of our countrymen to the ruin that hangs over them, and urging them to prevent, while there is yet room, entire depopulation and general adversity. To the assertions of those who may maintain that the prosperity of Nova Scotia is increasing, we point to our deserted villages, untenanted houses and falling manufactories, and then ask—where is the proof of her wealth and improvement? It is useless to tell us that those who have emigrated from our population, were its refuse. Stern experience tells us that in the majority of cases they have been the flower of our people; the sturdy young farmers and mechanics on whose toil and care depended many an aged parent and gentle sister, but whose wants they were unable to supply from the scanty pittance the employment in their own country afforded. Far be it from us to say one word in disparagement of Nova Scotia, or her honest industrious inhabitants.

But we should not blindly close our eyes to the evil that hangs over her, and let the land that should be dear to us as the proudest empire on which the sun ever shone, languish and sink into insignificance. We would like to see her speeding in the path of progress, promoting operative labours, scientific and literary undertakings, not merely existing as the scene for the puppet show of politics, the oyster as it were for which rival factions contend, leaving only the shells for the rightful claimant. Could we see one public work set on foot, one general enterprise for the good of all, giving employment to Nova Scotians, whose 'poverty but not their will' induces them to emigrate, we would be more inclined to believe in the benefits of legislation and the merits of a Government—responsible or otherwise. We do not intend to go into the vexed question of politics, which has sown dissensions not only in communities but in private circles; far be it from us to darken the pages of this Magazine with an echo of the spirit which since its birth may have been one chief cause of the adversity of Nova Scotia. We would enter our protest against its dominion, and urge upon our countrymen to leave the settlement of those paltry questions to the officials whose living it is to scheme and agitate, but farther than this we do not go. We shall believe in the efficacy of political endeavour when we see one great scheme perfected and in operation, giving work to the idle and bread to the indigent. When we see our manufactures protected, our fisheries encouraged, and our press elevated—then and not till then will we think the people of Nova Scotia justified in their zeal for political leaders, or wise in sacrificing their time to ensure them the maintenance of power.

Some months since, in 'The Provincial,' we called attention to our condition, in an article under the caption of 'What can we do for our Country?' urging the intelligent and enterprising among us to come forward, and give the Province the benefit of their intellect and experience. We offered the pages of this Magazine as a channel whereby their views might be made known to our countrymen, thereby urging them to a double duty: the encouragement by literary aid to their only monthly periodical, and the furtherance by their advocacy of the well-being of the people of Nova Scotia. We regret again to say that our efforts have scarcely been seconded. The appeal has not been responded to. The pens that will relax no effort to maintain a political ascendancy, will do nothing in the service of literature, will aid not in the great aim of benefitting their native land. Seriously and in all earnestness we urge upon them once more the importance and necessity of this course. We will refrain from pressing the claims of our infant periodical, struggling for existence among those whose patriotic duty it is to support and foster it, but turn an indifferent ear to its claims. While we gain even a moderate portion of encouragement, we will endeavour as we have hitherto done to direct the taste of our countrymen to subjects of importance connected with their own land, ever offering our pages even to the humblest literary effort: with this hope to encourage us,

that we may yet see the 'Provincial' what it ought to be—the receptacle of the best thoughts of an intellectual people; the fountain to which all may go for information; the standard periodical—the '*Blackwood*' of Nova Scotia. And should this hope fail us—should all literary spirit die out among our people, and the little periodical we have tended with some care and anxiety, share the fate of its predecessors, the fact will be but another stone to cast at an already prostrate country. We will not say more in its behalf; but will urge the claims of our native land, of that fair Acadia, which might have been a flourishing tributary of the west, calling to her shelter bands of active and industrious emigrants—instead of sending away, how often to die on a foreign soil, the best of her own sons in hundreds from the land of their nativity.

We ask, then, what will you do for our Country? Men of wealth and intelligence, we will tell you what you *can* do. Shew us in return what you *will* do. Give encouragement to the industrious mechanic. Prefer the articles of his handiwork to those imported from a foreign country, even though the first purchase be nominally a trifle higher than goods from another market. Encourage manufactures—support those in operation—induce the establishment of others. We need not specify any one department, since all require your aid and support. We should have industrial establishments in every hamlet throughout the province where facilities for such institutions exist, thus supplying by a hundred species of manufacture, the wants of the population that would soon be increased by employment of well directed labour. Such increase would in like manner assist the efforts of our agriculturists and merchants, and thus dispense general encouragement and benefit. With manufactures established and flourishing, with an increase of inhabitants and a general impetus to business and trade, will be shewn an insurmountable necessity for Railways, which there can be no difficulty in securing, because foreign as well as provincial capitalists, will then find that the great objection is overcome that a Railroad will not pay in Nova Scotia. This picture of our success may seem but the vision of imagination, which practical trial would demolish at once. We will only answer—try it! First protect native industry—secure your own wares from the encroachments of a foreign market, and then let our men of wealth establish manufactories and encourage native trade. Though the number be limited at first—give but the impetus to a few, and others will inevitably follow—dispel but the despairing spirit of our artizans and labourers; shew them that by your money you are willing to aid them, and they will not long be dependent on your support. Look at the Nova Scotian abroad—see how his energies are aroused under foreign encouragement, until his skill and enterprise proves superior to that of his employers. And think you that in his own land, his energies will not rise also, if once the path is opened and he is assured that the labours of his hands are more valued by his countrymen than the products of a foreign competitor? Once properly encourage the

mechanic of Nova Scotia, and he will the less need your aid. With his success the agriculturist will take heart also, and the spirit of prosperity will descend upon all. It rests then with you, men of intelligence and business, practical and experienced, first to devise the most suitable enterprise whereby to encourage and employ your countrymen; and then with you, men of wealth and influence, to see to the carrying out of such enterprise. The day of an ample return for the encouragement you have given will not be far distant; but begin at once ere you have no mechanics to encourage, or trade to foster. Above all things lend the weight of your money and your interest in aid of the objects of our Nova Scotia Industrial Exhibition. We hope from that to see the direction of the taste and ability of the people of this province, and hints may be thereby received which will operate favourably on any future enterprise. The character of our country we think in a great measure depends upon the success of that Exhibition. Should it be creditable to us as a province and a people, it will be productive of the best results, not the least of which will be the enjoyment of a feeling of self respect, accompanied by the esteem of others. We would again urge the great importance of this measure upon our countrymen; this is a task in which all may join; there is no barrier, no proscription: it is purely a Nova Scotian work, and one in which we should all feel an individual interest. From thence may spring the germ of some great idea that may benefit thousands. Labour and skill well directed never fail to produce some important results. Perhaps with the vast natural wealth at our command, some new branch of manufacture may be suggested which may not only bring its originator honour, but confer lasting benefits upon his country. Let us, then, strive together for the accomplishment of this provincial work; and as in unity there is strength, so by united endeavours we may lay the elements of future prosperity, assuredly of general congratulation.

We have thus thrown out a few hints for our countrymen, and would urge another earnest appeal that the work of restoring our country may be commenced right speedily. The necessity for action is evident to all; let not that necessity speak in vain. Look round at the blank and anxious faces of men of business and neglected tradesmen. These will tell you that the evil has sunk deeply: but it yet may be eradicated. In this age of progression do not let us stand still—we have the matured wisdom of older countries to guide us in any enterprise: let us profit by it and redeem the land to which we owe our birth. Do not wait for legislators to originate plans for our benefit. It is chiefly our men of wealth and experience that can save us; and surely Nova Scotians shall not make an appeal in vain for Nova Scotia. Open up our commerce, promote agriculture, protect our operative trades. Give an impetus to exertion. Let not the industrious go from our borders, but keep the active and intelligent in our midst—and Nova Scotia will rise to that proud position among surrounding nations when no appeal will be required to advance her interest, and the question need not be asked: What will we do for our Country?

## SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

## NO. I.—THE FARMER.

WHAT an honest going, sturdy, independent fellow is the Provincial farmer, dressed in his suit of native homespun, and proud in the consciousness of manly integrity. He is as indifferent to all the pomps and gewgaws of life, as his own shaggy-coated dog that slumbers on the door step. Take a glance at him, as he stands in his large orderly farmyard, among his herds and his flock, a worthy representative of the patriarchs of old, in his dignity of character as a husbandman. It is early morning, we may premise, the bright touches of sunshine are just glancing over the distant hills, and the sparkling dew-drops pass as the reflections of the stars, which so lately faded from the sky. All nature is waking up from the sleep of the past night. The crimson-vested robin trills rejoicingly his matin song, from the shades of the old willow tree that overhangs the brook, and the more discordant sounds of domestic bipeds fall upon the ear. The geese waddle, cackling along, stretching their necks in weak vanity over their golden coated offspring, all anxious for a bathe in the refreshing water of the adjoining lake, or stream. The non-aquatic tenants of the fowl-yard are stalking about in the spreading sunlight, pecking the crumbs that remain of the last night's meal. The lowing cows are waiting patiently to yield their morning supply of milk to the dairy maid, yet often casting wishful glances to yon green pasture. The grey smoke is curling up from the roof of the homestead, and close at hand, (perchance the smoke also issuing from his own pipe) stands the farmer, literally 'monarch of all he surveys.' But he does not take much time for observation; the labors of the day are before him, and with a merry whistle and a strong arm he turns to engage in them. His agricultural duties are varied and numerous. Though every morning brings the usual routine, there is variety in his toil. Now, when we survey him, it is his mowing season, and already he has gone to the field, with his scythe and accompanying whetstone, to have a swing at the grass before the dew dries off—justly observing, 'An hour now is worth two later.' He does not labour very long, however, without interruption, for some bright cheeked child runs out to tell him that breakfast is ready; so he lifts the little fellow on his shoulder and goes in to the welcome meal, for which his early labour has given him a keen appetite. With its conclusion again his toil commences, and the varied processes of hay-making pass under his review. When night comes he 'turns in,' wearied, but cheerful, and soon forgets in the sweet sleep of health and sobriety, the exertions and fatigues of the day. Take him again when the white snow is on the ground, paving the way for his forest occupations. With his warm 'comforter,' fur cap, and thick mittens, in addition to his usual rustic clothing, he harnesses his strong team for the woods, almost as soon as the sun has turned the ice drops to brilliants. He may, perhaps, have a mile

or two to go ; but his frame is strong, and his heart cheerful ; and his jocund, rosy face meets the north wind not defiantly but courageously. With what a careless strength he places the large logs on his strong sled, and calls cheerily to his horses on their toil. No complaint from the provincial farmer of storm or cold. He is hardy as the pine knot that he draws homeward, and he faces the cold distance again and again ; each time returning with a plentiful supply of wood for his hearth. See him now, when evening comes, in his arm chair by his large cheerful fire, poring over the newspaper, which it may be the mail has just brought him. How eagerly he scans the important columns, advertisements and all ; lingering longer, however, on the Editorial and Correspondence than any other portion ; for our farmer is a great politician, and takes a strong interest in elections, appointments, railways, and the like. If the House of Assembly is sitting, they are read with more avidity, for then have the sayings and doings of his own Representatives to be pondered and commented upon. Our farmer is an enemy to high salaries, undue preferments, &c. He likes everything straightforward and fair, has no admiration for lawyers or their dealings, but prefers an honest tradesman or mechanic to the whole batch of them. Perhaps if he finds anything very striking in his newspaper, if not that night, at least the next, he pays his neighbour a visit to talk the matter over, and settle in their own way the affairs of the county, if not of the Province. Foreign news, also, has great attractions for him ; and he cons the probable rise and fall of stocks, banks, &c., with great earnestness. Reading, be it ancient or modern, is his chief pastime, when not interchanging friendly visits with his neighbours, for the farmer is a social fellow, and dearly likes a gossip now and then. Sunday, however, is his principal day for intercourse of this kind. Then the homespun dress is probably exchanged for his 'go to meeting' one of broadcloth, and his work-a-day hat is displaced by the beaver. He goes early to Church, not only for the sake of punctuality, but to meet his neighbours by the way, and talk over the events of the week :

" The falling of markets, and goodness of wheat,  
This field lying fallow, that heifer just bought,  
Are favorite themes for discussion and thought ;  
The merits and faults of a neighbour just dead,  
The hopes of a couple about to be wed,  
The parliament doings, the bill, and debate,  
Are all canvassed and weighed,"

on the quiet Sunday, by the colonial farmer. An upright and an independent fellow, he brings up his children to be like him, good subjects, and honest men. His calling is the noblest in the world, the most healthful, and the happiest. He loves labour for its own sake, as well as its effects ; and by the invisible but deeply felt teachings of nature, he looks from it up to its God, and fulfils humbly but earnestly, the better lessons of the 'life that is within,' until at last, like the golden sheaf of harvest, fully ripe for the garner, he lies down to rest in the quiet churchyard, where he has so often lingered to talk over the gossip of the village, and exchange the kindly offices of friendship and sympathy with his neighbours. In a word, the Provincial farmer lives the happiest of his countrymen, and dies equally if not more respected and lamented than the best among them.



## TALES OF OUR VILLAGE.—NO. 7.

THE traveller as he journeys through those far off lands which from boyhood have filled his imagination with dreams of their wonder and magnificence, till the insatiable thirst to explore their treasures for himself has grown stronger with manhood, and he bounds like a released prisoner, from the confinement of home, to wander among the scenes of which history and romance have drawn such bright pictures, pauses not beside the humble cottage, nor muses by the margin of the unassuming lake. His wonder loving spirit, though it may rest awhile to drink in the thousand beauties that nature has painted on the fair earth through which he journeys, still pauses but for a moment, and he rushes on eagerly to explore the Cathedrals, towers, palaces, or museums, of which song and story have told him so much. There in these old grey ruins, furrowed by time and decay, busy imagination can conjure up the glorious pageants that once passed beneath their shadow, when earth and they were young. Fancy can see the regal train with all the panoply of lance and banner and trumpet note issuing forth from the gates, around which 'moss hath now crept and ivy grown,' and youth in its romance sighs for the good old days of tournament and chivalry. So again does the traveller seek the grass grown soil, which history tells him was the scene of some famous battle, to whose success perchance may be traced the preservation of the rights and liberties of the present age, and while he thinks of the brave hearts that stood there, daring the thickest of the fight, and swerving not till it was 'victory or death,' memory and thought may instinctively turn to the many homes that on either side were desolated on the day when that battle was fought. True, those who suffered are sleeping now as those who fell, yet while the day of life was theirs, how must the tidings from this battle field, have swept like a blighting element over them, and caused the remainder of their years to be passed in suffering and sorrow. Yes, it is only the joy or the agony of a multitude that is handed down to time, and with which posterity sympathizes. The battle field of one humble home leaves not a line for the pen of the chronicler; the suffering of one human heart, though it aids in forming the great aggregate of human grief, leaves no record to tell of its existence. And yet as keen a sorrow may have been felt from what has occurred by that humble lake side, as any tidings that came from the great battle field to one individual home; and it is in this that the poet differs from the man of every day life: while the latter sees but events in the sheaf, the former looks on them straw by straw—he thinks as well of the drops, as of the great ocean in its majesty, and his perception and feeling are as keenly alive to the sorrows of his kind as to the universal lamentation of a nation. And it were well also if this spirit of poetry had a more general diffusion. Brotherhood and kindred would not be merely names. The rich man would have a sympathy with the poor, and the

noble would feel with the clown in his trials and cares, if life were looked upon in its items instead of the mass. It is not poetry that gives a false colouring to earth and its scenes. A far different power does that regenerating spirit exert upon those who yield to it. Poetry is the guardian angel of humanity, that would level all the barriers which pride and selfishness have interposed between those who should feel as brothers. Poetry would create a sympathy for the wrongs and griefs of those who are our kindred in passions and destiny. It is poetry that opens the common place book of life, where individual hopes and joys and sorrows are written, and it is poetry that presents these with the force of truth and beauty to the knowledge of all—seeking to wile the cold and selfish from their sordid pursuits and cares, which clothe them as a mantle, and to teach them to feel for others who have suffered or are suffering the losses, the changes, or the sorrows incidental to the life which is ours upon earth.

But we intended not to write a chapter in praise of that which needs no champion: the divine spirit to whom it is given to make less dreary the rough places of our world. Her mission will be but fulfilled when that millennial time arrives of which sacred words speak so eloquently. But the train of thought suggested itself with the title by which we commenced this page. The tales of our village (if it is not too great presumption to call those little passages of domestic life among simple villagers—Tales) have set nothing before their readers but the most familiar sorrows of every day life; local incidents whose only merit is truth, and which the careless reader lays aside with the impatient exclamation of 'what was there in that unimportant place, person or scene to write about?' and we grant the justice of the remark. Those whose characters have been presented, were for the most part illiterate and unrefined. But they lived and suffered; the same feelings of joy and sorrow that thrill the breast of the loftiest, thrilled theirs too. And it was only because providence saw fit to afflict them in a more peculiar manner than perhaps occurs to all of us, that their simple histories have been written in this series. Had truth been subservient to imagination, these incidents, bald as they appear in the plain unvarnished tale, might have been coloured and worked into a romance more acceptable to the majority of readers. But we wished to place before Provincials in a publication devoted exclusively to the resources, manners and customs of their own country and their own people, events that really had occurred among them; and though well aware there was little to interest or excite in each or any of those simple narratives, we hoped that perhaps others to whose birthplace more stirring legends were attached, would have come forward with their wealth of tradition, and cast our little episodes of character into the shade by their more powerful delineation of events.

But we have stimulated no such generous rivalry as yet, so are fain to continue the simple series as scene or memory recalls another incident to place among their number; but in the present paper we have been lengthy in pre-

face, from the conviction that we have no tale to tell; nor would the foregoing remarks have been penned, as introductory to the brief particulars of the event we are about to record, had not the lake on which the sad accident occurred presented the scene to memory, as it lay there, still and waveless, mirroring back the golden sunlight of a winter sky. Skaters were careering on its smooth surface; little children frolicked merrily there, despite the keen frost which glistened on every object, and we thought then, if the ice were less secure than those who trusted to its strength imagined, what a sad termination would occur to so much light-heartedness and glee. And then memory brought back the picture of a desolated home: how that very lake upon which we gazed and from which such bursts of laughter rang out, had taken down three young blossoms into its chill bosom in one hour—leaving bleeding, breaking hearts behind. And this suggested the sentiment intended to be expressed when we commenced, that while all are eager to search out the spots which history or science has commemorated, we do not think that by nearly every forest, or lake, or field, some scene of sorrow has occurred, some accident taken place, some sad word been spoken, which though in most cases all unknown to those who remain, have yet had power to make the hearts most interested in their occurrence sad and desolate while life remained. It is well, perhaps, that voices do not rise up from every stream or valley upon which we look with smiling glances, telling us that death and sorrow have been there—that change and grief come so quickly, cutting down all the bloom and hope of life, ere the heart heard one note of preparation, or had time to recal the hasty speech, or breathe one last token of forgiveness and love.

And yet it would be better did mortality lay these lessons more closely to heart, and not build so recklessly upon the sand, but hear even amid the hours of merriment and careless enjoyment: 'what others have borne, may also be thine—decay and death lurk in the fairest paths; go not forth in thy strength, or turn away certain of return, but keep thy home in order, and its casements open, for the lot of humanity is thy own.'

Nearly fifty years ago, in a small cottage adjoining the lake which now furnishes a resort for the gay skaters on which to perform their agile evolutions lived a tradesman by the name of Jones. By birth we believe a Scotchman, he had emigrated to Nova Scotia early in life, and at last settled with his family in this portion of the province. He was an industrious frugal man, attending to two departments of labour for a livelihood: prosecuting his trade regularly while employment offered, and devoting the intervals to his farm. By this means he procured subsistence for his family, consisting then of a wife and several children, the exact number of the latter we are not aware of, but it did not exceed five. The little folk were beginning to be of some assistance to their parents, chubby healthy boys and girls, full of frolic and play, and doubtless the pride and joy of those to whom they belonged, as children are in our

day to those who call them their own. The father's heart took hope and courage as he saw his boys springing up rapidly into youth, and felt the time was fast approaching when he might rest in the 'ingle side,' while his faithful sons worked for him as he had toiled for them. And the mother, doubtless, lived again her youth in her children. Her eldest, a girl was now beginning to be of much service to her in her household duties, and she too looked forward to rest and peace in her old days, cheered by the aid and attention of her children. As these are the hopes in which human nature is prone to indulge, it is but probable that they actuated the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and that they took that pleasure in their young and promising family which parents in almost every station of life experience.

Children—hardy, reckless little imps that they are, can never be satisfied unless engaged in some active amusement. What child among our labouring classes that would not prefer a romp at snow-balls (even though the wind swept by with keen cutting vigour as they were formed) to the brightest warmth of a winter fireside. Skating and sliding has ever been the favourite winter pastime of the boys and girls in our country villages; nor can the hardships to be endured in the attacks of cold from without or chiding from within, restrain them from following their propensities. We of older growth may wonder as we pass them shivering by, why it is they can discover amusement or mirth when the wind is whirling past and the deep colour of brow and cheek seems stamped indelibly by the frost; but if we look back to our early years, we may remember that once we too took pleasure in such pastime *now* so uninviting, and recked hardship and restraint as little as do those at whom we marvel.

It was on a bright Sunday afternoon near the close of the month of March, when nature seems to wake from the lethargy into which winter has thrown her, and calls together once more her latent energies. The lake shone so temptingly, with its icy veil, from the windows of the farmer's cottage, that the children pent up through the long Sabbath morning at their catechism and hymns, could not resist escaping from the watchful jurisdiction of parental authority, even though they knew that amusement on that day was strictly forbidden. The three eldest, a girl and two boys, stole out quietly while their parents were engaged, and took the path down the hill side to the lake, occasionally pausing in their mirth to gather the snow hidden here and there beneath some sheltering bush in handfuls, and indulge in a sly pelt at each other. But the lake was the goal of their amusement, and thither they rushed in all the careless gaiety of childhood. Even had they been warned that at this season of the year the ice is usually treacherous and unsafe, with the unconcern of youth they would have disregarded it, and rushed as blindly as they did on the fate to which heaven had decreed them.

The little girl stood on the margin of the lake, watching her brothers as

they careered to and fro with the ease and agility of childhood over the shining surface, now tripping each other in play, again joining hands and gliding with incredible speed over the smooth ice, which glistened brightly in that sabbath sunshine. Still on and on they ventured, now scampering across the spots where the snow had melted, and left the ice on the surface soft and sinking. Why did not such warnings stay their excited mirth? poor little ones—they knew not of danger—or was it that a Father's love decreed to spare them the sorrows and hardships of earth. It is not in our philosophy to trace the secret workings of the providence we well call mysterious. One of the boys was some yards in advance of the other when the ice suddenly loosened beneath his feet and separating, with a bound the little fellow was precipitated beneath. With the speed of thought his brother was on the spot, endeavouring, by the feeble aid of his arm or his hurly, to give assistance to the drowning boy who caught eagerly at the proffered help; but every effort was vain to extricate him; in the struggles of both, the ice grew weaker and weaker, until the brave little boy who had battled so manfully to save his brother, sank with him into the gulf below. The little girl who had watched them from the shore, only a few yards distant, was soon on the fatal spot, raising her voice in cries for help, and endeavouring with all her feeble strength to rescue her brothers from the water; but she too was destined to become a victim. The aperture in the ice had gradually widened, and now as she stood on the margin of the broken part, bending down to reach her brothers who were not yet insensible to the wish for life, the frail tenure broke beneath her, and she fell with them into the cold still waters which yawned for the children's lives. Their cries had been heard by those who were passing, and numbers were soon on the spot, including the desolated and distracted parents, but it was long before they could be extricated from the lake, and when this was done, at the imminent peril of those who toiled in all the strength of sympathy and sorrow, the little children had forever put off mortality, and were in that land of eternal sabbath, with the shepherd who has prepared green pastures for the little lambs he summons from his earthly fold. It was well with them—they had as yet known life without its sin, and now they were far from its sorrow; but who shall speak of those who looked upon the dead forms of the bright beings they had called their own? One hour before and they had sat with them by the hearthstone—a happy household—to whom the future promised nothing but hope. And now they lay before them—cold and motionless; taken in the bright beauty of childhood from the arms that sheltered them, and the hearts that loved them, without one farewell kiss or blessing. Three—the eldest—the earliest loved—the dearest still because the first! Mother—kneeling by the coffin of your little one, feeling as though the whole light and beauty of life was taken away with the little form lying so still beside you—your grief is light by this poor mother's. Your one flower is low in the dust. Her branch was broken and three blossoms—the choicest, best and dearest—blighted, taken forever.

And it is sorrows like these that make holy places of the waste spots of our land. What though the scene looks rugged and unattractive, if a heart has poured out its greatest sacrifice there; a beauty and a holiness lingers round it, such as no other feeling can give. Think how, ever after, that poor mother must have turned shuddering away from the lake which snatched from her in a moment the light of her eyes. Think of the tears that must have fallen by its margin, mingling perchance with its waters tears of life's bitterest agony! The knell of hope—the tolling of despair. Dark as are many of the weary places in our pilgrimage, it is not often that we pause beside a pillar that chronicles such great sorrow. It is our fate to part with our dearest one by one, and under the most trying phases, yet the sorrow is often mitigated, and time closes over the former grief ere we are called upon to bear a new one. Yet here the whole burden of the blow fell at once, crushing by its weight all the hopes of labour and love. But the grave has long since closed over those who loved and suffered as the principal actors in the sad account just narrated. Seasons have returned and gone again; summer has smiled upon that blue lake and brought its offering of pure white lilies to its bosom. Winter has chained it in dark fetters again and again, only to be loosened with the coming spring; and so the years roll on and sorrow and sadness are forgotten, even by the scenes where they occurred, for few if any remember, among the numbers who pass and repass that spreading lake, the cry of agony that rose up from its depths at the period when its waters closed over those three young children.

### THE MICMAC INDIANS: THEIR LEGENDS.

THE History of all nations runs back into the regions of fable. Important events were anciently handed down from generation to generation by oral tradition alone. Succeeding generations gloried in the deeds of valor and renown achieved by their forefathers, the lustre of which was supposed to attach to themselves. The stories 'losing nothing in the telling,' would soon become so distorted, magnified and colored, by the channel through which they passed, that it would be impossible for ordinary minds to distinguish the truth from the embellishment. Romance and poetry would not fail to take advantage of this, to magnify what was already marvellous, and to clothe common place events with the glitter of their imagery.

Hence in tracing the history of any nation—the records of Sacred History alone excepted—we soon find ourselves listening to the most wonderful details of events which we are sure never happened, and never could happen, according to the laws by which nature is *now* governed. Enchanted caverns meet

us on every hand. Beasts and birds possessing the faculties of men—rocks and trees endowed with the power of speech and locomotion—giants, fairies, and wizards, genii and spirits, are ever ready to lend their aid, in the doing of good or ill; and they interpose their services so capriciously on the most trivial, as well as on more important occasions, that one is as frequently amused with the ridiculousness of the story, as astonished at its marvellousness.

I need scarcely hint at the history of Greece and Rome, and Scandinavia, the poems of Homer, Virgil and Ovid, as illustrations of these remarks. We have them in our own history. How many tales of 'love and murder,' of wars, of giants, of wizards, of ghosts, and enchanted castles, have been in circulation in the English language, almost ever since there was an English language. How well have later poets and writers of romance known how to take advantage of these fancies, and especially of that propensity in the human mind which first produced, and afterwards fostered and preserved, such extravagancies, from generation to generation.

The Miemac Indian of Nova Scotia stands at the present day, in relation to the past history of his nation, just where the ancient inhabitants of Britain stood, before the art of writing was introduced among them. He has no 'chronicles' of the past. He cannot open the ancient volume and read what authentic history has recorded. The few past years make up the whole of his existence in the region of sober reality and truth. What he heard from his grand-sire is probably true—it is 'agunoo-dumokun'—historical fact; beyond that all is 'ah-too-ewokum'—fable, romance, stories, treasured up indeed, and handed down from age to age, and often told for diversion, and to keep in memory the habits and manners, domestic and political, of the *sahk-ah-waych-hik*—the ancient Indians—but nothing more.

Would the reader like the perusal of one of these tales, related, just as 'Susan Doctor', the daughter of 'Paul Doctor', an Indian belonging to Pictou, N. S., would relate it? without any attempt at embellishment, addition or subtraction? Come with me to the Indian Camp, after the labors of the day are over, and the shades of evening have gathered around them. Here is one wigwam somewhat larger than the rest, and the young people are gathering there as the children exclaim: 'ah-too-ewet'—'she is telling a story.' They have all taken their places in a circle, to listen to the tale. They have probably heard it a hundred times already. Never mind, it is something of a feat to tell it, and 'Susan' who learned it with a hundred similar ones from her father Paul, is somewhat more clever than the most of them. She has a good head, as they term it—a thousand pities it is not stored with something more valuable. But to proceed, all preliminaries being arranged, the particular tale called for, &c.—Susan commences:

'Wee-gi-jik kee-see-gook,' an announcement which simply calls up attention, and implies what sort of a relation is to follow. Literally it signifies: 'The

old people have erected their tents ;' but conveying very significantly this parabolic meaning : ' Attend to a story of ancient times.'

' Cays-ewu,' is the response ; another mystic expression, signifying—' aye, go on.'

#### THE STORY OF TEE-AM, AND OO-HIG-E-ASQUE.

"There was a lake in the midst of a forest, and a large Indian town on the borders of this lake. Near the edge of the Lake, and somewhat removed from the main village, resided a young chieftain, named *Teeam*—or, *Moose*. He had the power of rendering himself invisible to mortal eyes, when he chose, and of showing himself just when and to whom he liked. Parents he had none living, nor any other occupant of the wigwam save an only sister, to whom he was attached with the most cordial affection. The brother occupied himself like the rest of his tribe, in hunting. It was the sister's business to take charge of the venison, to cut it in slices and smoke and dry it ; and to prepare food for her brother, and perform all other operations of house-keeping.

The history of Tee-am, the invisible youth, formed an important item in the village gossip. His merits, habits, and designs, were the theme of frequent discussion ; and it soon became generally known that he was intending to enter the ' order of matrimony.' He was not disposed, however, to go in quest of a wife, but, reversing the usual order, it was his wish that the young ladies of his tribe should adorn themselves in their richest attire and come in quest of him. The girl that could behold him, he would marry ; and since he was a personage of no ordinary merits, various attempts were made by the young women, to arrest his attention, to win his affection, and to draw him forth to the visible world.

The way they usually proceeded was this : They put on their finery, washed their faces, anointed their heads, decked themselves with ornaments, and went to the wigwam of Tee-am, a number usually going in company, and reaching the place sometime before the hour at which he usually returned from his hunting excursions. His sister would receive them with the greatest kindness. They would spend the afternoon together, and at the proper time the sister accompanied by her companions, would walk down to the shore, to greet the approach of her brother. As soon as she saw him, she would announce his approach, and enquire of her attentive companions if they saw him. ' Nemeeyok richigunum ?'—' do you see my brother ?' Every eye would be strained in the direction she was looking. Some would think they saw him. And ' co-goo-way wisko-book-sich ?' the sister of the young man would enquire ' of what is his *carrying strap* made ?' Sometimes those who supposed they saw him, would say it was a *withe*, sometimes it would be a piece of *raw-hide* ;—and every thing that had been known to be applied to such a use, would be seen, or supposed to be seen.



'Ah', she would say; understanding instantly that he was undiscovered: 'let us go home.' Home they would go with her. When the hunter arrived, his sister always took charge of his load of game. The other girls would see this, and also his moccasins when he drew them off. They were thus assured that there was no deception—that he was really present, though they could not see him.

But they have not given over yet. 'I may see him,' says each one, 'after he has had time to look at us, and take his choice;' each supposing, of course, that he would have discernment sufficient to see that *she* was the prettiest and best. The parties often dined with him and his sister, without seeing him, and sometimes remained over night, and returned to their several places of abode next day, unsuccessful.

Now there dwelt in this village a widower, who had three unmarried daughters. The youngest was a poor little weakly thing, and was often ill-treated by the eldest. She often considered her in the way. She would beat her unmercifully, when their father was not near, to protect her, and often burn her. The old man would find her covered with burns, bruises, and blisters, when he came home, and would be told, in answer to his enquiries, that she had fallen into the fire, and had by mischief and accident brought it all on herself. The condition of the little girl was pitiable indeed. Every day she was exposed to the tyranny of the cruel and unrelenting sister, without the power of escape or redress; being afraid to plead her own cause before the father, lest she should only bring upon herself additional sufferings. The hair of her head was singed off, and she was covered with the effects of the cruel burnings to which she was subject. Her name was somewhat of a rugged one—but not difficult of pronunciation—Oo-chig-e-asque was indicative of her plight, covered with the marks of her sister's inhumanity.

Well, the two elder sisters had gone, with the approbation of their father, to make the experiment of the insulated wigwam—they had tried their success at 'moose hunting' and failed. Of course no one dreamed that 'Chig-e-asque would be simple enough to go; and should she go, it was not possible she should succeed. So they might have reasoned. The poor child, however, did not see what harm it could be for her to go, where every one else went. A wedding suit she had not. A few beads spared to her through the entreaties of her next eldest sister, composed her whole stock of ornaments. She therefore gathered a quantity of birch bark, and fabricated for herself an uncouth dress; 'oo-mah-go-dum,' 'her petticoat,' and 'oo-mahd-led-um,' her 'loose gown.' Her father's cast off moccasins, soaked and drawn on, were a substitute for shoes and stockings, all under one. Thus accoutred, without asking leave or licence, she arose and shaped her course away towards the edge of the lake, and the extremity of the village. Her sisters called after her to return; but she made as though she heard them not. The men, women and children stared at her as

she passed, laughed and hooted at her; but she heeded them not. And now she reaches the tent of the invisible youth. His sister receives her kindly. They walk down to the shore together at the proper time. 'Do you see my brother?' says the girl. 'I do,' is the reply. 'And of what is his carrying-strap made?' 'Munewon' is the immediate reply: 'it is a piece of a *rain-bow*!' 'Very good—you do indeed see my brother. *Glamh-de-neeh*—let us go home.'

Arrived at the wigwam, the youth's sister proceeds to adorn her person, and prepare her for the nuptials. Her birch bark dress is taken off and consigned to the flames. A copious ablution removes every scar, and spot and blemish, and presents her with a face fair and beautiful. Next comes the process of arranging and adorning the hair. 'Alas!' said the poor girl, 'for I have no hair. My head is bald and singed and unpleasant to behold.' But no sooner do the plastic hands of her companion touch her head, than the hair, black and beautiful and flowing, starts out in profusion, and soon assumes the proper form and appearance. The brother comes in laughing. 'Way-jool-koos.' 'We have been discovered, have we?' says he to his sister. So 'Oochig-e-asque' becomes the wife of Team.

The scene now shifts to her father's wigwam. The old man is disconcerted at the absence of his daughter. Surely some mischief has befallen her, as she returns not that night. Her sisters know nothing about her; and he starts early next day in search of her. He passes the wigwam of her husband, and she recognises him, tho' he cannot distinguish her, on account of her transformation. She introduces him to her husband. 'Wellee-dahsit kee-sec-goo,' 'the old man is much pleased.' He goes home and tells his astonished daughters, what a noble partner their sister has got, and how beautiful she herself has become.

According to the usual course of events, in process of time, an addition is made to the family. A little 'moose' is presented to the head-man of the establishment, and there is great rejoicing over it. *Teamooch*, soon becomes a fine boy, running about, shooting his little arrows, wielding his little club, and playing off, on all convenient opportunities the 'little man.'

His mother now notices, more particularly than she had formerly, that the *bone of a moose's leg*, is usually left lying in the wigwam during the absence of the father; and her sister-in-law charges her to watch the little boy, and see that he does not touch it. After his father arrives home from hunting, the bone may be broken and the marrow eaten.

One day the women were more than ordinarily busy. They have a large quantity of meat to slice up and cure, and it occupies them nearly all day. The little boy plays about out of doors, and sometimes runs in alone into the wigwam. He gives the bone, which lay in the wigwam, a blow with his club, and breaks it. Soon after his aunt goes in and sees what has been done. She begins to wring her hands and weep. 'Tie up your child,' says she, and let us

go in search of my brother.' Away they go along the lake, taking his tracks, and following upon the ice a long distance. They find him at length, fallen down, with his load, and the bone of his leg broken. Sad is the meeting, and sad the parting. He takes an affectionate leave of his wife and babe, and directs her to return to her father's house, as he will never be able to provide for her any more. She accordingly takes her child and goes home. 'And you, my sister,' says he, 'go back to the wigwam. Bring the kettle, the axe, and the knife, and return to me.' She obeys. He then addresses her thus: '*N'mees, kesalin?*' 'my sister, do you love me?' She tells him 'aye—I do.' He replies: 'If you love me, take up the axe and dispatch me.' She is horrified at the proposal. She remonstrates. 'His leg will get well. The bone will grow together.' 'No, it will never grow together again. But as soon as you have smitten me down, you will find that it is a real *moose* you have killed. You will proceed accordingly. My flesh you will prepare and dry in the usual way. Carefully preserve the skin of the moose's head. Make as the women are wont to do, a 'work-bag' of it, and keep it alway with you, as a memorial of me.'

The poor girl obeys, and carries out all his directions to the letter.

Several days elapse before she fully completes her task. She has gone up from the lake into the edge of the woods, and has there erected for herself a small tent.

She has now dried the moose meat and hung it up in the wigwam. One morning she is startled by the approach of a *giant*, a '*koo-kwes*,' a species of humanity abounding always in the region of fable. Monstrous, huge, possessed of great strength, always bad—the enemy of mankind—destroying them without mercy, and feasting upon their flesh.

The '*koo-kwes*' of Micmac fiction, is the regular giant of yore. *Monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens*. The giant walks in and seats himself very composedly; looks up at the venison and praises her industry. She takes the hint, puts the kettle over the fire, and boils half of it for his breakfast. He devours it and then stretches himself down for a nap. When he awakes, the terrified girl, with all the coolness she could command, gathers up what is left, and asks him to accept of it.

His giant-ship receives the boon, and then proceeds to advise her for her good. He recommends to her to abide where she is, and not to attempt to find her way to any Indian settlement. There are so many difficulties in the way that she will not be able to overcome them. Particularly she will be obliged to pass two enormous serpents who guarded the path. She will see them at a distance, and take them for *mountains*! They lie on each side of the path, with their heads towards it. 'You cannot go round them, you cannot climb over them. You must pass by their huge jaws.'

He finishes his harangue, and departs. She is not particularly impressed

in his favor, nor much disposed to follow his counsel. It is more likely than not that his wish for her to remain in that solitary place, is based upon the anticipated want of a breakfast some morning, and that she might in that case follow in the wake of her brother, should she stay. She will not run the risk. 'Poke-tum-cahsit,' 'she takes her departure.'

The giant's story about the enormous serpents, proves true; but carrying with her the memorial of her brother, she is safe. Their mouths are shut, and their eyes are closed in sleep. She passes them unharmed, and after a long walk reaches an Indian village. She enters the first wigwam she comes to, and takes up her abode there, with three women who own and occupy it. She frequently goes out visiting and playing at the *woltestokun*, a curious game, resembling dice, still in great favor with the Indians, taking care to return at evening, and always carrying with her the mysterious work-bag.

One night as she lay down to rest, supposing the other women were asleep, she carefully placed this same important article away under the boughs, close up to the place where the wigwam touches the ground—the *kikchoo*, as they call it. Next day she went abroad, and forgot the work-bag. After her departure, the aforesaid old women, possessing some amount of curiosity, as well as others, was prompted to examine the contents of the stranger's bag. She accordingly watched her opportunity, and took hold of it for that purpose. Scarcely had she begun to draw it towards her, when with a shriek of horror she started to her feet. He had had her hand on the hair of a human head! of a living man! He sprang to his feet, all harnessed and tatood like a warrior ready for battle. At one blow he dispatched the woman who had pulled him back to life, and then killed the other two. He then rushed out, and uttering the terrible war-whoop, struck down every one whom he met. The ground was soon strewn with the dead and the dying. His sister saw him, and recognised him at once. 'O brother! brother!' she exclaimed. But he was inexorable. 'Boo-naj-jee-me,' 'Leave me alone' is his reply. 'Why did you not take better care of me? Had you taken better care of me, you would have had me with you forever:' and he strikes her down to the earth. Here, abruptly, '*respeahdooksit*,' 'the tale ends.'

We could wish that it ended better; but we cannot help it. When 'Charlotte Elizabeth' was writing her 'Judah's Lion' in the successive numbers of her magazine, '*to be continued*' came in, on one occasion, leaving 'Charley' on a sick bed, and to all appearance, dying. One of her readers, who had become greatly interested in the story in general, and in little Charley in particular, begged of the writer, *not to let him die!* Accordingly Charley got well. But I had no such opportunity of preventing the tragical end of either the hero or heroine of this tale. You have it, kind reader, as the writer received it, and wrote it down at the mouth of an Indian—with scarcely note or comment. May we ask, why not educate and elevate the Indian? Has he

not a mind capable of improvement? Is he not a MAN, as well as his white neighbour? and, shall I say oppressor? Could not the mind which, untutored and untrained, invented such a tale of fiction as this, or which can even remember it, with scores of others similar to it, and repeat them verbatim a thousand times, be made, by proper culture, capable of more solid and useful productions? Late in the day though it be, let a generous effort be made and followed up for the mental, physical, and moral improvement of our Indian 'brother.' A gracious Providence will smile on the effort and crown it with success.

TERTIUS.

### WELLINGTON AT WATERLOO.

THE following verses were suggested by an Engraving in a late number of the 'Illustrated London News,' from Lady Westmoreland's Picture representing the late Duke of Wellington, at daybreak, after WATERLOO, writing Despatches to England, whilst in an inner apartment are seen two Officers watching by the corpse of Sir Alexander Gordon.

"HUSH'd was the din of arms, and o'er the field  
The silent night reigned in her majesty,  
Her cold dews flinging o'er the broken shield,  
And cloven crest of fallen chivalry."

And now the purple light of op'ning day  
Streams thro' a lattice, where two warriors keep  
Sad vigils by a gallant comrade's clay—  
Recount his deeds of 'high emprise,' and weep.

There, too, beneath a lamp's expiring ray,  
Behold the captain of ten thousand spears,  
His soul of fire, that in the battle fray  
Kindled the light of glory, quench'd in tears!

Though victor of the fairest field of fame,  
Dove-like the eagle eye that did not quail  
Before war's thunder cloud's electric flame,  
His heart as woman's soft, his cheek as pale!

The pride of Conquest all subdued by grief,  
Fame's clarion thrilling like the parting knell  
Of the remember'd slain—oh! mighty Chief  
On thee what deep and sad emotions swell!

The rapture of the strife, the inspiring cheer  
Of charging cohorts, and their clashing steel,  
When the fierce combat thunder'd in thine ear—  
Thine anxious bosom was forbade to feel.

Now, tho' no more from shock of conflict reels  
The plain—over its tombless dead the sun  
In tears shall rise. Chieftain, thy spirit feels  
'A battle lost if sad, how sad a battle won.'

Sheath'd, warrior, in triumph is thy brand,  
 And dewy with the purest tears of earth,  
 That sheet glad tidings wafts to Albion's land,  
 Of freedom won for Altar, and for Hearth :

Oh! full of glory now, when full of years  
 Thy feet go down into a votive tomb,  
 Rear'd by thy Country's hands, shrin'd in her tears,  
 This her undying hope shall chase her gloom.

" That when thro' depths profound of earth and sea,  
 The dread Archangel's latest trump shall sound,  
 Her lov'd, her honor'd soldier's spirit be  
 Beneath the Conquering Lamb's bright banners found."

L. M. W.

### THE STRAGGLER OF THE BEACH.

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

ON recovering her senses, Annette found herself at home surrounded by the neighbours, who, under pretence of administering to her wants, had gathered round the bed, and soon overwhelmed her with questions.

All wished to know why the young girl was in the grotto of Castilli with the *traineur de greves*, and how the tide had surprised them.

Annette could escape these interrogatories only by feigning a weariness which hindered her from replying. When they found that they could learn nothing, they retired, interchanging a thousand conjectures, which more or less resembled the reality.

The young girl heard enough to comprehend that the true cause would soon be discovered, if it were not so already, and she trembled at the thought of what might be the result. The next day on his return from Turbale, her father would learn all, and after what had passed between them that day, she could not expect him to change his resolution. He would see in the meeting on the rock of Castelli, (which had so nearly proved fatal,) an assignation with the *traineur de greves*, and the audacity of this disobedience would infallibly prove the precursor to some act of violence.

Tormented with these reflections, and not knowing on what to resolve, Annette could not rest, and at last decided upon rising to seek the Rector and ask his advice.

She found the old priest in his garden, where he was taking the air. It was one of those beautiful summer evenings, when night itself seems luminous,

and Annette soon perceived him walking in a large avenue, bordered by a double line of pear trees, at the extremity of which rose a sun dial, whose plate was decorated with this sacramental inscription : ' Et regit, et regitur.'

M. Le Fort came forward to meet the daughter of Goren, and showed some surprise at seeing her.

' God be praised, my poor Niette,' he said with kindness ; ' I am pleased to find you so soon recovered from your late disaster. You come, I trust, to offer up your thanks to that Divine Being who has preserved you from such imminent peril.'

' For that, and for another thing, *M. le Recteur*,' replied the young girl timidly. ' I am in great distress, and you alone can assist me.'

' If it were not my duty, it would be my pleasure,' replied the old priest. ' Well, let me hear what you have to say ?' Annette looked down the sombre garden walks, as if she feared being overheard.

' Excuse me,' she said, lowering her voice ; ' but I had rather speak to you elsewhere.'

' Where, then, my daughter ?'

' At the confessional.'

' At this hour you know the church is shut,' said Monsieur Le Fort, ' and if we go to the parsonage, old Cattie will see you, and gossip about it ; trust me, my daughter, let us remain here. God is everywhere, and I assure you that there will be none but he and I to hear you.' Thus speaking, he conducted the young girl to an arbour, and seating himself in the most distant corner, showed his penitent a wooden stool on which she knelt. Some birds awakened by this unexpected visit fluttered their wings among the leaves with which the arbour was covered ; then all was silent, and nothing could be heard but a distant murmur brought by the breeze, which mingled its sea odours with the fragrance of the Spanish broom and the elematis.

Annette then began in a low voice, and under the form of confession, the recital of all that had happened since the morning. Her timidity once surmounted, she acknowledged all without reserve, and without omitting anything. She found an anxious joy in speaking of this love which she must undoubtedly renounce. The old priest did not interrupt this last and cruel satisfaction ; he listened patiently until she had exhausted all her confessions, which were almost stifled by her tears. He then began, not in a tone of reproach, but with a compassionate mildness ; he made her understand the misery of a hopeless attachment, which was opposed at once to public opinion and the will of her father ; he proved to her, in fact without trouble, the urgency of a separation, the necessity of which she had herself foreseen, for her own reputation and the safety of her lover. The only difficulty that remained was to persuade Marzou to share this sentiment. M. Le Fort took this upon himself, praised the young girl for the step she had taken, encouraged her to persevere in her duty, and sent her away, if not cured, at least comforted.

The next day which was Sunday, Annette waited her father's appearance with a mixture of terror and impatience ; but the hour of mass arrived, without either the patron or Lubert having returned. Annette repaired to the church, her heart palpitating with anguish. The people in their Sunday attire were arriving from all the neighbouring hamlets, and the only topic of conversation was the adventure of the Castelli. She could escape the general curiosity only by taking refuge near the altar. There her first look met that of the *traineur de greves*. Annette was ignorant of the result of his interview with M. Le Fort, and dared not look at him.

Kneeling before the choir, she fixed her eyes upon her book, and tried in vain to confine her attention to the prayer. It was only in the midst of the service, when M. Le Fort mounted the pulpit, that she dared to raise her head. The preacher had taken for his text these words of Scripture: 'Blessed are those that mourn;' and, though his sermon was as short and simple as usual, the young girl could not hear it without being moved to the bottom of her heart. She felt as if the exhortations of the old priest were particularly adapted to her and Louis; but, when just before quitting the pulpit, he stopped an instant, and recommended to their prayers one of their number who was soon about to leave them, Annette felt all her blood rush to her heart. She turned quickly towards Marzou; he was in his seat, but so sad, so pale, that she closed her eyes, and leaned her head upon the book she held in order to hide her tears. Mass was finished before she was able to overcome her emotion. She remained in the same place plunged in her grief, while the church was gradually vacated, and the groups of talkers gathered in the cemetery and on the pier.

A number of boats had just entered the harbour to take shelter from the furious storm which was rapidly rising. After having examined the horizon and made their remarks upon the approaching tempest, the fishermen and peasants assembled at the entrance of the jetty; and began again to speak of the events of the evening before, upon which neither malicious nor different versions were wanting.

Lubert, who had just landed, heard them at first with indifference; but when Pierre, who arrived unexpectedly, explained how he had saved Niette and her lover, he ran to Goron who was busy securing the two barks, and related to him what he had just heard. The mariner divined rather than comprehended him; he left his work, quickly joined the group and satisfied himself of the facts which had been related. A few words sufficed to make him understand the whole. His first cry was for Marzou.

'Ah!' repeated Pierre, ironically, 'are you already afraid of your daughter being a widow?'

'Is he in the village?' demanded Goron.

'I saw him a little while ago.'

The patron placed his tarpaulin hat firmly on his head, and buttoned up his



coat. 'Lubert,' cried he, turning to the sailor, 'we must have the *traineur de greves*, dead or alive.'

'I will help you,' replied Lubert, who took a step towards the house of Louis.

At this moment the latter came out with Taunie carrying a light bundle on a stick over his shoulder. The patron ran to meet him, seized him by the hand, and dragged him towards the group of peasants.

'What do you want with me father Goron?' demanded the young man in a troubled voice.

'That you acknowledge here before every body why Niette was with you yesterday in the grotto,' said the mariner, whose look fastened on Marzou had an expression of ill concealed hatred; 'but you must tell the truth, understand me, and nothing but the truth, for by Heaven if you do not, it shall be your last falsehood.'

'I have nothing to conceal,' said Marzou with some emotion, but in a frank tone; 'you had threatened to injure me; your daughter was afraid, and as she went to look for her cow, descended the rocks of Castelli to put me on my guard.'

'And the boy and girl talked so loud that they could not hear the sea coming' interrupted Pierre, laughing. 'Devil! what need is there of explaining that?'

Goron turned towards the fisherman with clenched hands, then concentrating again his rage upon Marzou: '*You hear, vagabond,*' cried he, 'here is Niette defamed, thanks to you.'

'Do not believe that, Master Goron,' replied Louis, warmly, 'those who have known your daughter ever since her first communion, will not condemn her thus upon a word; and even Pierre himself who has saved her life, would not destroy her good name.'

'No, by my baptism, no,' replied the fisherman, touched with this appeal to his generosity. 'May the crabs eat my eyes, if I wished to injure Niette. What I said was simply for the love of talking, because every body said you had a great regard for her.'

'It is false,' cried Goron stamping his foot with rage. 'Thunder! tell him it is false; say that Niette is nothing to you, that you know she is above you. Say that you have never thought of her—say this immediately!'

'Excuse me, Master Goron, but I cannot lie,' answered the *traineur de greves*, with a mournful firmness.

'Then you acknowledge your effrontery, dog of a bastard!' cried the patron, exasperated. 'Do you hear, Lubert, this is he who wishes to take your place.'

'It is good,' said Lubert, who not having been able till now to get a word in, seized the opportunity to shake his fists at him. 'We shall see which will conquer; quick, off with your coat.'

'It is useless,' said Louis, tranquilly, 'I know you are stronger than I.'

The spectators uttered a murmur of astonishment.

‘You see, he dares not!’ cried Lubert in a tone of triumph, turning up his sleeves, and showing his athletic arms, ‘but I have no less a mind to correct him.’

‘No,’ said Goron, ‘that concerns me;’ and approaching Marzou so as almost to touch him, he resumed through his closed teeth: ‘you are afraid of Lubert, miserable coward; let us see if you will show more courage with another.’

He slowly raised his hand, and struck the young man in the face.

The latter staggered; a stream of blood reddened his lips, but he made no effort to return it.

‘What!’ exclaimed the patron, whom this immobility seemed to set beside himself; ‘have you not the courage to defend yourself?’

A second blow, then a third struck Marzou, who still remained passive.

There arose then a hooting among the fishermen. Raillery and insult assailed the *traineur de greves*. Without replying he wiped away the blood which covered his face.

At the first blow given by Goron, Laumie sprang to the assistance of his brother with a stone in each hand; but seeing that he did not defend himself, he remained at some distance stupefied and almost indignant.

As to Goron, arrested by the passive attitude of his adversary, he resumed his threats, when he was suddenly interrupted by loud cries, in the midst of which his name and that of Lubert were distinctly audible. He turned and perceived several inhabitants of the village, who were running towards them, and pointing to the sea.

‘Well—where are they hailing from?’ demanded Pierre.

‘Down there from the Isle of Met,’ replied the voices.

‘From the Isle of Met! what is the matter?’

‘The signal of distress.’

All eyes were turned towards the point indicated, when they perceived the flag, which fluttered in the wind, lighted by a sunbeam.

‘The Devil! this must indeed be a signal of distress, for the Bearnais does not hoist his flag for a trifle.’

‘Then who will go to his assistance?’ asked one of the women.

‘It is the business of the owners of the Isle,’ answered Pierre.

Every body looked at Goron and Lubert, but the former after examining the sea for an instant, shrugged his shoulders.

‘The owners are not porpoises,’ answered he roughly; ‘let the sailors, if there are any here, look at the sea before them.’

The waves had really at this moment a threatening and terrible aspect. Agitated by a violent North West wind, which was increasing every moment, they separated into dark furrows, on the summits of which rose a white foam.

‘To say truth, the weather looks bad enough,’ replied Pierre; ‘those who leave the harbour will do well to recommend themselves to their patron saint, for neither oar nor sail will be of any use.’

‘Devil!’ said Lubert; ‘you know well that no Christian would embark with the gale sounding in his ears.’

‘Ah! if I had but a sloop,’ cried Marzou, who from the first had studied the sky and sea with an anxious impatience.

Lubert turned towards him. ‘A sloop,’ repeated he ironically, ‘and what would you do with it, coward?’

‘What you dare not do,’ replied Louis, with flashing eyes. ‘I would go and carry help to him who asks for it.’

‘You,’ cried Lubert, bursting into a coarse laugh: ‘Ah! that is capital; do you hear, the bastard has already forgotten the affair that took place just now.’

‘I told you, then,’ replied Marzou, ‘that you were stronger than I; now prove that you have as much courage; take your boat, and let us set out together for the Island.’

Lubert appeared embarrassed; looked at those around him, and seeing that all eyes were fixed upon him, he shrugged his shoulders.

‘How do you like this, Captain?’ he said at last, addressing Goron; ‘the *traineur de greves* thinks himself more valiant than we!’

‘If I am mistaken, embark with me,’ interrupted Louis.

‘Thank you,’ answered Lubert; ‘I have no desire to be food for fishes.’

‘Then you will leave a fellow creature to perish without assistance,’ cried Louis with warmth, and casting a look on those that surrounded him: ‘Ah, God will avenge me. Just now you looked upon me as a coward, because I yielded to one stronger than myself; but strength is an accident, whilst courage is the offspring of our will. Let those who laughed to see my blood flow, show now that they have a right to laugh. Let us see. I defy them in my turn. Let them give me a bark, and let them take one themselves. We will have a duel on the sea, and I shall either conquer or die. Come, is there no one here who is my superior in courage?’

‘Yes, there is at least one,’ replied the father of Niette, who had listened until then with his eyes fixed upon the *traineur de greves*; ‘though the sea were hell itself, it shall never be said that Goron was afraid to venture on it. Take Lubert’s bark—I will go in my own with him.’

‘With me!’ cried Lubert, aghast.

‘Are you afraid then,’ interrupted the mariner bluntly; ‘remain and I will go alone.’

‘It is not that captain,’ stammered the giant, who evidently hesitated between the fear of peril and that of contempt; ‘but the thing is impossible, seeing that the *traineur de greves* cannot manage my boat alone.’

‘Well, are there not two of us, great coward?’ cried Jaumic. ‘Are you going to draw back now, because the sea is stronger than you? Come, Louis, let us leave him to his shame, if he dare not do as we do.’

The child had taken his brother’s hand; both descended toward the boat, and began immediately to set up the mast, and prepare the sail.

Goron directed his steps to the second bark, where he was soon busily employed, seconded unwillingly enough by Lubert, from whom terror seemed to have taken away the little intelligence he possessed. During this time, the spectators reassembled on the pier, to communicate their fears, and condemn unanimously this rash enterprise.

The women especially, attracted by the announcement of this strange challenge, exclaimed that it was a shame thus to let Christians rush madly upon death, and endeavoured to excite the men present to oppose them, but Pierre shook his head.

'You women cannot understand these things,' he said seriously; 'it is a battle between them—their honour is concerned in it—and as for Marzou and Goron, they would sooner perish than draw back.'

His companions acquiesced in silence; but the women still declared that it was a sin in the sight of God, and endangered the soul as well as the body. At last some proposed to warn the Rector and Niette, and they immediately ran to seek them.

However, the two vessels had just put off, to gain by the oar the extremity of the jetty. They arrived there almost at the same time, and stopped to hoist their sails. This was a solemn moment for all the spectators. They looked with a feverish curiosity at the two boats, still under shelter of the mole, and separated only by a few fathoms from the furrows of the sea. When the sails rose along the masts, there was a general movement, interrupted by cries of terror. Marzou and Goron who were at the helm, turned towards the harbor, and saluted by waving their hats. Then almost at the same moment, the two boats which had passed the jetty and met the wind, set out like two race horses.

They had approached the great channel, where the current increased the danger, when Niette and the priest arrived on the pier. Perceiving the sails that were flying towards the South, the young girl uttered a cry, and clasped her hands. 'Jesus—too late,' murmured she; and leaned against the wall of the cemetery.

The old priest himself could not suppress an exclamation of grief. He soon gained from the assembled fishermen, the particulars of the challenge, and when he had heard all he asked in a low voice if the danger were indeed so imminent.

The fishermen looked at each other without replying, and shrugged their shoulders. At last, Pierre, who had followed the boats with his eyes, made a gesture of evil omen.

'Except the ebb tide aid them, all will be against them,' said he: 'the wind is still from the South, and it will be necessary for them to run with the current, or they will be in danger of foundering; without taking into account that if they approach the Isle, they will meet with squalls, and upset. As true as I have been baptized, if I were in their skins, I should have no more hope than in the mercy of the blessed Trinity.'

‘Let us then, seek its assistance,’ said M. Le Fort with fervour, ‘and pray for what we cannot accomplish ourselves : that is a miracle.’

At these words he entered the cemetery, and began in a low voice the prayer for voyagers in peril. The women kneeling among the tombs, repeated in chorus the responses; while the men, standing with their heads bare, regarded alternately the priest and the horizon. Annette had remained amongst them, and though her hands were clasped, though her lips mechanically repeated the prayer, her eyes never quitted the sea, on which all that she loved was embarked.

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### LETTERS FROM ‘LINDEN HILL,’ No. 3.

So—My Insatiable and Dearest Friend—you are like the Knickerbocker’s ‘little boy’ who ‘wanted to see the monkeys more,’ and express yourself willing to shake hands in spirit with another or two of your old ‘acquaintance of the street.’ Therefore, by way of making a pleasant beginning, I can scarcely recall to you anything more attractive than one who passes here among many younger, but few fairer women. One who presides, say the social critics, with sense and dignity under her own roof, and acts with the grace of a truly superior woman everywhere. In her face you find ‘sweet records, promises as sweet,’ and know as you look, that the wife and mother has left no duty unfulfilled. Admired by all, whose admiration is worth having; the intelligent companion of learned men; the considerate and gentle-hearted lady to all beneath her, she is worthy to live and prosper, and in her you may recognize one of our merchants’ wives.

Also—still sweeping magnificently along, may one meet her to whom you mentally cried ‘avaunt,’ in the old times. Still are her amazonian proportions enveloped in cashmere, brussell’s lace, dainty glacie, black velvet and ermine, (according to the caprices of the season,) and still are her ‘distresses,’ manifold in the ears of her listeners. Eloquent is she too as in your days of martyrdom—upon the vileness, and inefficiency of ‘servants in this Country,’ and the unparalleled ‘own maids’ she had at home. Cook still unceasingly quarrels with the housemaids, and the boy; and when their supreme mistress takes her accustomed walk through the house, she is certain to discover this persecuted and powerless youth, weeping in some dismal corner, for lack of breakfast; and the ladies of the broom, and duster, in a state of incipient revolt and leave taking, from similar instances of ‘Cook’s malignity.’

Then it appears, that on the last 'party-evening,' Cook entered upon undisguised hostilities with the helpless juvenile already mentioned, and produced various commotions during the entertainment, which were suspected to spring from other stimulants than a sense of duty. Cook is also capable of peculiar aggravations in her own special department, feeling no remorse, but rather betraying a depraved satisfaction at the occurrence and consequences of a culinary calamity—when, Horace having brought in a gentleman to dinner, ('Nothing but ham and chicken and an artichoke,') the chickens came up tough, and the artichokes raw, her mistress, as was inevitable, burst into tears and left the table.

This—she explains to you—is real trouble, heightened by the apprehensions of Horace for the effect of these distressing events upon her frail health—he continually urging her to 'pay the creatures their money, and let them go'; and Horace usually looks on and listens throughout these lamentations, and being (as somebody says in a book), 'a docile beast,' makes a very good pretence of believing them.

She is disgusted, too, with the 'state of society' in this Country, (choosing to forget that her lot is cast in pleasanter places than it ever knew before she came to this obnoxious land,) and superfluously careful as to who shall come 'betwixt the wind and her nobility,' and having no daughters of her own to astonish the world with, indignantly wonders what 'service men' mean by marrying in the Colonies.

And often, in startling and bitter contrast to all this finery, creeps cowering along, the aged form of poor old Mary Law—r. Many a kind word, and 'silver penny,' she had from you in the long ago; and still can faintly gasp out a remembrance of them. Her day is nearly done, and its closing is dreary indeed. For many years, until she became too old to be strong of hand and light of foot, was she a thoroughly trusted and respectable domestic in some of our best houses. Then when failing days came upon her, the lonely woman invested a trifling hoard in a small stock of small haberdashery, and wandered wearily about the outskirts of the town, with her insignificant wares, often walking many miles in a day, and returning to her poor bed and bare room, altogether worn out and miserable. It was not wonderful that her poor trade should soon fail, nor was it strange that her struggling poverty should sink into utter wretchedness. Luxurious men and women are often very unhappy, and urge with some reason—in extenuation of habits they cannot justify—the despair of a crushed and objectless life. But almost any sufferer might learn a lesson of endurance from Mary Law—r. With no circle to pity or applaud;—with no sister, brother, husband, or child, to inspire, sustain or suffer with her;—without the comfort of being necessary to the life of one human being;—suffering hunger and cold;—familiar with every privation;—tempted by all misery, this woman has been always decent, honest, and uncom-

plaining. Surely the fulness of the land shall be hers where they 'shall hunger and thirst no more;' where 'the sun shall not smite them by day, nor the moon by night.' But now, with hopeless destitution visible in the squalid garments;—the terrible reality of broken-heartedness in the face, which only to see is a passing agony;—and death in the tottering steps, and ghastly eyes, she goes floating along upon the current of this gaudy life, like an awful reproach to the souls of its brilliant voyagers.

Frequently, too—taking the inside of the sidewalk from women, or driving his handsome horses with vast importance—appears the man of money Mr. Philip War—. Foolish, arrogant, and coarse minded;—staring into every woman's face with a gaze that sickens those who meet it—what communion can he have with the refined, frail, graceful creature, fate has bound to him. Look at her and look again till you feel as if the early purity of a spring morning dawn refreshed your weary sight. Oh! the charm and peace of the guileless brow and eyes, that will be young for evermore. There is no strength in the fair pale face, and beautiful form; nor will enough for self-defence in the small irresolute mouth; but she is safe in her very helplessness.

And he in whom even your merciless sense, and exacting standard, could find no flaw, is here too, though sore against his will; and because I would do him especial honor, and prove to you beside that our verse machine has not fallen into disuse—I shall give you my handsome friend and favorite in rhyme:

Another, son of ocean,  
Whose strong heart, Life scarce tameth,  
Whose pulse beats, 'neath the banner,  
The 'inviolat Island' claimeth.  
Who wears in Duty's path, a mien—  
A trifle stern and scornful,  
And masks, with calm control, the face  
That otherwise were mournful.

Amid his soft locks, lustrous,  
No touch of time lies darkling;  
His social moods accomplished,  
Keen, versatile, and sparkling.  
And his broad, earnest brow's expanse,  
No paltry thought e'er branded,  
Nor ever treachery stained the light  
Of eyes, so clear and candid.

But through his gayest seeming,  
All present things look dreary,  
And mark—'neath brilliant phrases,  
The smile, so sweet and weary.  
He needs the distant happiness,  
World strife hath never tainted,  
To see again the magic hues,  
His inmost heart once painted.

He longs to feel the clasping,  
Of tiny arms, and slender,  
He yearns to see beside him,  
A face that's fair and tender.  
Pray, that a wife's sweet eyes behold,  
Ere many days go round—  
As true an English gentleman,  
As e'er trod English ground.

Then, sir, we are frequently sprinkled with refined dust from the State-carriage wheels of the ——. Grandeur, sillier and more impertinent than

usual are they upon these occasions, and that you know is needless. Sometimes they pace the sidewalk with patrician feet, and carefully gathering up their garments from contagion, survey the passers-by with a smile of compassionate scorn for presuming to be of their generation. Men bow with exceeding elegance to the fair faces—remembering the last party—and pass on untempted, seeing no glimpse of the 'household angel' beneath the poor pride that distorts and devours them; and rational people generally are sorry for them, and leave them to the cold grandeur of a 'life both dull and dignified.'

But you may always have this miserable folly charmed out of your eyes, by the tramp of the gay steeds whose blue floating streamers herald the approach of some pleasanter specimens of humanity. You may see the head of the family—still in the honourable garb of a British soldier—the kind genial man of whom a hard or bitter word is never spoken, beloved long ago in Nova Scotia, and now heartily welcomed back again. You may see also in the striking face of the lady beside him that calm power and sweetness so seldom, and I grieve to confess it, united in a woman's. You should hear of her with pleasure, for she carries in her veins the warm tide of the 'Land of the mountain and the flood,' and not long ago gave one of her children to share the honors of a noble and ancient race within its borders; and we are proud to say that she belongs to the Mayflower shore, and have not forgotten that in a lovely country churchyard not very far away, with green grass growing over him, and the broad boughs of the beautiful elm lapping him in tender shadow, lies one of her near kindred, who lived among us the respected life of a good, able and most useful man, and was lately laid in a too early and universally lamented grave.

Then probably two lounging heroes (who are not above trying to be clever in the ears of foot-passengers) regale the eyes of the feminine world, until finding themselves in a favourable situation one of them feels constrained to observe: 'perfect nuisance that fire last night—not worth going to see. They brought a thing there they call an engine, and put it out.' Upon which, this prodigy proceeds comfortably, with his familiar, feeling that he has sounded very smart.

Here, too, comes gliding along in unconscious beauty, the gentle and most lovable Flora. Look how the proud, innocent, untouched heart clothes the delicate cheek and pure womanly forehead, and looks with a prophecy of passionate tenderness from the darling eyes and mouth. Good, wise, and noble, should be the head and heart to which that lavishly endowed and colian nature is committed, for she is one of those to whom misery brings death, or something worse, and whose souls lie always in others' keeping.

But lovelier than all lovely things in Gran—lle Street (and I speak it not disparagingly to the fair ones, who congregate there) is a colored Lithograph at — of 'Liberty.' The calm intellectual power is so softened and beautified



by the grace of its perfect womanhood, that, though presenting a combination too rarely seen in life, this picture has none of the unreality of an abstraction, but looks like a breathing and enchanting woman, and if the oft misunderstood Goddess rise generally upon men's imaginations in such a shape, I cannot wonder that they cut off each others' heads, for love of her.

And dashing hurriedly along, with no time for fashionable parading, comes the eager student, who will one day be a distinguished man. He has not the dark orthodox locks, and marble forehead, nor is he by any means a romantic 'adonis;' but should he give you time to watch his face, you may see already the large-minded, upright, generous and exceedingly able man. With a temperament of invincible strength, yet genial and bountiful as the day, and a manner marked by the unaffected and innate refinement of one who never cherished a mean or unworthy thought, his ambitious projects will be wise, exalted, and successful, and his home filled with unbounded respect and love.

And contrasting advantageously, with many younger men (whatever their vanity may imagine) may be seen occasionally, a remarkable man of one of the 'learned professions.' Many may remember the earlier majesty of his step, and the power of his commanding, though unambitious face; and many more have been familiar with his noble and weighty eloquence, and recognized with delight the grandeur and dignity that pervades his simple and beautiful sentences. We have not many such in our young country, nor can we afford to pass him by without this small tribute of respect, and appreciation.

And what shall I tell you, in reply to all your inquiries, of 'how goes the day with us at Linden Hill.' Nothing new, save that we do pretty much as we did, when you were here to see, and have made but few changes. Of myself, why should I talk, in this gay company, when I know that you have already drawn my portrait for yourself, and others (of whom I sometimes hear) with a merciful, generous, and partial hand. Some day or other, I will take yours impartially, too, and you shall have no cause to complain; and those who read shall envy me my place in so gallant a mind, and so faithful a memory.

MAUDE.

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#### MY NOVEL.\*—REVIEW.

WE have now lying before us in completed form the work which has for a long period chained the thoughts and interest of the whole literary world. For more than two years every issue of Blackwood has been anticipated with

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\* 'My Novel: or Varieties in English Life.' By SIR E. BULWER LYTTON. Re-published from Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, by Harper and Brothers, New York.

intense interest, by all who had commenced the fascinating tale appearing in its pages, under the trite cognomen of 'My Novel.' Many were anxious for the continuation of the mere story;—more, for the treasury of beautiful thoughts, exquisite delineation of character, and deep knowledge of human nature, which every chapter presented: all willing to allow that fiction never before had so profound and powerful a follower or one who clothed it with such majesty and beauty. And now that this most gorgeous fabric from the loom of thought, woven by imagination and perfected by genius, is complete, we cannot but reverence the mighty mind which has so laboured to benefit and elevate his race. In the whole wide range of fictitious literature, we doubt if a more exquisite or powerful work can be found, if we except its twin brother, 'The Caxtons,' by the same author. In that work was blended every requisite that literature can possess to chain our intellectual faculties. Wit, pathos, humour, knowledge, philosophy, romance, and research, were all united in the compass of a few hundred pages, and woven so well and beautifully together that many deemed the author had expended the richest jewels of his mental treasury in this majestic effort. But in its rapidly succeeding companion 'My Novel,' we are shewn that genius is inexhaustible, and that with every fresh exertion mind puts forth new strength, and goes on conquering every obstacle—only reserving its final triumph for its last endeavour.

Bulwer with age has acquired wisdom. In his earlier works, though each and all bore the stamp of unmistakable genius, there was a communing with the ideal, a visionary element pervading them all, a sentimentality which, though original in conception, still detracted from the power of his writing, and a lurking immorality defacing the beautiful fancy, leaving in very truth the trail of the serpent among the sweetest roses. But time has made him a 'wiser and a sadder man;' if he has not gathered the holier fruits of religion, he is nearing the gates that have hidden them from his view; he has seen the folly of indulging in or encouraging those evil passions which beset us from our youth, and darken too often the spirit within, and he has turned away from their allurements with a manliness of resolve and a loftiness of purpose which bespeak for him the sympathy of all. In his two latest works we see nothing of the tone that marred 'Eugene Aram,' or 'Ernest Maltravers;' all is pure and lofty; the revealed workings of a mighty spirit rising above its earlier follies, and earnestly striving to communicate its lessons of experience to others. It is easy for the attentive reader to trace the gradual change in the sentiments of Bulwer, through his works. In 'Lucretia: or, the Children of the Night,' the awakening was first perceptible. In that powerful fiction, though withal the darkest and most repulsive of his productions, we notice the first abhorrence of sin and its consequences. But here the author mistakes. He would drive us from evil, by presenting it in its most revolting aspects; but he only horrifies, and leaves no charm to attract us to the better part. But in

the 'Caxtons,' he seeks to lead us by those fine lessons of moral beauty, written with such tact and discernment that we learn at first unknowing that we are taught. Those bright pictures of domestic life touch deeply the better sympathies of our nature, but above all, those stern conflicts which his heroes hold with their own tempestuous feelings, battling bravely against selfishness, weakness and sin, until at last the better nature comes forth as the victor, and we see man as he ought to be—a conqueror over himself—regenerated and purified by the mastery he has accomplished. And what the 'Caxtons' commenced 'My Novel' has perfected. We will institute no comparison between the works; we think they are equal in sublimity of conception and power of execution; each is a grand prose epic—worthy of the glorious English language in which it is written—exalting the writer, and giving him a claim to the deepest veneration of intellect and the purest gratitude of feeling.

It is almost unnecessary to call further attention to a work so universally known and admired; but we have lingered with such passionate pleasure over its pages that we cannot refrain from glancing once more over them in the companionship of our readers. It may be that some to whom a novel is a forbidden thing, because false sentiment and levity are connected with the name, may be induced to peruse the one under review, and we feel sure they will thank us for leading them to such a fountain of genuine truth, where beneath the light veil of blossoms that surround it they may discern and gather the choicest fruits of morality and wisdom. We, in the Colonies, cannot it is true have a very correct idea of the character of a Squire or Lord of the Manor in merry England; but reading and observation must imagine, what experience has confirmed, that Squire Hazledean is a most faithful representative of the old English Gentleman. Hearty in address, free and jovial in his manner of life, with a generous pride and an honest heart, the character of the Lord of Hazledean is ably and consistently drawn; and on the threshold of the Book we are introduced to one of the finest 'varieties of English Life.' Side by side with him, a perfect picture throughout of the good Christian Pastor, stands Mr. Dale. Would that every parish had such a shepherd: Slow to anger; judging with mild charity the most fallen and the most vicious, yet fearless for the truth; bold to rebuke error and folly—ever remembering whose cause he was bound to advocate, and maintaining it with a power and steadfastness that would not have shamed the philosopher or the hero.

Few can read 'My Novel' without conceiving an affection for the character (imaginary though it be) of Parson Dale, free as it is from first to last of inconsistency or wrong; rebuking error when it sat in high places, and extending sympathy and aid to the sufferer in the lowliest sphere. And drawn with equal fidelity, to those who judge mankind from actual experience and not from seeming inconstancy, is the character of Dr. Riccabocca—the guileless sage, the skeptic christian, the gentle hearted cynic—

with Machiavellian maxims ever on his lips, and the deepest feelings of benevolence and honour in his heart; wronged basely and bitterly by the world, and striving to despise and wrong that world in return, the humanity and the principle of a better nature triumphed over all; the gentle love and charities of home and woman healed the deep wounds a counter influence had wrought, and the sage came forth perfected as the Christian. His is a character not so rare among us, as casual readers might imagine; in our own small world we have those who seem as though distrusting all, yet incline to faith in the least worthy as Riccabocca in Randal Leslie. Of the latter we trust he is but the rare type of a limited class; he is almost the only character in the book with whose fate we feel no interest. We recoil from the serpent's wisdom; dark, scheming, and heartless, humanity is pained to know that it can be disgraced by such a being. Nor do we like the destiny which Bulwer has awarded him as he closes his career. Randal Leslie, wily and unprincipled, should never have been placed as the teacher of youth; never put in connection with young impressible minds—to darken and destroy them by the corrupting influence of immorality and unbelief. Wide asunder as the poles are the characters which meet together in this volume; the dove for a time is lured by the fascination of the serpent, but virtue triumphs and the pure moral of the tale shines forth resplendent.

We have not space to review all the types of our race that Bulwer has here presented to us. Beautifully and well has he depicted the poet's struggles; the combat of genius with the legion of poverty, shame and neglect. Leonard Fairfield is a model which the young would do well to study. May we not in the yearnings of the poet's mind trace the inner workings of the mighty master's own; shewing us how step by step Bulwer has risen from the visionary dreamer, to the large-hearted man and profound philosopher that he now is; shewing us how he, too, learned in the school of difficulty and disappointment that 'Knowledge is Power;' but only power when directed to the highest aims, and used for the benefit and elevation of our fellows. He has shewn us genius exalted and genius debased, and how the one warned by the other escaped the snares set in a hundred paths. What a touching portrait is that of John Burley, with his giant intellect, keen wit, and lofty though fallen nature; how even amidst the darkest degradation shine out flashes of that brighter soul, which better training had, with himself, regenerated an extended circle. Dim grow the shadows around the picture; the sensual eclipsing the spiritual; the hope of securing the *perch* gone forever; and yet with the dying out of hope for this world comes the fulness of expectation for the next. With ineffable yearnings for 'Light,' the light comes.

'Varieties in Life' this work gives us, indeed: from the accomplished knave in the Count Peschiera, to the holy virtues of Parson Dale; from the village agitator, Tinker Sprott, to the astute statesman Audley Egerton; from the

would be cynic Riceabocca, to the man of gentle sympathies, poet heart and deep forgiving affection, Harley L'Estrange. It may be that the other characters are drawn with more power,—more knowledge of the different currents that agitate our common nature,—more acquaintance with the weakness and errors of our race; but Harley L'Estrange shines to us brighter than all: the perfect likeness of a perfect man; one subject to the passions of humanity, but with strength to rise above those passions; with a spirit keenly sensitive to wrong, but forgiving by its very nobleness those who wronged it. Touchingly cherishing his great sorrow, wasting it may be for a time a valuable life in idle dreaming and bootless memories, there is nothing weak or inconsistent in Harley L'Estrange: the brightest and best creation of Bulwer's imagination,—woman-like in tenderness,—man-like in sorrow and indignation,—God-like in forgiveness. And Audley Egerton—the accomplished statesman—to outward seeming the stoic-man, striving to live independent of all the charities and love of home or friendship; merging individual life in public existence; sinking in the struggle because memory had mighty weapons to shake the self-control of the strong man. Failing once in his friendship and his honour, his whole life was ever afterwards to himself a living lie; in the power of a man he despised, hating himself, and yet but for one almost unavoidable stain the perfect type of an English gentleman, the very soul of truth and honour; wasting away daily more by inward reproach, than anxious ambition or toiling care—he yet presented to the world an iron front, which only sank when the wronged friend knew all, when extenuation was admitted, and forgiveness extended. When happiness at last opened to the weary man, and the strong arm and loving heart of a son worthy a parent's pride and affection, were near to sustain and cherish him, the eagle spirit drooped and the strong soul departed forever!

Of the female characters in 'My Novel,' we do not feel inclined to award enthusiastic praise. Bulwer never seems to comprehend with fidelity a woman's soul. Perhaps as he met not with appreciation or even indifferent courtesy, from one whose right and privilege it was to bestow everything, he does not believe in their common endowments. Not that Helen or Violante are not beautiful types of womanhood, but there is something wrong—not a flaw, a want in the ideal—an indefinite something which does not detract but which leaves a void. Helen in childhood—protecting her father, strengthening and sustaining Leonard, is a lovely picture, a type of the woman that endures; while Violante rises with superior strength, and while she also loves she is not so willing to suffer as to exalt ambition and overcome difficulties. Mrs. Dale is more of a genuine woman, with her 'little tempers,' quick, thoughtful affection, and honest unconcealed pride in the husband; she attempts to lecture and control only when he has erred in the domestic matter of keeping dinner waiting and such like minor offences. The 'initial chapter' on 'My Dear,' is

recommended to all matrimonial combatants, and also to their single guests that they may retire from family arguments, or decide upon the nature of the case, by noticing in which clause of the opening sentence occurs the ominous 'My Dear!'

And these 'Initial Chapters'—what grains of gold lie in every line! more worth the seeking than the glittering dust in Australian gold fields: words of experience,—jewels from the depth of thought,—lessons of genuine wisdom to guard from error and overcome evil,—dissertations on the subtlest topics written with master power, and yet though learned open to the simplest comprehension. In 'My Novel' we have the rare combination of learning without pedantry, sentiment without egotism, humour without coarseness; a book filled with the knowledge of human passions, yet free from repulsiveness or extenuation of them; a book which will come home to and interest the most experienced man of the world, and yet charm and benefit the most guileless.

Can we say more—and yet we feel as if half were not said in honour of this wonderful work of genius. Praise is superfluous: it defies it. It takes hold of the imagination, the feelings, the intellect—and we lay it down, certainly wiser, wishing to be better. We believe it is Bulwer who says at the conclusion of one of his early works, that he lingers fondly upon the last pages of his story, loth to break the link that has bound him for so long to his readers. And such is the feeling of those who have dwelt entranced upon the developement of 'My Novel.' They linger still over the pages of a work which has afforded them so much food for the intellect, such great play for the fancy. With reluctant hand the book at last is closed, and we almost sorrow that we have seen all, gone step by step till all is ours through this world of beauty and delight. Though all looked forward with eagerness to the developement of the story, we believe there were few who closed it without a sigh. And when Blackwood came again unbrightened by the spirit, whose revealings we were wont to yearn for, all felt as though some household friend was silent—that a bright companion had paid its farewell visit!

But 'My Novel' is yet ours in perfect form, and will be recurred to again and again in the hours of solitude, or when in friendly interchange with our fellow men, we wish to enforce some truth, some sublime conception which our own words may fail to elucidate. Then the maxims of the poet, the sage, and the statesman all speaking from the voice of Bulwer, will be read again, and heart and intellect will once more relearn the lesson.

While the English language lasts, surely the work under review will remain and be read as a proof of the power and beauty of that language; as a monument to him who was the master of its flexibility, its humour, its pathos, its sublimity! We have often marvelled what manner of men were our ancestors, when we read books handed down to us by them, so admired in their day, but which seem now to us as the incarnation of coarseness or stupidity; and

posterity may pass the same judgment on a number of the works, written and so lauded by us at the present day. But 'My Novel' will stand side by side with Milton's glorious dream of 'Paradise Lost,' and Shakspeare's immortal Plays, admired through all time as a perfect structure built up by one man's genius. Mind gigantic in its greatness flashing out in every page, appealing to the sympathies, the wonder, the admiration of men in every clime and in every age, by its very truthfulness and simplicity; its sympathy with every human feeling; its knowledge of every human want. Well may England be proud of her gifted son, who has built up for her and himself a name which shall shine through a hundred lustres the brightest and noblest in her glorious history.

PAGE FOR PASTIME.—(Continued from Page 118.)

**Answer to Charade No. 32.**

'In constructive design,' the farmer well knows  
That a RAIL—all intruders will fitly oppose;  
As men are but mortals—if others assail,  
Where cause for surprise, if, at least, they should RAIL.  
With regard to your WHOLE, do not take it amiss—  
I not only RAIL—I indulge in a hiss.  
A Road often changes from narrow to wide,  
'Tis rough and 'tis smooth, and 'tis muddy beside;  
But Rail, and to Rail, although used for defence,  
Display neither skill, nor superior sense.  
A Road very 'changeful,' who does not detest?  
All 'its points may be clear,' tho' but bad is the best.  
Not so is the RAILROAD—strong 'proof of man's skill'—  
(I wonder if Bluenose will e'er have A BILL?)  
Its width never changes; though sometimes its curves  
Will blanch woman's cheek, and disquiet her nerves.  
But whatever its faults—if in whole or in part  
Your answer's a RAILROAD—I've learned it by heart.

**Answer to Charade No. 33.**

Of species HUMANA, the Puppy's the worst;  
Of species CANINA, the Cur—that's your FIRST.  
A fracture's a REST; and Rent, if not paid,  
A cause of complaint, very often is made.  
Your WHOLE is a CURRENT, which, all sailors know,  
'In sea, or in river,' is their treach'rous foe.

**Answers to Conundrums.**

- 34.—In the hart's (Hartz) mountains.  
35.—Pie! O no, no! (Fio Nono.)  
36.—Because they are expected to say lamb! (saalam.)  
37.—Because in France fish is poisson!  
38.—Con-science.

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

Among the topics of Provincial interest the subject of Railways for Nova Scotia has lately held a prominent place. An act for incorporating a general Railway Company, after being discussed in all its aspects, has at length passed the lower branch of the Legislature and received the concurrence of the Legislative Council. A Bill, giving power to the Executive to construct Railways, in the alternative of failure on the part of the Company to organize and proceed with the undertaking, has also passed a similar ordeal.

Other Legislative doings in this and the adjacent Provinces have not been of sufficient importance to call for special remark, if we except the proceedings with reference to the Fisheries and reciprocal trade with the United States—but which have so far only resulted in leaving these questions as they were.

With regret we record the occurrence of a disgraceful riot in the streets of Halifax on the 3rd of March. The American Ship Winchester, Briggs, Master, with passengers from Liverpool, G. B. for New York, put into this port from stress of weather. Certain charges of improper conduct during the voyage by a portion of the crew, having been lodged with the Magistrates, the supposed offenders were brought up for examination. An excited mob assembled during the investigation, and notwithstanding the reading of the Riot Act, assaulted both the sailors and the witnesses on their departure from the Court House—when one of the latter, Dr. James Hartford, was seriously injured, and only rescued from the hands of his savage assailants by the timely interposition of James Dunning, a private in the Corps of Royal Artillery. It was found necessary to obtain the aid of a Military guard to escort the accused seamen to a place of safe keeping. The leading rioters, however, were not arrested, although it is understood that the requisite steps were taken to identify them by evidence.

The newly elected President of the United States, Franklin Pierce, delivered his inaugural address, as usual, on the 4th of March. His Cabinet is composed as follows: W. L. MARCY, Secretary of State; JOS. GUTHRIE, Secretary of the Treasury; R. McLELLAND, Secretary of the Interior; JEFFERSON DAVIS, Secretary of War; J. C. DOBBIN, Secretary of the Navy; CALEB CUSHING, Attorney General; JAMES CAMPBELL, Post Master General.

The health of Vice President King, is such as to unfit him for assuming the duties of his office. He has consequently declined taking the usual oaths.

The Caloric Ship Erierson, returned to New York on the 14th from her late trial trip to the South.

Late accounts from California, mention that Benicia has finally been fixed upon as the Capital of the State.

Murders were frequently being committed in the vicinity of the mining regions, and daily accounts were received of outrage and robbery.

Several vessels have been lost, by fire and shipwreck, between San Francisco and other ports.

By recent arrivals from England we gather the subjoined summary of news.

Since the re-assembling of Parliament, several important debates have occurred. One in the House of Lords with regard to the war in Ava. The Earl of Ellenborough moved for the production of a letter, written in 1829, by the directors of the East India Company, giving instructions as to the course to be followed in any future war in Ava—he also wished to know what view



the present government took of the affairs, especially with reference to the proclamation for the annexation of Pegu. The Earls of Aberdeen and Derby defended the policy hitherto pursued, and read a memorandum written by the late Duke of Wellington, to prove that war could not have been avoided, or in justice to the Peguese the annexation of that Province be prevented.

The subject of the Jewish disabilities was discussed in the house of Commons. A motion by Lord John Russell, that the House go into Committee to consider it, was carried.

The Clergy Reserves (Canada Bill) has also been debated in the Commons. The House divided upon the Bill being read a second time; majority in favour of the motion—83.

Government has declined to grant a charter to the Liverpool and London North American Steam Navigation Company.

The Taurus—third of the line of steamers between Liverpool, New York and Chagres, established by the Cunard Company, was launched recently from the building yard at Dunbarton.

The Dowager Duchess of Bedford, expired at Nice on the 23rd February.

His Serene Highness, Prince Reuss Ebentdorff, died at Dresden on the 18th ult. The deceased was cousin to the Duchess of Kent.

Nothing of importance has occurred in Paris since the Emperor's marriage. The interest in foreign politics has been transferred from France to Austria and the South.

The Emperor of Austria has been seriously ill, in consequence of an attempted assassination. Though but slightly wounded the shock to his nervous system was very great; He was recovering, however, by latest intelligence.

The difficulties between Austria and Turkey, it is generally believed, will be left to the mediation of England and France for adjustment. In the mean time, Omer Pasha has received orders to suspend hostilities against the Montenegrins, while the march of the Austrian troops has been countermanded.

Late intelligence from Milan, announces the partial removal of the strict blockade, with permission for persons to pass and repass provided with suitable passports.

Still later intelligence informs us that numerous executions had taken place at Milan, Mantua and Pesth.

The whole European continent is in a very excited state. The King of Naples had been shot at, and his leg had to be amputated in consequence.

Austria continues to exercise the most despotic tyranny.

Piedmont has notified England and France that she intends resisting Austria's demand for the expulsion of the Lombard emigrants.

Throughout all Hungary there appears a disposition to insurrection; but agents who have attempted to seduce the Italian and Hungarian soldiery, have been seized by them and handed over to the authorities.

Four more newspapers have been seized, and everything like freedom of the press is at an end.